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Miss [illegible]

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May. 1870

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"MUD PIES."

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

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PETERSON'S
MAGAZINE.
1869.

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FIELD FLOWERS.

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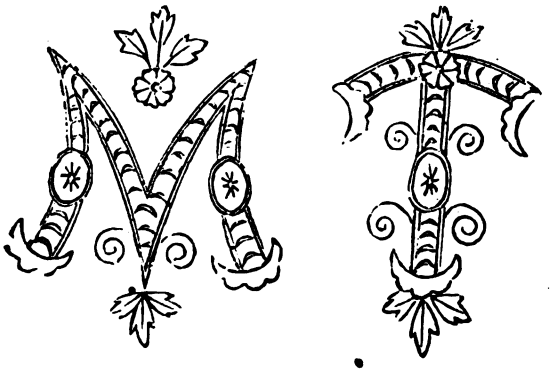

INITIALS FOR MARKING.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

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CLOAK. COLLARS AND CUFFS.

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CLOAK. COLLAR. BODY.

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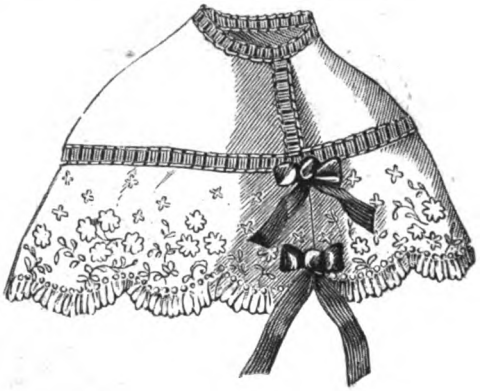

WALKING-DRESS. HAT. CAPE.

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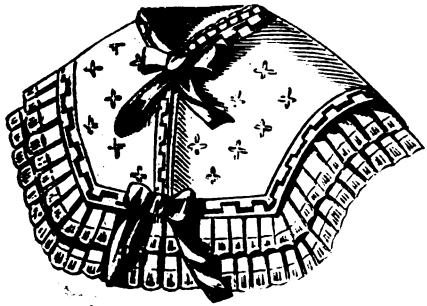

WALKING-DRESS. CAPE. BONNET.

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NEW STYLES OF DRESSING THE HAIR. COMBS. EVENING DRESS.

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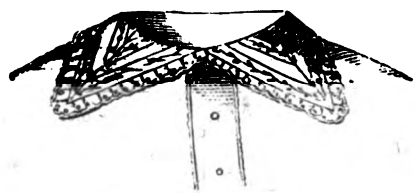

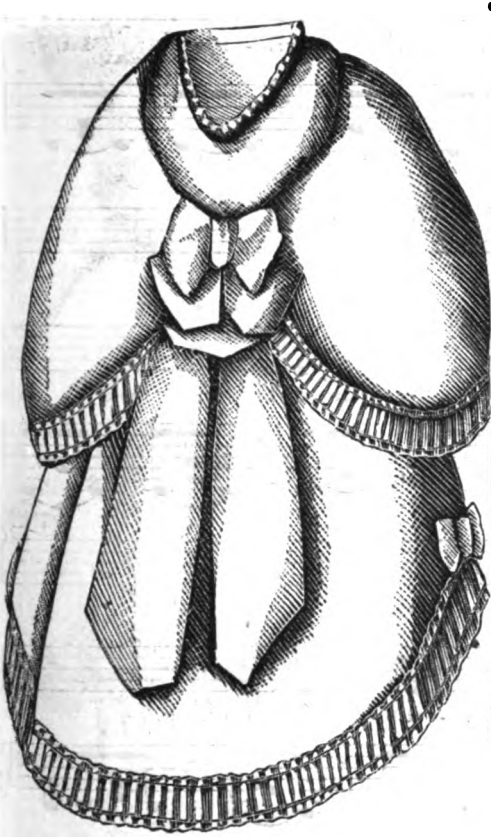

HEAD-DRESSES. COLLAR. WINTER MANTLE. BODY.

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FADED LEAVES.

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POEM BY W. T. DODSON. MUSIC BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

PIANO.

Dolce. p

1. Springtime blos - soms deck the val - leys, Leaf - y bow'rs and grass - es green; Flow'r-ets lit with gold - en col - ors, Join to beau - ti - fy the scene.

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CHORUS.

Air.

Fad-ed flow'rs which in life's morn - ing Flourish'd beau - ti - ful and

Alto.

Tenor.

Fad-ed flow'rs which in life's morn - ing Flourish'd beau - ti - ful and

Bass.

PIANO.

f *p* *cres.*

gay, Speak to mortals time - ly warning, Fitting em-blems of de - cay.

gay, Speak to mortals time - ly warning, Fitting em-blems of de - cay.

p

2

Charms like these, so bright, so lovely,
Glide, alas, too soon from sight:
Like the dawn so fraught with glory,
Passing into gloom of night.—*Chorus.*

3.

Man, like nature's beauty, fading,
Ceases from terrestrial strife;
Like the leaves at frost prevailing
Ends the joyous spring of life.—*Chorus.*

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INITIALS IN SATIN STITCH.

JANUARY FASHIONS FOR YOUNG MISSES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LV. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1869. No. 1.

"GOD'S ACRE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," ETC., ETC.

It was a beautiful custom with our Saxon ancestors to call the church-yard "God's Acre;" and it is a custom still observed in many parts of Germany. It seems to say that the little bit of land is holily set apart, not only to the dead, but to Him to whose bosom they have gone. It is literally God's acre.

We never had this feeling so forcibly impressed upon us, as when in Germany, in the winter that followed the battle of Sadowa. It had been a wild day, with sleet and snow, and though the snow had ceased, the wind still blew keen and fierce. Business had called us from our hotel, and that we might make a short cut, we passed through the grave-yard attached to the old Kloster church. The edifice had been built in the middle ages, and was hoary with age. But it was now occupied by a Protestant congregation, for the people in that part of Germany had, at the time of the Reformation, adopted the Lutheran faith.

As we crossed the burial-ground, our attention was attracted by two children, apparently sisters, very poorly, yet neatly, clad in mourning garments. The younger wore a faded hood; but the elder had no covering whatever for her head. They struggled on, both holding an old, tattered umbrella, which was stiff with sleet and snow, and which the gale every moment threatened to tear from their hands. On the arm of the elder hung a wreath, which was evidently destined to decorate some grave; for it was the custom here, as in most parts of continental Europe, thus to testify affection for the dead.

"Poor orphans," I said to myself, "they must have gone without a meal, perhaps, to buy the wreath. It is for a father or mother, it may be both." And sympathetically I followed them.

They soon came to a lonely grave, without head-stone, or any other monument, except a little wooden cross; and here, kneeling down, the elder sister hung the wreath upon it. By this time both were crying bitterly.

"Mother," I heard the younger one say, "why did you die? Oh, mother! dear mother! come back to your Gretchen!" And she wept as if her little heart would break.

"Hush, darling!" said her sister, hardly able herself to speak. "Mother is happy now: she is with father; and both are with the good God."

I waited awhile, till the emotion of the orphans had partially subsided, and then, led by an irresistible sympathy, addressed them.

Their story was a simple one; nor, alas! was it uncommon. Their father had served his time in the army, as all Prussians are compelled to, been dismissed into the reserve, had married, and settled. Neither he, nor any one else, had supposed he would be required to serve again; for fifty years had passed since the reserves had been called out. But when the war with Austria came, both the first and second reserves were put into the field. He was almost distracted; nor was his wife less so. They had two children, these little girls, and had not yet been able to save anything. Their whole dependence was on the labor of the father, for the mother was weakly, and half the time sick. If he went, starvation was imminent. When he answered the summons, his wife and children went with him, in the wild hope that they might persuade the officer to let him off. It was in vain. The officer, indeed, had no discretion. Thousands of other families were in the same miserable condition. So the father marched with his detachment, and the mother, taking her little ones, went home to die.

The mother went home to die. The blow was too much for her. She struggled on till after Sadowa, all the time hearing no word from her husband, and hence fearing that he was already dead, but hoping against hope. But when the news of the great battle came, when the lists of

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the dead appeared, the name of the father and husband was among the first; and she never lifted up her head afterward.

"So we had nobody but ourselves," continued my narrator, the elder of the girls. "The neighbors were kind; they buried my mother, and they did what they could for us. But they are poor people, like ourselves. I do what I can for Gretchen. The last words mother said to me, before she died, were, 'Take care of Gretchen, be a mother to her;' and I will do my best," she added, as she put her arm around the little one, and drew her to her with almost a womanly air. "The good God will take care of us, you know."

The simple faith was beautiful to see. I made a few other inquiries, and learned that they were living in one of the poorest quarters of the town; that the elder did whatever she could find to do; and that the younger went out to take care of younger children than herself.

"We don't want to part," said the speaker. "We will do anything rather than that. If I was to go out to service in one place, and Gretchen was to be bound out in another, we might do better than we are doing; but then, you know, we shouldn't be together. Besides, it wouldn't be keeping my promise to mother. It goes very hard, sometimes," she said, looking up at me simply, "especially since winter."

While she was speaking, I was debating with myself more than one plan for helping the orphans. I looked at their pinched faces, which ought to have been fresh and fair, and which, but for want of proper nourishment, would really have been beautiful; and then I thought of the thousands who were living in luxury; and something like a feeling that, in this world, things were not just and right always, began to rise within me. But it was checked at once by the words of my little teacher.

"But mother used to tell us, when in trouble, to trust in God. Always, she said, trust in God; He will never forsake you, if you do." How eloquent her eyes looked as she spoke. "So we pray to Him night and morning. It is often so cold we almost freeze; and sometimes we have no supper at night; but we pray to God all the same, and thank Him for what we do get, and believe that, in His own good time, He will help us. Don't you think He will?"

Shall I confess it? The tears were in my eyes. For a moment emotion prevented my speaking. Before I could choke down the great lump in my throat, however, another actor appeared upon the scene.

Indeed, if I had not been so interested in the children, I would have seen him before. He had come into the grave-yard while the elder girl was speaking, looking around as if in search of something or somebody. The moment his eye had lighted on our group he had walked quickly in our direction. He was a tall, soldier-like person, and were a military cloak. His footsteps, crunching on the snow, attracted the attention of the children also: and the effect was extraordinary.

The youngest gave a scream and clung to her sister, burying her face in the latter's dress; but glancing up fearfully, once or twice, as if she saw a spectre. The elder stood her ground more boldly, but trembled so that I thought she would fall.

"Elsie, Gretchen, darlings, don't you know me?" said the stranger, speaking rapidly, and letting his cloak fall from around him, "I am your father. Not dead, as they said I was, but come back to take care of you, poor little orphan dears." And he broke down with a great sob.

A wild cry, and both children were in his arms, weeping, kissing, and sobbing; I had never seen such joy!

"Yes! I was wounded, not killed," said the father, after a few hurried questions had been asked and answered.

Then, looking toward me, he went on.

"How my name got into the list of the dead I can only explain in this way. Early in the battle, some of my comrades were about bayoneting an Austrian officer, who was down and had surrendered, when I interfered; soon after, the officer's regiment came up, drove us, and took most of my company prisoners. I was among the latter, having been desperately wounded. The officer, remembering my interference, had me sent to the rear, under charge of his own servants, for he was a man of rank and wealth. Up to this time, and for several hours later, the day, you remember, went against us. I was miles away from the battlefield, journeying in a private carriage, when the defeat came, so that I, and those with me, escaped the crowd and hurry of the flight. My journey, in fact, never stopped till I reached the estates of my captor. There I lingered long with an obstinate, though not dangerous wound. As soon as I could write, which was not till long after peace, I dispatched a letter; and then another, and still others, wondering, all the while, why I never had an answer. It seems you received none of them. At last I was well enough to travel. Then my captor, who insisted I had saved his life, and who had

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now returned to his estates, remunerated me liberally, and I set forth for home, rich, comparatively, as I thought; but now that I find I have lost my dear wife, poor indeed."

After a little, he resumed.

"I went first, on arriving in town, to our old house, and was there told the sad news, and directed to where my darlings live now." He had an arm around each as he spoke. "They were out. The people down stairs said they had come here. I followed."

Before I left the old, quaint city, I had seen the father and children established in comfortable quarters, and the former engaged in a profitable business, which the money furnished by the Austrian prince had enabled him to purchase.

I had seen also a neat marble monument, white as the spotless snow, erected in place of the simple wooden cross; and through all the months, winter or summer, loving hands decorate with flowers the wife and mother's grave: for there is nothing on earth so dear to them as that spot in "God's Acre."

IN THE GLADE.

BY R. W. EASTERBROOKS.

Where a graceful, drooping vine,
Creeps o'er oak-tree, strong and bold,
And its clinging tendrils twine,
With the rugged branches old;
Where beneath, in fitting shade,
Crumbling, mouldering, mossy stone,
Tells where, long ago, were laid,
Those whose souls from earth have flown—
I would wander all alone.

Where a shimmering streamlet floats,
Ever onward to the sea,
While the wavelet's dreamy notes,
Sound a requiem, sad and free;
It were meet to bid my soul
Wander through the unknown past,
To the sleepers 'neath each knoll,
Where the flickering sunbeams cast,
Golden shades, too sweet to last.

There, an elfin gleam of light,
Gilds a violet's purple bloom;
And the contrast, strangely bright,
Changes solemn woodland gloom.
One fair blossom in the glade,
'Midst the darkly-shaded green,
Watched by forest guardians staid,
Tenants of this old demesne,
O'er whom ages pass unseen.

Three gray stones, imbedded deep
In the sod, with grass o'ergrown,
O'er which songsters vigils keep,
From the forest dim and lone.
One new mound, between the rest,
Seems but meet for childish form,
On the stones no marks attest,
Length of years. In Summer warm,
Sun has soothed in Winter storm.

Maybe, that small, lonely flower,
Peeping from its sombre bed,
Shielded from each ruinous shower,
By the vine and oak o'er head;
Grace and loveliness obtained,
From the clayey infant mould,
That, though lifeless, still retained
Power to brighten and unfold,
Royal leaves of purpled gold.

Does not clinging, shadowy vine
Seem instilled with mother life?
And the oak, by strange design,
Look the sire, defying strife?
Maybe, parent ashes blend
With the fruitful soil around,
Strengthen oak, and thus defend
Tiny blossom in the ground,
At the head of tiny mound.

"INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL."

BY ADDIE A. SEARLE.

From brooding clouds in our own nature rising,
Our life-rain is distilled;
'Tis but a tear from woe, o'er life uprising—
Life unfulfilled.

There is for every ill an equal blessing—
Morning for every night;
And parting makes more glad returned caressing,
And darkness light.

Despair, drear midnight storm of sob and wailing,
Breathes of no coming day;
Beyond, Hope's rainbow promise, never failing,
Spans o'er the way.

Distrust, self-tortured from its breath of sorrow,
Distills but ruin's blight;
Truth's bright star beaming o'er the coming morrow,
Dispels the night.

Hatred, Heaven-banished, earthward madly bending,
As vulture prey-ward sweeps;
Love smiles again, the exile, cloud-fold rending,
Repentant weeps.

Glory! Joy veiled in mercy from our vision,
Wealth-burdened, overflows;
Lending a radiance from the land Elysian,
That crowns repose.

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PERFIDIOUS PLANCHETTE.

BY HELEN MAXWELL.

"WILL you go to-night, Tom?"

"Will you be there?"

"Of course, silly boy! At ten, remember. Good-by!"

With a familiar little nod, and a coquettish side-long look from under her lashes, Hester Thornton continued her walk, and Tom Randolph watched her with a very lover-like look, till she whisked around the corner, displaying two little high-heeled boots, and most symmetrical ankles.

The reader is much too sharp not to have at once divined that these two young people were engaged. Engaged! I should think so, indeed! Why, papa Thornton's consent had been given a month ago, at least; and they were only waiting till Tom's rich, old grandmother could be induced to give them something to live on.

And very hard-hearted and avaricious she would be if she refused—for the old lady had more money than she knew what to do with. So Tom made her daily visits, and discoursed eloquently upon Hester's charms, and gave minute descriptions of a house near the Park, which was for sale at an absurdly low price, and was exactly what he would choose if he could afford to buy; and talked pathetically about waiting years before he would be able to marry, and of the probability of his being gray by that time; and so back again to what a dear girl Hester was—so fond of grandmother.

Grandmother agreed that Hester was a sweet little thing, and thought long engagements a mistake, but she made no promises.

However, one day Tom, returning from the Park, had seen the heavy, low carriage and fat horses belonging to his grandmother standing before the door of the very house he had set his heart upon; and presently the old lady herself, swathed in Russian sables, and holding her snuff to her nose, appeared at one of the windows, talking to a man who bore a most remarkable resemblance to a house-agent.

Tom kept a discreet silence about this; but asked his tailor that same day, with visible anxiety, if it would be possible to make so many coats, and so many vests in no time at all, almost; and he also gave Hester, in the evening, a hint of the good news. And this brings us to the day that ushers in this story.

The morning had brought a note, asking Hester to spend a sociable evening with the Tillotsons; and a P. S., saying the Tillotsons would be happy to see any of Miss Thornton's friends. Of course, that meant Tom—and Tom had saidhe would go.

The Tillotsons were such a very old family and so immensely aristocratic, that the four young lady daughters remained young ladies for ever so many years, as no man could be found bold enough to propose for them. Indeed, I think it very likely that they never had a lover—no, not one amongst them. They were tall, slender girls, with thin noses, and pale-blue eyes; were learned, and talked of dry books; and as they were entirely wanting in what is called sentiment, thus passed through life in that cold, indifferent, well-dressed manner which some people think the height of high-bred elegance, but which is dull enough, heaven knows! Their parties were generally considered great bores, as the magnificence was somewhat overpowering; and, therefore, it was odd that gay, bright little Hester (who unhesitatingly declared, even before the Tillotsons themselves, that her great-grandfather was a carpenter) should care to go. But therein lies the secret. However, we'll have no mysteries, and you shall know at once the reason.

The fact is, Hester believed implicitly in Planchette; and the Misses Tillotson were known to have great success in making her write. Wonderful stories were told of the things that Planchette revealed under their hands, and the intimate knowledge she betrayed in other people's affairs. Now, the aggravating little board had positively refused to budge an inch under the taper fingers that Hester pressed upon it; not even when Tom, being of the opposite sex, held one white hand in his, and with his other hand upon Planchette, looked full into Hester's eyes—which every one knows is recommended as a sure means of influencing the witch—not even then would Planchette do more than scratch a little in an erratic way, and never write a word.

"To be sure, we never give her a fair trial," Hester said to some one, "for I invariably get tired long before the twenty minutes are out, and Tom says he always commences thinking of something else."

No wonder, Tom!

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Of course, the invitation was not to be declined. There was to be a little dance, Miss Tillotson's note had said; but Hester hoped, nevertheless, that Planchette would make her appearance before the evening was over.

At ten o'clock Hester, blooming as a rose, entered the Tillotson drawing-room. She found every one waltzing industriously, and eating fruit-ices in the intervals. Partners were not lacking, and the piano-music not bad. There was nothing to be done but waltz, too; so, as Hester went into everything with her whole heart, she danced away with enjoyment, and put Planchette out of her mind.

Not so, Tom; probably because he did not care to dance, unless it was with Hester—and that young lady refused to take any notice of her lover in public; or, perhaps, he was bored; or, perhaps, again, he had some curiosity to find out if "there really was anything in Planchette." Be that as it may, Tom, after an hour's patient leaning against a door, proposed to one of the Miss Tillotsons, that they should have a sitting; to which she obligingly acceded. Hester was summoned, and the three went into the library together.

Now, strange to say, Tom and Hester had never had a quarrel. Hester believed that Tom told her all his secrets, and had never—never loved any one but her. And Tom, although he would have preferred that Hester would not waltz, and felt a disagreeable sensation when she slipped into some man's arms, and went whirling about the room, was not at all what could be called jealous; and so they got along capitally together, and looked forward to being married as a blissful termination of a happy courtship.

Miss Tillotson, in her indifferent way, feared that she was wanting in electricity upon this occasion, and would make but a poor medium; but she would do her best.

They put, each, one hand upon Planchette, who was in readiness on a large, round table; and in a moment she was rushing around in circles, and performing the most extraordinary evolutions.

"She will do beautifully," said Miss Tillotson. "Miss Thornton, will you ask a question?"

Hester looked shy, and wanted Tom to begin, but, upon receiving some encouragement, propounded the following questions to the oracle:

Q. "In what year was I born? (I might as well begin at the beginning, you know.")

A. "1846."

"New, Tom, is it not wonderful that she should know that!" Hester says.

Q. (Blushingly.) "Am I engaged?"

A. "Yes." Planchette writes, in almost contemptuous haste.

Q. "Was he," (of course, Planchette knows who "he" is,) "was he ever in love with any one before me?"

Tom laughs seemly.

A. "Yes."

Q. "Who?"

A. "Eleanor Marshall."

"Why, Tom!" exclaimed Hester, incredulously; and then, seeing that Tom had grown suddenly very red, looks hurt and rather dignified, and thinks there are no other questions she cares to ask.

"Perhaps Mr. Randolph would like to consult Planchette?" said Miss Tillotson, trying to be playful, but seeming colder than ever, and her light eyes shining glassily.

Tom, who looked very uncomfortable, and was gazing beseechingly at Hester, at first said, "No, it was all nonsense;" but presently changed his mind, and concluded he would try his luck.

"It is perfect child's play," said Tom, contemptuously, and then asked his question.

Q. "How soon will I own that house on Madison Avenue?"

A. "Never."

Q. "Why? Is it already sold?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Who to?"

A. (Spider-like scratches, and a variety of circles. Planchette evidently does not know.)

Tom tries again.

Q. "Who was the person I am thinking of walking with last week? Wednesday?"

(Hester having made a mystery of a certain afternoon's walk.)

A. (Rapidly and distinctly.) "Brook Townsend."

Q. "Have they ever walked together before?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "How many times?" Tom was evidently getting angry.

A. "Five."

Tom said something between his teeth, and gave Miss Planchette a push that sent her off the table.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Tillotson," he cried, picking up the board.

Miss Tillotson smiled sweetly and forgivingly; and after asking if they had had enough of that silly Planchette, which, of course, they had, took Hester affectionately by the waist, and returned to the drawing-room.

As fate would have it, Brook Townsend him-

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self came up immediately to Hester, and entreated for a turn.

"Where have you been?" he asked, in a low voice. "I thought you were gone, and, consequently, was about to make my adieux."

Tom did not hear this; but he saw Hester waltz off, and could not know that she did so with reluctance. He made some very unpleasant remarks to himself about Mr. Townsend.

Presently Hester stopped near him.

"I am ready to go," she said to Tom.

Their engagement was such a well-known fact, that Tom should take her to and from a small party was proper and natural enough. They were quite alone in the carriage, and several blocks from home. The drive would, probably, take fifteen minutes; "long enough to settle this," thought Tom.

"I shall have time to find out if it was true," thought Hester.

"Hester," began Tom, as soon as he had seated himself beside her, "I must ask you to give up dancing and walking (not that I believe the lies that abominable board wrote) with Brook Townsend; the man is personally disagreeable to me."

Hester was up in arms at once.

"That is no reason why he should be disagreeable to me. I shall waltz with him whenever it pleases me; and Planchette told no lies. Mr. Townsend has walked with me several times this winter."

This was said defiantly, and Hester gave Tom no time for a reply. She continued hastily,

"And now tell me if it is true that you were in love with Eleanor Marshall?"

"Yes," cried Tom. He was very angry, and said it almost without thinking.

Nothing more passed between them. Hester sunk back in the carriage in the dark, where the light from the lamps, that they passed in rapid succession, should not betray the effort she was making to keep back her tears. Tom looked steadily out of the window, and when the carriage stopped, sprang out as if it were a relief.

A formal "good-night" passed between them; and they parted without kiss or touch of the hand.

Oh, Planchette! Planchette!

Grandma Randolph was a dear old lady, and had made up her mind to present Tom with the coveted house, and settle a nice little income upon him. But she desired to keep her intentions a profound secret till everything was ready. So she went trotting about from agent to plumber, from plumber to painter, to upholsterer, to carpenter, and to nobody knows how many more; and was so immensely busy, going out twice a day, that the old coachman, (whose ordinary duty it was to drive solemnly up to the Park and back of an afternoon,) if he had not felt convinced that it would not last long, would have given warning. The fat horses absolutely got into fine condition, and stepped off so gayly that no one could possibly recognize them as the same. As for a pet poodle, who usually dozed and blinked on the cushions, what with the continual jumping in and out of the carriage, and waddling about after his mistress, he absolutely became thin and stopped wheezing; a year, at least, was added to his precious life by this salutary exercise.

When lovers quarrel, the wisest plan is to let them alone. If it is an ordinary quarrel, and they are only very dignified and polite with each other, there is a chance that you may laugh them out of it. But when it is serious enough for them to pass in the street, and look coldly into each other's eyes without a sign of recognition, then take care how you attempt to bring them together, or you may get yourself into a sad muss between them.

Hester told her father—who, after several days wondering what could ail his little daughter, and what had become of Tom, had asked for an explanation—that her engagement was broken off, and that she never wanted to speak to Tom again, or see him, or hear of him; or—or—— And here Hester sobbed.

"Come, come! What is the meaning of this?" papa Thornton said, not at all pleased.

But Hester only sobbed the more, and said it was Tom's fault; and that he did not care for her; and that she didn't, didn't—no, she didn't care for him, either. She hated him. Nothing would ever induce her to speak to him again!

Mr. Thornton seemed anything but satisfied with this lucid explanation; but, after a moment's debate with himself as to whether he should go to Tom about it, he concluded to let the matter take its own course. And he walked down to Wall street, and met Tom on the way, and spoke to him just as usual. Tom, who was looking pale and dejected, got very red, and shied off to the curb-stone as he returned the salutation.

He had just come from an interview with his grandmother, who had been put out of all patience by the news of the broken engagement; and had gone into as much of a passion as was possible for such a mild old lady.

She had threatened Tom with all sorts of dreadful things; not to speak of her having told

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him that she had bought the Madison Avenue house, and furnished it completely; but that now she should certainly not give it him.

"Such a dear little thing as Hester is! And I had grown so fond of her!" said grandma.

Tom thought to himself that he had been fond of her, too. Grandma went on.

"And so pretty and affectionate! Even Turk, who hates everybody, and always snaps at *your* heels, as you know, Tom," (Tom knew!) "even Turk adores her. Don't tell me that it was not your fault, such a gentle child as she is! I never saw such dove-like eyes!"

Tom groaned, and, snatching up his hat, got out of the house. No wonder he appeared dejected when he met Mr. Thornton.

It was the nine days talk, of course, and then forgotten. Hester went out as usual, and tried to be very gay; Tom avoided every place where he was likely to meet her, and became morose. He kept a sharp look out for Brook Townsend, though, and hated him from his soul.

But Hester never walked with Mr. Townsend now; and, indeed, once, when he joined her, had been very distant, and uncivil enough to go into the first house where she had acquaintances, leaving him with scarcely an apology.

For two months, at least, this state of things continued; and then, all of a sudden, grandma Randolph decided to interfere. So, when spring had begun to show her bright face, and the robins were heard chipping in the bare trees, grandma Randolph tied on her bonnet and got into her carriage, and drove straight to the Thorntons.

"Is Miss Hester at home?" she asked.

Yes, Miss Hester was at home; and the man ushered the old lady into a little corner room, where Hester sat sewing.

She sprang up at the sight of her visitor, and stood looking, tremblingly, at the door, almost as if she expected some one else would enter, too.

"You are surprised to see me, dear; but I was longing to see you again, and determined that you should not entirely throw off your old friend."

"No, no! indeed, no!" faltered Hester, as she went to the old lady's open arms, and returned the kiss she gave her.

"So there is a little bit of affection left for the old grandmother, eh?"

"A great deal," Hester said.

"I am glad of that. How thin you are, my dear, and pale, too! Are you not well?"

"Oh! I am quite well. But how are you? And Turk—how is Turk?"

"Turk is well; I left him in the carriage. I came to have a talk with you, dear—a long talk. I dare say you can guess what it is about; and you'll forgive me for speaking openly, I'm sure."

"Yes," Hester murmured.

"I want you to tell me, if you will, the exact cause of this trouble between you and Tom."

"He has told you, has he not?" said Hester, after a minute.

"Well—yes; that is, he told me that you preferred some one else to him; but that I could not believe."

"Oh! And did he not tell you that he had deceived me—and that he loved Eleanor Marshall before he ever saw me?" Hester was crying now. "And, of course, I did not care for any one but Tom; and I never would have walked with Mr. Townsend if I could have helped it. But he would join me in the street—and what could I do?"

"So, so! that is it?" said grandma Randolph, a little dryly, but soothingly, too, for Hester was sobbing pitifully enough. "And who told you that fine tale about Eleanor Marshall?"

"Why—Planchette, first," said Hester, with some hesitation; "but Tom acknowledged it afterward himself."

"He did—eh? And who is this Planchette? I never heard of her."

Hester explained the game. Grandma Randolph was half amused, and half angry. That any person of ordinary sense should make a quarrel on account of a bit of board, seemed to her such an egregious piece of nonsense that she had no patience with it. However, she only said that she was sorry they were two such geese—and dropped Planchette.

"And suppose, now, I should tell you it was quite true that Tom had loved Eleanor Marshall?"

"But I was sure of it already," cried Hester.

"And so he did," said grandma, talking quietly on without regarding the pain she caused the poor little thing, who sat twisted up on the floor with her head in the old lady's lap. "Yes, Tom loved Eleanor dearly; there was nothing he would not have done for her. I've seen them play at 'pillow' (a kissing game, you know, my dear) by the hour. And Tom would spend every penny of his pocket-money in oranges and mint-stick for her."

"Mint-stick!" exclaimed Hester.

"And why not? Was she not seven years old, and he ten? Just the age for goodies!"

Hester raised herself slowly, and looked full into grandma's eyes.

"And was that all?" she asked, her face glowing.

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"You have the entire story, my love."

"Then why did Tom get red, and look embarrassed?"

"Probably with astonishment at Miss Tillotson knowing of his youthful sweetheart."

"Miss Tillotson!" repeated Hester, a little puzzled; and then she laughed. "Ah! what a silly girl I have been!"

"Indeed you have, my love; and Tom a silly boy. But I hope we shall make everything smooth now, and have the wedding-bells ringing before another month."

"But what will Tom say?" whispered Hester.

"What do you think he will say, you little humbug? Poor boy! he has been miserable enough, though."

"Has he, really?" said Hester, in great delight.

"Indeed he has; and now I propose that we give him a surprise. Can you meet me this afternoon at No. — Madison Avenue?"

"Yes."

"Then, I shall expect to find you there at four o'clock. Good-by till then, little one! and be sure you look your prettiest."

Tom had been unusually blue that day. His grandmother found him pacing up and down the room, and declaring he would not remain another month in the country—he would go to China!

"Well, at all events, it won't be necessary for you to commence your packing this afternoon, Tom; and I am anxious for you to take a drive with me."

So, at four o'clock they started. The order to the coachman was given in a low voice: and Tom had not noticed where they were driving, when they stopped on Madison Avenue, in front of that very house.

Some one lived there now, that was very evident; for the windows were all prettily draped with curtains, and were dressed out with bright flowers in porcelain *jardinieres*.

Tom was lost in amazement as he followed his grandmother up the steps.

"Who lives here?" he asked; but the old lady maintained a mysterious silence, and even put her finger to her lips to impose it.

"Perhaps it is a funeral," thought Tom, looking at the door-bell. But there was no crape to be seen.

Just then they were admitted by a neat maid. She said something in an undertone to the old lady, who nodded; and then turning to Tom, told him to go into the parlor, and that she would be back presently; and Tom, puzzled enough, I can tell you, entered the room, the door of which stood invitingly open.

He walked hesitatingly and noiselessly over the soft carpet, and was wondering what the deuce his grandmother had brought him there for, when suddenly a little figure jumped up from a sofa near the window, and cried out, "Oh, Tom!"

That was enough. Tom saw through the whole joke in a minute; and he had Hester in his arms, and kissed her—and kissed her till she was almost smothered.

Presently grandma came in, and pretended to be very much surprised and shocked; and asked Tom what he meant by keeping his arm around that young lady's waist; and then they laughed, and Tom kissed Hester again, without the slightest hesitation—right before grandma's face.

And they had a fine dinner afterward, Hester sitting at the head of the table, and Tom at the foot, just as if they were already married—which they would have been, you know, if it had not been for that Perfidious Planchette! Papa Thornton was there; and he and the old lady were so much infected by the example of the young people, that they all but made eyes at each other.

A merry and happy time they had of it, as you can easily imagine; and in the evening Tom and Hester whispered behind the piano, and very likely then and there fixed the wedding-day—for the wedding-bells were ringing within the month.

I'LL COME TO THEE, BELOVED.

BY MRS. P. C. DOLE.

I'LL come to thee, beloved,
When silver stars look from the upper deep,
And twilight softly steals away from sight,
When dew-crowned blossoms droop and sink to sleep,
Rocked gently by the pensive winds of night;
When darkness walks the upland, vale, and lea,
I'll come to thee, beloved;
I'll come to thee!

I'll come to thee, beloved,
And we will wander where the mosses grow
In airy bowers, lit by the fire-fly's gleam;
Where tuneful zephyrs flitting to and fro,
Make music fitted for a fairy's dream;
Where love alone can watch o'er thee and me,
I'll come to thee, beloved;
I'll come to thee!

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THE MYSTERY AT BLACKWOOD GRANGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR NOEL'S HEIR."

CHAPTER I.

KEEPING TRYST.

I PAUSE an instant on the threshold of this story. You will call it, perhaps, incredible, impossible. Be it so—but it is true. Twenty years ago its principal incidents were wonderingly chronicled in every paper the length and breadth of the land. Incredible it sounds—true it is. It is but one more proof of the veracity of that hackneyed axiom—"truth is stranger than fiction,"

A raw and gusty March day was closing in a rawer and gustier twilight. One lurid bar of blood-red streaked the black sky where the sun had set wrathfully; all else was murky, troubled, darkness. A wailing wind moaned through the gaunt trees, and sent the March dust whirling in blinding clouds before it. In the ominous sky, in the groaning blast, the coming storm, heralded its approach.

The five P. M. train from Boston came thundering into the dull, little station of Hollisville. The lamps flared in the numberless draughts, and the little way-station looked unutterably dismal and desolate in the eerie gloaming. Half a dozen stragglers lounged about, hands deep in their pockets, hats drawn far over their eyes, waiting to see the passengers alight.

There was but one. A tall young man, with a light overcoat thrown across his arm sprang off, and walked into the station. "All aboard," shouted the conductor; and with a demoniac shriek the train plunged forward, and was lost in the blackening evening.

The half-dozen stragglers turned their twelve eyes upon the tall young man with the overcoat—a stranger to them—a stranger in Hollisville. A handsome and gentlemanly fellow, with dark, bright eyes, a black mustache, and a magnificent ring blazing on his ungloved left hand. It flashed like a great eye of fire as he stood under one of the gas-jets and lit a segar.

"Nasty night, sir," suggested the station-master, rather impressed by this superb stranger: "we'll have it hot and heavy before morning."

The stranger nodded carelessly, blew a fragrant cloud of smoke in the face of the nearest straggler, walked to the door, and looked long and earnestly down the road. The dull little village (dull at its best and brightest) was unspeakably forlorn and forsaken this bleak March evening. Not even a stray dog wandered through its one long, straggling street; everybody was shut up behind those lighted windows, in square, white, wooden dwellings, with the inevitable green blinds—houses as much alike as peas in a pod.

The stranger shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"A gay and festive place, this Hollisville of yours, my friend. Existence dragged out here must be a priceless boon. There's an hotel, I suppose?"

"Five of 'em," replied the station-master, triumphantly; "the Hollisville House, the "Farmers' Home, the United States, the——"

"That will do. Which is the best?"

"Wall, the Hollisville's the dearest and the nearest—and a pretty fair hotel, I reckon. There it stands, sir, with them air beeches in front of it."

"Thanks; I'll try it. Whereabouts does Miss Hardenbrook live?"

"Miss Hardenbrook? Well, you can't see Miss Hardenbrook's from here; it's pretty nigh 'tother end of the village. Be you a friend of Miss Hardenbrook's, stranger?" with a curious stare.

The young man laughed, a peculiar short laugh, as he flung away his segar, and invested himself in his overcoat.

"I don't know about that. If I'm not, however, it's Miss Hardenbrook's fault; I'm not at all proud. Good-evening to you."

He strode away; the stragglers watched him out of sight.

"Not proud, ain't you?" said the station-master; "maybe not, but you're pretty considerable cheeky. What's he to Miss Hardenbrook, I wonder? She never has no visitors."

"One of her handsome niece's city beaux, I calk'late," suggested one.

"Miss Hardenbrook's very poorly to-day," another remarked. "She ain't expected to live the week out. Miss Isabel will drop into a good thing when the old girl goes off the hooks. She'll be the richest and handsomest gal in Massachusetts."

"And this young chap, with the black mus-

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tache and diamond ring, comes down beforehand to make sure of his game. A fortune-hunter, or a gambler, most likely. They all look like that—black mustaches, diamond rings, tall hats, and lots of cheek."

The young man, thus unflatteringly discussed, reached the hotel, meantime, secured his room, ordered his supper, and ate it with an appetite. His watch pointed to six as he came from the table. It was quite dark now—moonless and starless; a bleak, bitter night.

"Pleasant this," the young man muttered, "'an inky sky above, an inky earth below.' My dear girl will hardly venture out in this March tornado; but, like a true knight, I must brave the elements, and be at the place of tryst."

He buttoned up his overcoat, drew his hat far over his eyes, and sallied out into the gusty darkness. There were no street lamps in primitive Hollisville; and the lighted windows were so obscured by tossing trees, that they illuminated his path but little. The park was strange to him, too; but he plunged carelessly forward with an easy trust in luck and himself, that was characteristic of the man, humming the fag end of an old ballad.

"My father he has locked the door,
My mother keeps the key;
But neither bolts nor bars can part
My own true love and me."

"Oh, hang it!" as he stumbled over an obstruction. "Miss Hardenbrook would lock the door and keep the key, too, if she dreamed George Wildair was within a score of miles of this delectable, happy village. I hope Issie will keep tryst; one doesn't mind breaking one's shins for the girl of one's heart; but if the girl doesn't come. This ought to be the spot, I think."

He was out on the verge of a bleak marsh, just discernible, and no more. Pollard willows waved and crackled, and low clumps of furze-bushes dotted it—black spectres, this bad March night.

"This is the spot, and this is the hour," Mr. George Wildair muttered to himself; "and a more desolate spot, and a more dismal hour, my adored Isabel couldn't have chosen, if she had tried for a lifetime. May the gods that specially watch over fools and lovers send her soon, or I will be found here, to-morrow morning, frozen as stiff as Lot's wife."

A step sounded on the road—baked hard as iron with black frost—a quick, light, woman's step. An instant later, and a slender female figure stood before him, dimly outlined against the gloomy night sky.

"Isabel."

He started forward, his arms outstretched.

"George!"

An hysterical cry of delight, and the outstretched arms were empty no longer.

"Dear George—dearest George, how good it is to see you again!" she cried, in the same hysterical way. "Oh! the last two months have seemed like eternity, never to see you, never to hear from you! And Miss Hardenbrook has been *so* cross, and *so* suspicious; and Ellen Rossiter has watched me as a cat watches a mouse. Oh!" clinging to him with something between a laugh and a sob, "one may buy even gold too dear, George."

"My dear little Issie! My precious little, ill-used darling! So you are enduring daily martyrdom for my sake. Time doesn't improve Miss Hardenbrook's temper, I suppose; but as it doesn't improve her health, either, there is reason to hope your martyrdom will soon end. How is she?"

"Very, very ill, and liable to die at any moment. Ellen Rossiter hardly leaves her night or day."

"Ellen Rossiter is the toad-eating, tuft-hunting old maid cousin you told me of, who hopes to supplant you in Miss Hardenbrook's will?"

"And who will supplant me, George," the girl said, solemnly, "as surely as aunt Hardenbrook finds out you are here, and that we have met."

"But she must not find it out," Mr. Wildair said, in rather a startled tone; "and she must not know we have met. It would be a terrible thing for us, Isabel, if you lost your aunt's fortune."

The girl looked up at him earnestly. But in the darkness the expression his face wore could not be seen.

"You would not love me less, George?"

"You foolish child! As if any loss in this lower world could make me do that."

"Then why would its loss be terrible? I should like to be rich, George; to live luxuriously, to dress superbly, to have all that is beautiful and bright in life around me; but I could give all up and go forth to beggary with you, my beloved, without one pang. Nothing in this wide earth could be terrible to me, but the loss of your love, George."

Mr. Wildair laughed and kissed her. But the laugh sounded cynical, and the kiss was not at all the rapturous proceeding it might have been.

"A very pretty speech, my dear, and a very flattering one. But there is a homely old adage, which is as true as truth itself to my mind,

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'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.' The going forth to beggary sounds nice and sentimental in theory; but when it came to practice, I should quietly steal a razor and cut my throat. The story of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, as told by Mr. Tennyson, is a very charming story, indeed; and if *I* were a King Cophetua, and Miss Hardenbrook disinherited you, I should take my dark-eyed beggar maid, and make her my queen as promptly and romantically as he did. But, you see, being only a briefless barrister, just able to earn the bread and salt of daily life, and nothing more, beggar maids are not practicable. So, my pretty Issie, if we are to be blest for life before our hair turns gray, you must become heiress of Miss Hardenbrook's thousands."

"Then it is Miss Hardenbrook's fortune you marry, not Isabel Vance?"

She spoke in a cold, constrained voice, drawing herself free from his encircling arms.

"Nonsense, Issie!" he said, impatiently, "you know better than that. I'm not a very sentimental young man, and I tell you the plain truth. I love you dearly—I would marry you without a stiver to-morrow, if I could; but I can't; and if the Venus Celestis were to come alive on earth, and offer to become Mrs. Wildair out of hand, I should have to thank the radiant goddess, and respectfully decline, unless she brought several thousand dollars from Olympus with her. Don't be silly, Isabel, and don't be sentimental; Miss Hardenbrook will die shortly, and if she wasn't an unconscionable old spider she would have died long ago; and when your six months mourning has expired, we'll be married, and live happy forever after."

He took her in his arms again, and kissed the face that, even in the gloom, was dimly beautiful. But his words chilled her, and his careless caresses could not satisfy her troubled heart.

"But, George. Oh, stop! let us look the worst in the face. She may disinherit me—who knows? She is as capricious as the wind; she has made half a dozen different wills already; and the will that leaves all to me is not yet signed. It may never be, George—and then?"

"And then," said Mr. George Wildair, in a hard, resolute voice, "we will have crow's-feet under our eyes, and our heads will be beautifully silvered by the frosts of time before our honeymoon begins."

"No," cried the girl, as if with a sudden inspiration, "I know better than that! When I lose my fortune I lose you—you will go look for another heiress; you will never grow gray waiting for me. And I——"

"And you?" the young man said, with a light laugh, "finish your prediction, my pretty Sybil."

He would hardly have laughed so easily had he seen how her face altered in the darkness. Her eyes blazed up, her hands clenched, her teeth shut convulsively together.

"Don't ask me! Don't ask me, George! I grow afraid of myself when I think of it. Better for you you had never been born than to tamper with what is here!"

She struck her breast heavily as she spoke, and something in her changed voice went with a thrill to his heart. But he next instant he laughed again, and kissed the quivering lips.

"My dear little tragedy-queen! You vow vengeance like the heroine of a high-pressure novel. We won't suppose such horrid things, we'll look on the bright side. Isabel Vance will be Dorothy Hardenbrook's heiress, and George Wildair's beautiful wife. Well, where are you going?"

"It is striking seven—hear it! Miss Hardenbrook may miss me, and send Ellen Rossiter in search. If she does, all is lost. Oh, George! George!" with a sudden passionate cry, a sudden passionate clasping him in her arms, "if I lose you I shall die! Let me go—my fortune is at stake. I cannot afford to lose my fortune now—God help me!"

Something in her voice, in her clinging clasp, touched his frivolous heart—and it was a frivolous heart to the core.

"My dear little girl! I were the basest villain on earth to prove false to you. When I do, I pray that I may die!"

"Amen!"

He shuddered as the ominous word passed her lips; he opened his arms and let her go.

"When shall I see you again?"

"Not until all is over," she replied, steadily. "I will not risk again the fortune you prize so highly, George, as I have risked it this night. You will go back to Boston to-morrow morning."

"But I may write to you, at least? And you will answer?"

"No; my aunt's spy, Ellen Rossiter, would find it out and betray us. I am afraid of that woman. I will neither see you, nor hear from you, until I go to you the mistress of Dorothy Hardenbrook's thousands. I will lay them at your feet, George, where my heart has been for many a day. If I win, all is yours; if I lose——"

Her voice died away George Wildair, with

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a chill of ominous dread, broke the pause that followed.

"You will not lose—you will be my queen as you are my darling. Good-by, my own love, until we meet again."

"Good-by," she said, solemnly. "Good-by, my love, my darling; and God bless you! Who knows whether I will be able to say that when we meet again?"

She fluttered away with the last strange words on her lips—fluttered away, and the black night swallowed her up. And Mr. George Wildair turned very slowly, and made the best of his way back to the hotel, with a very disagreeable prescience of impending evil troubling his usually serene mind.

"It's an uncommon bad-looking piece of business, George, my boy," the young lawyer soliloquized. "If the old girl turns up trump and does the right thing by Issie, all will go on well, and George Wildair will have a wife and a fortuue to be proud of. But if she doesn't—oh! it's an ugly hitch, and I can't perform impossibilities and marry Miss Vance. And yet she is just the sort, is Isabel Vance, to go and kill herself, or somebody else—perhaps both. She's tremendously in love with me, poor little girl; and it's flattering, but not at all pleasant."

Before Mr. Wildair had come to the end of his soliloquy, and lit a consolatry segar, there emerged a figure from behind a clump of bushes, not two yards off the spot where the lovers had held their interview. It was a woman. She had heard and seen all, and her sharp, sallow face was flushed with triumph.

"At last!" she said to herself, under her breath, "at last, my lady, your hour has come! You dread Ellen Rossiter, do you? Ah! if you only knew how much reason you have to dread her, my proud and handsome young heiress! We will see what Miss Hardenbrook will say to all this; we will see whether that unsigned will will ever be signed; we will see what will happen when Mr. Wildair jilts his penniless lady-love."

She hurried away. And the sobbing wind, rising and falling, and the black spectral trees had the ghostly spot to themselves where the lovers kept tryst.

CHAPTER II.

"ALL FOR LOVE, AND THE WORLD WELL LOST."

THE night-lamp burned low in the sick-room, and the shadows crouched like evil things in the dusky corners. A large room, "curtained and close, and warm;" a wood fire burning dimly on the hearth; medicine-bottles and glasses strewing the table; the old-fashioned four-post bedstead standing in the center of the floor, and old Dorothy Hardenbrook lying upon it, never to leave it but for her coffin.

The sick woman was all alone, and wide awake. The glittering eyes looked out of a withered, wasted, wrinkled face, like glowing coals; her skinny hands clutched a note, containing a few lines, written in a big, masculine hand. Over and over again, with a fierce and wrathful glance, the sick woman had read these lines:

"MY DARLING—If by any chance you can give your sick dragon, and her attendant, Cerberus, the slip, give it to them to-night. I will be at the place you appointed at a little past six. I am dying to see you, and see you I must, despite all the vindictive, dying old maids in Christendom. Devotedly, G. W."

The glare in the glittering old eyes, that devoured this cold-blooded note, was something horrible to see.

"If she does! if she does!" she panted aloud. "The heartless, ungrateful hussy! A miserable play-acting pauper, that I took from the streets and the stage, and fed, and clothed, and cherished! And this is my reward. She knows I hate this George Wildair, and all his race—faithless and false, and corrupt to the core of their black, bad hearts, one and all. She knows it; and if she meets him to-night—if she meets him——"

She stopped, trembling with suppressed rage from head to foot. The room and the house were very, very still. Outside, the wind sobbed and shuddered, and the bare, wintry trees rattled like dead bones; inside, the loud ticking of a clock, the monotonous fall of lurid cinders, the sleepy purring of a big Maltese cat, made a dull, drowsy chorus of their own.

The clock struck eight: As its last beat died away, the chamber-door opened, and Ellen Rossiter walked into the room.

Miss Hardenbrook raised herself on her elbow by a supreme effort, and looked with wild, eager eyes into the face of her spy. She was a little, wiry body, this Ellen Rossiter; a female terrier, with lips thin as knife-blades, and pale, steel-blue eyes—like the sick woman herself, a soured and sullen, and disappointed old maid.

"Well?" Miss Hardenbrook asked, with a fierce clutch at her bedclothes. "Don't stand staring at me there, Ellen Rossiter, like a fool, but speak out! Was the note true—was it from him? Was she there?"

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She made the reply with cold deliberation, removing her things and folding them up.

"I was at the place before her; I knew it well, she often met him there before. I hid behind the bushes, and waited. He came first, singing and talking to himself, like the idiot that he is. She did not keep him waiting long; she came all in a hurry, and plumped into his arms, kissing him, and calling him her love and her darling, in a manner that was perfectly sickening and disgusting. I saw it all, and I heard every word they said."

"What did they say?"

Ellen Rossiter compressed her thin lips until her mouth was ónly a pale streak across her face.

"You had better not ask me—you won't like it."

"Tell me, I command you!" Miss Hardenbrook passionately cried. "Tell me, for I will know; tell me, for I have a right to know!"

"Very well."

She sat down by the bedside, her hands folded in her lap, her steel-blue eyes looking stolidly into the burning black eyes of the sick woman; and then, word for word, with diabolical precision, repeated the conversation of the lovers.

Dorothy Hardenbrook covered her face with both hands with a convulsive sob.

"And I loved this girl," she cried. "Oh! my God! better than I ever loved Thee!"

"Not more than she loves your money. She will wait six months after you are dead; and then Mr. Wildair will take possession of it and her, and scatter it to the four winds of heaven."

"Never!" The hands dropped, and the eyes blazed. "Never, Ellen Rossiter—never! never! Thank God, it is not too late yet! Give me that box."

She took a key from under her pillow. Ellen handed her a square, iron casket, which she knew contained two unsigned wills. Miss Hardenbrook opened the box, took out one of the wills, read it slowly through, and tore it into atoms.

"So perishes the hopes of George Wildair and Isabel Vance! So is ingratitude and falsehood punished! Send for Mr. Benson, and call Susan."

Mr. Benson was her lawyer, Susan was the cook. Ellen Rossiter disappeared, and returned in half an hour with both. The second will was spread out before Miss Hardenbrook; her face had grown hard and rigid as iron.

"I am going to sign my will, Mr. Benson," she said; "the other I have destroyed. I have sent for you two to witness the proceeding."

She took a pen, and signed the will with a firm, unfaltering hand. The other two affixed their signatures. Then, with the same rigid composure, she locked up the document, and handed the key to the lawyer.

"You will keep this, my friend. The day I am buried, you will read this testament aloud, in this room, to those who attend my funeral. Now leave me—I am tired, and wish to sleep."

She turned away her face to the wall. The lawyer and Susan crept away on tiptoe. Ellen Rossiter lingered an instant, with an anxious look on her face.

"The doctor said she was liable to die at any moment; that any excitement would be fatal—and surely she has had excitement to-night."

Miss Rossiter did not retire; she descended to the parlor, and paced up and down. Ten, eleven, twelve struck. How awfully still the house was in its midnight hush; how awfully clamorous sounded the storm without! The wind had risen, and the rain fell—wind and rain wailed and sobbed, like cries of mutual agony.

"A fearful night!" the lone watcher said, with a shudder; "and she is afraid of night and tempest. I will go and see how she sleeps. Susan."

She shook and roused the sleepy cook—she was afraid to enter that room alone. Together they ascended, together they entered. The fire had died out, the lamp burned with a dull, red glow. The air of the room struck cold upon them. The raging of the midnight tempest sounded appallingly loud up there. On the bed the sick woman lay, as they had left her—she had never moved.

"Sleeping still," the cook said, in a whisper.

Ellen Rossiter crossed the room and bent over her a second, and she recoiled with a loud cry.

Yes, sleeping still: but the everlasting sleep. Miss Hardenbrook lay before them stark and dead.

It was a very long procession that wended its way from the prim, white, wooden mansion, following Dorothy Hardenbrook to her last home.

A miserable March day; the rain falling ceaselessly; the wind sobbing; the sky a leaden pall; the earth black and sodden. A bad, bitter day; and the funeral-train shivered in their wraps, and splashed forlornly through the mire of the wretched country road.

The dull afternoon was half over ere the grave was closed, and the gloomy procession back in the prim, wooden mansion. Ghastly looked the rooms, hung in the white trappings

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of the grave; deathly was the chill and the silence that pervaded it, in the dismal light of the wet afternoon.

The staid parlor, never used save on state occasions, was almost filled with curious expectant listeners. With a flush very foreign to her usual sallow complexion, hot in her face, with a glittering light rarely seen in the dull steel-blue eyes, Ellen Rossiter folded her hands to listen to the reading of the will. The hour of her triumph had come—the hour for which she had watched, and waited, and played the spy. She, and not that tall, imperious young woman, who had queened it so long, would be heiress to Dorothy Hardenbrook's thousands.

Miss Vance, looking very handsome and stately in trailing crape and sables, sat by the window, gazing steadfastly out at the ceaseless rain. She was deathly white, and the hands, lying in her lap, were convulsively locked together. A sickening presentiment of what was to come filled heart and soul; the flashing fire in Ellen Rossiter's triumphant eyes; the pitying glances of Benson, the lawyer, had gone thrilling with an awful fear to her heart. She had staked all that life held of bliss, love, and hope, and happiness, on one throw of the dice, and she had lost. She knew it as surely as sitting there, staring blankly out at the wretched rain, as she knew it an hour after.

Mr. Benson slowly unlocked the box, drew forth the will, and began to read. Dead silence reigned. The document was brief and to the point. There was a legacy to Susan Turner, the cook, of one hundred dollars; two hundred to Mr. Benson to buy a mourning ring; and two hundred to Ellen Rossiter, in return for secret services faithfully rendered.

There was a shrill cry. Ellen Rossiter rose, wildly excited, from her seat.

"There is some awful mistake! There must be a mistake! Miss Hardenbrook never would insult me like that! Mr. Benson, you have read the wrong name!"

"I have done nothing of the sort, Miss Rossiter—be good enough not to interrupt. The remainder of her property, landed and personal, amounting in all to one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, Miss Hardenbrook has bequeathed, absolutely and without conditions, to"—a breathless pause—"to her third cousin, Miss Amy Hardenbrook Earle, of St. Jude's, Maryland."

There was a simultaneous exclamation from every one present, a gasping cry of rage and despair from Ellen Rossiter, and all eyes turned upon the stately figure by the window. But Miss Vance sat like a stone, the face white and rigid, the dark eyes staring straight before her, with an awful, fixed, blind stare.

Mr. Benson folded up the will, relocked the box, and prepared to depart. The short, stormy March day was already darkening fast, and every one rose to follow his example, and spread the astounding news through Hollisville. Isabel Vance disinherited, not even named in the will; and an unknown young lady, in Maryland, left sole heiress of Miss Hardenbrook's wealth! Hollisville had not received so astounding a shock for ages before.

And the figure by the window was left alone. No one had approached her; no one had spoken to her; there was that in her face that held them off. One by one they dropped silently away, friends who were sorry for her, enemies who exulted over her. Ellen Rossiter had rushed up to her own room, and was crying her spiteful, disappointed heart out in a passion of bitter, raging tears. But Isabel Vance shed no tears, uttered no cry; her dumb despair was far too deep for that. With the loss of wealth she had lost all—love, life. For George Wildair's sake she had risked the glory of the world; for his sake she had lost, and he would be the very first to turn from her in her downfall.

The rainy twilight fell. The night wind, salt from the sea, rose and beat the rain clamorously against the glass. Isabel stood up, her face looking awfully corpse-like in the desolate gloaming, and with a steady step walked out of the room, and out of the house.

She went straight to the village—to the Hollisville House. Rain and wind tore at her, and buffeted her; but she heeded them no more than if she had been made of wood or stone. The proprietor of the hotel, standing in his own door-way, looking out at the stormy evening, recoiled with a blank stare at sight of her, as he might at seeing an apparition.

"Is Mr. Wildair in?"

That voice, hollow and strange, was not the melodious voice of Isabel Vance. The man's face softened into a gaze of unspeakable pity.

"Yes, Miss Vance; this way, if you please."

He ushered her up stairs, and into the private parlor, sacred to Mr. George Wildair's learned leisure. "Miss Vance, sir," he said, and disappeared.

Mr. George Wildair, seated before the window, his chair tipped back, his boots on the sill, a segar in his mouth, and his eyes fixed moodily on the darkening prospect, got up with a spring. He flung away his segar, and came

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forward with a face that was anything but the radiant face of a lover.

"You here, Isabel! This *is* an astonisher! You surely have not walked all the way in this pouring rain?"

She glanced down at her drenched garments, as if conscious, for the first time, of the wet.

"I did not know—it does not matter! I wanted to see you before you left."

"Who told you I was going to leave? Sit down, pray, whilst I light the gas."

She waved her hand impatiently.

"We need no light for what we have to say. Thanks, I will not be seated. I only came to say good-by."

"You need not have come through this pouring rain to-night for that," Mr. Wildair remarked, rather sulkily. "You did not suppose I was going to quit Hollisville without calling to see you, Isabel?"

"I did. You would not have come, George."

"Thanks for your good opinion, Miss Vance. Think so by all means, if it suits you."

"You never would have come, George," she repeated, steadily. "It was Miss Hardenbrook's heiress you courted—and I am not that."

"Confound the cantankerous old hag!" burst forth Mr. Wildair, furiously. "Why the deuce did she disinherit you, Isabel?"

"Do you need to ask? Because I met you that night?"

"Who told her?"

"Ellen Rossiter, I presume. Don't let us talk of that—it is too late now. I have lost all you cared for; there is nothing left for us but to shake hands and part forever."

"Not forever, I hope." But the voice in which he said it was a very hesitating one "Don't think me altogether heartless, Isabel. I wanted Miss Hardenbrook's money, I don't deny; but I loved you as well. I would marry you to-morrow, if I could; but I can't. I am a poor devil, as you know, living from hand to mouth. I cannot afford the luxury of a penniless wife."

"I know it." The voice had fallen to a dull calm without one trace of emotion. "You can not afford to marry me now, and you never can. You have deceived me from first to last. There is nothing left but to say farewell, and go our different ways through life."

The unnatural calm deceived him. He had expected tears, reproaches, hysterics, a stormy and passionate scene. His face flushed, and he drew a long breath of relief.

"I have no wish to say farewell forever, Isabel," he said, gently; "but you have, and you know best. It would be selfish in me, I dare say, to keep you bound by an engagement that cannot be fulfilled for half a lifetime. I love you, but I will not be selfish. I release you, Isabel, though heaven knows how bitter it is to say those words. I set you free, Isabel; and when I hear you are married to a better and a richer man, I will try and rejoice for your sake. It is destiny, I suppose, but it is very hard."

He turned hastily away to the window, and, for the instant, the self-deceiver believed he felt what he said. The young girl stood regarding him with a fixed, steady glance, reading all his falseness and baseness, yet loving him despite it all. The friendly darkness hid from him the gleaming light in her eyes, the unearthly expression of her face. He only heard that low, monotonous voice—and that deceived him.

"And you, George," she said, after a little pause, "you will woo and wed another heiress, I suppose? This Miss Amy Earle, for instance. She is young and pretty, no doubt; if not, what does it signify since she inherits Miss Hardenbrook's one hundred and eighty thousand dollars? There will be a Mrs. George Wildair, will there not, before the year ends?"

Mr. Wildair wheeled round from the window, wrapped in his dignity as in a mantle.

"You might have spared me the taunt, Miss Vance. I am not altogether the mercenary wretch you take me to be. But we will not recriminate—we will part friends."

"Yes, we will part friends."

Her voice rose, her eyes flashed. But she held out her hand, and looked him steadfastly in the face.

"We will part friends. Farewell, George Wildair. You have deceived me more cruelly than man ever deceived woman before. You have blighted my life, you have broken my heart; but, as you say, let us part friends. Farewell, George—but not forever. *We shall meet once more!*"

She wrung his hand, dropped it suddenly, turned, and was gone like a flash—lost in the black, wet night; and Mr. Wildair was left staring aghast.

"Devilish odd!" he muttered at last, recovering from his stupor. "Has the loss of her fortune, and the loss of her lover, turned her brain? 'We shall meet once more,' shall we? I hope not. Did she mean that as a threat, I wonder? By Jove! I'll keep out of your way, Miss Vance, for the remainder of my mortal span, if I can."

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Through darkness, through falling rain, through driving wind, Isabel Vance hurried home. "For the last time," she said, between her locked teeth, "My old life ends to-night, my new life dawns to-morrow. Isabel Vance is dead and buried; a fierce and pitiless avenger shall rise in her place. From this hour, let all who have wronged me, beware!"

She reached the house, soaked to the skin. She ascended to her own room, but not to change her saturated garments. Deliberately she set to work. She drew forth her trunks, collected her clothes and valuables, packed them rapidly, wrote her name and address on cards, and tacked them securely on. Then she sat down by the table, dropped her head on her folded arms, and lay there as though she never cared to lift it again.

All night long she never moved. The rain beat and the wind blew; but the storm in her burning brain and bitter heart, raged more fiercely still. Morning came, and with the first pale glimmer of the new day she lifted her head, and showed a face so haggard and worn, eyes so wild and unearthly, that every trace of her bright beauty was gone.

Two hours later, Miss Rossiter, descending to breakfast, found Isabel dispatching her trunks to the station, and she, herself, in traveling array, waiting to follow. The haggard face and hollow eyes, made Ellen Rossiter recoil with a cry of dismay.

"Going!" she exclaimed, "so soon!"

"The sooner the better. Good-by, Miss Rossiter! If ever it is in my power to repay the many good turns you have done me, believe me, I shall repay them with interest."

She turned and walked out of the house.

Ellen Rossiter looked after her with a shudder.

"And if ever the arch-demon himself looked out of two human eyes," said Miss Rossiter, in a violent tremor, "he looked out of Isabel Vance's, just now. That girl has some awful deed in her mind, or I'm no judge of faces."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ACROSS THE BAY

BY MARIE S. LADD.

An island, three miles out, or more,
Just opposite, looks green and fair;
A single dwelling on its shore,
A lonely aspect seems to wear.

At night a solitary light
Proclaims the spot whereon it stands;
As beacon-like it glimmers bright
Above the long, low beach of sands.

Long hours I watch the distant beam;
At times it twinkles like a star,
And ever with a friendly gleam
It shines across the harbor-bar.

A mother at the fireside sits,
So fancy weaves her charms for me;
And 'round her gathered, while she knits,
Sports her unbroken family.

'Tis ten. The light is wavering now;
The scene, preceding that of rest,
Moves on; and now each child must bow
Within this little household nest,

Where they their daily cares bestow,
And at whose feet they nightly plead,
In sincere faith, full well I know;
And well I know their holy creed.

May Heaven protect their happy sleep,
While moans the restless sea without;
And angels o'er them vigils keep—
For now the light is out.

IN THE DARK.

BY MISS ABBIE WHEELER.

Wearily walking, with faltering feet,
Out in the fury of storm and of sleet;
No one to comfort her, no one to bless;
No one to love her, no friend to caress.
In the dark, in the night,
One soul lost to love and light!

Wayward and thoughtless, but sinless now;
Scarce sixteen Summers on her fair brow
Have lightly laid, and there is no blight
To change her beauty, but this dark night.
In the dark, wanting light,
Guide her feeble footsteps right!

Well may we weep, when often the sight
Of innocence choosing wrong from right
Is daily seen, while we doubting stand,
Fearing to proffer a friendly hand.
Out from darkness into light,
The strong should help the weak do right!

Only one of the many is she,
In the whole wide world we see,
Aimlessly wandering to and fro,
Carelessly seeming never to know,
That life, and love, and cheery light,
Will change into day the darkest night!

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THE COBRA HEAD.

BY JANE G. AUSTEN.

A RIDE of ten miles before breakfast was as much a religious observance with Max Sheldon, as prostration before the rising sun is with a Parsee, or a courtier; for this young man, without becoming a materialist, worshiped nature and her works, including his own fine and carefully-cultivated *physique*.

Perfect bodily health, so he argued, is the foundation of virtue, success, and content; and having attained this condition in his own person, Max Sheldon devoted a considerable portion of his thought and time to retaining it. So far, well; but when the admirer of physical perfection permitted himself to become also a loather of physical misfortune; when he turned, with scarce concealed horror, from the halt, the blind, the maimed, and diseased, co-heirs with himself of the Eternal purpose, then must we grant that Max Sheldon showed but human gratitude for the divine gifts so lavished upon him.

The last mile of the ten usually brought Mr. Sheldon home through an old-fashioned suburb, or rather outskirt of the city, a region of antiquated and neglected houses, lingering gardens, wooden fences, and a general air of decayed respectability, shouldered here and there by some pushing upstart of a new house, high, thin, smart, and shemmy. In the quietest part of this quiet *locale*, Sheldon had often noticed a sombre building standing in a square, paved court, isolated from its neighbors both in fact and in effect; for from the iron-barred cellared basement windows, to the high balustrade around the roof; from the immovable and cobweb-bound front-door to the grim shadows of the court-yard, the house expressed repulsion, mystery, and a dogged defiance of intrusion, which none but the bravest or the obtusest could have disregarded.

Belonging to neither of these classes, Max Sheldon had ridden by the old house day after day, and even year after year, without caring to investigate, though he could not fail to perceive the peculiarity that hung about it, the isolation that surrounded it.

Still, without thinking, he had, for some reason, felt so sure that nothing young, fresh, or beautiful, could be closed within those four grim walls, that it was with an audible expression of surprise he first greeted the appearance of a young girl standing at an open window in the front of the house, and looking anxiously into the street.

Catching sight of the horseman, the expression of anxiety changed to one of relief, and leaning from the window, she waved her hand toward him, saying at the same time,

"Sir, will you kindly come into this house?"

Checking his horse, Sheldon sat for a moment looking in mute surprise at the woman who thus addressed him. She was young, rarely beautiful, with great masses of dusky hair, like gold spun in a cavern underground, dark, still eyes, and a skin clear and pale as a lily. Her voice, sonorous and sweet, had a peculiar listening tone, as if unused to its own sound; and the pure, yet unabashed regard she bent upon the young man, was that of a nun who, for the first time, looks beyond her convent walls. Her dress, costly yet delicate, was fashioned like that in some old portrait, perhaps of Titan; and, indeed, the whole effect of face, figure, draperies, and even the black background of the interior; and the frame of heavy wood-work was so much more like a picture out of the sixteenth century, than flesh, blood, and belongings of the nineteenth, that Max Sheldon, sitting motionless and mute, staring at the lovely vision, never thought of reply to her request until she repeated, still in that vibrating and unaccustomed voice,

"Sir, will you come into the house? I think my father needs help."

"Certainly. Excuse me, I was not prepared," stammered the young man, throwing himself from his horse, and tying him to a neighboring post. Turning back, he found the young girl still waiting at the window, her great, solemn eyes following all his movements. Pushing back the iron gate, Sheldon was crossing the court toward the recessed front door, when she spoke again.

"I cannot undo that door for you—my father has forbidden it to be opened. Pass along the side of the house, and I will meet you at the other."

Obeying these directions, Sheldon presently found himself waiting before a small, but determined-looking door at the rear of the house, and listening to hear the lock, bolts, and chain, which

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secured it, successively undone by the weak and unused hands of the young girl, who presently opened the door, and bade him enter. Sheldon made haste to obey, and the girl, pausing to fasten the door with a single bolt, led him through a long, dark passage, up some stairs, and to the door of a chamber at the back of the house. Here she paused, and for the first time showed some signs of timidity.

"This is his room," said she, fixing her wistful eyes upon Sheldon's face; "but he never allowed me to enter it. I heard him groaning almost all the night; then he gave one great cry, and was still. That was in the early twilight, and although since that I have knocked and called to him a great many times, he has never answered. He used to rise with the first light, and the least sound disturbed him. I fear he is very ill."

"Shall I try to rouse him, now? Perhaps he is only sleeping heavily and does not wish to be disturbed," said Sheldon, hesitatingly.

"He never sleeps heavily, and he groaned so in the night! I went to him, then, but he would not let me in. I am sure something is wrong," murmured the girl, turning her pleading eyes from Sheldon to the door, and back again.

"Very well. I will open the door if you wish, although none but the most serious danger to your father can justify the act," said the young man, placing his hand upon the latch, and waiting for the gesture of affirmation, which the girl immediately gave.

A slight movement of the door convinced Sheldon that it was secured by only an ordinary fastening, and placing his strong shoulder against it, he applied a slow, steady pressure, which soon had the desired effect. The decayed wood and rusty iron parted company with harsh outcries, the door flew open, and, with a grave gesture of encouragement, Sheldon stood aside to allow the young girl to enter first, lingering himself in the passage until a suppressed cry of terror and appeal summoned him, without further regard for observances, to her side. Pushing open the door, he found himself in a small chamber, its one window closely shuttered, and the air stifling with the odors of strange and powerful drugs. Upon a table, heaped with books and mathematical instruments, still burned a shaded lamp. Beside it stood an arm-chair, and partly upon the floor, partly upon a foot-stool connected with the chair, lay the body of an old man, his gray face, clenched, cold hands, and rigid body, sealed with the awful signet of death. Beside him knelt the girl, anxious and terrified; and yet, as Sheldon found time to say to himself, hardly stricken with an orphan's grief.

"Was he your father?" asked he.

"Yes; and, oh, sir! can you do nothing for him? Is he really——"

"He is gone, I fear; but we will use every possible means for his recovery. Is there no one but ourselves in the house?"

"No one. Bunce will not come until noon to-day," said the girl, simply.

"And shall I leave you here alone while I go for help, or will you go and leave me?" asked Sheldon, who had already convinced himself that no amount of help would ever bring life again to that cold and distorted clay.

"You may go, please—I do not know how. I never went out since I remember," said the girl.

"And you are not afraid to stay?" asked Sheldon, not waiting then to ask explanation of this statement, which yet he found himself repeating beneath his breath as he strode along toward the nearest druggist's shop.

"Never out since she remembers! What sort of fairy-princess have I stumbled upon, then?"

Medical skill only confirmed the young man's first intuition. The patient had died hours before the examination, so said the physician, of a congestion of the brain, with symptoms of accumulative poison, of some unknown description, pervading the entire system. From this physician, as well as from the druggist, to whom he first applied, and from Bunce, who proved to be a char-woman, who daily performed the duties of the little household, Sheldon learned that the deceased had occupied this old house for nearly twenty years; and that, in all that time, no one had ever seen him out of it, or had been admitted within its doors, always excepting Mrs. Bunce, a close-mouthed and apparently excessively stupid person, who said that many years before—how many she could not tell—"the master," as she always called him, had bidden her into his house to perform certain menial duties day by day. She had served him ever since, and had, under his orders at first, and since under those of the young mistress, provided the household supplies, and attended to all sorts of commissions, varying from dress materials to drugs, which she had obtained under written directions, sometimes at one large shop, and sometimes at another. Also, she carried occasional letters to the post, and took in at the door parcels, delivered by express, of books and instruments. She was, herself, unable to read or write, and had been warned by her employer that the possession of these accomplisments would unfit her for his service.

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During all these years she had never admitted a visitor to the house, or known either of its inmates to go out, although she had suspected the master of occasional evening walks, betrayed by the condition of his clothes on the ensuing day; but she did not think the young lady had ever crossed the threshold since she had first known her. A peculiar point in these scraps of evidence was, that no one, not even Mrs. Bunce, knew any name for father or daughter, or had ever heard any used; and when in gaining the necessary permission for burial, and in settling the affairs of the deceased, Max Sheldon had recourse to those civic and legal records, wherein every man must, perforce, be registered in some manner, he found that the deceased had made his returns, bought his house, made certain investments, and signed his receipts, in the rare cases where these were unavoidable, in the name of A. Person, declining any explanation or addition to this somewhat more than doubtful cognomen, and hardly attempting to conceal behind this slight subterfuge his determined refusal of his own name.

Perplexed more than satisfied, Max Sheldon returned from his day's inquiry to visit the orphan, of whom he felt himself, in some sort, the guardian. He had already engaged Mrs. Bunce to remain constantly with her until she should remove from the old house; and had instructed that worthy woman, upon no account, to permit her charge to wander abroad, or to spend over much time in the room, where the body of her father now lay decently prepared for the grave.

"It isn't like she'll be wanting to go abroad now, she that never was abroad in her life; and when she never stayed with the old man alive, why should she take to him, now he is dead?" replied Mrs. Bunce.

"So the father and daughter were not much together?" asked Max Sheldon, a little curiously.

"I've known a week to pass and they not see each other once," said Mistress Bunce; adding shrewdly, "but he told me often enough that I was paid to hold my tongue; and there's no knowing when one's safe from them kind of folks. Maybe he'll be haunting me o' nights. I'll say no more."

And not one more item of information relating to the dead man, or his affairs, was to be gained from this prudent and sagacious person.

The funeral over, Max Sheldon sought an interview with his ward, as he already styled the young girl so strangely thrown upon his care. She received him in a dusky, old-fashioned room, whose sombre tints and half-light threw out her rich, young beauty in startling contrast. She had not altered the color or fashion of her dress, or assumed a sorrow she did not feel. Her manner, very quiet and unconscious, was that of a dreamer who looks out of his own sweet reverie to answer with patience, indeed, but no interest, the demands of the outer world, and who only awaits the moment of solitude to forget all in grasping again the thread of that broken vision.

Sheldon, feasting his eyes upon the wonderful beauty and grace of the *physique*, the perfect health and condition of the delicate organization, hardly noticed this absorbed manner, as he went on, in fluent phrase, to invite the orphan to a home in his own house, where, as he told her, his mother and sister were waiting to receive her, and would gladly make her welcome so long as she might choose to remain with them.

To this proposition the orphan assented courteously, and with all proper phrase of gratitude, but yet without surprise or particular emotion. This coolness a little piqued the self-styled guardian, whose intentions and motives were really so generous that he could not but wish them understood.

"Perhaps, however, you have plans of your own, Miss Person. In that case you will allow me to help you in carrying them out, I hope," said he, stumbling a little over the name, at whose sound the girl had raised her eyes in some surprise.

"I have no plans, and thank you for your offer. My name is Flora," said she, briefly.

"But your family name?" half questioned Sheldon, the more embarrassed of the two.

"I do not know. I never heard any other name than Flora," said the girl; and leaving her, Sheldon went to make by himself the arrangements for taking home his ward, and closing the old house. But when the moment of departure arrived, Flora could with difficulty be persuaded to pass the threshold. The expanse of the outer air terrified her; the glare of the sunshine blinded her; the habit of twenty years fettered her. It was only when the dusk had fallen that Sheldon, with much difficulty and after many entreaties, succeeded in leading her, muffled in a great veil, across the courtyard, and into a close carriage in waiting. The difficulty of this passage was enhanced by the young girl's persistence in herself carrying a large flower-pot containing a plant, carefully enveloped in a thick covering, and upon this plant she bestowed such attention and such anxious care, during the whole drive, that Sheldon, half vexed, and half discouraged, withdrew

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to his own corner of the carriage, and ceased all attempts at conversation until, as the wheels grated against the curb-stone in front of a handsome house, he said, a little coldly, "We have arrived, Miss Flora, and my mother is waiting for you at the door. Shall I take this flower-pot while you alight?"

"No; thank you. I can hold it very well. Your mother is very kind, and so are you, sir. What is your name?"

"Max Sheldon," replied the young man, staring blankly at the unconscious face before him. "Did you not know it?"

"No," replied Flora, absently; and as the coachman threw open the carriage-door, Sheldon leaped out, and silently offered his hand to his companion, who, still laden with the flower-pot, could not accept it.

"Really, you must allow me to take this," said the young man, impatiently, putting his arm about the flower-pot; but Flora at once drew back.

"No, do not touch it," said she, sharply; and passing him, she ran lightly up the steps, and into the house.

Mrs. Sheldon, dignified, gray-haired, and kindly, stood awaiting her in the hall.

"Welcome, my dear!" said she, as the slender figure paused before her, still holding the great flower-pot, still muffled in the heavy veil.

Sheldon, following in the footsteps of his ward, watched eagerly to see the effect upon his mother of this strange apparition; but, almost before a look of surprise had risen to the face of the elder lady, Flora, placing the flower-pot upon the floor, and untwisting the veil from her own head, appeared like a star from a cloud, brilliant, smiling, and bewitching.

"Thank you, madam," said she, frankly, placing her slender hands in those outstretched to receive them. "It is very good of you to make me welcome—you, who do not know me in the least."

"But who hopes to know you, long and well," said Mrs. Sheldon, graciously; and, with a few words of hospitality, led the way directly up stairs.

Flora stooped for the flower-pot.

"Let me, or one of the servants, carry that thing for you, Miss Flora. It is too heavy; it is unsuitable," insisted Sheldon, red with vexation.

Flora stood up and fixed her wonderful eyes full upon those of the young man for the first time. A strange thrill ran through his veins, and tingled at the roots of his hair.

"Dear sir," said she, softly, "cannot you understand that no one—no one, I say, shall ever touch this plant while I am alive. Do not force me to speak of it again, I beg."

She stooped, gathered the flower-pot in her arms, and went up the stairs, at whose head Mrs. Sheldon stood, looking back with an uneasy and troubled expression.

"What is it, my dear?" asked she, as Flora approached. "What is the difficulty?"

"Nothing, madam—nothing at all. The gentleman did not quite understand my wishes. Now he does."

"Why do you say 'the gentleman,' my love?" asked the elder lady, leading the way to the charming boudoir-like chamber, which she had pleased herself in preparing for her orphan guest. "His name is Sheldon; or, if you like better, Max; and I am Mrs. Sheldon."

"Yes, madam, I know. I will use those names; but until now I have seen no one who had a name except Bunce. I always called my father, sir; and I knew no one else."

Mrs. Sheldon received this explanation in confused silence. Her simple scheme of life had involved no such complications as this, and she did not know how to treat it. At last she said, in a tone of hearty kindness,

"Well, my dear child, at any rate, you are here now, in a good, healthy, every-day home; and you will soon forget all those strange fashions; although God knows, my love, I do not wish you to forget your poor father, whose loss you must feel very, very keenly."

Flora raised her large eyes pensively to the tearful eyes of the kind old lady, but made no reply; and she went on nervously.

"And now, dearie, I am going to leave you to yourself for a few moments, and then I will come and take you down to tea. Or had you rather have something sent up, this first night, and go quietly to rest when you are ready?"

"I will do that, if you please. I do not want anything to eat or drink; and I had rather not see any one else to-night—it tires me so."

And the poor child had, indeed, grown very pale since the excitement of arrival had worn off, and now threw herself into a chair behind the table, where stood her precious plant, with such an expression of exhaustion, that motherly Mr. Sheldon hastened to offer all sorts of restoratives; and when all were refused, hurried away, absolutely insisting upon sending up some refreshment.

"Please, may I have a little basin with some warm water in it," asked Flora, when the servant presently arrived with the tea-tray.

"There is a basin set in the dressing-room

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ma'am, with warm and cold water in the faucets," said the chambermaid, compassionately.

"Yes; but I want a little basin, that I can carry about," persisted Flora; and the maid wonderingly brought the required article.

"Shall I draw some warm water in it?" asked she.

"Show me how," briefly directed Flora; and so soon as the simple direction was given, added, "Yes; thank you. Now you may go, please."

The maid went—so far as the outside of the key-hole, and then paused to take a retrospective peep. What she saw was not much. The young lady, left alone, placed the basin of warm water upon a table, put her hands in it, and smoothed over with the other, wringing and shaking them occasionally. Then she wiped her hands, and taking the basin to the other table, poured the water around the roots of her beloved plant, still enveloped in its trembling mantle.

This was all; and Martha, the maid, returned to her own domain a little mystified, and, alas! a little provoked, for, as she remarked to her fellow-servants,

"What is the use of making all that fuss about watering an old geranium, or rose-bush? Why couldn't she have took her tooth-brush tumbler to it, in the room of sending us hunting up a little bowl?"

But Martha's inquiries remained unanswered; and the impression deepened, day by day, that "the strange young lady" was "a queer one," and "something out of the common," albeit, as these shrewd critics below stairs were forced to confess, mighty pleasant-spoken, and free enough of her money."

Mrs. Sheldon's family, besides her son, Max, consisted of two others, a married daughter and her husband. Dr. Wythrop, shortly before Flora's introduction to the house, had been summoned to Washington, to testify in an important criminal case, and had taken his wife with him. When they returned, Flora had been in the house a week, and its daily life had resumed the routine a little disturbed by her arrival, and among other concessions, Flora had learned to sit at the table at regular hours, and make a pretence of eating, although, as Max silently, and his mother openly remarked, it seemed incredible that any creature could exist upon the amount of nourishment their guest could be persuaded to take.

It was at the dinner-table that the Wythrops first saw the new inmate of their house; and while the lady exerted herself in cordial courtesy toward one presenting so many claims to her sympathy and kindness, her husband, speaking little, studied the new comer with an attention hardly masked beneath his indifferent manner.

Dinner over, and the ladies gone, the two men lighted segars, and assumed lounging chairs in front of the blazing fire. After some conversation upon matters of public interest came a pause, and the doctor meditatively said,

"That young lady is a very peculiar-looking person."

"My ward, do you mean?" asked Sheldon, in a voice suggesting the shrewd maxim, "In time of peace prepare for war."

The doctor glanced at him, a little surprised, and replied coolly,

"Yes, if you choose to call her so. What is her name?"

"Miss Flora."

"Flora what?"

"I do not know. Her father called himself A. Person; but Flora refuses to acknowledge such a name. I am thinking, that is to say, I dare say my mother will wish to legally adopt her, and give her our name."

"Yes, I dare say," replied Dr. Wythrop, attentively regarding the end of his segar; and another pause ensued, again broken by the doctor.

"Does Miss Flora never eat anything!"

"Her appetite is delicate."

"But, to-day, sitting next her, I could not but notice she eat nothing at all—perhaps three morsels of chicken and a crumb of bread. No wine, no pastry or sweets, of which girls are generally too fond—literally not enough to support a baby three hours."

"Well, her appetite is small, but there is nothing very mysterious in that, is there?" asked Sheldon, irritably.

"Well—yes," replied his brother-in-law, reflectively. "That is to say, if this is her usual rate of feeding, and she gets no other supplies than that at the table. She is not remarkably fragile in appearance, has sufficient flesh and color, and her hand has a firm, sure grasp, which tells of healthy muscular action."

"For heaven's sake! do not bring your surgical studies into the dining-room, or dissect our friends and guests before my eyes in this fashion," interposed Sheldon, angrily. "Let Miss Flora eat much or little, drink wine or water, or cowslip-dew, as she chooses, surely it is no business of ours, or any subject for our discussion."

"Say that, surely there is no need of our quarreling over it, my dear fellow, and I am with you," said the doctor, good-humoredly.

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"But how odd, that you should have heard of cowslip-dew as a beautifier. That is one of our old English traditions, and my sister used to go out May mornings to gather it in cups, to be used both as a draught and a wash. You have no genuine cowslips in America."

"But I dare say the morning walk in our meadows would be as good a cosmetic as your sister's cowslip hunts," replied Sheldon, a little ashamed of his heat, and quite ready to be amiable; and then reverting to Flora, he told his brother-in-law the whole story of his finding her and bringing her home, not forgetting Mrs. Bunce's strange account of her former life, her father's peculiarities, her rich and picturesque style of dress, and the plant in the great flower-pot, which Flora had so jealously guarded from contact with any hands but her own.

To all this recital the doctor listened so attentively that the lighted segar died between his fingers, and the long, gray ash fell unheeded into his bosom, as he leaned his chin upon the hand that held the forgotten Habana.

At the end he arose, threw the segar in the fire, and saying, "Let us go up stairs to the ladies," walked out of the room.

Max followed him, a little puzzled.

"Was he bored with my long story, or is he deep?" asked he of himself.

In the drawing-room Flora, who, utterly ignorant of rules, grasped at music as children do at language, was seated upon a low ottoman, with a guitar in her lap, to whose accompaniment she sung wild Moorish ballads, gipsy refrains, love-songs of Hafiz, set to rich barbaric chants, and, sweetest of all, wordless improvised melodies of her own. Sheldon seated himself beside her, Wythrop lounged against the mantle-shelf, giving Mrs. Sheldon a desultory account of his journey, and studying Flora in long, quiet glances. His wife, busy with her embroidery and the household gossip she interpolated among the other conversation, saw nothing beyond, and was content.

A week later, Dr. Wythrop, in the sacred seclusion of the conjugal bedroom, said to his wife,

"Sue, I want something."

"What is it, darling?"

"I want a sight of that plant which Flora nurses so carefully, and of which she will not speak. Have you seen it?"

"No; I have only been in her chamber once since I came home. She is so shy, and so evidently prefers solitude to society, that I feel it rather an intrusion to go uninvited; and she never asks any one."

"Well, you went once. You saw the plant, then, I suppose?"

"No. It was covered with a light frame made of wire and thick barege, which shuts down over plant, pot, and all, like an extinguisher. I approached the table where it stood, saying, 'Oh! this is your famous plant, isn't it?' And put my hand toward the frame, when Flora glided between me and the table, crying, 'Please don't touch it. It cannot bear the least ray of daylight. I never uncover it but at night.' Of course, after that I let the whole thing alone, not liking, somehow, even to talk now of it."

The doctor, who was shaving himself, made no comment upon this account; and when, after the fashion of her sex, his wife insisted upon an answer, he replied,

"What do I think of it? Why, Miss Flora is naturally a florist, that is all. By-the-way, has Max taught her to go out-of-doors yet?"

"Well, she takes a very short walk with him every morning when the weather is fine; but it does not do her any good, I think. She always comes in terribly exhausted, and spends the next two or three hours in her chamber."

"Ah, yes! Max is a regular old Procrustes, who will kill his *protege* in teaching her to live after his fashion, instead of her own. Well, what did you think of Ristori last night, my dear?"

The next morning was fine, and directly after breakfast Max approached his ward, who sat in a darkened alcove, listlessly playing with a tassel. She looked up at his approach with a slow smile, and yet a look of apprehension.

"Yes," said he, laughing. "Here is the inexorable guardian come to take you out to enjoy this sweet morning air and brilliant sunshine in spite of yourself. Get on your outside gear, and find me waiting for you in the hall."

"If you knew how this sunshine withers me, and walking exhausts me," murmured Flora, plaintively, still raising her pure, pale face and beseeching eyes to those of her guardian. Max looked down at her with the tender pity and loving superiority with which men are fond of guiding the affairs of their womenkind.

With somewhat of the same air I once saw a little child thrusting a wire among the works of a delicate watch to "make it go," he said.

"That is because you do not go out enough," replied Max, positively. "Fresh air and exercise are good for every one."

With a weary sigh Flora left the room, and presently reappeared dressed for walking, her face hidden by the thick veil she always wore. Max was waiting for her, and they went out at once.

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Dr. Wythrop stood at the window watching them, his hands in the pockets of his dressing-gown, his keen eyes half closed, an inaudible tune shaping itself upon his gathered lips. He looked the personification of easy indifference until, his friends out of sight, he suddenly left the room, and bounded up the stairs to his wife's chamber, his slippered feet falling noiselessly upon the thick carpets.

"Now, Sue," began the doctor, closing the door, and coming close to his wife before he spoke, "I want you to help me."

"Good gracious, doctor, how you startle me! What shall I do for you?"

"Max has taken Flora out for her daily dose of poison, otherwise fresh air, and I am going to have a look at this famous plant of hers. You must come with me to play propriety if we are caught. Come along. We are safe for the half-hour, for Max would not let her off a minute of it, if she fainted in the street."

"But really, Dick, we have no right—do you think we ought? What would Max say?" expostulated Mrs. Wythrop, torn between her desire to oblige her husband, and sundry very proper scruples as to the proposed manner of doing it. The doctor, from cynical smiling, became absolute and impressive.

"My dear Susan, I should not pursue, or ask you to pursue any course I did not think proper; and as for Max, I believe you are my wife, and only his sister."

"Certainly, my love," said she; "I did not quite think you were in earnest. Excuse me."

"Besides, you know I shall go halves with you in the secret. I always tell you all my secrets, don't I?" asked the doctor, in his usual bantering fashion.

"That's too bad," protested Susan, "when you know that you never tell me anything. But what secret do you suspect here?"

"Oh! To think you should so wound my feelings, and I just on the point of telling you everything!" exclaimed the doctor; and Susan, with a pretty little grimace, relinquished the inquiry, and led the way to Flora's chamber. The door was locked; but Susan, in her character of housekeeper, produced a duplicate key, and the pair entered, fastening the door behind them.

"Flora asked my mother's permission to lock her door when she left the room, and she takes the entire care of it herself. None of the servants have entered it since the first morning," whispered Susan, as she turned the key.

The doctor nodded, and crossed the room on tip-toe to the table in a shaded corner, when his quick eyes caught sight of a frame covered with green barege, such as his wife had described. She stood by his side as he lifted it off, and set it aside before glancing at the plant.

"What a queer thing!" exclaimed Susan.

The doctor said nothing, but stood attentively regarding the plant.

From a bulbous root, its exposed crown, singularly resembling a human heart, sprung long, sword-like leaves, erect to a height of two feet, and then drooping to their source. From their midst shot a long, straight stem, of a purplish red color, clouded here and there with black. At the height of three feet from the earth, this stem, bending in a curve abrupt and graceful as that of a swan's neck, supported a large bud, as it appeared, for the calyx-leaves of dusky green were folded closely, and no trace of the flower within was to be seen. From the position of the plant, this curve in the stem carried the bud to the farther side from the spectators, that is, toward the dark corner of the room, and the doctor carefully turned the pot, so as to bring the bud to the front. A curious musky odor exhaled from the plant and stole through the room. Susan put her hand to her head, and suddenly sat down, murmuring,

"Oh, Dick! What a deadly smell the thing has. I feel——"

"Here, child!" And drawing from his pocket the vial of aromatic vinegar he always carried for use among his fashionable patients of the gentler sex, the doctor handed it to his wife, watched her for a moment, and then returned to the plant.

An exclamation of amazement burst from his reticent lips. The heavy drooping bud had erected itself upon its stem, and was now swaying over upon the other side, toward the darkened corner. The doctor stood and watched until it lay folded close to the stem, as he had first seen it, but exactly upon the opposite side. Then he twisted the pot about again, bringing it to the light. As he did so, a slight sound, almost a kiss one might fancy, and an increase of the musky odor escaped from the plant. Susan uttered an exclamation of distress, and sank back in her chair.

"Dick! Dick! Take me away, I am dying; this horrible, horrible odor," murmured she.

The doctor did not look at her. He was instantly regarding the bud which once more was in motion, and even as he looked raised itself upright, and gently drooped away from the light.

A heavy and peculiar sigh reached the doctor's ear, and aroused his professional attention. He glanced at his wife, saw that she had fainted; looked once more at the bud, whose swaying

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motion reminded him of a peculiar gesture of Flora's; and then he replaced the screen, opened a window, unlocked the door, and taking Susan in his arms, carried her to her own chamber, and laid her upon the bed. Then he went back to close the window, carefully rearranging everything as he had found it, and finally left the room, locking the door behind him.

Susan's fainting fit was soon disposed of; and when her husband saw her sitting up once more, he left her side and began to pace the room, his hands in his pockets, his chin upon his breast.

Susan watched him for some time, and at last inquired,

"Well, Dick, what is it about this plant?"

"Did ever you see a cobra-di-capello, Susan?" asked the doctor, abstractedly.

"Why, Dick, what a question. Of course not."

"Well, I have. I was bitten by one in India, and by good luck got over it. But do you think I'd forget the look and the smell of the creature as long as I lived?"

"No, I should think not."

"Nor I either. Now good-morning, dear. My carriage has waited half an hour. Not one word, remember."

For the next two days, Dr. Wythrop was busy with carpenter's tools in his dressing-room, which adjoined Flora's chamber. At the end of that time, he quietly showed his wife an ingenius peep-hole commanding that room.

"Now, my dear," said he, "this is an exceptional case, and I am meeting it with exceptional remedies. I suppose by this time you know me too well to suspect my motives in arranging this peep-hole."

"Of course I do, doctor," replied Susan.

"And you are willing that I should use it; and you trust to my discretion and my honor not to abuse the opportunity?"

"I trust you fully and entirely, Dick," said the little woman, with tears in her eyes, and a kiss upon her lips. The doctor took the kiss, and quietly wiped the eyes, saying,

"Susan, you are a good woman, and you do not err in trusting me as you do."

Never since he first saw her had Max Sheldon known Flora so bewitching, so beautiful, so mysterious in her attraction, as on the evening of the day when the doctor and his wife held the conversation narrated above. No longer dreary and listless, she shone like a star upon all who came near, flashed *repartee* and *bon-mots* upon every side; sang, laughed, sparkled, and as Max could not but believe, returned his ardent glances with a tender love-light, such as he had never yet found in her beautiful eyes.

When at last, in answer to a hint from Mrs. Sheldon, she bade good-night, and prepared to retire, Max followed her to the foot of the stairs, and in covertly kissing her hand, whispered,

"To-morrow, darling, I have something to say to you."

She smiled back at him, and went softly up stairs murmuring, "To-morrow!"

And the grim echoes whispered back, "To-morrow!" with a mockery all their own.

Dr. Wythrop had retired to his own room some time before this; and as Flora entered hers, and locked the door, he took his station, not without some misgiving, at the peep-hole.

"Rather a mean business this," said he to himself; "but the end justifies the means."

The next moment, however, he had forgotten himself and his position, in the strange scene passing before his eyes.

Flora's first act, on entering her chamber, had been to lock the door; her next, to draw the heavy curtains before the windows; her next, to light all the gas-burners, in addition to the candle she had brought up. Then she wheeled the table into the center of the room, and carefully took the screen from off the plant; the doctor stared at it in amazement. The heavy, dull green bud now stood erect, its calyx-leaves turned back, displaying a flower so iridescent in its hues, so radiant and sparkling in its texture, so altogether fascinating and gorgeous in its beauty, that the observer gazed upon it spellbound, conscious only of a wild desire growing within his heart to come nearer to the beautiful wonder, to breathe in its intoxicating perfume, and bury his face in its glowing heart.

So apparently felt Flora, who, throwing herself upon her knees, remained for many minutes in a silent ecstasy of admiration before it.

Then rising, she bent her face upon the blossom, brushing its petals with her lips, inhaling its perfume, coquetting with its fiery beauty, and the rapt observer noticed, not without a thrill of horror, that, as she thus caressed it, the flower moved upon its stem, swayed itself from side to side, closed and unclosed its petals, and emitted such clouds of perfume that they seemed to hang visibly about the brilliantly-lighted chamber. Once, too, the doctor could have sworn that he caught the flash of diamond-bright eyes from the deep heart of the blossom, and he was confident that a flame-like tongue flickered now and again from its dusky throat.

And now of a sudden the flower became gemmed with a sparkling dew, which rapidly collected in great drops at the points of the petals, and hung there flaming like jewels.

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With an eager cry, and the darting motion of a humming-bird, the young girl raised her lips to the bending flower, and sipped these dew-drops, one by one, until all were gone, and the brilliant flower hung drooping and exhausted from its stem, the dim calyx-leaves already closing over it. Then Flora, bringing water, bathed her hands in it with the same gestures the servant had watched upon a previous occasion, poured the water around the roots of the plant, covered it carefully, and replaced the table in its dark corner.

Then Dr. Wythrop, pale, exhausted, and silent, left his post of observation and sought his rest, muttering one savage word as he closed his eyes.

"Sorceress!"

But Susan was asleep, and did not hear it.

The next morning, before the walk that was to have decided Max Sheldon's fate, his brother-in-law demanded of him a private interview, and in brief, stern phrase, told all that he had suspected, all that he had observed, and finally all that he had surprised of Flora's mystery. At the end Max, grim and pale, remarked,

"However this may end, Dr. Wythrop, I will never, to my dying day, forgive your part in it."

"No, I suppose not," replied the doctor; "but all the same, I shall have saved you from marriage with a monster."

"A monster!" gasped Sheldon.

"Yes. A woman who is nourished by an abnormal and poisonous plant instead of by wholesome food, surely deserves the name of monster. I felt, when I first touched that girl's hand, looked in her eyes, and inhaled her breath, that there was something wrong, something uncanny about her. The nature of cowslip-dew, as a possible diet, at once connected itself in my mind with what I had already heard of her mysterious plant, and the rest came along by degrees. You will never forgive me; but think of the sequel, if you, who worship health, and nature, and pure development, had allied yourself to a creature who lives upon poison, who loves nothing so much as this creation, half-plant, half-serpent, which nourishes her and is nourished by her, and who, showing the nature of her familiar fiend, as I must call it, hates sunlight, pure air, and human companionship."

He was leaving the room, but Max detained him.

"Get Susan, with her key, and come up stairs," said Max, hoarsely.

Without a word the doctor obeyed.

Max awaited them at the door of Flora's chamber, and silently taking the key from his sister's hand, threw open the door, strode across the room, seized the veiled plant in his arms, and brought it out.

"Lock the door, Susan, and follow me," said he, gruffly; and the two following, saw the plant, still hidden in its veil, thrust into the midst of the glowing furnace-fire, and the door closed upon it.

"And now, Dr. Wythrop," said Max, turning a deadly face upon him, "you will not tell me again that my promised wife is nourished by the dew of a poison plant."

The doctor held up his hand solemnly.

"Hark!"

Screams, lamentations, hurrying feet, a call for help in the rooms above, and his own name shrieked in his mother's voice, brought Max to the room, where, prone upon the floor, like a broken flower, lay Flora, her face white and rigid, her eyes full of a mute horror, her teeth set in agony. She was quite dead, and Dr. Wythrop said, of heart disease.

All that Mrs. Sheldon could tell was, that after several moments of restless and uneasy motion, the girl had suddenly pressed both hands upon her breast, as if in agony, uttered a wild shriek, and fallen as they found her.

A few days later Max Sheldon left his home for years of protracted and desultory travel. He has not yet returned; but the old mother waits, patient and hopeful still, and Dr. Wythrop, Susan, and their children, make home happy for her.

But, sometimes, when Max is spoken of, the doctor falls into gloomy reverie, and even Susan heard him mutter,

"I could not help it—I had to do it; and I still believe the end justified the means. But poor old Max."

DEATH.

BY MRS. E. L. BREWER.

DEATH is an eagle, with broad, dark wings;
Fierce [illegible] sullen the song that he sings;
Wavi[illegible] pinions aloft in air,
He swoopeth down, and doth not spare
One in his grasping power. Oh! why
Must the fairest ones be first to die?

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MISS JEMIMA'S PLAN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MRS. TOWERS assumed an expression which she, probably, considered that of patient resignation, with a slight protest under it, and said, "That she was not quite prepared to be trampled on, like grass, by anybody."

Neither her husband or daughter made any reply to the remark, perhaps because they had not expected she was prepared for being treated like bruised herbs, a little, it may be, because they were accustomed to hearing that very speech at least three times during every twenty-four hours.

Having said that, Mrs. Towers could do no less than lean back in her chair, and with an added gloom upon her countenance, which betokened a tearful shower, observe, "That she never did have a voice in the family, and she supposed she need not expect to. Perhaps she hadn't any right; she supposed she was only there on sufferance; it was enough for her to be a slave—she couldn't look for anything else."

Mr. Towers was busy salting his second egg, and did not look up; but Cecilia said, calmly,

"Mamma, dear, I am sure you are having a voice now, only you are wasting it by not going straight to the point."

"That's the respect I get from my children," quavered Mrs. Towers, "and their father encourages them in it;" and she looked beseechingly up at a bust of Minerva over the bookcase, as if appealing to the goddess.

Mr. Towers, having diligently salted his egg, began to eat it, and Cecilia shook her muffin by way of a little relief to her feelings.

"Now, mamma," said she, "you know I did not mean to be disrespectful."

"Didn't you?" returned Mrs. Towers, postponing the shower, and speaking with sarcastic emphasis. "I'm very glad to hear it, and I am sure it is very condescending of you to inform me of the fact."

"Oh, ma, don't!" said Cecilia, not plaintively, but with a certain weariness which would have been understood and excused by anybody who had lived a week in the house with Mrs. Towers.

"Of course, it's always 'ma don't,'" replied she, again rushing into the quavers.

"Well, Dorothea," said Mr. Towers, having finished his egg, "you can reproach Cicy any time; suppose we consider the matter of——"

"Oh, certainly! always encourage your daughter to slight me. I expect it—why shouldn't I?"

"But, my dear, she has just told you she intended no disrespect."

"Mr. Towers, do you think I am a fool?" demanded his spouse, exchanging the injured look for an angry one. "Now do you think I am a fool?"

Mr. Towers drank his coffee, and would not say what his opinion on that subject might be.

"Just say so, if you do," continued Mrs. Towers. "I'd rather have it in plain words than in taunts and flings;" and Mrs. Towers subsided once more into the martyr, and wiped away two tears from her eyes, quite red in the face after the exertion of dragging them out of their cells.

"Cicy, Cicy! Won't you give us our music lesson?" called two younger members of the female branch, opening the door with a great fracas.

"I'll come presently," said Cecilia.

"Minnie! Lucy!" exclaimed Mrs. Towers.

"Yes, ma! What, ma?"

"How many times have I told you not to rush and shriek like that? You're the worst children I ever saw—the very worst, without any exception."

"Your sister will come very soon, dears," said Mr. Towers. "You ought to remember poor mamma's aching head"—a head that always ached, being one of Mrs. Towers' grievances.

"I don't wonder they're impatient," returned she, with charming inconsistency, "not in the least—it's a full half-hour after the time! If I've told Cecilia once that I wanted her to be punctual, I have twenty times."

"I'll go now, mamma," said Cecilia.

"I believe," said Mrs. Towers, with much dignity, "we had a subject to discuss; perhaps you would be so very condescending as to wait till you hear what your parents have to say."

Cecilia sat down again, and the children retreated; and once outside of the door, Minnie said to Lucy, "I wish ma wouldn't always have headaches;" and Lucy, being two years older, replied to Minnie, "I guess if it was us, they'd spell the headache c-r-o double s!"

Mr. Towers took up his newspaper and prepared to beat a retreat.

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"Just tell Cicy what you wish her to write to her aunt," said he, quietly; "the mail goes out at ten."

"I don't care what she writes," and Mrs. Towers sobbed. "My sister Jemima has insulted me!"

"I don't see how, my dear."

"Of course, you don't—you wouldn't if she pulled my comb out and stepped on it! I'm nobody; I wish I was dead!"

"I hope we shall all be happier when we are," said Mr. Towers; and I think it was to his credit that he said that, instead of saying, what I certainly should have done, "I wish you were, with all my heart."

They let her sob a little; then Cecilia asked,

"Shall I write to aunt you don't wish me to go?"

"Oh! lay the blame on me—do! Get Jemima down on me like a fury, so I may be sick a week after it—you'd like that, I know. And your sister's lessons, and all—who is to attend to them? Is nobody in this house to have any duties but me, I would like to be told?"

"A week's holiday will do the children no harm," observed Mr. Towers.

"They're not going to have it," said Mrs. Towers; "nor a day's, nor an hour's! I'm not always going to be a slave, Mr. Towers! I can bear a great deal, but I shan't be trampled on—not yet. Oh! oh! Not yet."

"I think Cecilia has done very well with the girls," said Mr. Towers; "I believe she's the best governess they've had."

"She has neglected them shamefully," returned his wife. "I've put up with it as long as I will, and this very day I am going to write to town for Miss Gresham—she's disengaged now."

And Cecilia, quite aware from experience that it was useless to feel hurt at her mother's complaints, smiled inwardly to think her father had succeeded in doing what he wanted to.

"Very well, Cicy," continued Mr. Towers; "then, as you are not fit to teach the children, and your aunt Jemima has insulted your mother so that you can't visit her, I shall be able to have your help about my books and papers—they want an overhauling."

"She is going to her aunt Jemima's," said Mrs. Towers. "I never do speak—you all run over me; but this time I shall take my own way! To her aunt Jemima's she shall go! I am accustomed to Jemima's impertinence—I expect it; she always hated me when we were girls. I hope I'm enough of a Christian to forgive her! I'm only thankful I shan't have her conscience on my death-bed—that's all."

"Shall I write my letters, mamma?" asked Cecilia.

"I don't care what you do—you're the most ungrateful girl that ever lived! I suppose you and your father are satisfied now, you've given me a racking headache! No matter what comes up, or which way I turn, there's always opposition and a discussion;" and it was true there was, for she invariably made both.

"Then, of course, you can't write to Miss Gresham," said Mr. Towers; and that made the lady think he was opposed to her coming.

"I shall write to her," said she, "if I have to tie my head together to keep it from splitting! I shall do my duty to the last; and maybe, when I'm gone, there'll some of you wish I had been a little more considered."

Cecilia hurried off, and Mr. Towers buried himself in his newspaper, satisfied with the results of the conference, and too much inured to his wife's plotting to be much troubled by it.

Aunt Jemima—Miss Denby—was an old maid, somewhere about forty-five, and so unlike her younger sister, Mrs. Towers, that the sight of the two together was enough to make one a believer in the idea that the relationships made by birth are mere accidents.

She was, like many earnest, straightforward people, fond of taking their own way, and easily irritated by petty oppositions, somewhat impatient of a fool; and I am afraid it was true that when Dorothea annoyed her with a more than ordinary stroke of folly, Jemima occasionally set upon her rather roughly.

The present cause of offence was that Miss Denby had invited a party of young people to her country-house. She lived some twenty miles off, in a liberal, delightful fashion, in a charming old house, that, along with the rest of her comfortable fortune, had been left her by a bachelor uncle long before; and the letter under discussion had been a request to her niece to join the number.

She had a particular reason for not desiring Mrs. Towers' presence—so she did not ask her to come. She wrote directly to Cecilia herself, instead of begging the loan of her of the mother, as if she had been a bushel of potatoes instead of a well-grown, charming girl of nineteen, because that was her way—and her way was usually a sensible one.

So the matter being settled, except that Mrs. Towers still cherished her grievance at the slight Jemima had put upon her, and performed the part of the fretful martyr, Cecilia packed up her newest and prettiest dresses, and prepared for a fortnight's freedom from nagging and

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fault-finding; for nothing of that sort troubled the atmosphere of the Olympus, where aunt Jemima reigned in absolute sovereignty. If she disliked people, she kept them out of her sight; if she loved them, she was inclined to think they could do no wrong; if she had to scold—and the best of us must occasionally in this weary world, even you and I—she announced her displeasure and her will in a few trenchant sentences that cut like a knife, and was done with the subject.

Mrs. Towers carried out her threat of sending for Miss Gresham to take charge of the younger girls; and Miss Gresham came, to Mr. Towers' secret delight, for she was a woman with brains, and understood teaching children; and, moreover, she was a person of whom Mrs. Towers stood a little in awe—not that the children or Miss Gresham have anything to do with my story, but I like to leave matters comfortably arranged as I go along.

The night before Cecilia started, Mrs. Towers brought her pearls, and desired her to wear them. If she had possessed any sense she would have given them to her, for pearls are not meant for women of forty, even if their necks are plump still; and took that opportunity to add a few last words in regard to her grievance.

"My sister Jemima may ask after my health," said she, with a tremor in her voice. "I don't say that she will, I don't say that I expect her to, but she may; if she does, you can tell her the truth."

Cecilia being doubtful what her mother might consider "the truth," held her peace.

"I am not so strong even as last summer," said Mrs. Towers, in a weak voice, and leaning against the table for support; "you can say that. I don't sleep; I've no appetite; but I bear what I have to bear and don't complain—nobody can say I do."

Cecilia, glancing at her father, saw him behind the cover of his book purse up his lips as if about to give vent to a whistle, expressive of surprise; for there never was an hour, during Mrs. Towers wakeful seasons, that she was not groaning over a pain either in body or soul.

"How long I shall be able to bear I can't tell," continued Mrs. Towers; "but I don't suppose my sister Jemima would care to know if I could. Indeed, I've not the slightest doubt that my sister Jemima would make her prejudice against black an excuse for not wearing decent mourning—but I shall not say so."

"Oh, mamma!" said Cecilia, "aunt Jemima is very fond of you, I am sure; she is so good to everybody."

"She wants to steal my child's heart!" moaned Mrs. Towers, appealing to heaven with uplifted eyes and hands. "I am not blind—I understand her arts; I am silent; I suffer without a complaint; but I shall not say that I am blind. No, no! I shall not say that."

"Nonsense, my dear!" said Mr. Towers. "Jemima is too straightforward to have designs: why, you are always talking about her bluntness."

"Tell me I'm a fool, Mr. Towers, do!" retorted she, as was her habit twenty times each day; but he never did, and I must say the man's forbearance was wonderful. "Now, Cecilia, I'm not going to give you advice—you wouldn't take it if I did——"

"Please, don't say that, mamma!"

"Cecilia, if my child is not willing to listen to her mother, let her say so; it would be better than trying to cut my words short."

"I didn't mean to interrupt you, ma."

"Nobody ever means to hurt me. Oh, no! Jemima doesn't—it's all my fault! Mr. Towers—Mr. Towers, do you mean to sit there and let my own daughter be impertinent to me? You like it, you know you do; you wouldn't stir if somebody was trampling me like grass. No, not if I perished in a—in a fit."

And then Cecilia had to kiss her, and say she was sorry.

Things might now have gone well for awhile, but Mrs. Towers chanced to mention the name of a young man whom they had known since his childhood, and whom Mrs. Towers held in aversion, because he was liked by everybody else—at least, there was no other possible reason for being ill-disposed toward Fred Voorhies.

"There!" she exclaimed, "that's Jemima's plot; she wants Cecilia to marry him."

"Why, mamma, I should as soon think of marrying my brother," cried Cecilia.

"Nor does Fred want her," added Mr. Towers. "I fancy I know where his heart has gone."

"Tell me I'm a fool, Mr. Towers, do!" returned his spouse. "I'm not to be deceived—no, not by you and Jemima united. I can see through you both—and I could if we were in a mine—if we were in the Mammoth Cave without any lantern."

Mr. Towers did not risk a jest; so, after a little, she continued, "I shall ask no promise of you, Cecilia; you'd break it if you made one."

"Excuse me, mamma; I don't think anybody ever knew me to break my word."

"I hope you can say your prayers, after contradicting your mother. I hope you can; but if it was me, I should expect something dreadful

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to catch me by the shoulder—yes, by the left shoulder," said Mrs. Towers, with much emphasis, and a shiver of horror.

Cecilia took up the box that held the pearls, and prepared to make her exit.

"One instant, Cecilia," said her mother, "I shall do my duty; in spite of sneers, of insolence, I shall do my duty! When my last hour comes, I may be speechless, and, perhaps, then my children will wish they had listened to my advice."

"What do you want me to do, mamma?"

"Nothing. I shall give you no advice—I never will," returned the consistent woman. "I only say, if you should come back engaged to Fred Voorhies, I want you, all your life, to remember that you signed your mother's death-warrant."

"Mamma, please, don't get such fancies about Fred. I like him very much, but never dreamed of the possibility of marrying him; it will make me uncomfortable when I am with him."

"I tell you again, my dear," said Mr. Towers, "Fred doesn't want her. Don't let's fear impossibilities."

"The next thing," said his wife, turning on him, "will be, I'm not to speak at all, I suppose. If you and my sister, Jemima, could have your way, there'd be a law to make me sit like—like a Hindoo idol, made of wood."

How Mr. Towers must have wished he had married one!

"Who is Fred Voorhies, I'd like to know?" she went on. "Who was his grandfather?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Towers, "he was before my time—I didn't know him."

"I don't believe he ever had one!" said she.

"Then the question naturally suggests itself, how did Fred get here?" observed her husband.

"When my dear grand-uncle was signing the Declaration of Independence," said Mrs. Towers, and both her listeners shivered, for she was always pulling that unfortunate predecessor out of his grave, and he was so dreaded by the household, that when the little girls came to study the history of the Revolution, Lucy did not hesitate to say that she wished he had been the wickedest old Tory that ever lived, because then he would have let the Declaration alone, "when he did that, I suppose he little thought the time might come when the heart of the grand-niece who loves his memory, would be lacerated by the fear that her daughter should be exposed to the wiles of a man who never had a grandfather—exposed to them by the acts of a—of a Jemima!"

Cecelia was permitted to go to bed at last, and Mrs. Towers retired to her room; but between her injured feelings and the effects of a pound or two of fruit-cake she ate just before she went up stairs, Mr. Towers had rather an uncomfortable night of it, I am afraid.

The next morning Cecilia took the train for her little journey; and when she reached the end of it, aunt Jemima was at the station herself, with her pretty pony-carriage, and so full of health and spirits, and delight at getting possession of her favorite relative, that Cecilia felt, as the novels say, as if she had suddenly been ushered into a newer and a brighter world.

"And how are they all at home?" asked aunt Jemima, as the ponies, quite aware who held the reins, whirled them along toward Beechfield. "Dorothea is pining and plaintive, of course, and your father a model of patience. Did she say I had hurt her feelings? Don't blush—I knew she would! I didn't want her just now, so I didn't ask her. I've some pleasant people here—all young, nearly. There are the Tracy girls, and young Fuller, (by-the-way, he'll never marry Jane; so ma Tracy needn't try so hard,) and the Lamberts—she flirts beautifully; people say it's wicked; but if so, I say, with her husband, I like wicked things as she does them," and the jolly old maid echoed Cecilia's laugh.

"Fred Voorhies is coming. I'm going to invite Laura Herford; I know they love each other, and I'm sure they've had a row—young people are such fools! And there's old Dr. Long—I vow, I love that man, I do; I told him so at breakfast—how the people stared! Well, and who else. Oh! Miss Granger; I always like to have one old maid that's a fool, just as a contrast to myself. My dear, her breast-bone is a more wonderful sight than ever!"

"Please, don't make me laugh so, aunty."

"Well, who else is there? Oh! Preston Everett; think of my forgetting him! I love him better than the doctor, because he's younger. Don't you remember meeting him last winter in town?"

Cecilia remembered it very well; the old maid's keen eyes stole one glance at her and knew she did.

"And that's all, I believe. The croquet-ground is in splendid order; you shall have Sir Launcelot to ride—Guinevere isn't safe, I'll let Everett ride her."

"Why, I thought she was gentleness itself," said Cicy.

"Bah! you can't trust a female of any species! I do think Guinevere is possessed of a demon;

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nobody can manage her but Everett. I rather hate him for being able to, though."

"That's an odd idea."

"Is it? Not a bit! I hate your men that can do everything, and always get their own way—don't you?"

"No," said Cecilia, bravely.

"You're a goose, then," said aunt Jemima, and lashed her ponies, but in her heart she was delighted. She had a plan, and she did not mean to spoil it by praising Preston Everett.

By this time they were at the gates, and as they drove up to the house two or three of the girls rushed out to greet Cicy.

"Here she is," said aunt Jemima. "Now, girls, bite each other all round, and then be off; I want Cicy to myself till dinner."

"Miss Jem (that was their pet name for her) always insists we girls bite when we pretend to kiss each other," Lu Tracy explained.

"You do," said Jemima. "You've female instincts—don't tell me! You're kittens yet, but some day you'll be old cats—as bad as I am! Jane Tracy, that blue dress is very becoming to you! Upon my word, girls, it's against my principles to say nice things, but six prettier creatures I never saw together."

"Cicy," said one, "Miss Jem says, when she invites a young lady to her house, she may know she's pretty."

"Well, she may. I hate ugly girls; I don't care if it is unchristian—I do! Now go about your business, all of you. Come, Cicy."

"What is our business, Miss Jem?"

"To torment the men, I suppose. I never knew you to have any other, for all you look so innocent."

She carried Cicy off to the bed-chamber next her own; had her trunks unpacked; showed her several new dresses that had been provided as a reward for coming; made her lie down lest her nose should be red; said a girl with a red nose was a creature to be hated; and went off to her own room, and was seen no more by anybody till she appeared at dinner.

For Jemima had her odd half-hours, and Cicy looked more than ever as Cecil Towers had done in his youth, in the days when Jemima was young, too, and loved him, and nobody knew it. He had loved her—Jemima suspected that now; and she knew that Dorothea had told him stories, and so he married her; and he was a dawdling, dreaming, accomplished, useless man; and Jemima was a busy old maid, too healthy in mind and body to grieve; but she was human. Sometimes she liked to look back and think what life might have been.

I have not space to give you more than the bare outlines of this portion of Cicy's history: so I must just say that the next fortnight was fairy-land, for Preston Everett was more to her than any other man could ever be.

He was past thirty, now; he had lived enough to be heartily sick of follies and vices that are as old as the flood; he had come out toward the light as any soul must, sooner or later, that gets healed of youthful diseases and weaknesses, and grows and develops.

Miss Jemima watched, and made no sign, and kept other people too much occupied with their own private flirtations to notice the pair. Cicy was not, heaven be praised, of the confiding or gushing order; so there were no sentimental outbursts between aunt and niece. Indeed, Cicy was in that blessed stage of her dream when she did not think at all. You know what I mean—it is a long way off in your experience maybe, but you know! The sky was brighter than that of Italy; every wind came straight from Paradise; and the birds sang, as they did in Eden, the same song, and just as fresh as then. Oh! these lives of ours! This young love!

At the end of the fortnight, Miss Jemima gave a grand gala in her grounds, and summoned all the neighbors far and near. She had to summon Dorothea and her husband; but she vowed that Dorothea should go home the next day, and so not be able to make mischief, which she always did if she had time.

It was a glorious day—what the girls called one of Miss Jem's own days; the arrangements were perfection. Everybody came, and Dorothea came with her unfortunate mate, and a very pretty piece of faded prettiness she looked still in her pink draperies.

Jemima privately set her old friend, Dr. Long, to watch her, and see that she did no mischief; and Dorothea liked the witty old bachelor, because she labored under the delusion that he had remained single for her sake, whereas he had always adored Jemima.

And Preston Everett meant, before he went away that night, (for the last three days he had been staying at the Dangils' place, owing to a previous engagement,) to tell pretty Cicy that he loved her.

Matters went on velvet till he came to her, and wanted to be introduced to her sister—natural enough, considering she was Cicy's mother. To give her a hint would be to make Doty guilty of some unheard-of folly—Jem could only trust to fate. She soon got him away; but oh! but oh! when sunset came, and all were dancing or looking on, Dorothea captured Preston Everett.

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She had first seen Cicy dancing with Fred Voorhies; she was certain Jemima had succeeded in her plots, and she must pour out her soul to somebody.

Everett had been praising Cicy, and she said at once,

"Ah! it's a sad thing to be a mother! You don't know what I mean—you are not a mother."

He had to confess that he was not.

"Of course not," said she. "And when my dear, grand-uncle became one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, I suppose he little thought of it."

Everett was quite dazed—thought of what?

"I do not blame Jemima. I speak openly to you, Mr. Everett, because you are her friend—but it is a trial! I am glad my grand-uncle has gone, with those other immortal signers, to a better world."

Everett said he hoped so—what he meant he had not the slightest idea; but she evidently expected him to say something.

"Fred Voorhies may be well enough," said she; "I may think him a conceited dunce, but Jemima would pronounce that prejudice. Well, life is made up of blows and griefs—I expect that; but, oh! when I see my child on that man's arm, I reproach myself for having yielded to Jemima, and I shall say so—yes, I shall say so. I shall not blame her; but if I were on my death-bed I should say, 'Jemima, perhaps you meant well, but your plot has broken my heart; don't let it distress you, but it has killed me.'"

The ground went up and down for Preston Everett; the trees and the flowers whirled more swiftly than the dancers; but he knew that he was asking,

"Do you allude to your daughter and Mr. Voorhies?"

"Yes, yes," said Dorothea. "Oh! you have noticed—you have seen. Perhaps, without my knowledge, they have declared the engagement. Oh! Jemima, Jemima!"

At that instant up came Dr. Long, in accordance with his promise to keep watch. Everett got away, and drove himself mad at once.

Had this innocent-looking girl been playing with him? Look at her, leaning on Voorhies' arm, her head down, and he talking earnestly, (Fred was telling his troubles in regard to Laura.) What an ass he had been at his age! He got away with all speed. As he drove through the village, he stopped at the telegraph-office and sent a message to town. In a few hours he received a telegram, which was signed by his lawyer, and said,

"Please come at once—business."

He showed that to his hosts; left adieus for the Beechfield party; and the next day, before luncheon, over drove pretty Mrs. Dangil with the news that Preston Everett was gone—called away by a telegram.

"When will he come back?" asked Jemima.

"Oh, dear! not at all; thinks he shall go to Europe early in the fall."

Cicy heard, and the room went round and round, and she sat and laughed, and talked, and bore the horrible torture as proud women do bear such agonies; and Jemima looked down the table to where Dorothea sat, talking about her delicate health to Dr. Long, the while she heaped fierce pickles, jelly, sweet cake, fresh berries and cream, with chicken-salad, nicely arranged in a layer between, in her stomach. Jemima, who was carving a cold fowl, felt a wicked, not to say fiendish desire, to immolate her sister on the great fork, then and there.

Three days after, Jemima broke up her party with very little ceremony. Cicy had said she must go home; and Jemima, pretending to be blind, let her go; but her very heart was wrung by the strange look that this new pang, this unwonted effort at concealment had brought into the face of the creature she loved with all the strength of her strong nature. But what could even Jemima do? She could not write and tell this man, who had offered her no confidence, that her niece loved him. She had no proof, either, that Dorothea had done the mischief; he might never have been in earnest. She staid at home for two weeks, and I am afraid nobody within her reach had a very comfortable time of it. At last she took the train and went over to the Towers' place—what Doty had done she must and would know.

Cicy was not at all well—her father was greatly concerned; her mother was one hour asserting that nothing ailed her, and the next Jemima had murdered her child; and Cicy was wringing her hands, and informing heaven that in the mood when any notice of her looks and ways was a diabolical torture beyond parallel.

Jemima staid over night, and before her departure it all came out.

"I don't blame you," said Doty, "you are my sister; but I ask you, Jemima, what means this? I confide my child to your care: she goes from me blooming as a—as a rose, she comes back like a drooping lily."

"How could she go away a rose and come back some other sort of flower?" demanded Jemima; "don't jumble up your metaphors. Perhaps Cicy has dyspepsia—do let her alone."

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"To me—that to me! Jemima! Jemima! have you no heart?"

"I have something that keeps my blood in circulation—never saw it," said Jemima.

"You and Fred Voorhies have done this between you," cried Doty; "I know your plots."

"What were they, Doty?"

"To have my child marry him. Oh! if our grand-uncle——"

"Oh, bother! our grand-uncle! Dorothea, you talk like a fool at all times, but you have lately developed into the most perfect specimen of an idiot I ever saw!" exclaimed Jemima.

"I know—I'm not blind. No, no! I saw it, as I said to Mr. Everett."

"What did you say to him?"

"That you had brought them together; that, for what I knew, they were engaged! I meant to expose you. I'll let all your friends know how deceitful you are."

"The Lord grant me patience!" groaned Jemima. "Why you never had the good luck to die of measles, or whooping-cough, or something, as other children do, I can't imagine."

She went straight out of the room, feeling that she was not safe to stay a moment longer, and out of the house. That night she wrote to Preston Everett, and sent the letter to his address in town—but what could she write? Only a gossiping, jolly letter. He was a brute to run off. Mrs. Dangil said he was going to Europe, and she, Jemima, was writing to beg him to do something for her in Paris. Then a lot more trash about all sorts of people, and finally, in a careless way, the news, as if he must know of the affair, that she had heard Laura and Fred Voorhies were again engaged. She did hope it was true, for they had always loved each other. Oh! these misunderstandings! caused by idiotic relations. Laura's old aunt, who had made the mischief, should be killed.

Jemima had done all she could when she had written and sent her letter. Of course, Preston Everett was not in town; of course, like a great donkey, he was wandering about the lakes, and the letter chased him from one place to another, and never found him till October. Cicy was at home; she had been, for a short trip, to Newport with Jemima. Nobody would have dreamed there was anything the matter, for she was a proud, brave girl; but Jemima knew that the brightness had gone out of her young life. She remembered her own days of anguish, and the bitterness toward Dorothea, which she had tried to subdue then, rose up hot and passionate.

But she could do nothing—only wait.

And Cicy was at home, and the world was a dreary place, indeed, for a just sorrow is a horrible, horrible thing; but she bore it well, and she bore her mother's fretfulness, which seemed also to increase, and kept herself from being morose and ill-tempered, and her reward came. To some happy souls it does come, even in this world. God keep us outsiders from envying them!

For as autumn approached, and Cicy was beginning to wonder if she could live through its mocking glories without going mad, Preston Everett appeared at the house, and heaven swung back, dazzling, out of the chaos of the past weeks.

So it ended; and when Jemima held their dear hands between hers, and blessed them, she felt that existence had given her the keenest sensation of enjoyment it had left, and was content.

The best of it, and the most aggravating, was that Dorothea plumed herself on having made the match. How she reasoned nobody knew, and nobody cared; but Jemima was not near; Jemima had favored Fred Voorhies, and Everett had come directly to her, Dorothea, and asked for her treasure of a daughter, and she had yielded her up.

And Cecil Towers and Jemima stood side by side, and saw them married, and turned and looked in each other's faces, and smiled cheerfully; and in this world neither will ever know the thought of the other; with each it was, that in heaven everything would be made clear, and the soul be able to speak out at last; and that reflection was the sweetest that could ever come to those brave hearts in this pilgrimage, as it is, alas! to many, many another heart, that bears the burden, and is still.

TEMPLARS' ODE.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWN.

Our motto's "Cold Water!" both now and forever!
A bev'rage more pure can we offer to you
Than that which dilutes in the sea and the river,
Congeals in the iceberg, distills in the dew.

We proffer no cup that will bring desolation
To millions of homes through the annals of time;
We claim no device that will give to a nation
Her measure of sorrow, her fullness of crime.

We hold no inducements for seasons of pleasure
Attended with evils no time may recall;
Our aims are fulfilled with a joy beyond measure,
For Faith, Hope, and Charity, covereth all.

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THE DIVINING ROD.

BY MRS. R. HARDING DAVIS, AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH."

PART I.

ONCE, down on the plantation of a friend of mine, in Alabama, a solemn old fellow, O'Keefe by name, was going about with a witch-hazel twig in his hand, followed by an anxious crowd.

"There is nothing there but clay," I ventured, as he crossed a fence.

"A blind man can tell the quality of soil," was the sententious reply. "But it needs a diviner to find the live water underneath."

How often, long after he was dead, I remembered O'Keefe's boast! When our famous oil or gold schemes crumbled into ruin; when charitable undertakings, fair on the outside, as with the beauty of holiness, proved rotten at the core with greed or selfishness, what practical use was there for his witch-hazel, that could have laid bare the living water, or the lack of it, under the soil! Or, in every-day life—for it is the surface-character of people about us that repels us, after all; the grasping, penurious habit that grew upon them, out of long-ago poverty; the vulgar self-assertion, or curiosity, which was given by education; the hereditary ill-temper; if one could lay the witch-hazel on the breast of the stranger whom we met to-day, or our friend, or our enemy, or the brother who slept in the same cradle with us, and is yet unknown!

If we could know them as they would have been but for that hard fight common to us all, but which left them scarred and hardened; if we could see the love that has been hidden, the kind thought that never found the light in word or act, for lack of courage; the pure motive beneath the doubtful, unsuccessful deed! how tender we would grow, with that divining rod in our hands! Cheerful, too, and friendlier with all of God's creatures; hopeful of the best of endings for this good old world.

Oh! blessed O'Keefe! where have you wandered with your magic bough? Or on what ghostly shore grows its spiritual counterpart?

But the divining rod is lost to us. Only some odd chance opens the soil now and then, and brings the living waters out to flush in the common day.

It was the chance mention of Joseph Tyndall that brought this to my mind. The story is easily told.

Joseph Tyndall was, in 1854, a Baptist preacher, in charge of a little country church in Licking, Ohio. I do not know how he ranked in the Association. His mental calibre was low. I know he made constant use of the "Five Hundred Skeleton Sermons," so helpful to some of his more pretentious brethren; and I do not suppose, in the whole course of his life, he ever found in reading a single thought which, unexpressed, had passed through his own brain. All of his ideas were second-hand. He was energetic and zealous enough in digging and sowing his two acres about the cottage, or in odd bits of carpentering or mason-work; building for Mary, his wife, a Dutch-oven, and a cow-stable, as well as any mechanic. But when it came to brain-work, he flagged. The sermons were as sleepy work to himself as to his congregation; the prayers, the brethren thought, lacked unction. Outside of his vocation he was a chirrupy, cheerful little fellow, with a natural appetite for corn-huskings, or harvest-homes, or any exercise to bring the people together.

Some of his friends used to hint to him that he would have made a capital carpenter, and that he could at that business have cleared a pretty sum before now. But as a preacher—— Tyndall's face clouded over with this sort of talk, but he never made any answer. He clung to his work as fondly as though he had been a Boanerges in the pulpit, irksome as its actual duties were to him.

But his health began to give way. It was a cough that troubled him; and there was a tendency to consumption in his family. This was in '54. The next spring he was sent by the Association as a traveling missionary or colporteur to California. There was a universal laugh through the village at that. California miners were a species of wild beast, full of unknown terrors to these inland folk; and the idea of sending this mild little man into their den was a joke to the villagers that never lost its point. Mary Tyndall, too, was no better than a child, it was said, to be left at home to protect herself. The Association, to be sure, had promised that she should want for nothing. But she was a helpless little twaddle of a body, the women said, not fit to control her chickens, much less her house, and that overgrown fellow, Tom, for a year, and alone.

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What Tyndall thought on the matter, no one heard. He was silent on that as on every other subject of opinions; perhaps, because he had none. Besides, he had no choice—they could not starve. He nailed, and sawed, and ploughed from morning until night, preparing the house, and putting in the spring wheat, making ready for his absence, not whistling, as usual, but cheerfuller and heartier than ever when anybody chanced to accost him.

Now all this I know by hereay only. It was late in November when he left Bellsville; too late, perhaps, but hoping to make the overland route before the heavy snows began. The whole village was down at Sebright's tavern to see him off; and when he was fairly gone, began to be sensible of a great vacancy amongst them; of the loss of a common thing, maybe, but one of daily use. Mr. Potter, the famous divine from Cleveland, preached for them next Sunday. There was some vim and weight in that discourse, they said; yet it left them with an unpleasant rancor in their minds, very different from Tyndall's mild and drowsy prosing; it was milk compared to strong meat. But they never asked Mr. Potter there again.

Meanwhile, Tyndall was being whirled away to the West, wondering how soon he would reach St. Louis, where Mary's first letter would find him. He wore his old black clothes, having secretly sold the new suit presented to him by the deacons a few days ago, and left the money in the bureau-drawer for Mary. She would be tightly pinched, he was afraid, for the portion assigned her had been by no means liberal. But it was not Tyndall's habit to brood over possible troubles. He went on his way with a light heart. He was going to find his old health again; and, who knows? perhaps an odd nugget of gold might lie in his way, some day. The very dust was precious, they said. Would there be any harm in picking it up?

It was in Missouri that I met Joseph Tyndall, on a line of road leading directly into Kansas. He was taking the shortest route to Santa Fe, not caring, or, perhaps, not knowing how to avoid the troublesome districts of that then perpetually bleeding State.

The day was dull and gray, the windows of the cars thick with the dust of months. Reading was impossible—we were two hours behind time, hungry, and with every prospect of a heavy snow-fall; reasons enough, I thought, for the ill-temper of any rational being. I noticed the little fair-haired man on the seat in front of me, angrily; he munched the pea-nuts which he had provided for his sole lunch, with such impurturbable good-humor; more than good-humor, real gusto and zest. Could anybody but an idiot or a child find such enjoyment in a ground-nut?

"For California, eh?" I growled, overhearing his conversation with his neighbor. Now I was for California.

"Yes, sir; overland route," he chirped, cheerfully. "You, too, sir?" scanning me from head to foot with his quick, boyish eyes. "Ha! that's pleasant!" nodding approval of me to himself. "Have some nuts, sir? Good for dyspeptics—nothing better."

How the deuce did he know I was a dyspeptic? But I took a handful of the musty things. There was something so hearty and unsophisticated in the little man, one could not be surly with him.

As he alone of all the passengers was to be my companion on so long a journey, I naturally watched him with interest. But he was a small cup, and shallow, that I soon determined. Before noon he had made friends with half the people in the cars. Now he was putting down the window for the wheezing old man in front of me, and now dandling the screaming baby for the little woman at the back. I fell asleep while he was gossiping with the conductor on the platform, and when I woke he was back in the baggage-car, hail-fellow-well-met with black Jake. The man had no ideas, I said to myself, beyond the trifling events of the present. When the passengers talked of politics, he lapsed into an uninterested silence.

It was about four in the afternoon when I woke. The lamps were lighted; the heavily-falling snow made it dark and chilly, the train moved slowly.

"It's the snow drifted into the cut," said half a dozen voices, in answer to my question. "The engine is the old George Gaines, worn out long ago; and we are two hours behind time."

"Patience, gentlemen, patience!" said Tyndall, cheerfully coming in. "There's a clear stretch beyond this cut, and we'll pull through. No fear. Huzza; there we go!" as with a jerk we made a bound forward.

"You always bring good news," one of the women said to him.

So he did. Through all that dreary evening or night, whenever there was a crumb of comfort for the women or children, the little preacher was alert, hurrying in with it, while most of the other men moved about with ponderous steps and anxious faces, shaking their heads ominously when questioned. There was no need to make the matter worse than it was; we were "snowed-up." The miserable little engine

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puffed sturdily along until she reached the Grange-cut, and there she ran into a week-old hill of snow, frozen and wet, and miles deep for aught we could tell. It was ten o'clock; we were twenty miles from any settlement; our wood had given out, and we had not broken our fast since morning. When we came to our final halt, the men scrambled out to consult as to what was to be done; the women were quiet and patient; for when real trouble comes, even the silliest of women are quiet and patient.

Outside, the low moon dimly lighted up the great white plains, through which our track lay; behind us, like a black lane, stretched the road, rapidly being covered by the fine, powdery sleet that cut our faces and stifled our breath.

"We can go back," said Tyndall, jerking out the words hopefully.

"Not with that worn out engine," said the conductor; and he brushed the snow off his shaggy coat deliberately. "I told Sweitzer 'twan't no use holding on no longer to the George Gaines. She ain't fit to sell for old iron. But he's a pig-headed fool! 'Tain't the first scrape he's got me in, eyther."

"What's to be done, then?"

"Darned if I know," turning off to the engine. "Say, you Jim Dodd! put out that fire. What are you wasten that handful of coal for, when them wimmen and children 'll be froze before mornin'?"

Finding that little aid was to be gained from the conductor, we planned hastily the only chances for our safety. Half of the men set out to look for wood; the other half were to attempt to make their way to Lambertville for engines, or a force sufficient to dig us out. The conductor, Tyndall, and I, remained in charge of the train.

Dyspepsia and rheumatism had left me fit for little but to take care of women and children; hardly fit for that, I thought, as I mechanically followed Tyndall, gathering them all into one car, which we tried to make comfortable, heaping the snow outside of the windows to keep out the piercing wind, and breaking up the seats into fire-wood. Tyndall was like a woman in his kindness. He gathered the few remnants of lunch together and divided them equally among the children.

"The little folks come first with you women," he said, nodding and laughing to them. "Haven't I a wife and boy at home? I know all about it. Starve, madam? Tut! tut! Not before this and breakfast-time, surely. We'll go steaming into Lambertville just in time for our hot coffee and cakes."

But out on the platform, where we men stood muffled and watching, he was silent and grave; for the chances of help were desperate, as we all three knew.

The moon set in about an hour; the reflections of the snow gave us our only glimpses through the wide stretch of darkness. I am not apt to be hopeful on such occasions. I repeated several times that the men never could cut their way to Lambertville, and prophesied heavier snow before morning from the bearing of the winds. Tyndall was as ignorant of winds, or the cumuli, as he was of any book knowledge. But he thought the men would make their way, because they had left their wives and children in the car. "They'll be here before we look for them," he said. "A large engine could still make its way on the track we came over, eh, conductor?"

"The Fanny might do it. If Sweitzer has wit enough to send her; but he hasn't," gruffly bolstering up the car-door with his shoulder.

A moment after Tyndall turned sharply. "There is no danger of any other train coming down on us? We passed a switch road a few miles back, which they told me branched off to Dunstown. There's no danger of——"

"Of course, there's no danger," said the conductor, doggedly. "The down express from Dunstown was due here an hour ago. But they'd not run it such a night as this—they're not such cursed idiots." But he shaded his eyes from the sleet, looking uneasily up the road, even as he spoke.

"It would have been better not to have taken that for granted. If we had sent word back to the next station?" I ventured, after a pause.

Tyndall had disappeared.

"I reckon it would have been better," said the man, after a pause; "but I forgot that down express. They can't be such infernal fools! It's too late to do anything now. What have you got there?" roughly, as Tyndall reappeared, carrying a load of wood. "Don't you know the fuel 'll give out if we ain't relieved before morning?"

"I will run no risks from your down express," said the little man, piling his wood quickly on the track. "I'll warn them off." He looked up as he spoke into the gray darkness over to the east. Suddenly he dropped the billet he held.

I too had seen what he had seen. I cried,

"Oh, God! it's too late!"

Through the wet, heavy shadows, a dull red spark shone, coming nearer and nearer, and a low, thunderous sound shook the ground.

"They've sent it, after all," said the conductor, with a queer shrill quaver in his voice.

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He made no effort to save himself, but turned, and, opening the car-door, called out in a tone that fell oddly into its accustomed nasal twang, "Down train from Dunstown! In two minutes it will be on us. Clear the car!"

The next moment was like the horrible, motionless crisis of a nightmare. Behind me the women and children were crowding out of the narrow door of the car, falling on each other, some of them torn and bleeding with trying to force a passage through the narrow windows. I heard no screams, but I remember one or two hoarse sobs from the tangled mass within, that sounded more as though they came from animals than human beings. Often since then, at night, some of these women's faces rise before me—women who were crowded to the back of the car, and had to stand helpless, watching the engine of the other train sweeping down on them like an inflexible death. One poor creature I especially remember, who had a baby at her breast, and two other children clinging to her knees. They were jammed into the farthest corner. She made a convulsive movement to gather them all up into her arms, and then shut her eyes and stood still and waited.

Twice in that moment Tyndall's heap of wood was kindled. He was kneeling on the track, leaning over it; but the wind blew it out before it rose into a blaze. The red spark in the distance had grown into a fiery eye, enlarging and nearing steadily; the low, uncertain rumble had changed into monotonous thundering strokes.

I was helping Bolton, the conductor, hardly conscious of what I did. He was quite cool, swinging the women and children from the platform down the snow-bank. Habit has a wonderful hardening power. This coarse fellow faced his danger, and played the man without a change in his commonplace countenance. It was far more moved half an hour before with wrath at Sweitzer. But I was half insane between the impulse to jump and save myself, and the fear of cowardice. I could not leave this car full of helpless wretches to be crushed before my eyes. And yet——

All this in two breathless moments.

Tyndall stood up. "The wood is wet," he said, despairing, taking one flaming brand out of the blackened heap.

There were now but half a dozen women in the car; but the train was almost upon us. Bolton leaped off the track, and then, leaning back, dragged them one by one from the platform.

"We'll get them all off," he said, with a glance back at the advancing engine. "No need for your fire, man."

I pulled down the poor shivering creature, the last of them all, and her children, and sprung into the snow. "All safe, thank God! Come off the track," I shouted. Was the man mad? The shriek of the whistle drowned my voice.

"The other—the other train!"

I stood dumb with this new horror. I had not thought of the other train; nor had Bolton. The shadow of the cut would have hid our cars from them, even had the night been clear enough for them to seem them. As it was, they rushed headlong to destruction.

By some strange chance the billet of wood, which Tyndall held, still burned—a mere flicker of light, but it was the only chance of escape for the cars bearing down on us loaded with human lives.

He ran on to meet the train.

I do not know what agonized shrieks and cries went up from us, ourselves barely rescued from death. They were all lost in the throb of the near engine, and the shrill, deafening whistle. Tyndall ran toward it, waving his brand. I could see his face by its light. No man ever went to a voluntary death with such physical fear, apparently. I remember wondering, even in that awful moment, where did the man's strength come from? It was *not* in himself. But the engineer, blind or asleep, saw nothing. The square, black, clashing mass came on; the throbs steady and loud; behind it, the long, wavering line of lighted cars flashing through the darkness.

There was a change in the sound. The engine was now upon the trestle-work bridge that crossed the river near us. Tyndall was by this time at our end of the same bridge. He paused an instant before stepping on it, for there was no foothold but the beams between the rails, or else the rails themselves, and either were certain death. Below, the black river surged and roared in the gloom.

"Back, back," cried Bolton.

"It's our only chance," I answered, hardly knowing what I said.

"Who cares?" he answered, wildly. "Come back, I say. Come back," he shouted, hoarsely.

Tyndall glanced in our direction, shook his head, and went on, waving the torch in warning.

The bridge, the train, everything reeled before me. I closed my eyes. But through it all I heard, as in a dream, the cry,

"Down brakes!"

There was a gurgle and shriek of steam, followed by a heavy, grating sound, as the mass rolled slowly over the bridge, and close up to us, and stopped there.

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They were saved. But the bridge was empty.

I had no mind to join in the noise and tumult of questions and congratulations that followed. The cars were large, and warm, and well-lighted; the passengers, wakened out of their sleep, and eager about the half-understood danger they had escaped. It did not seem to me so joyful a thing that all these comfortable, well-to-do-people should be alive and well, remembering the poor little parson, with his thin coat buttoned about him, and his scared face, waving his brand frantically to the last.

We made search for him, but to no purpose. The river was deep, and the current flowed just under the bridge. I looked down, for a moment or two, at the black surface clogged with masses of snow and mud; then turned away.

I wished some one could have said a prayer for him. It was a miserable thing to die without a friend's face to look on, to go down and rot in that cold river.

We crowded the women and children into the express train, Bolton and I going in last. Most of the passengers had some kind of lunch with them, and they made haste to bring it out, and welcomed us to it all. It would have warmed the heart of any man to see the cordial, eager faces, and to hear the friendly greetings between people who were strangers but a few minutes ago. In a little while we were soon steaming back to Lambertville.

But, as we crossed the river, I went out to the platform of the last car, and looked down again to the curdling, black current mottled with ice.

Turning, I saw Bolton beside me.

"Yes, the little chap's gone," he said, gravely, pulling his cap farther on his bullet-head; "an that was a clean stroke of work he did at the last."

PART II.

About a year afterward, I was standing at the door of an eating-house in San Francisco, sunning myself until my steak was ready, when a man touched me on the shoulder to give way. "Good weather, sir," he said, pleasantly, as he passed me, and went in.

I nodded, wondering why little men always affected such ridiculously high beavers, when something in the jerking gait of the man startled me; the voice, too, was strangely familiar.

I followed him quickly; he was already seated before a stew of cold, tough beef and a bit of bread. I stood a moment staring at him. What preparation for enjoyment he made for the meal! What zest was in his lean little face, as he delicately sprinkled the salt, and chopped his onion.

I clapped him on the shoulder. "I saw you eating a mess of ground-nuts with just such relish once," I said.

There was a sort of sob in my voice, contemptuous as I meant to make it; so I stopped short.

Tyndall got up, for it was really he, took me by the coat-collar with both hands, looking me in the face. Then we shook hands. But neither spoke of anything beyond the dinner. I think, however, we understood each other thoroughly, as though we had been friends for years.

Afterward, I said, "How did you escape?"

"It was simple enough," he answered, curtly. "I fell through the beams, not into the river, but into a deep drift of snow on the edge, and was stunned and senseless, for some hours, I think. When I came to, I crept out, and up into the vacant cars. Some of the men, who had gone for fire-wood, returned, and we made ourselves as comfortable as we could till morning. When I arrived at Lambertville you were gone."

He was intentionally brief, and I asked no farther questions. I liked him the better for his unwillingness to chatter of the time when he had looked death so closely in the face, that his own had lost forever something of its native cheer and sparkle.

However, I found Tyndall a thoroughly good fellow, manly at the core, and careful as a woman in his outer bearing. We had a capital dinner that day, and rose from it as good friends as men so opposite in tastes and temperaments could be.

During the three years following, I met Tyndall often in Sacramento, and the mining towns up in the diggings, or camping in the Mariposa range; always in the same shabby, blotted clothes, and high hat, carpet-bag in hand; always cheerful, childishly interested in the passing business around him, whether it was the opening of a new lode, or his own scanty dinner. He distributed his books with unwearying patience and industry. I have seen him go, with his bundle of tracts and Testaments, into the vilest hells of San Francisco, as quietly as though it were a group of gentle women whom he expected to face. Yet he was, apparently, quite aware of the poverty and poor quality of his brain. If he ever chanced to express an opinion, at the slightest opposition he would draw it back humbly, and apologize for it.

The one strong fibre in him was his sense of right. He plodded on the narrow way which had been marked for him with the slow, steady gait of a land-turtle. Whether a mole-hill or

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a mountain rose before him—no matter; he crossed it without fear or enthusiasm, slow and steady.

I was always glad to meet Tyndall. Aside from the natural liking I had for him, he was a curious study to me. Was there, then, I said, in every-day life, for even such poor types of men as this, a supernatural source of strength? I could not touch a point where I was not a stronger, weightier citizen than he, according to the world's valuation. I could see right and wrong where he was purblind. But where he did see it, death itself had no terrors for him. Suppose, I asked myself, there was, as he believed, a constant life-giving power outside of the world about us, or our own character. What then?

Many a time, when Tyndall thought I slept by the fire in our hut, I was puzzling over these things—for we camped together at different odd times. The first year of his stay at California, while his work detained him in the sea-ports, he was quite contented. Every steamer brought him a letter from home; and as I met him often, and he liked to chatter of what so filled his thoughts, I soon had as clear a picture of Mary in the little sitting-room, or Tom bluffing his way among the other boys, as the poor man had himself.

His health was no better, however. The Association offered to raise the salary. "I'll stay another year," he said to me, the nerves about his chin twitching. "There is no work at home which offers itself."

The other year dragged heavily. He was then up in the mountain country among the ranches. Letters from home reached him at long intervals. Toward the close of the year I encountered him in Yuba. I fancied he looked shabbier than ever.

"Hollo, Tyndall!" I cried, "it is about the time that you were going back to the States, eh?"

He laughed, but nervously. It pained me to see how the careless light-heartedness had worn out of his eyes, and they had gathered the haggard, anxious look, so common among the gold-diggers.

"I don't see how I can get back," he said, catching me by the sleeve, and dropping his carpet-bag at his feet. "Just listen a bit, and advise me. I have sent home my salary quarterly, except what I need for clothes and food, which is not much, as you know. Besides, I made an odd nuggit or so helping the men up in Snelling's ranch. But Mary has never received a dollar of it; she has had hard pulling to get through," taking a well-worn letter from his pocket, and looking at it uncertainly.

"How did you send the money?"

"Through our agent, Steffin's, at Sacramento. Oh! he's all right," he said, quickly, noticing my look. "But the mails—— Well, there's no use in lamenting over it," thrusting the letter in his breast. "But I can't go home—I have not the means to take me there; and I can't go back penniless to Mary and Tom. No, I'll try another year. How's your rheumatism?"

"Tyndall, look here," I said, for I saw, under all his composure, the wrench at heart his decision had cost him. "I have a plan. Drop your colporteuring, and come up with me to Placerville. You know what my lode there has yielded. Try your hand at digging for two or three months. My word for it you'll go home with a snug sum at pocket before fall. You owe something to your wife and boy, Tyndall."

"Yes, I know."

"Will you come, then?"

He pulled at his sandy beard, looking absently at the carpet-bag and at me, and then picked it up and turned away abruptly, saying, "I'll think of it, and let you know to-morrow."

I knew, if he thought of it, what his determination would be, and was not surprised, therefore, when he came to me.

"I'll try it another year. I never had such an offer as yours, and I'll not again, perhaps. But I don't feel as if I could give up my work. It is like putting your hand to the plough and turning back, you see," with a feeble smile.

The next morning we left Yuba in opposite directions. A month or two afterward I saw his name among the killed in a steamboat explosion. But one had learned in California, at that time, to place so little reliance on newspaper reports, that I was not surprised to meet him a few days subsequently.

For nearly a year Tyndall dropped out of my sight and knowledge. In August, '57, I determined to go in to the States, and took passage accordingly on a New York steamer. Coming out of the ticket-office, I ran against a little man who was standing on the lower steps, undetermined, apparently, whether to enter or pass on.

"Tyndall!"

The carpet-bag was gone. His hands were folded behind him, his head down; a more inert, hopeless despondency I never saw expressed through a man's body.

"What's amiss, man?" I said, gravely, taking him by the elbow. He brightened a little at seeing me, and walked more firmly as we went down the street.

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"I'm going home. I was going in for my ticket."

"And the colporteurship?"

"The Association have withdrawn my appointment. Want of funds, I suppose."

"Your health good, Tyndall?"

"Yes," heartily. "I am a new man. I feel as young and tough as a hickory sapling."

"What ails you, then? You are going home to Mary and Tom."

He did not answer me for a moment.

"It is a year since I heard from home," he said, at last. "I have remitted through Steffins regularly, but not a word has reached me. If Mary was alive she would have written."

"Tut! tut! Ill news travels fast. Have a little faith. You know what the mails are."

My tone seemed to strengthen him. He said,

"I try to think as you do; but the uncertainty—it's hard on a dull fellow like me."

I walked silently down the street beside him. A sudden thought struck me.

"There is a friend of mine at my hotel, Tyndall, who has been traveling as an agent through Ohio and Indiana; a gossiping fellow, who is apt to pick up and remember personal matters. Let us go to him. There is a chance that he can tell us something."

He was alive in a moment. "Chance? There's a certainty. He could not visit Bellsville without hearing of Mary. Come at once."

He almost dragged me through the street. But when we reached the hotel, his courage gave way. I pointed out the agent in the bar-room. "Leave me here on this bench, outside of the window; I can hear. I'd rather be alone, if the news is bad," he said.

"The news will not be bad."

But I went to Johns and began my questions with a sinking heart. Johns dropped his paper, and answered promptly.

"Bellsville? Of course; I remember it perfectly; a neat, thriving little place. All Yankees and Hicksite Quakers in that region. Tyndall? Tyndall? A widow, you say, with a boy? Certainly, I ought to know that name. Why, surely, her husband was a missionary, or something of that nature—died a year or so ago. The widow was a pretty, tidy little body. She was married again, by-the-way, to a deacon—Sam Bell."

It was some time before I went out. When I did, the bench was empty, and I saw a miserable little figure creeping down the road.

I suppose it was a morbid dread of the sight of pain which made me avoid the places where I would probably meet Tyndall, for the following week. Yet I have no faith in sympathy when the blow strikes home. The kindest treatment my own feeling suggested to Tyndall, was to leave him alone with his trouble.

On the deck of the steamer, to my surprise, I found him, however. He was very quiet, looked aged and dull.

"You are going home?" I said, after sitting beside him in silence for awhile.

"Yes."

"Is that best?"

"I think it is right," in a tired voice. "She nor I can never be happy again. But Mary ought to know the truth."

"I do not think so, Tyndall. Can you not live without seeing her or the boy?"

"It is not that. I would rather die than look at them again. Don't argue with me; it is hard enough to do what is right."

From that time until we landed at New York his errand was never named between us. The man was dull, and pale, and listless; but he made no complaint. I never tried to argue with him. When we had reached the hotel, he drew me aside.

"When do you go back?"

"In about a month."

"I'll go with you, if I am not in your way. I cannot live near home again; and I've grown used to California."

"Will you bring your boy, Tyndall?"

"No. I thought of that. His mother will need him the most. A man can live alone better than a woman."

"And you do not mean to—to—— You will not take your wife back?" I blurted out.

His small face flamed scarlet. He shook his head quietly, turning away.

"Where shall I meet you?" he asked, after a pause.

I hesitated. "If you'll allow me, I'll go with you home," I said. "You need a friend."

He caught my hand and held it tight. He knew that it was a sacrifice of time and convenience to me; and I never liked the man so much as when he accepted it without a word.

We started for Ohio the next night.

It was toward the close of a bleak, raw autumn day, that the old-fashioned stage-coach lumbered into the straggling village of Bellsville. Chilly as it was, I had made the last two days of the journey seated by the driver. I could not face the pale, silent figure inside.

When we stopped at the tavern, with its broad, white-washed porches, and groups of loungers about the horse-trough, I hurried down to help

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him out. I knew how, for three years, the silly soul had planned this home-coming, and imagined the greeting of each old neighbor.

Now, however, he stepped down on the boarded walk with a vacant stare about him. He had forgotten that it was home—forgotten everything but his errand.

I perceived that there was a startled silence among the men, and then hurried whispers.

"Will you come in and warm yourself?"

"No. Let us go at once. I want it over."

"Can you find the way?"

"Yes."

"Come, then." I took him by the arm and hurried him on. He was going to his old home, quite forgetful of the possibility that his wife, after her new marriage, might have left it.

Outside of the gate of the neat little garden, which lay around his house, we met a tall, broad-shouldered man, with grizzly hair shading a genial, hearty-looking face. Tyndall stopped, trembling. "It is Sam Bell!" he muttered.

"How? What? God bless my soul, Joe Tyndall!" holding out both hands, his face hot with delight. "Why, don't you know me, man? Sam Bell? We're kinsfolk now. I've married your brother Tom's widow, you know. But, hey? Why, we heard you——"

Tyndall staggered back, holding by my arm.

"Mary?" he gasped.

"She's in there—she and young Tom. She's had hard lines, for awhile, between worrying for you, and earning bread and butter; but she's hearty as ever."

I opened the gate. My heart was beating like a woman's.

"Go in, Tyndall," I said. "You don't need me. I'll stay with Mr. Bell."

They needed me so little, that I had time to walk up and down with Mr. Bell until we were footsore; and after that to go over to his house and "eat a bite of venison," and to become fast cronies with him, before Tyndall remembered that I was alive. Then he came rushing in, all shame and confusion; but I forgave him when I saw his beaming face. A blushing, awkward, manly boy followed him.

"This is Tom? This great lout! Head and shoulders taller than his father—just think of it! Come over at once, Mary is so impatient to see you. She's as fat and rosy—as a rose, sir. She never *would* believe I was dead—never! In spite of the papers. There's a woman for you."

All this as he dragged me over. But before we could reach the gate it was besieged by the neighbors. The news was out, and Tyndall was in danger of being pulled to pieces among them. Before I could find my way into the house, I heard that his old pulpit was vacant and ready for them; that Tom was "making a pretty sum" as market-gardener; and that Mary had saved enough to buy the house in which they lived.

"There's a deal of outcome in his wife," said Bell, sententiously, as we took our leave.

I went back to California alone. In San Francisco, one day, I met Bolton, the conductor, and told him what I've told you.

"I'm glad to hear that," he said, in his stolid way. "You see there was a subscription taken-up on that train for the widow of the man as saved it; and it was put in my hands to try and discover her, or himself, for I heerd he had got out of the river and gone on to Dunstown. Sweitzer, he advised them to trust me. 'I know Bolton,' he said. I took it kind of Sweitzer; but I never could find the man, not knowing his name; so I puts the money in railroad stocks, and it's nigh trebled in value. Give me your man's address: I'll forward it per express."

I am averse to the invariable habit of story-writers of rewarding virtue with fat dividends. But in real life it does sometimes happen that plenty and comfort fall to the lot of those who use it best; and I am sure you will be glad that the Tyndalls were among that happy few.

I often think how I misjudged Tyndall himself at first. That is why, when I began my story, I recalled O'Keefe and his divining rod, and wished that we could lay the witch-hazel on the breast of strangers, so as to know them as they are, in their best and noblest moods. I repeat, how tender we would grow with that divining rod in our hands.

THE AUTUMN VIOLET.

BY ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

Half hidden in dead forest-leaves,
With heavy Autumn dew-drops wet;
To-day, I found a dainty thing—
A little purple violet.

Kissing its leaves, so soft and fair,
I took the lonely little flower
Away from its cold Autumn bed,
And watched its beauty hour by hour.

How many little homeless ones,
Whose tender cheeks with tears are wet,
Would bloom in graceful beauty, if
Transplanted like my violet.

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MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

A BEAUTIFUL woman—if a coarse nature ever can give beauty to faultless features—sat in one of those charming little saloons which made the Grand Trianon the gayest and most popular palace in France. She was not alone—such women usually avoid solitude; but the person who stood before her that day was so unlike any of the venal courtiers that usually surrounded her, that his presence there, in itself, was remarkable. He was a tall, spare man, perhaps thirty or thirty-five years of age. His hair was flaxen, thin, and of that exceeding fineness, which is seldom found except upon the head of an infant. His eyes were of a keen, variable gray, sometimes pale in their color, sometimes almost black. The face was one of remarkable refinement; the complexion pure, changeable, delicate, and fair as that of a child. The least emotion brought a faint color over the forehead, which was threaded about the temples with a net-work of azure veins.

Never was a contrast between two persons more perfect than that which existed between this man and the woman, in whose presence he was not allowed to sit. His air, his gestures, the very bend of his person, was a protest of refinement against coarseness—for this woman was questioning him imperiously. She wanted a favor, yet had not the grace to ask it gently.

"They tell me that you have this power—then why hesitate? When a subject has the ability to serve his king, it is treason to waver."

"But, madam, I may not have the power. Our Saviour himself carried healing to the poor—never to kings; besides, it is given to man once to die. That is a law which human art cannot reach, and divine power has limited. The King of France is an old man, and, like the most humble of us, his days are numbered."

The woman started up in sudden terror.

"Is this prophecy, or is it rank treason?" she said.

"Madame, it is the simple truth. No art that I ever heard of can make an old man young; the waters of eternal youth are fabulous. Great power lies in human knowledge, but not such as you would evoke. Were it otherwise——"

The man paused, and a faint color stained the pure whiteness of his forehead. The countess seated herself. A glow of angry impatience had succeeded to her sudden panic, and she seized upon his hesitation as a wild animal snatches at food.

"Well, were it otherwise, what then?"

"Then it would be a consideration for any wise man, whether, in continuing the king's life beyond that period ordained of God, wrong might not be done to the people of France."

"Wrong done to the people of France!" cried the woman, grasping the arm of her gilded chair with angry vehemence; "the people of France! What are they but hounds, born to do the bidding of the king?"

"Forgive me, Madame la Countess; but it is said——"

"Well, what is said? Some miserable absurdity, no doubt; another scandal of the people you talk of. Do not hesitate and stammer as if you were afraid—I will help you out. It is said that not long since I, myself, was one of the people—among the lowest, too. Is that it?"

The man bowed very gravely, and looked upon that beautiful face, which had long since forgotten to blush, with a sentiment of profound pity.

The woman laughed; then, stopping suddenly, clenched her hand on the arm of her chair.

"*You* presume to pity *me!* I might have forgiven the rest; but this you shall have good cause to remember."

The man bowed, and made a movement toward the door. His face was perfectly calm, his step even. She evidently had not terrified him by her violence.

This wonderful composure astonished the woman, who had become so used to adulation and assumed homage, that an assertion of self-respect took her by surprise.

"I have not yet dismissed you, monsieur," she said, with an effort at self-control.

The man turned again, and waited while the countess took a golden tablet from her bosom, and read a memorandum from its ivory leaves.

"This power of healing is not the most marvelous of your gifts, this memorandum tells me."

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"It is the one I am most grateful for," answered the man.

"But that of divination! Tell me if it is true that in Vienna the Empress Marie Theresa sent for you to read the horoscope of her daughter, the Dauphiness of France?"

"If her majesty had so honored my poor gifts, it would be a base return to speak of it."

"But it has got out already—there is no longer a mystery. It is said that the Dauphiness turns pale if your name is but mentioned in her presence."

The man remained silent, and stood looking sadly on the floor. Some painful thought seemed to carry him out of that woman's presence—this gave her new offence.

"You do not listen, monsieur. Must I be compelled to speak twice?"

The man started as if he had been dreaming.

"I crave your pardon, Madame la Countess. Other thoughts came across me, and I forgot your presence. As I cannot accomplish the thing you most desire, permit me to take my leave."

"Not till you have given me a proof of the power which was sufficient to gain you admittance to the cabinet of Marie Theresa. If your prophesies could drive the blood from that proud heart, they must be worth listening to. Tell me, monsieur, of my own future. How long——"

The countess checked herself, she had not the courage to ask, in so many words, how long her evil power might last; for she knew well enough that it was limited to the life of a wicked old man, and even she shrunk from a direct question. But the man divined her reason for hesitation, and answered quietly, as if she had spoken.

"Madame la Countess forgets that to divine the king's death is treason."

"But you can tell me this. Not his death—not his death! Heaven forbid that it should be near enough for your gift of divination, whatever that may be, to reach it! But tell me of his life. He is strong, he is healthy; and men do, sometimes, live to be a hundred. Ah! if your witchcraft could tell me that, it would make you the richest man, and me the happiest woman in all France."

"But, madame——"

"Do not dispute me. I have power—help me to perpetuate it. You have great skill as a physician, if nothing more. The king's physicians are negligent, they permit him to be worried with questions of state. They allow the courtiers to disturb him with their quarrels; De Chaiseul never gave him rest, and for this he lost his portfolio. I say again, a physician who will devote himself to the health and real good of the king, who will be the friend of his friends, watchful and trustworthy, might be anything his ambition pointed out. Do not shake your head, monsieur—I ask nothing that an honest man may not perform."

"You ask everything, madame, when you desire a student to give up his pursuit of knowledge, and confine his life to any one man, though that man be King of France."

"Then you refuse me—refuse a position that would crown the highest ambition of most men?"

"Madame, I have no ambition."

The countess threw herself back in her chair and laughed aloud.

"A man with no ambition? This is a novel creature. But you are looking through the window. What is it that you see there?"

The countess started up from her chair and ran across the room, forgetting all her previous efforts at dignity in vulgar haste to learn what had drawn this strange man's attention so completely from her.

It was a group of ladies sauntering beneath the trees of the Park. One, who seemed the superior of the rest, walked a little in advance. She was young, very beautiful, and turned now and then to address some of the ladies with a playful turn of the head, and a smile light and careless as that of a school-girl enjoying her holiday. She was dressed in simple white muslin, gathered up like a cloud around her slender person, and a jaunty little straw hat gave piquancy to a dress which any pretty woman in France might have worn without comment. This young person had broken a straight branch from the shrubberies as she passed through them, and was tearing away the green leaves with one ungloved hand. Once she turned her eyes toward the palace, gave a quick look around, as if she had come upon it unawares, and addressing the lady nearest to her, shook her rustic whip in playful reproach.

The countess had watched every motion of this lady through the window with nervous trepidation, as if she had half expected that she would enter the palace. In her anxiety she leaned out of the window so far as to become visible. The man who stood just behind her saw that the young person was seriously annoyed. The quick crimson flashed over her face, and she turned to retrace her steps with a queenly lift of the head, haughty as it was graceful.

An exclamation, so fierce that it amounted to an oath, broke from the countess; a flame of angry crimson rushed over her face, and with a

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rude gesture, she flung herself away from the window.

"You see this Austrian, how haughtily she turned away, as if there was contamination in the very walls of any place I live in. Yet, as you said just now, I am one of the people, that is why she dashes that whip against her dress, as if beating away the dust of my presence from her garments. Tell me, you who profess to know everything, is it strange that I hate her?"

Dr. Gosner took no heed of this question; he was gazing after the group of ladies, silent and absorbed, while the countess paced the room, panting with noisy rage. Not till a winding path hid the group from view did he leave the window, or become aware of the storm of anger its coming had provoked.

"You saw her—that proud lift of the head when she discovered me, as if I were the dirt under her feet, and she treading me down with her heels. Oh! she shall pay for this!"

"Yes," said the doctor, gently. "I saw her once before in Vienna. She was very young, then, and far less beautiful. It is the Dauphiness of France. Poor lady! Poor, unhappy lady!"

"Ha! You speak as if the things they tell me were true; as if your divination had found out some great misfortune in store for her. Is it so? Is it so? I would give this right hand to be sure of it."

"Madame, I cannot answer."

"But you shall!"

The doctor smiled very gravely, but in a way that exasperated the woman, who usually found slaves to her will on every side.

"You brave me! You will do nothing that I desire!"

"I will do anything honorable that appertains to yourself, madame."

"Then sit down here. I would test your power, let it come from what source it will. Tell me of my own fate?"

"If you insist, madame, I will."

The countess went to a table, and began to array writing materials upon it; but finding no pen, she rang a bell, all crusted with jewels, and the figure of a dwarf, in a fanciful costume, presented itself at the door.

"Bring me a pen, Zamora, and see that no one approaches nearer than the ante-room," said the countess.

The dwarf went out, making a bow, as he walked backward, so deep, that it amounted almost to an Oriental salam.

"That little marmoset is the only true friend I have at court, the only creature I can really trust," said the countess; and a gleam of light softened the haughty coldness of her face. "I think he loves me! Yes, I think he loves me!"

These words were said more to herself than as if she wished to be answered. So the doctor took no heed of them in words, but seated himself in a chair, which she wheeled toward the table, forgetting all her assumed dignity in an eager desire to learn something of the future.

The doctor seated himself just as Zamora came in with a pen in his hand, one of those golden and jeweled extravagances which it was the delight of this low-born woman to have about her.

Dr. Gosner took the pen, and drawing a sheet of vellum toward him, prepared to make a calculation. The countess, in her anxiety, placed herself behind him, and folding her arms on the back of his chair, watched his movements while a sensation of awe crept over her. The dwarf, Zamora, knelt down upon a cushion, which still had an imprint of the countess' foot pressed in the velvet, and regarded first one and then the other with the vigilance of a favorite dog.

Then a profound stillness fell upon the room. Gosner was making calculations on the vellum, the other two were watching him. Neither of them seemed to breathe.

At last the doctor turned his face to the woman, who was partly leaning over his shoulder.

"You will have me go on, madame?"

"Yes, Yes!"

"Remember, it is only at your imperative command. From the very first I shrunk from this task."

"I will remember anything you wish, only go on."

Still he paused. She saw that his face was pale, and a quiver of light on the jeweled pen warned her that his hand was trembling.

"Reflect," he said, very earnestly.

The countess was bold and brave to recklessness; the visible agitation of this man only made her the more determined.

"Go on! go on!" she repeated, impatiently; but her face grew white, and her eyes shone.

The dwarf sprung from his knees and caught hold of her dress.

"No, mistress, do not let him go on. It frightens you. It makes him tremble. He sees something wicked coming out from the parchment—something that will hurt you."

The countess stooped down and patted Zamora's head exactly as she would have pacified a pet spaniel.

"Go back to your cushion, marmoset," she said; "this will not hurt me. It is only writing."

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"Strange writing," muttered the dwarf, with a glance at the parchment. "It is like the tracks of a spider, and spiders are venomous. I do not like it—I do not like it."

No one seemed to heed these muttered words. The doctor was absorbed by the hieroglyphics he worked out, and the countess watched him in breathless suspense. All at once he lifted up his head and laid the pen down.

"We are not alone; send that child out."

"Child!" exclaimed the dwarf, laying his hand on a little poignard that glittered in his belt. "Monsieur calls me a child, when I am twenty years of age, and stay only to protect my mistress."

The countess laughed. A few minutes before she had been white as a ghost; but rapid transitions were a part of her reckless character; the pompous bravery of this little creature was enough to change her mood.

"Go, go," she said, waving her hand; "this gentleman does not wish to hurt me. Keep watch at the door—I will call you presently."

"But should some one call?"

"Send some one away."

"What if it should be the king?"

"Oh! let the king wait!"

The low-born audacity of this answer did not astonish the dwarf, who backed out of the room, saying, between his bows, that madame should be obeyed.

"Now!" exclaimed the impatient woman, "now, monsieur, we are alone. Tell me what it is that makes your face so pale."

"Madame, you but now demanded that I should tell you what the future has in store for Marie Antoinette, who will be Queen of France."

"Will be Queen of France? When—where?"

"Have I not said it is treason to divine, or prophesy the death of the king?"

"But I absolve you—I, who have more power than any queen, pardon this treason in advance."

"Still I must not speak."

"Not when my entire destiny depends on that one question?"

"Madame, I have spoken."

"And still refuse me?"

"Madame, I still refuse!"

"This is cruel! How can I bribe—how can I force you into speaking?"

"This much I can say, as you will have the truth; before another year passes Marie Antoinette will be Queen of France."

"Before the end of another year? You are trifling with me! The king is not so very old, and his health—no, no! I will not believe that; the stars cannot tell you such horrible truths. You are angry because I persisted. What is it now? Your very lips are white, your hand shakes, your eyes are looking away into the distance. What is it that you see?"

The man answered like one in a dream. His eyes grew dim, his voice was low and hoarse.

"I see a great concourse of people heaving and jostling each other along many streets, all leading into a public square, in which a scaffold stands reeking with blood, scattered over with saw-dust. Great heavens! I have seen that picture before. A cart comes lumbering through the crowd; a woman sits in the cart, her hands bound, her feet tied. She reels to and fro in the seat; her cries for mercy are mocked by the mob; the hair, cut short at the neck, has fallen over her face. She flings herself back in the agony of a last appeal, the hair sweeps aside. Woman, the face is yours!"

Gosner started up, cast a wild look on the countess, and retreated from her backward till his progress was stopped by the wall, where he stood shuddering like a man who had been aroused out of some terrible dream.

The woman seemed turned to marble. The rouge upon her cheeks stood out frightfully scarlet from the dead whiteness of her lips and face. At length she fell upon her knees by the chair she had left, threw her arms over the cushion and shrieked aloud. The dwarf rushed in, seized upon her dress, and began to cry. Gosner leaned against the wall, and must have fallen but for its support; great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. He had come out of that fearful trance weak as a child.

All at once the woman sprung to her feet; her audacious courage assumed all its force. She would not believe what the man had said with so much pain.

"Go," she said to the dwarf, "there is no need of all this whimpering. The man is an impostor; my enemies have sent him here. He will boast of the fright he has given me, and they will enjoy the treat. Take your hand from that poignard, Zamora, I will deal with this false wizard alone."

Zamora crept from the room, sobbing piteously. Then the countess turned upon Gosner.

"Confess you were put up to this—some bitter enemy hoped to give me a horrible fright. Perhaps it was the Dauphiness, herself, who could not wait for a report, but came, with a crowd of her ladies, to be near when your work was done."

The doctor shook off his weakness, under this rude attack, and walked firmly toward the angry woman.

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"Madame will remember that I came here by her own command—I will add now, much against my wishes. Heaven knows I do not willingly enter into a scene like this which has just passed! It has not surprised or wounded you more than it has me."

The countess laughed; she was hysterical with anger and affright.

"And you still persist? You wish to leave me in abject terror. Know that in my whole life I—I have never been afraid. Still it would be better to tell me all. I will forgive this wicked attempt to terrify me. Make yourself sure that it has failed—miserably failed. I shall only look upon it as an absurd joke. So you may speak out, and have no fear of punishment."

"I have nothing to say, madame," answered the doctor, "save that I came here by your command, that I am now ready to retire."

"Then you will not confess? Well, yes, I will appeal to you. I shall be happier, not that I was really frightened; but I shall be happier to know that this was the work of an enemy. Be sure of this, no queen ever rewarded or punished as I will reward or punish you."

"Lady, permit me to depart as I came, drawing neither reward or punishment."

Dr. Gosner moved toward the door. The countess followed him.

"Still obstinate, still faithful to my enemies. Here, take this, it once shone in the crown of France. If that is not enough, I will send Zamora to the lord treasurer for gold. Only have some compassion, and do not leave me haunted by that awful prediction."

The countess took Gosner's hand and attempted to force a large diamond on his little finger; but he resisted. A ring was already there, so singular in its form that it drew her attention. In a sitting of rough gold was a small beetle cut from a chisoprase gem, and engraved with hieroglyphics. The countess gave this ring a curious glance, and attempted to draw it from his finger in order to give place for her diamond; but he tore his hand from her grasp, exclaiming passionately,

"Not for ten thousand diamonds!"

"Why? It is but a green stone spoiled by the graver; let me look at it."

"Lady, for your own sake, forbear. When this ring leaves my finger, it will be to carry sorrow and misfortune wherever it goes. With me, or any of my blood, it brings a blessing; away from us, nothing but evil will follow it."

The countess exhibited no haste to touch the ring again, but her eyes dwelt on it curiously, until a sort of fascination possessed her. In her intense interest she seemed to forget all that had passed before.

"Tell me about it? Give me its history? In what way did it become possessed of this marvelous power of good and evil?"

As for its history, I can tell you this much. An ancestor of mine, being warned of its existence by a power which I have no right to explain, found this stone in the sarcophagus of an Egyptian priest, who had been inclosed in the marble many thousand years before. The gold which encircles it was found in the same place, coiled around the thumb of the mummy in the form of a serpent. This serpent was turned closer, and the stone clasped in its folds by an artisan of the country, whose genius as a worker in gold and precious stones, was deemed miraculous. In this form my ancestor wore it during the rest of his life."

"And it gave him prosperity—happiness?"

"I have said, madame, that it brings nothing but good to any man or woman who has a drop of his blood in his or her veins—nothing but evil to the person who has not. My ancestor, who lived centuries ago, believed that his own line ran back thousands of years through the man from whose tomb this chisoprase was taken. He also believed that it possessed a supernatural influence on the possessor; and the ring has fallen to us from father to son as the most precious inheritance that ever descended for generations in one family."

"Always bringing happiness?" inquired the countess.

"The man who wears this ring finds all knowledge easy to him—and knowledge to the men of our house is in itself happiness."

"But it is sure to carry blindness and ruin into any strange line?"

"So the tradition connected with the ring answers us."

"Has it never passed out of the direct line?"

"Once."

"And what happened?"

"The man who stole it died a maniac, with the ring upon his finger."

"And you would not part with it for gold or honors?"

The doctor only answered with a smile—the idea seemed impossible to him.

Madame put the diamond slowly back upon her finger, still keeping her eyes wistfully on the Egyptian relic. All at once she started; an idea flashed through her brain, and shone upon her face. She waved her hand in dismissal.

Dr. Gosner gladly accepted this permission to withdraw from a presence which, from the first,

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had been hateful to him. The moment he was gone, madame snatched up the bell and rang it sharply. Zamora answered it.

"Tell one of my people to follow that man, even to Paris, if it is necessary; trace him to his abode, wherever it is. Then, and not till then, I shall expect my messenger back. Quick, Zamora, for he walks fast, as if glad to escape."

The Indian dwarf made a hurried salam, and left the room. In a few moments madame had the pleasure of seeing one of her retainers, whose talent as a spy she could depend on, stealthily following the track of her late visitor. The two men had scarcely disappeared when she observed an old man walking deliberately along the grand avenue leading to the palace.

"Ah! how fortunate! I might have been compelled to wait, but for this. He seems in good-humor, too; but I am trembling yet. That awful shock has shaken every nerve in my body. He will see that I am disturbed, and, perhaps, ask the cause. For the world, I would not tell him. Zamora! Zamora!"

The dwarf, who was waiting close by the door, entered instantly.

"Wine, Zamora!"

The dwarf turned, and directly came back with a salver, on which was a crystal flask, full of wine, and a tall glass, engraved with a frost-work of vine-leaves. Madame forbade him to kneel, and filled the glass herself, draining it like a bar-maid.

"Now go," she said; "the king must not be kept waiting."

She need not have been in so much haste, for the old man coming up the avenue, walked but slowly. He seemed to enjoy the sunshine of that pleasant day, and lingered in it as an idle old man might, to whom a degree of weariness was attached to every day of his life. Still, if he walked slowly, it was with a jaunty affectation of youth, which his costume and really handsome features carried out with some appearance of truth. As the sun shone down upon his coat of plum-colored velvet, with all its rich bordering of embroidery; on the little hat, surmounting a peruke of flowing brown hair, and the soft, mist-like lace fluttering at his wrists and bosom, the picture was far more youthful than it would have appeared at a closer view, or with less elaborate appointments. As he walked daintily forward in his high-heeled shoes, on which the diamond-buckles shot out a tiny flame with each lift of the foot, the old monarch—for this man was Louis the Fifteenth—saw the flutter of a rose-colored dress at one of the palace-windows, and paused long enough to kiss his hand.

"Thank heaven he is in excellent humor!" exclaimed the countess, moving restlessly around the room, and hiding the parchment Dr. Gosner had made his calculations on beneath a cushion. "This will make my task easy."

She was right; the old monarch was in high spirits that day. Like a school-boy, he had escaped from the etiquette of Versailles, and sought an hour of relaxation in the pretty palace which, from its very proportions, gave some idea of a home.

The countess stood near the door of her saloon, waiting to receive him, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed with the wine she had drank. The nervous shock she had experienced had subsided into what seemed a pleasant excitement.

The king came in a little tired from his long walk, and breathing quickly. There was no ceremony in his reception. The woman knew well enough that half the charm of that place lay in an entire want of formality. She wheeled a chair near the window, placed a gilded foot-stool for the old man's feet, when he sat down, and settling herself on the floor close by it, began to chat with the careless grace of a spoiled child. It was not till just as he was going away in high good humor, that she ventured on the object that had all the time been occupying her mind.

"One minute—do not go quite yet, my friend; I have a little favor to ask."

"Oh! that is why you have insisted on keeping at my feet," laughed the old man. "One must pay for an hour like this. Well, well, if the price is not heavy, we will consider it."

The countess went to a table, and brought back a small portfolio, which she opened upon one knee, after she had sunk the other to the floor.

"Only a little signature—just one"

She held out a paper, on which some lines had been hastily written by her own hand. The king took it with a little hesitation, and holding it a long way from his eyes, read the contents.

"What! another *lettre-de-cachet!*" he exclaimed, a good deal disconcerted. "Do you know, my friend, these things are getting far too common. The people are beginning to question them. Will nothing else content you?"

"Nothing else, sire. Why, it is three weeks since I have asked for one—and my enemies are so many."

"Ah! I know; but this name—I have never heard of it. Who is the wretched man?"

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"He is a sorcerer, sire. It is not a day since he terrified me fearfully in this very room."

"In this room! How did an unknown man get here?"

"He bribed Zamora to give him access, under pretence of presenting a petition, and once here, said horrible things, threatening me with death."

"Ha!"

"And saying, that to save the king's life was rank treason."

"Give me a pen."

She opened the portfolio wide, spread it across his knees, and went to the table for a pen. Her hand shook as she reached it toward him, and he remarked it.

"I know! I know!" she said. "The fright has not left me yet."

Louis signed the order, which was to bury Dr Gosner in one of the gloomiest vaults of the Bastile, and laying it in the portfolio, handed the book and pen back to the countess.

"It will be very difficult for this bold man to frighten you hereafter," he said, rising a little wearily "Such audacity must be checked. You will know how to put the order in force?"

"Always gracious, always good!" exclaimed the countess. "Ah, sire! if you could read all the gratitude in my heart!"

"I am just now content to read it in those eyes. Adieu! or rather, *au revoir*, sweet friend!"

The woman permitted Louis to go. She was eager to see him depart, that she might use the cruel order he had just signed. She watched him eagerly till he disappeared behind the trees of the Park, then rang her bell for Zamora, before seating herself to write a note, which she completed without looking up, though the Indian dwarf stood by her chair within a minute after her bell sounded.

"Take this," she said, sealing the note which inclosed the *lettre-de-cachet*, "give it to Justice, tell him to search out this man, and only return to me when he is in the Bastile. Tell him, above all things, that he must come with the ring which he will find on this man's left hand. Without that he must not dare to look upon my face."

"Madame shall be obeyed," said the dwarf, taking the letter and darting from the room.

On the second day after this scene, Zamora came unsummoned into the presence of his mistress, and laid a ring, with its green scarabœus, in her hand. She started up with a shriek, and dashed the ring from her vehemently.

The dwarf picked up the ring, and stood holding it with a frightened look, astonished at the excitement it had occasioned.

"Madame commanded that Justice should not return without it," he said, with tears in his eyes. "Is it wrong?"

"Lay it down—do not touch it, Zamora. Yet stay, an hour—a single hour can do little harm. Zamora, do you know the palace? Have you ever been at Versailles?"

"Often, madame. No one regards Zamora when he is not in these clothes, especially if it should be night."

"Could you find your way into the apartments occupied by the Dauphiness, Zamora?"

"To give madame pleasure, Zamora would find his way anywhere."

The countess patted the dwarf's head with her white and beautiful hand.

A small enameled box stood on a *chiffonniere* among other articles of expensive jewelry. She opened the box, and bade Zamora drop the ring into it; then she folded the box in a piece of silver paper, and gave it again to the dwarf.

"You understand," she said, "this must go directly into the hands of the Dauphiness?"

"Madame, I understand."

"And you will convey it there, at once?"

"At once."

"But how? It must be done secretly, or you may come to harm, Zamora."

"The harm will be welcome, if it comes in madame's service," answered the dwarf.

"Then go, it is getting late, shadows are gathering over the Park; but be careful. If any one sees you, say that you have a message for the king. There is not a creature in the palace who will dare molest you. Stay, I will write."

The dwarf waited patiently till madame had completed a fanciful little note, which she gave to his charge. Concealing this with the box in his bosom, the dwarf set forth on his errand.

It was no unusual thing for Zamora to be seen coming and going to the king's apartments; but that night he seemed lost in the vast building, and wandered about from room to room, hiding when the guards were near, and darting across each illuminated space like some deer in an open glade, until he found himself in a wing of the vast palace that he had never visited before. He passed several persons unavoidably on his way; but if any one observed him, he asked innocently if the king was yet at dinner, and passed on.

At length, after trying several keys, he entered a spacious bedchamber, dimly lighted, and rendered somewhat gloomy from the massive and high bed mounted on a dias, from which curtains of crimson damask swept almost from

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the frescoed ceiling to the floor. In a smaller room, beyond this chamber, Zamora saw a toilet brilliantly lighted up, and a casket of jewels lying open upon it, from which a rope of pearls had fallen loosely, and lay gleaming like frozen moonlight across an azure satin cushion, on which the casket was placed.

Zamora knew that this was Marie Antoinette's dressing-room. He moved across the bedchamber cautiously, and looked in. The room was empty, but a robe of some glittering white gauze lay upon a sofa near the toilet; and near that was a pair of white satin shoes, with high, red heels, and an enormous pearl in the center of each rosette. These preparations warned the dwarf that he might any moment be discovered. Quick as lightning he darted across the room, removed the casket from its azure cushion, and laid the enameled box, containing the scarabee, in its place. Before his hand left the box, he heard voices, and a gush of sweet laughter, as of young persons approaching and conversing together. That minute the room was empty again. Zamora had just found time to flee across the bedchamber and hide himself behind the voluminous curtains, when the Dauphiness came into the dressing-room, followed by several of her ladies. She had just come up from dining in public, where some strange characters among the people, permitted by an old custom, to see the monarch dine, had excited her mirthfulness. The Indian looked upon her with admiration, increased by her youth and wonderful beauty; the light from a dozen wax-tapers fell upon her rounded arms, shaded at the elbows with a mist of lace; and her neck, white as the purest leaves of a water-lily, gleaming through a kerchief of lace so thin that it lay upon it like a shadow. That string of pearls had fallen entirely from the casket when Zamora lifted it from the cushion, and this attracted the attention of the Dauphiness. She stooped and took them from the floor; then saw that the casket had been removed, and its place occupied.

"What is this?" she exclaimed, unfolding the silver-paper, and opening the box. "Some new gift from my august father-in-law, no doubt. How strange! Look ladies!"

She took the Egyptian ring from its box and examined it curiously. "A beetle with such strange writing on its breast; a serpent toiling around it. Some valuable antique, I suppose."

"A talisman, rather, which will bring good fortune to your Highness, and to France," said one of the ladies in waiting. "I have heard of such things."

"And I," said the Dauphiness, removing one of the many jewels from her finger, and putting the scarabœus in its place. "It seems to have come here by a miracle, and we will at least test its virtues."

Here the dressing-room door was closed, and Zamora stole from his hiding-place.

An hour after he rushed into the presence of his mistress, wild with triumph.

"Madame! Oh, madame! she has got it! She accepts! I saw the serpent coiled around her finger! It looked alive—it looked alive!"

In her gratitude for this evil act, the Countess du Barry drew Zamora, the dwarf, toward her, and kissed him on the forehead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIELD FLOWERS.

BY A. R. BARCLAY.

DAILY I gather for garlands of flowers, but I know not why;
Daily I weave and bind them, and bind and weave till they die.
Hot and faint with the fever of eager fingers and palms,
Soon they sicken, and wither, and sigh out their last sweet balms.

Day by day, and the days are years, though the nights be long;
Morn by morn the garlands are gay, and dewy, and strong;
Eve by eve my wreathes lie strewed in the dust, and dead:
Also I laugh and weep at the flowers, and gray hairs in my head.

Would I were living like these in the dewy orient hours,
Or that I died at eve with the same fair, perishing flowers!
Tender blooms of the field, that flourish and fade in a day,
Sweet is the fate to be plucked from the sod-clinging root and the clay.

Dead is the strong, deep fibre that dwelt in the warmth of the earth,
Drawing sweet juices of joy that budded in verdure of mirth;
Gnaw on, oh, pitiless worm! that would'st leave me a tithe of life;
Stay, of thy merciless mercy, and hack with thy jaws of the knife.

Where be the fickle hands that fondled the wreathes I wove?
Where be the full, false lips that beguiled me with lores of love?
Faithless feet that threaded the down-blown waves of the grass?
Fathomless eyes, ere they hardened and shut on my soul like glass?

All have turned to the guiles and blooms of a fairer face,
Beaming and flushing with joy for to-day and a little space.
"Faithful for aye and a day," he saith, and to me once said,
Also I laugh and weep at the flowers and gray hairs in my head.

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PANNIER OVER-SKIRT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This costume is made of claret cashmere, and trimmed with frills of the same and satin piping to match. The paper pattern itself consists of three pieces, and represents one half the *panier* skirt (see diagram on next page.)

1. Half *tablier* Front.
2. One Rounded Side Breadth.
3. Half of Back Breadth.

The *tablier* front is to be cut double, and without a seam down the center; a notch will be found on one side of it, and a corresponding notch on one side of the rounded side breadth, showing how these two pieces are to be joined together. The back breadth and side breadth

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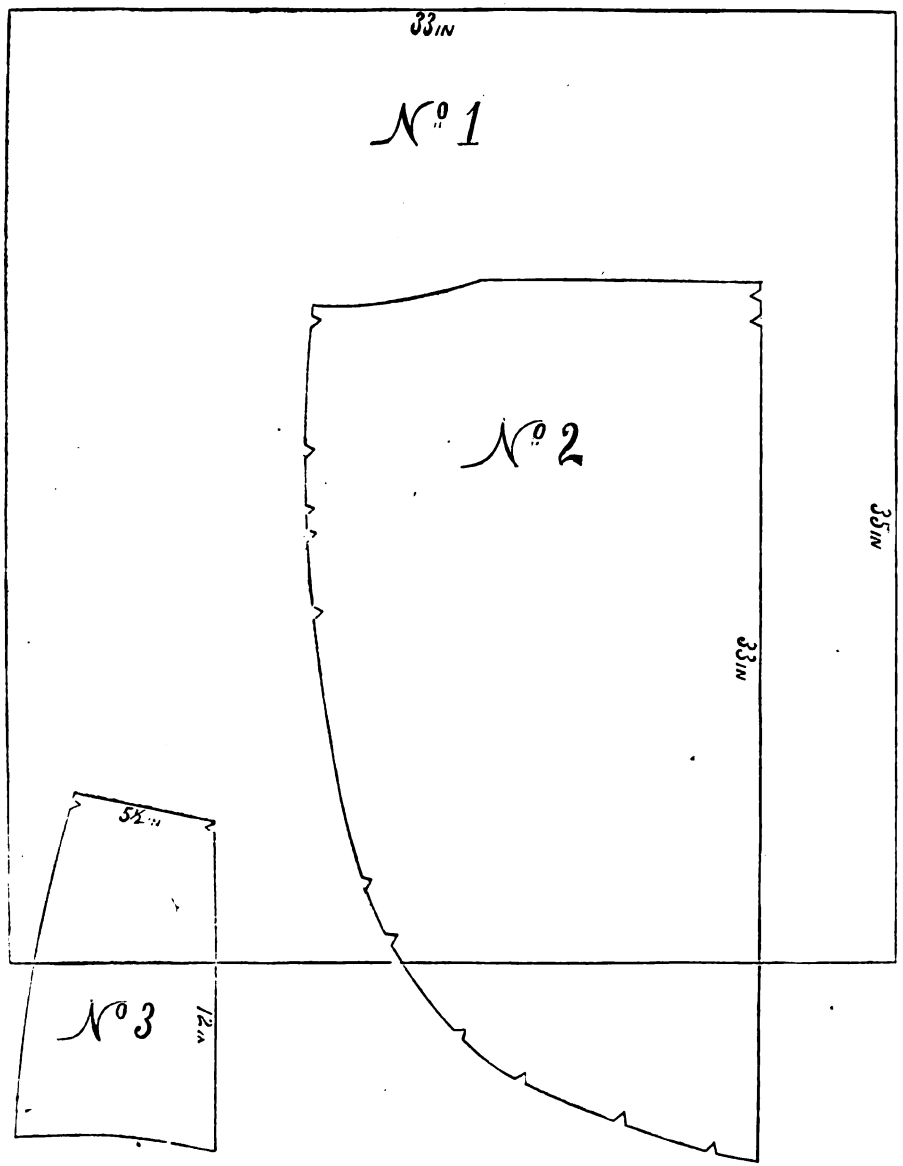
are joined by the corresponding two notches. Both sides of the *panier* are alike; when the breadths are all joined, the edge of the rounded side breadth is to be laid in plaits from notch to notch; there are in all five plaits—two at the top, then a space, and three below, and every plait is folded upward. The edge of the *panier* is then trimmed with a cross-cut band measuring one inch and a half, and a frill two inches and a half in width. Both band and frill are more effective when piped with satin. The skirt should be gathered at the back of the waist, and a satin rosette added at the side where the first two plaits are arranged. A crinoline bustle should always be worn beneath this style of skirt. Should the *tablier* front be found unbecoming, we give an illustration (in our second figure) how the front breadth may be reduced, split up the center, and worn only at the sides.



To make the skirt, cut out a paper pattern from the diagram we give, enlarging it to the proper size. For this purpose we give the number of inches to which each piece should be enlarged.

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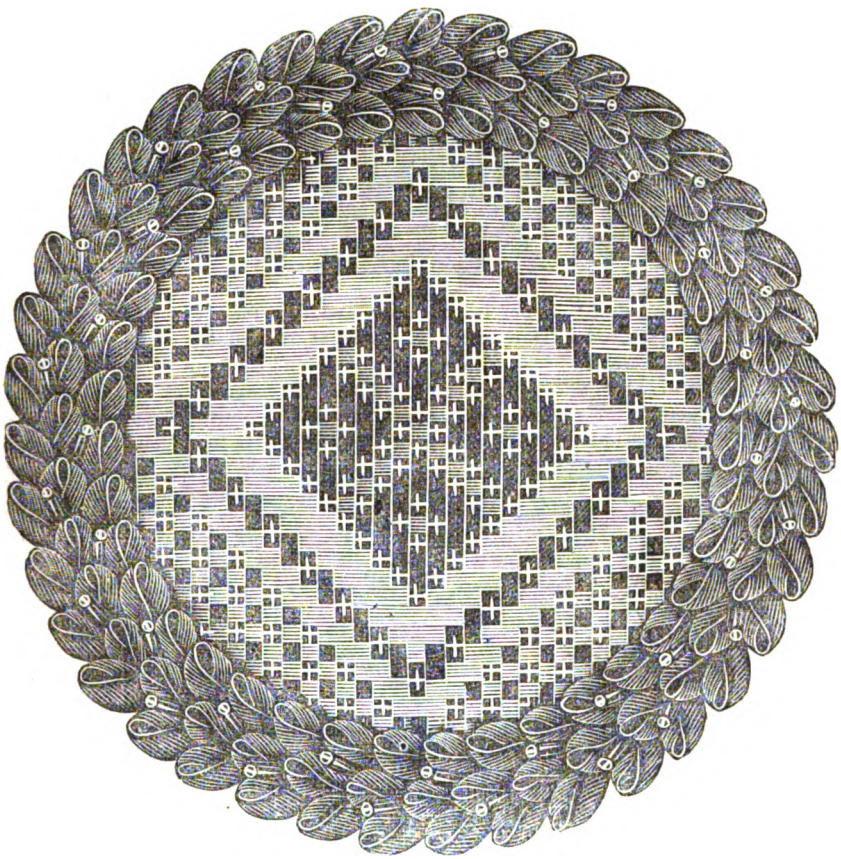
DESIGN FOR LAMP-MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a design for a lamp-mat in three different arrangements. Our first engraving represents the mat in reduced size, the foundation of which consists of plaited woolen braid, a quarter of an inch broad, in one color of two contrasting shades. For this, fasten one of the braids in lines close together upon a round of covered pasteboard, nine inches in diameter; and for plaiting in the second braid, make use of a thin but not too narrow bar of whalebone, with a little indentation at the ends to receive the braid. According to this engraving, the pattern runs in regular lines, meeting in the middle of the round; and each end of the braid is firmly fastened at the edge when the work is finished. The separate cross-stitches are worked in two contrasting colors of silk cordon. The outer edge consists of loops of the lightest shade, which are carried round without cutting the braid. Long, black enamel beads, with a rather large gold or steel bead at their points, are afterward placed between the loops.

Our second cut represents a portion of another arrangement in the proper size. The foundation is in Berlin work in squares, each consisting of slanting stitches over a square of six canvas crosses (see design.) The colors, according to our model, are two shades of violet, alternately.

The squares are inclosed in long stitches of maize silk cordon. The corners are ornamented with a little knot, the middle with a little cross-

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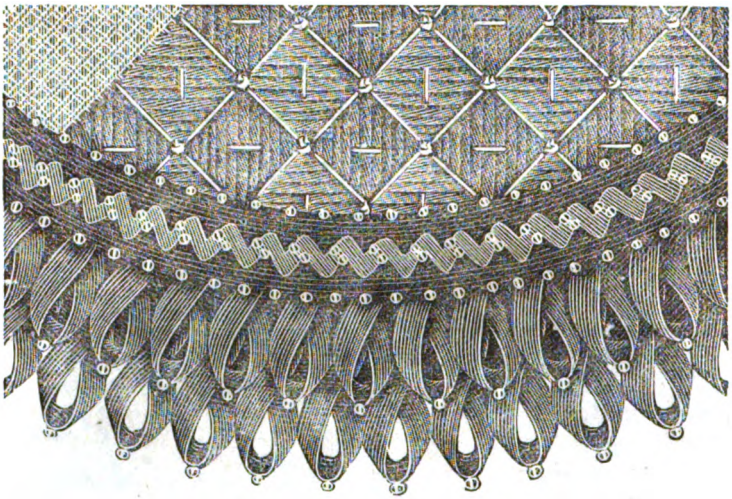
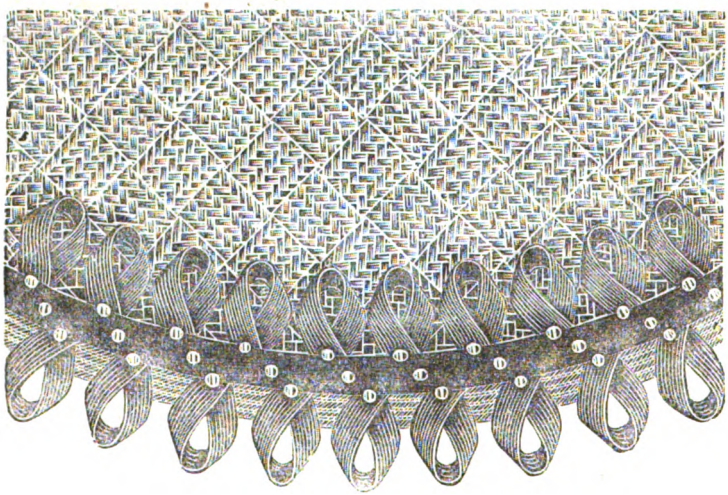


stitch of the same silk. A double line of loops of violet woolen braid surrounds the edge; violet scallops upon black woolen braid, with a few steel beads, cover the place where the loops are fastened on. This is also worked round a covered pasteboard, as in the first cut.

paper, and only fastened at the edge. When the work is finished, sew it to the pasteboard firmly, and bind it with a woolen braid half an inch broad. Arrange the eyes of the red woolen braid, alternately, outward and inward round the edge. Then, in the middle of this, place a



Our third cut represents a portion of a mat in the proper size, which would be very suitable for hot dishes. The simple plaiting begins at the middle, for which the straws, half an inch broad, are laid crosswise over each other upon a pasteboard round covered with tissue-

black braid half an inch broad, and separate steel beads in a slanting direction, so that the outer line of eyes only stands out a little. A second round of pasteboard, with a strong lining, must be sewn on underneath the braid binding.

INSERTION.

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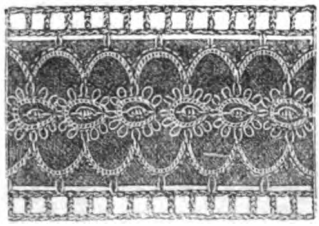
INSERTION IN TATTING AND CROCHET.

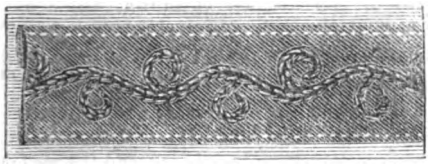
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

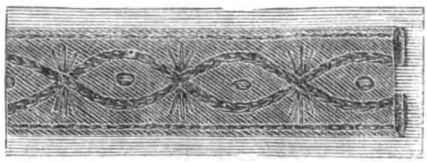


THE middle line is first worked. Make two double knots, eleven picots separated by two double knots, two double knots. Draw up the oval and make a Josephine knot, composed of six times the second part of a double knot; loop it through the top picot of the oval, and begin another oval. Work as before until the insertion is the requisite length. For the outer lines of scallops, fasten a second thread to the third picot of a center line of ovals, and work eight double knots, one picot, eight double knots, loop to the third picot of the next oval and continue.

This line is repeated on the opposite side. Next fasten the cotton to a picot of the last worked row. Work nine chain and one single in the next picot. Then follows a row of treble, with two chain between, passing over two treble above.

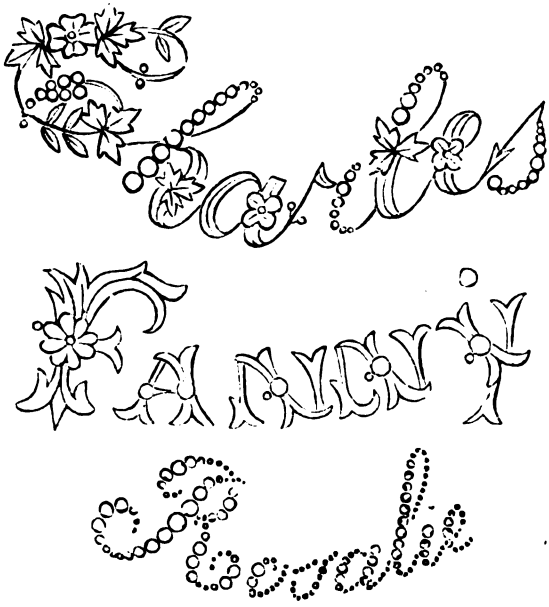
BRETON BORDER.





THESE pretty designs are worked in two colors of cordon upon satin folds. The folds are back-stitched with cordon upon the material to be trimmed.

NAMES FOR MARKING.



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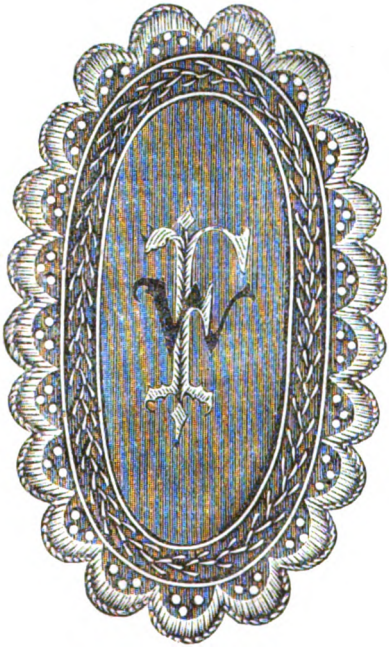
LEATHER CANVAS SEGAR-CASE—APPLIQUE.

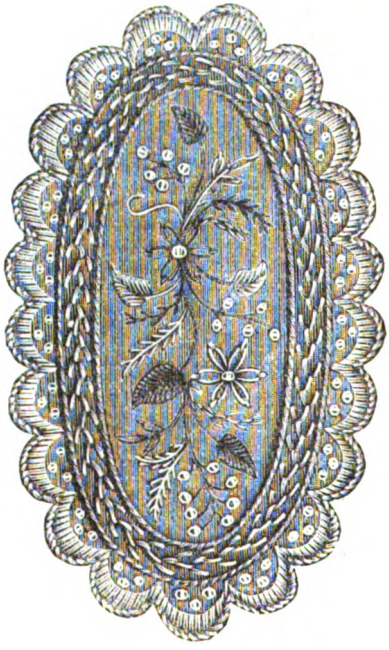
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Leather canvas, cardboard of the same color, brown cloth, brown silk cordon in several shades, small steel beads.

This consists of two parts pushed into each



other, and rendered firm by a ground of cardboard. The outer part measures five inches in length and seven inches in circumference; the inner part is a half-inch shorter and a half-inch narrower. Cut these parts out in leather canvas, the holes of which must run quite straight, and sew the long sides together so as to form a round. The two medallions, which ornament the outer part, are of brown cloth. The outer button-hole stitch and initials are worked with brown silk. The branch of flowers is in shades of red-brown. The edge is ornamented with three different shades of brown, which harmonize nicely with the steel beads. One of these medallions is so arranged as to hide the greater part of the seam. The second medallion is placed on the other side of the round. The outer edge is bound with a brown ribbon, three-quarters of an inch broad, and the medal



lions are ornamented to correspond, as shown in the proper size in these two cuts. The binding is not fastened inside until the cardboard is

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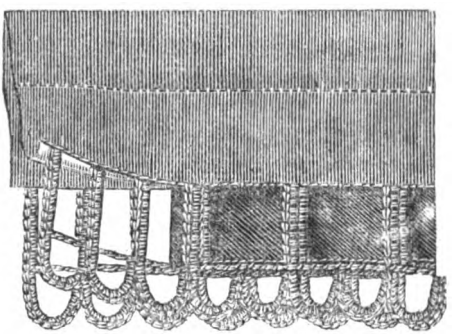
put in, and the edges gummed over, when the binding is gummed inside over the cardboard. Then for the bottom, on one side, cut a piece of the canvas three inches long and about three-quarters of an inch broad, rounded at the corners, also a piece of cardboard the same size, and bind them round with a narrow binding of the brown ribbon, ornamented with steel beads, and sew it to the binding of the case, and cover the seam with a line of stalk-stitch. The inner case is made in the same manner, but without the ornamental embroidery, and pushed in. Before the bottom is finished, the ribbon loops are placed between the canvas and cardboard, and a button is placed on the under side to close the case.

CROCHET TRIMMING FOR UNDER-CLOTHING, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



If it be considered desirable to run a ribbon through this trimming, it is used double. Work crosswise in rows forward and backward twenty chain, one double-treble in the first chain, * eight chain, one double in the same stitch that took up the treble. Turn round and crochet ten double in the chain-stitch hole just formed, then eight double in the next eight chain of the large hole. Turn round again and crochet eleven chain, one double-treble in both the threads of the stitch lying over the preceding treble. Continue to repeat from *.

NAMES FOR MARKING.

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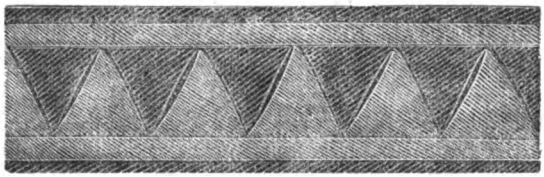
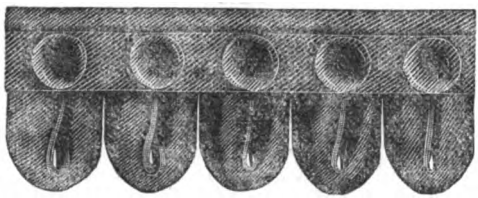
SATIN TRIMMINGS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





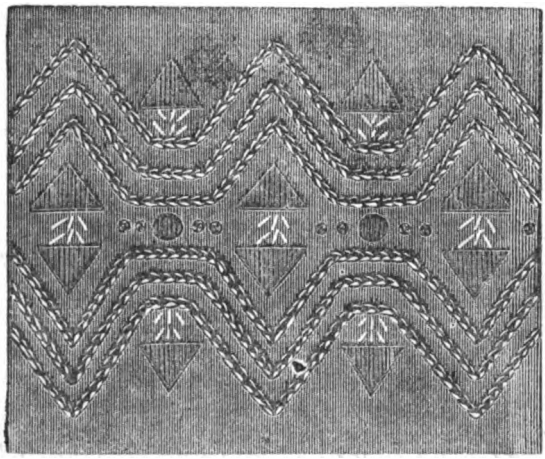
The satin must be laid over cardboard cut the exact shape for the triangles, and fastened upon the wrong side. Two of these triangles are joined together at the corners, and fastened with invisible stitches from the wrong side, exactly according to the design, which is in the proper size.

The satin trimming in No. 1 is also worked separately, and the triangles worked over cardboard, and arranged between the folds, according to design.

The loops in No. 2 are put on separately, and have a piping without cord inside. They are made of folds of velvet or satin.

BORDERS IN BRETON WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



No. 1 may be worked with either chain-stitch or braid, according to taste. The three vandyked lines are intended to be of one color. The triangles and circular dots may be of one or two colors. This makes a very beautiful trimming for chemises Russe, etc.

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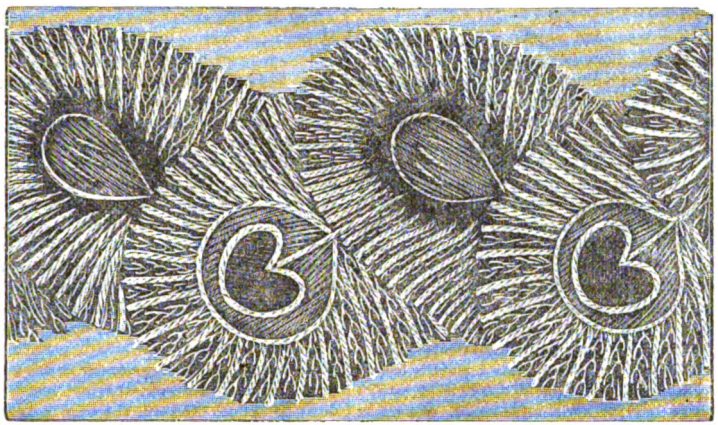
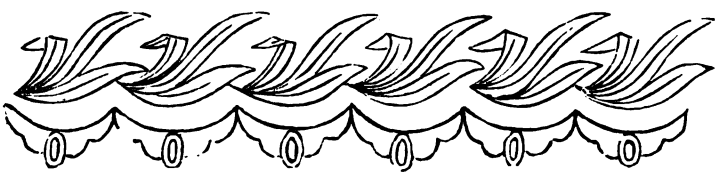
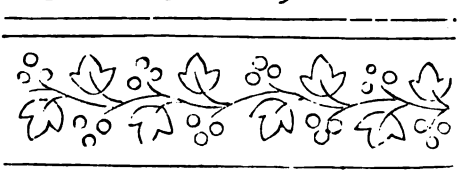
No. 2 is an imitation of peacocks' feathers. The second eye of the feather is an applique of black velvet, surrounded by a light circle of dark blue filoselle silk worked in straight

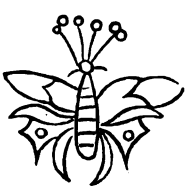


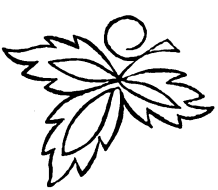
stitches lengthwise; both circles are edged with fine gold cord. The oval eye consists of blue velvet in the upper part, the under part of stitches of shaded green silk cordon worked close together, also edged with gold cord as well as the velvet. The delicate outer feather edge, the points of which must always show the light shades, is alternately of green and brown shaded silk, worked in long stalk and fish-bone stitch. Separate gold threads are interspersed, which give the bright, gold-like appearance to the feathers.

EDGINGS, INSERTIONS, EMBROIDERIES









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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1869.—We call attention to the Prospectus to be found on the second page of the cover. It is now conceded everywhere that "Peterson" *gives more, for the money*, than any other magazine, and is, therefore, *the Magazine, above all others, for the times.* Other magazines, similar in character and quality, charge three or four dollars a year, where we charge only two. Our club rates are equally low. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any monthly in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these rates; for we find by experience that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

The fashion department is admitted, by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. The arrangements for "Peterson" are such that all patterns are received in advance. Other magazines continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. *Our patterns, too, are always the most stylish and beautiful.* Ladies, who have been to Paris, all say this. We ask a comparison, in this matter, with other magazines. To dress well, economically, is what ladies learn from "Peterson." And this Magazine *never descends to be a merely advertising medium* for this or that dealer in millinery, cloaks, etc., etc., as some other magazines do.

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1869, to the literary department. The original stories in "Peterson" have been considered, for years, superior to those to be found in other magazines. The best of our contributors write exclusively for us. We *pay more for literary matter than all the rest* of the ladies' magazines together. We believe we have made "Peterson" the best thing of its kind; and we are determined to keep it so, no matter at what cost.

Our colored patterns in Berlin work are a speciality of "Peterson." No other magazine gives these, in every number, as we do, and never gives such superb ones as that in this number, and in others to follow. Our patterns in embroidery, braiding, etc., etc., and our patterns for the "Work-Table" generally, are worth two dollars a year alone. Every lady can save five times that sum by taking "Peterson" and using the suggestions and patterns in the Work-Table

Now is the time to get up clubs. The inducements for next year, in the way of premiums, are unprecedented. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson" if its claims are fairly presented. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Do not lose a moment!*

OUR NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING is the most beautiful one ever offered. To engrave this plate cost over a thousand dollars in gold. It is large-sized, for framing; is called "The Star of Bethlehem;" and is after a picture by Gerome, the celebrated French artist. It represents the wise men of the East, with their train of camels, traversing the desert, in the solemn, Oriental night, guided by the star, which, as Scripture says, "went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was." The picture is impressive and grand beyond description. Any one getting up a club for "Peterson" will be entitled to a copy of this engraving. See our unprecedented offers in the "Prospectus for 1869," on the second page of the cover.

A GOOD TEMPER is a great aid to beauty. A cross, ugly disposition, sooner or later, stamps its presence permanently in the face.

THE TRUE SECRET OF DRESS, as we have often said in this Magazine, is first to know what is the prevailing fashion, and then to adapt it to your complexion, style, etc., etc. Many costumes and materials, for example, which would look well on a tall person require some adaptation for a shorter one. An instance of this is the *panier*, which should always be less pronounced on plump women than on thin ones. So stripes look worse on tall women than on short ones. So, also, subdued colors, especially black, suit very fat women better than glaring colors do. The complexion, and the arrangement of colors to match it, is likewise to be considered. We might descend to a score of particulars, but we have said enough to show our meaning. In regard to expense, moreover, great latitude should be taken. It does not follow, because we describe a dress as made in silk, that it cannot be made in poplin, merino, or other less costly material. With a reliable magazine to guide her, no lady need go wrong in dress. Without some such assistance, however, she will hardly know how to dress properly. Nobody, not even a milliner or dressmaker, can tell you half as much as you can learn for yourself, if you take a magazine. In fact, a magazine, coming every month, is a necessity. Without some such aid, you will waste your money, and yet never be as well dressed as you ought to be. Nothing educates a woman's taste, in matters of dress, better than a good ladies' magazine, nor does anything teach true economy in dress so well.

CHIGNONS AND FALSE CURLS.—A lady takes up the cause of false curls in the following fashion. Speaking of those who denounce them, especially bachelors, she says: "Does it ever occur to these prophets of ill that the wearing of false hair is no new fashion? There is a wig in the British Museum, the date of which, we believe, has never been fixed, and which might have been worn by Joseph's Pharaoh; it is certainly handsome enough to adorn any potentate. The Roman Empresses, whose busts abound in all galleries of sculpture, can never have had their marvelous coiffures built up without additions to the natural material. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries every European gentleman, who respected himself, wore the most voluminous wig he could buy; nay, only sixty or seventy years ago our forefathers adopted one as soon as they began to grow gray or bald, and their wives, at the same time of life, donned the brown horror of the 'front,' which many of us can remember."

BORROWERS TO BE CHECK-MATED.—"I had half a dozen acquaintances, this year," writes a lady, "who borrowed 'Peterson' of me every month. Sometimes they sent for it before I had time to read it myself. I told them all, before the end of the year, that I should turn over a new leaf in 1869; that it was not fair to either you or me to have them borrowing; that they could afford to subscribe quite as well as I could; and that I should not lend one of them a single number of the Magazine in future. This made them, I think, ashamed of themselves, for most of them have joined my club." We wish everybody would check-mate borrowers in this way. A real lady should no more think of borrowing a magazine than of borrowing a bonnet.

THE SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN as teachers arises from their power of individualizing, and taking an interest in the separate persons or children who form their class. Men take general views, women particular ones; and herein lies the superiority of women as teachers.

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How to Remit.—In remitting for this Magazine, name, at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on New York, or Philadelphia, deducting the exchange: if a draft cannot be had, send greenbacks, or notes of National Banks. Pay the postage on your letter. The United States postal currency, but no other, taken for fractions of a dollar. Be particular to address the letter to Charles J. Peterson, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"We Missed it Everywhere."—A lady writes:—"I have done, this year, without 'Peterson,' the first time for several years, and have been completely lost without it. We missed it on the center-table, we missed it in the family, all were wishing that they had 'Peterson.' I now inclose my subscription for 1869."

The Extract of Meat, so much used for making stock for soups, gravies, etc., should be employed cautiously. In large quantities it acts as a poison, and kills with every appearance of paralysis of the heart.

"I Would not do without 'Peterson' for five dollars a year," writes a lady. "I think it superior to any other magazine published."

Marry Nobody merely for showy accomplishments. It is the solid qualities which bring happiness.

Where no Premium is asked, we will send, for 1869, as we did for 1868, three copies of "Peterson" for $4.50.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mabel's Mistake. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Mrs. Stephens can do what few other authors have ever done, she can write both a novel and a romance, and write each well. Critical readers will understand the distinction. Thackeray and Dickens wrote and write novels, but never romances; Sir Walter Scott wrote both, and so does Bulwer. "Mabel's Mistake" is a novel. It is one of the best, too, that Mrs. Stephens has written. The heroine is delineated with charming delicacy and naturalness: the secondary characters are drawn with vigor, especially the selfish father, and Laura, and Ralph; and the incidents are handled so skillfully, that the interest never flags. If we except "Fashion and Famine," and "The Soldier's Orphans," "Mabel's Mistake," will be, perhaps, the most popular of all this author's many novels. But it is in romance writing, strictly speaking, that Mrs. Stephens has won her proudest laurels. It is when the glamour of the Past is upon her; when her imagination is kindled by heroic deeds; when she moves amid the pomp and tragedy of courts; when she is telling the story of an Anne Boleyn, of a Mary Stuart, of a Queen Elizabeth, or of Marie Antoinette, that her fullest powers seem to be awakened. We should call her the American Mulbach, only she is better, in every way, than Mulbach. She has more imagination: she brings the past more vividly before you. The volume is neatly printed.

Five Hundred Employments Adapted to Women. By Virginia Penny. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. E. Potter & Co.—The object of this book is to show women where productive fields of labor are, to state the average rate of pay, and to assist in enabling every one to find the employment best adapted to her tastes.

The Woman's Kingdom. By the author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very superior novel, perhaps the best the author has yet written. Edna, the heroine, is a noble character. We cordially commend the work.

Under the Willows, and Other Poems. By James Russell Lowell. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.—No collection of Lowell's poems, if we except the "Biglow Papers," has been made since 1848. We heartily welcome, therefore, this volume, rich with the ripe fruitage of the last twenty years. We remember well the original volumes, two small duodecimos, bound in gray paper, and how they commended themselves to every reader of taste and imagination; but the contrast between what would now be considered their rather ordinary appearance, and the refined elegance of the book before us, was hardly greater than between the earlier poems and these. We have always ranked Lowell first among American poets. His imagination is loftier, his genius broader than any cotemporary. In his earlier volumes there were sufficient proofs of this; but in the present one, the proofs accumulate. A man's genius is shown not by the quantity he writes, but by its quality. Coleridge wrote very little poetry, but there are bits in Christabel and the Ancient Mariner, which no other modern English poet could possibly have written. What Coleridge was to English poets, Lowell is to American ones. "The most Shaksperian mind since Shakspeare," aptly says a late critic. We regret that our limited space forbids our pointing out, in detail, some of the rare beauties of this volume.

Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher. 2 vols., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—These sermons have all been preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, but have been carefully revised by their author before publication. "Every one," in the words of Mr. Beecher, "has a real and definite aim." They are not only in theory practical sermons, but they have been drafted from the actual field of work. They are full of the fervid eloquence which distinguishes this eminent divine. The volumes are handsomely printed, and have a portrait of the author as an illustration.

Theatrical Management in the West and South. By Sol. Smith. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of these reminiscences was a favorite actor and manager, chiefly in the south and south-west, for nearly forty years. During his long career, he had many curious adventures, and saw much of many phases of life. His anecdotes are often irresistibly droll and comic. The book is copiously illustrated, by Darley, the best, we think, of our American designers.

The Morrisons. By Mrs. Margaret Hosmer. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of a very creditable novel: a story of domestic life.

A Thousand Miles' Walk Across South America. By Nathaniel H. Bishop. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The narrative of a pedestrian-trip, by a young gentleman of Massachusetts, across the Pampas and Cordilleras. A very interesting book.

The Philosophy of Domestic Life. By W. H. Byford, M. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Marriage, family government, education, legal and family relations, and management of family affairs are some of the subjects discussed in this little treatise.

Major Jones' Scenes in Georgia. With Sixteen Illustrations by Darley. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This volume contains the whole of "The Chronicles of Pineville," one of the best collection of comic stories in the language. The illustrations by Darley are capital.

Sydnie Adriance. By Amanda M. Douglas. 1 vol, 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A new novel by the author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," etc., etc.

Changing Base. By William Everett. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A very nice story for juveniles, well printed and illustrated.

Rural Poems. By William Barnes. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—A neat edition of some very beautiful poems. A choice book, handsomely illustrated.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE BEST ORGANS AT LOWEST PRICES.—The Mason & Hamlin Organ Company, which has the largest factory for this class of instruments in the world, and enjoys the reputation of making the best instruments, having taken the Medal at the Paris Exposition, and any number at the principal fairs in this country, announce an important reduction of prices on several styles of organs. They now furnish a Four Octave Organ for Fifty Dollars, and a Double Reed Five Octave Organ, with five stops, in carved and paneled case, for One Hundred and Twenty-Five Dollars. This Company have also recently introduced a new invention in several styles of their Organs. It is termed the Mason & Hamlin *Improved Vox Humana*, and excites much interest among lovers of music, very much enlarging the variety and scope of the instrument. At their warerooms, 596 Broadway, New York, may usually be found several hundred of Organs, in all imaginable styles, and great variety in prices. This gives an idea of the extent of the business. They send Organs to almost every civilized Nation on the globe, and not a few to Nations regarded as uncivilized.

A CHALLENGE FROM A LADY.—Wheeler & Wilson have received the following letter, which speaks for itself:

New York, October 20, 1868.

MESSRS. WHEELER & WILSON, 625 Broadway—*Gentlemen:* Referring to the challenge of Mr. Pratt, whose Wheeler & Wilson sewing-machine has been in use ten years without repairing, I beg leave to state that I have used my Wheeler & Wilson sewing-machine, in family sewing, *fourteen years* without even the most trifling repairs, and it is now in so good condition that I would not exchange it for your latest number (now upward of 350,000.) One needle served me more than a year for fine sewing. Can any one beat this?

Yours truly, MRS. ANNE WARNER.

Any one who can give a better report than this will be entitled to one of our new tucking gauges.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS.—Either of the following engravings will be sent, post-paid, for the annexed prices:

Star of Bethlehem,	$2.00
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Bunyan On Trial,	2.00
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Or the whole four, to one address, for $5.00. Or any two for $3.00. Address, PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE BEST CATALOGUE of cheap, yet good books for reading, is that of T. B. Peterson & Brothers. If you wish to buy an entertaining novel, especially, send for their catalogue, in which you will find the titles of some five hundred excellent fictions, by popular authors. Their address is T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLIDAY JOURNAL.—NEW NO.—FREE.—For the Holidays of 1868–9, containing a Christmas Story, Parlor Plays, Magic Sports, Odd Tricks, Queer Experiments, Problems, Puzzles, etc. 16 large pages, illustrated, *Sent Free.*

Address, ADAMS & CO., Publishers,
25 Broomfield street, Boston, Mass.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

TO PURIFY THE AIR OF AN APARTMENT.—The best method of effecting this will be obvious, if we consider the influence heat exercises on the atmosphere. Air is expanded and rendered specifically lighter at the ordinary temperature on the application of heat. Hence in every room heated above the temperature of the atmosphere, there is a continual current of air in circulation. Hot air in chimneys ascends, and creates a draught toward the fire-place, whilst the hot air in churches, theatres, and other buildings, passes through the gratings in their ceilings, and its place is supplied by the flow of cold, fresh air through the windows and door-ways in the lower parts of these buildings. The following simple experiment can be easily performed, and is highly instructive: Take a lamp, or candle, and hold it to the top of the door-way of a crowded apartment, or of a room in which there is a fire; the hot air will be found escaping out of the room at the top of the door-way, as will be indicated by the outward direction of the flame. If the lamp be placed on the floor, the cold air will be found to be coming in at the bottom of the door-way. If, now, the lamp be gradually raised from the bottom to the top, the flame at first inflected inwardly, will be seen gradually to become vertical as the lamp approaches the middle of the door-way, and finally it will be again blown outwardly when the lamp reaches its summit. It would appear from this, that in the middle of the door-way the temperature of the air is uniform, hence there is no current either in or out of the apartment. The whole experiment is highly interesting and instructive, and proves that a fire is an excellent ventilator. Hence, to ventilate an apartment thoroughly, it is only necessary to kindle a good fire, and let the air have free access through the door-way and windows; the fire will create a current of fresh air into the apartment, and its atmosphere will be thus kept continually changed. We would remark, in conclusion, that those moving masses of air called winds, are produced in a similar way. The sun is the great cause of winds; its heat is unequally diffused over the earth's surface, and the air becomes consequently heated in one part to a greater degree than in another. The hot air rises, and its place is supplied by the flow of the colder air from the surrounding parts. When the vacuum thus created is sudden, and the flow of the surrounding air is violent, the meeting of winds from all points of the compass produces at sea the phenomena of water-spouts, and on land whirlwinds, caused by the air ascending in a spiral form into the higher regions of the atmosphere. There are a number of causes which produce inequalities of temperature in the atmosphere; some of the most obvious of which are the alternation of night and day, and the occurrence of cloudy and unclouded skies. The air must be necessarily heated when illumined by the rays of the sun, and cooled when those rays are withdrawn.

HOLIDAY AMUSEMENTS.

INSTANTANEOUS FREEZING.—During frosty weather, let a vessel be half filled with water, cover it closely, and place it in the open air, in a situation where it will not experience any commotion; it will thereby frequently acquire a degree of cold more intense than that of ice, without being frozen. If the vessel, however, be agitated ever so little, or receive even a slight blow, the water will immediately freeze with singular rapidity. The cause of this phenomenon is, that water does not congeal unless its particles unite together, and assume among themselves a new arrangement. The colder the water becomes, the nearer its particles approach each other; and the fluid which keeps it in fusion gradually escapes; but the shaking of the vessel destroys the equilibrium, and the particles fall one upon another, uniting in a mass of ice.

CHARCOAL IN SUGAR.—The elements of sugar are carbon and water, as may be proved by the following experiment: Put into a glass a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and mix it into a thin paste with a little water, and rather more than its bulk of sulphuric acid; stir the mixture together, the sugar will soon blacken, froth up, and shoot like a cauliflower out of the glass; and during the separation of the charcoal, a large quantity of steam will also be evolved.

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ATTRACTION IN A GLASS OF WATER.—Pour water into a glass tumbler, perfectly dry, and it may be raised above the edge, in a convex form; because the particles of the water have more attraction for each other than for the dry glass; wet the edge, and they will be instantly attracted, and overflow, and the water will sink into a concave form.

WATER IN A SLING.—Half fill a mug with water, place it in a sling, and you may whirl it round you without spilling a drop; for the water tends more away from the center of motion toward the bottom of the mug, than toward the earth by gravity.

FLOATING NEEDLES.—Fill a cup with water, gently lay on its surface small, fine needles, and they will float.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Crecy Soup.—Ingredients: Carrots, turnips, celery, an onion, a few thin slices of ham and butter. The vegetables must be peeled, washed, and cut up small, and put in hot water for a quarter of an hour. Then drain them and put them into a sauce-pan, with a good piece of butter, some thin slices of ham, and a little sugar, and let it boil gently over a slow fire. Moisten it with beef broth. When all is cooked, put the vegetables into a mortar and pound them. Strain them through a collander with the broth that has served to moisten the vegetables. Put them back over the fire, and let the whole boil gently during two hours. Skim it, and pour it over some crusts of bread fried in butter, and serve it.

Monaco Soup.—Ingredients: Bread, sugar, salt, milk or cream, the yolk of egg. Cut some slices of bread, all of the same size and shape, if possible. Sprinkle them thickly with powdered sugar, and grill them until they are a slight brown. Put them in a soup-tureen with a little salt. Pour some boiling milk (or boiling cream) over them; the yolk of several eggs may be mixed with the milk. This soup is very good for invalids and young children.

Cauliflower Soup.—Cauliflower and butter. Peel the cauliflowers, and put them in boiling water. When they are perfectly soft, strain the water off, and put them in the sauce-pan again with some butter. Moisten them with water or beef broth, and finish cooking them. Put some slices of fried bread in the soup, and let the whole boil gently until it is thick; then serve it.

FISH.

With the advent of the cold of winter, codfish comes into season. There are those who like this fish during the warmer months; but commend us to a deep sea-cod, caught in cold weather—one which, when cooked, exhibits the flesh separating from the bone in solid flakes that retain their white curvatures as they are distributed by the carver. This desirable firmness of the flesh is increased by the process of crimping, which consists in cutting down to the bone on either side before the contractibility of the fibres has ceased, and then plunging the fish into very cold salt-and-water. The cold and the salt cause the fibres to contract, and the flakes consequently become more firm.

Browned Cod's Head.—Cod's head, butter, flour, bread-crumbs. Boil the head, and take it up; take off the skin; set it before a brisk fire; dredge it with flour, and baste it with butter. When it begins to froth, sprinkle fine bread-crumbs over it, and continue basting it until it is well frothed, and of a fine brown, and serve it. Garnish with slices of lemon, and sauce to taste.

Crimped Cod is cut into slices, put into boiling water with salt, boiled very slowly for a quarter of an hour, served up, garnished with the boiled liver and parsley, and accompanied with oyster-sauce.

Fried Cod is not sufficiently used in this country. Slices two inches thick, done with eggs and crumbs, and fried a light brown, in plenty of fat, are delicious. We know of no fried fish more delicate.

Fish Sauce.—Take half a pint of milk and cream together, two eggs, well beaten, salt, a little pepper, and the juice of half a lemon; put it over the fire, and stir it constantly until it begins to thicken.

MEATS, POULTRY, AND GAME.

Goose.—This requires keeping, the same as fowls, some days before cooking. The goose is best in the autumn and early part of winter, never good in spring. What is called a green goose is four months old. It is insipid after that, although tender. Pick well, and singe the goose, then clean carefully. Put the liver and gizzard on to cook as the turkey's. When the goose is washed and ready for stuffing, have boiled three white potatoes, skin and mash them; chop three onions very fine, throw them into cold water; stir into the potatoes a spoonful of butter, a little salt, and black pepper, a tablespoonful of finely-rubbed sage-leaves; drain off the onions, and mix with the potato, sage, etc. When well mixed, stuff the goose with the mixture; have ready a coarse needle and thread, and sew up the slit made for cleaning and introducing the stuffing. A full-grown goose requires one hour and three-quarters. Roast it as a turkey, dredging and basting. The gravy is prepared as for poultry, with the liver and gizzard. Apple-sauce is indispensable for roast goose.

Dressing Cold Meat.—Cut the meat in pieces, and lay them in a mould in layers, well seasoned. Then pour over and fill the mould with some clear soup, nearly cold, which, when left to stand some hours, will turn out to be as firm as isinglass, especially if shank bones were boiled in the soup. Should the cold meat be veal or poultry, the addition of some small pieces of ham or bacon, and of hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices, and put between the layers of meat, is a great improvement. Another way to dress cold meat is to have it minced very fine, well seasoned, and put in patty-pans, with a thin crust below and above it, and baked in a quick oven. Cold meat, cut in small pieces, and put in a pie-dish, with batter poured over it, and baked until the batter rises, is another good way. Potato-pie is a capital method of using cold meat. The meat should be cut in pieces, and covered with mashed potatoes, then put into the oven to bake until the potatoes are well browned.

Beef Stewed with Onions.—Cut some tender beef in small pieces, and season it with pepper and salt; slice some onions and add to it, with water enough in the stew-pan to make a gravy; let it stew slowly till the beef is thoroughly done, then add some pieces of butter rolled in flour to make a rich gravy. Cold beef may be done in the same way, only the onions must be stewed first, and the meat added. If the water should stew away too much, put in a little more.

Rissables are made with veal and ham, chopped very fine, or pounded lightly; add a few bread-crumbs, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and a little parsley and lemon-peel or shallot; mix all together with the yolks of eggs, well beaten; either roll them into shape like a flat sausage, or into the shape of pears, sticking a bit of horseradish in the ends to resemble the stalks; egg each over, and grate bread-crumbs; fry them brown, and serve on crisp-fried parsley

Broiled Partridge.—Cut the bird down the back; break the merry-thought, which will allow it to be made quite flat; cut off the feet at the joint, and skewer it as a fowl to broil; dry, flour, egg, and sprinkle it with chopped herbs and bread-crumbs, well seasoned. Broil and serve with a little good gravy, with a mushroom or two chopped up small.

Grouse.—Mix a small lump of butter with a few bread-crumbs, and put it in the inside of the birds—not in the crop; it keeps them moist. They require to be nicely roasted and well basted.

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Excellent Chicken-Pie.—Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with slices of broiled ham; cut up one or two chickens, and broil or parboil them. Fill the dish even full, sprinkling in here and there small slices of ham. Season well with pepper; the ham will probably make it salt enough. Cover with stock or veal gravy, and lay on a rich crust, at least half an inch thick, with a rim upon the edge. Bake in a moderate oven an hour and a half, covering the paste with paper, if necessary, to prevent burning.

Fillet of Veal Boiled.—Bind it round with tape, put it in a floured cloth, and in cold water; boil very gently two hours and a half, or if simmered, which is, perhaps, the better way, four hours will be taken; it may be sent to table in bechamel or with oyster-sauce. Care should be taken to keep it as white as possible.

Breast of Mutton may be stewed in gravy until tender; bone it, score it, season well with Cayenne, black pepper, and salt; boil it, and while cooking skim the fat from the gravy in which it had been stewed; slice a few gherkins, and add with a dessertspoonful of mushroom catchup; boil it, and pour over the mutton when dished.

Venison Steaks.—Cut them from the neck; season them with pepper and salt. When the gridiron has been well heated over a bed of bright coals, grease the bars, and lay the steaks upon it. Broil them well, turning them once, and taking care to save as much of the gravy as possible. Serve them up with some currant-jelly laid on each steak.

VEGETABLES.

Pommes de Terre en Pyramide.—Either steam or boil some very good mealy potatoes, mash them and put them into a stew-pan, together with some butter, a little salt, and milk; as the mixture becomes stiff add more milk, but let it be of the desired consistency to arrange it in the form of a pyramid in a buttered dish. Place it in a hot oven, or brown it with a salamander, and serve.

Potatoes Fried with Batter.—Nicely wash and pare some floury potatoes; cut each into any form you fancy, such as a large lozenge, etc.; then thinly slice them, so that the pieces may be of a uniform shape; dip them into either a sweet or savory batter, fry them in plenty of butter, and serve them quite hot, with either salt or pounded loaf-sugar strewn upon them.

Parsley and Butter.—Wash and tie up a bunch of parsley. Put it into boiling water, and let it boil for five minutes. Drain it, cut off the stalks, and chop the leaves very fine. Put it into melted butter, which may be made by smoothly mixing a tablespoonful of flour with half a pint of water and two ounces of butter. Stir all one way. Let it boil about two minutes.

Savory Potato-Cakes.—Quarter of a pound of grated ham, one pound of mashed potatoes, and a little suet, mixed with the yolks of two eggs, pepper, salt, and nutmeg. Roll it into little balls or cakes, and fry it light brown. Sweet herbs may be used in the place of ham. Plain potato-cakes are made with potatoes and eggs only.

To Cook Frosted Potatoes.—Cut them into quarters, dry them well, throw them into thorough boiling fat without salt. When brown and crisp they are done; but unless the fat is quite boiling they will mash. Take them out on to a piece of clean paper to drain for a short time. Serve them quite hot. They will eat as good as unfrosted ones.

To Fry Parsley.—When the parsley has been washed and thoroughly dried, throw it into lard or butter which is on the point of boiling; take it up with a slice the instant it is crisp, and lay it on a sieve before the fire.

DESSERTS.

Unrivaled Plum-Pudding.—Ingredients: One pound and a half of Muscatal raisins, one pound and three-quarters of currants, one pound of Sultana raisins, two pounds of finest moist sugar, two pounds of bread-crumbs, sixteen eggs, two pounds of finely-chopped suet, six ounces of mixed candied peel, the rind of two lemons, one ounce of ground nutmeg, one ounce of ground cinnamon, half an ounce of powdered bitter almonds, quarter of a pint of brandy. Stone and cut up the raisins, but do not chop them, wash and dry the currants, and cut the candied peel into thin slices. Mix all the dry ingredients well together and moisten with the eggs, which should be well beaten and strained; to the pudding stir in the brandy; and when all is thoroughly mixed, butter and flour a stout pudding-cloth, put in the pudding, tie it down tightly, boil from six to eight hours, and serve with brandy-sauce. A few sweet almonds blanched and cut in strips, and stuck on the pudding, ornament it prettily. This quantity may be divided for small families, as the above ingredients will make a large pudding.

Lemon Mince-Meat.—Eight lemons, one pound of loaf-sugar, one pound and a half of raisins, one pound of suet, juice of three or four lemons, a teacupful of brandy. Peel the lemons as thickly as possible without cutting into the pulp, boil the peel in plenty of water till soft, then beat it well with the sugar till it becomes a sweetmeat, then mix the raisins and the suet, well minced and chopped very fine, with the sweetmeat; add the juice of three or four lemons, or more, according to your taste, and a teacupful of brandy. Mix all well together, and tie it down quite close in pots or in a jar. It will keep a year.

Hot Pudding-Sauce.—To four large spoonfuls of rolled, clean brown sugar, put two of butter, and stir it together in an earthen dish until white; then put it into a sauce-pan with a teacup of hot water, and set it upon the coals. Stir it steadily till it boils, and then add a spoonful or two of wine, lemon-juice, or rose-water, and let it boil up again. Pour it into a sauce-tureen, and grate nutmeg over the top. The advantage of stirring the butter and sugar together before melting it is, that it produces a thick, white foam upon the top. The reason for stirring it steadily while on the coals is, that it would otherwise become oily.

Tipsy Cake.—Place a sponge-cake in a glass dessert-dish; prick the cake with a fine fork; pour over it raisin-wine and brandy in equal parts, and when well moistened strew sifted sugar over it, and place round it a very rich custard. Or, simply steep small sponge-cakes in brandy; stick into them thin slips of blanched almonds, or sprinkle them thickly with candied peel and grated sweet almonds; heap up the cakes in a glass dish; surround them with a custard, and add preserved fruit, such as brandy-cherries, etc., divested of syrup.

Banbury Mince-Meat.—Three-quarters of a pound of currants, two ounces of beef suet, quarter of a pound of candied orange-peel, three ounces of ratafias, and a little nutmeg. Wash and dry three-quarters of a pound of currants, and mix them with two ounces of beef suet, chopped as fine as possible, a little nutmeg, the candied orange-peel, shred very fine, the ratafias crushed up, and a slip of lemon-peel. Mix all well together, and when required, use it spread over your paste.

Egg Dumplings.—Make a batter of a pint of milk, two well-beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a batter as thick as for pound-cake. Have a clean sauce-pan of boiling water; let the water boil fast; drop in the batter with a tablespoon. Four or five minutes will boil them. Take them with a skimmer on a dish; put a bit of butter and pepper over them, and serve with boiled or cold meat. To serve sweet, put butter and grated nutmeg, with syrup or sugar over it.

Apple Float.—Take six large apples, pare, slice, and stew them in as much water as will cover them. When well done, press them through a sieve, and make very sweet with crushed or loaf-sugar. While cooling, beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and stir in the apples; flavor with lemon or vanilla. Serve with sweet cream. Quite as good as peaches and cream.

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A Cheap Family Pudding.—One pound of flour, one pound of suet, chopped fine, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one pound each of carrots and potatoes well boiled and mashed together, half a pound of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs; spice, flavoring, and peel, optional. Mix the whole well together with a little water. It must not be too stiff, and certainly not too moist. Rub a basin well with dripping, and boil for eight hours.

A Good Plum-Pudding without Eggs—time to boil, four hours.—One pound of raisins, half a pound of suet, one pound of flour, four ounces of bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one pint of milk, nutmeg, and grated ginger. Chop the suet very fine, and mix it with the flour. Add the bread-crumbs, ginger, and nutmeg, and the raisins stoned, and mix it all well together with the milk and molasses. Put it into a basin, or floured cloth, and boil it.

Sweet Paste.—This is suitable to fruit tarts generally, apples excepted, for which we recommend a puff paste. To three-quarters of a pound of butter put one pound and a half of flour, three or four ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, the yolks of two eggs, and half a pint of new milk. Bake it in a moderate oven.

Apple Charlotte.—Two pounds of apples, pared and cored; slice them into a pan; add one pound of loaf-sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the rind of one finely grated; boil all together until it becomes thick, which it will do in about two hours; turn it into a mould; serve cold, with either a rich custard or cream.

Apple-Cream.—Boil twelve apples in water till soft, take off the peel, and press the pulp through a hair-sieve upon half a pound of pounded sugar; whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, and beat all together till it becomes very stiff and looks quite white. Serve it heaped up on a dish.

Plum-Pudding—time, three hours.—Six ounces of raisins, six ounces of currants, six ounces of bread-crumbs, six ounces of suet, half a nutmeg, a little lemon-peel, five eggs, half a wineglass of brandy. Mix these ingredients together, and put the pudding into a mould, and boil it.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Fig. I.—Walking-Dress of Deep Pink Cashmere.—The petticoat is trimmed around the bottom with festoons and bows of cashmere. The upper-skirt is of gray cashmere, looped up with bows of pink. Over the gray body is worn a tight-fitting body with a full basque of pink cashmere, and a deep cape with a pointed hood. Sash with wide ends of pink cashmere.

Fig. II.—Morning-Dress of White Alpaca, trimmed with a pleating of the same between rows of blue velvet. The under-sleeve is tight to the arm, with a loose, flowing sleeve.

Fig. III.—Evening-Dress of Light Green Silk, trimmed with white silk. The green flounce does not extend over the front breadth, but the white one does, and is trimmed with two ornaments in white and green silk, like the one which fastens back the side of the skirt. The body is low and square, and, like the Marie Antoinette sleeve, is richly trimmed with lace.

Fig. IV.—House Dress of Gray Dotted Silk: five pipings of cherry-colored satin trim the bottom; large buttons ornament the front; the pannier is held back by the sash; the ends of the bretelles, which trim the body, cross at the waist, and are trimmed with cherry-colored satin and fringe; small bows on the shoulders.

Fig. V.—Walking-Dress of Yellowish Fawn-Colored Merino.—The under-skirt has a very deep flounce plaited to near the bottom, and ornamented with dark marigold-colored bows of velvet. The elaborate upper-skirt is likewise ruffled and trimmed with marigold velvet ribbon and bows, very small cape, and loose sleeves over the long, tight ones.

Fig. VI.—Front View of Cloak of Black Velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with white satin and white and black silk fringe.

Fig. VII.—Back View of the same cloak.

Fig. VIII.—Walking-Costume of Blue Silk.—The under-skirt is quite plain, and is striped diagonally with claret-colored velvet ribbon. The upper-skirt is short, very much puffed at the back, and trimmed with a deep plaited flounce; the front is cut in sharp points; the sleeves and body are ornamented like the lower-skirt.

Fig. IX.—Walking-Dress of Dark-Blue Serge, trimmed with black gimp and fringe; the upper-skirt is cut in large points, and is short at the back. The body is made with a basquine lined with flannel, and over it is worn three capes to add to the warmth.

Fig. X.—Evening-Dress of Plain Muslin.—Very low, plain bodice, ornamented with a bouillon, through which a ribbon is run; large berthe of Spanish lace looped up into a drapery. Under the bodice there is a high chemisette, with small tucks ornamented with insertion. Sleeves of silk tulle. The skirt is looped up at the back, and trimmed with a lace flounce, headed with a narrow cross-strip of silk. Waistband of ribbon, covered with lace insertion, with lapels of embroidered muslin crossed with ribbon.

Fig. XI.—Winter Mantle.—This mantle is composed of a *polonaise* fastened at the waist, and looped up on either side with bows of ribbon. A large pelerine with a hood is looped up at the back by a large bow with long lapels. The polonaise and pelerine are both edged with a marquise ruche. The latter mantle is made either of plain or chined cashmere, or of tartan of a large checked pattern, red and black, green and black, or violet and black, with glace silk ribbons.

General Remarks.—In addition to the articles described above, we give numerous illustrations. Combs play a great part in modern coiffures. We are coming to the large combs of the period of the First Empire; the tortoise-shell comb is asserting its rights again. A very solid comb is, in fact, required to fasten the mass of hair which now forms the chignon.

The fashionable comb is not only solid, it is also very ornamental and very handsome. We give some new models of them to our readers. For example, a tortoise-shell comb with teeth with hinges, to be placed in front of the chignon; its movable headings form a sort of bandeau of plain tortoise-shell, with raised ornaments, which have a very pretty effect in the coiffure. We give also another comb, with teeth with hinges, but to be placed within the chignon. This comb is made of ivory. Another comb is placed in front of the head, and the upper part forms a bandeau. This comb is made of one piece of light tortoise-shell, artistically chiseled with open and raised patterns. Fashion has quite given up fancy combs, gilt and enameled, to come back to handsome tortoise-shell combs. The light-colored tortoise-shell is that most sought after.

Our models of coiffures will better make the reader understand how the large tortoise-shell combs are placed in the coiffure. We give several of these new styles for dressing the hair. In one, as will be seen, the front hair is raised and slightly waved. The chignon is composed of four large loops, with frizzled curls in the middle. The straight tortoise-shell comb is placed within the chignon, under the upper-loop. Three long Alexandra curls, coming out of the chignon, hang on the neck. In another, the front part of the coiffure is composed of slightly waved bandeaux and of small frizzled curls, falling over the forehead. The chignon is made of loops of hair, headed by a straight tortoise-shell comb. In still another, four small waved bandeaux compose the front part of this coiffure. Large chignon, rolled and waved, accompanied by two long curls; large tortoise-

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shell combs, the heading of which, edged with small balls, goes round the chignon.

Very few ornaments will be worn this winter for ball or evening coiffure, the hair itself forms all the beauty of the head-dress. The flowers or jewels will be placed above the forehead as a diadem.

We also give an evening head-dress, made of satin ribbon ornamented with bows, with wide strings tied in front, adapted to a head-dress composed of small puffed bandeaux upon the forehead, and of frizzled curls proceeding from the top of the head and mixed with loops of ribbon, the ends of which fall upon the chignon. Also a head-dress for the opera, composed of a wide strip of guipure insertion ornamented with narrow velvet ribbon put on plain, divided into two pieces of equal length, which proceed from the forehead, and are crossed over the chignon and fastened in front with small bunches of flowers.

In addition to the above we also give some of the new style collars. It will be seen that they are much larger than those lately worn, and not fitting so close in the neck. Another style of collar, called *marins* or *matelots*, can be made to match any and every dress. They are large collars of fine linen, and the points touch the shoulders. They are bordered either with a thread or a hem of color; and a cravat with a large bow, composed of either satin or foulard, is worn carelessly beneath the collar. These novelties are very stylish; we have so long been accustomed to the narrow, hard, white rim round the throat, which certainly has neatness to recommend it; but, after all, a change is pleasant, and variety is charming.

All evening dresses, and what may be termed *fete toilettes*, will be extremely costly this season, while all short morning costumes will be the reverse—as simple as it is possible to make them.

The *elegantes*, for example, are now rarely to be seen on foot, except in costumes made either of cloth or reps. The leaders of fashion wear costumes composed thus: A petticoat trimmed according to the taste of the wearer, either with one deep flounce, or with several narrow flounces, or with numerous rows of braid; the polonaise or redingote is made of the same material as the dress, is trimmed in accordance with the petticoat, and is looped up on the hips. This is all. The sleeves are very close fitting, and the polonaise is fastened straight down the front. A wide *gros grain* waistband; and if the weather is cold, a small paletot to match, are added.

Gimps, with jet beads and bugles intermixed, have almost completely disappeared; they are replaced by dead-looking gimps, and by trimmings which match the dress. Bands of fur are likewise daily becoming very popular trimmings.

The Bordeaux or claret color is very popular, and the trimmings consist either of the same material—a flounce headed by a flat ruche—or of bows of black *gros grain*. When the toilet is quite *neglige*, no *panier* is worn, but the skirt is looped up at the sides simply *a la* Camargo. For dressy toilets, on the contrary, a *panier* is always added, and underneath the *panier* a large bow.

Bows of Ribbon, and of the same material as the dress, are now lavished on costumes and toilets of all descriptions, and they are made in every imaginable form. Round bows, bows with three loops, fan-shaped bows, simple bows, etc., etc., are all worn. Besides ornamenting the skirt, they are now frequently to be seen adorning the armholes. When distributed with taste, they form an exceedingly graceful trimming.

For Cloth Costumes, olive, green, and dark blue, are the fashionable colors, and dark garnet is sometimes worn. Green and blue plaid cashmere, and flannels, are also very popular.

Red, in all its various shades, is very much worn in the house, as well as all shades of yellow, the *aurora*, which is very light to the bright *marigold*, dark brown *nasturtium*. Red may be worn with advantage by blondes; but only brunettes should venture on yellow.

Persons who prefer very simple toilets, without bows or any looping up, more willingly wear an under-skirt just touching the ground, and a second skirt, shorter from twelve to sixteen inches, but not looped up.

Almost all dresses are made with double skirts, with a more or less pronounced *tournure*. Both skirts are not always of the same material; the under one is often striped, while the upper one is plain.

Flounces and Ruches are the trimming preferred. Fashion, which had given them up for some time, now shows them more favor than ever.

The Marie Antoinette is every day gaining in popularity. This is exceedingly becoming to a well-shaped arm; for a thin arm, the sleeve puffed from the shoulder to the wrist is more suitable.

With low bodices cut square, or open in the heart-shape in front, the fashion of necklaces has come in again. Handsome necklaces are made of precious stones set within small gold medallions. Many are also made of amber beads, garnets, or jets; for jet, though discarded from the trimming of dresses, is still much worn for demi-toilet; jewels, medallions, and crosses, are also much worn suspended from black velvet; the *Chanoinesse* necklace has a cross also of velvet. It can be worn as well with high dresses as with low ones.

The Fashions for Sacques, Cloaks, etc., is so varied that it is impossible to describe them. In addition, however, to the winter mantelet already illustrated, we give a description of another very easily made, and called the *Mac Furlane*. Fancy a paletot, ample and loose, buttoned all down the front, without sleeves, but with slits only for the arms, a pelerine begins on either side, at the seams of the shoulders and is continued in front, thus forming two streaming lapels; at the back there is no pelerine, but a round hood, gathered in by means of a ribbon.

Bonnets are as numerous in form as the sacques, and as difficult to do justice to on paper. The newest *fanchon* is called *Mercedes*, and it seems to become every one who tries it on—blondes, brunettes, young married women, as well as those of more mature age. It is made of black velvet puffings. A *torsade* or twist of velvet ornaments the front of the bonnet, whilst the top is trimmed with black lace, which terminates in lappets at the back. At the side there is a *pouf* of black feathers, with a yellow aigrette; wide black velvet strings. But to describe a bonnet requires more than words; it should always be seen to be realized.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Dress for a Girl.—The under-dress is of garnet-colored merino, made high in the neck, and trimmed with velvet of the same color. The upper-dress is of garnet-colored silk, trimmed with velvet, buttoning diagonally, cut low and square in the neck, and with long sleeves.

Fig. II.—Dress of Gray Cashmere for a Little Girl.—It has but one skirt, but that is elaborately trimmed with blue velvet. Cape and sleeves also trimmed with blue velvet.

Fig. III.—Costume for a Boy.—The trousers and jacket are of mulberry-colored cloth, and the vest of a lighter shade of the same color.

Fig. IV.—Dress of Blue Velveteen for a Young Girl.—The petticoat is made of blue and black striped cashmere. The dress and paletot are trimmed with gray gimp and chinchilla fur. Gray felt hat, trimmed with chinchilla and a blue aigrette.

Fig. V.—Walking-Suit for a Young Lady.—The petticoat, which has a deep box-plaited flounce, is of light claret-colored silk. The black silk over-skirt opens at the back and ties low down; it is ornamented with a narrow gimp fringe and gimp ornaments. The small velvet jacket is trimmed with the same.

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Painted by J. Hayles. Engraved & printed by Illman Brothers.

"HIGH LILLY" CARRIAGE STOPS THE WAY"

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BESIDE THE STREAM.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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Constance

NAME FOR MARKING.

WALKING DRESS.

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Charlotte

NAME FOR MARKING.

WALKING DRESS.

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HOME DRESS. COLLARS.

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HOME DRESS. CAPE. COLLAR AND SLEEVE.

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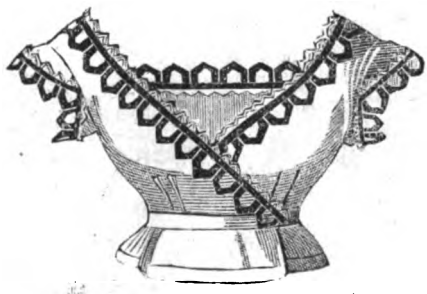

HATS. BONNETS BODY

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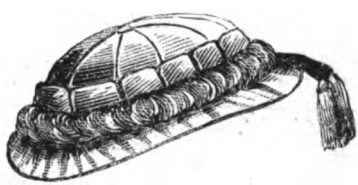

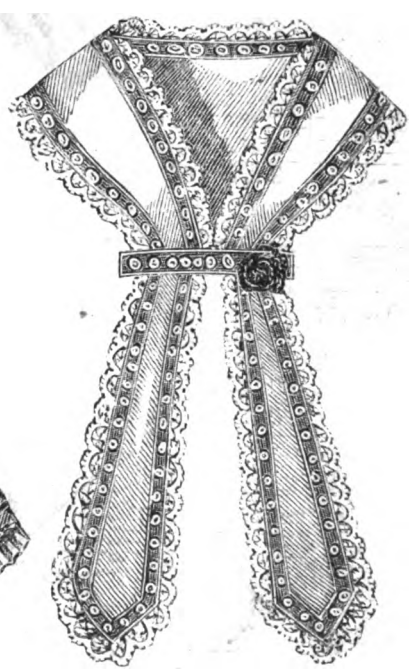

BONNETS AND HATS. INFANT'S CLOAK. CAPE.

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LADY, ART THOU SLEEPING?

SERENADE.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

BY SEP. WINNER.

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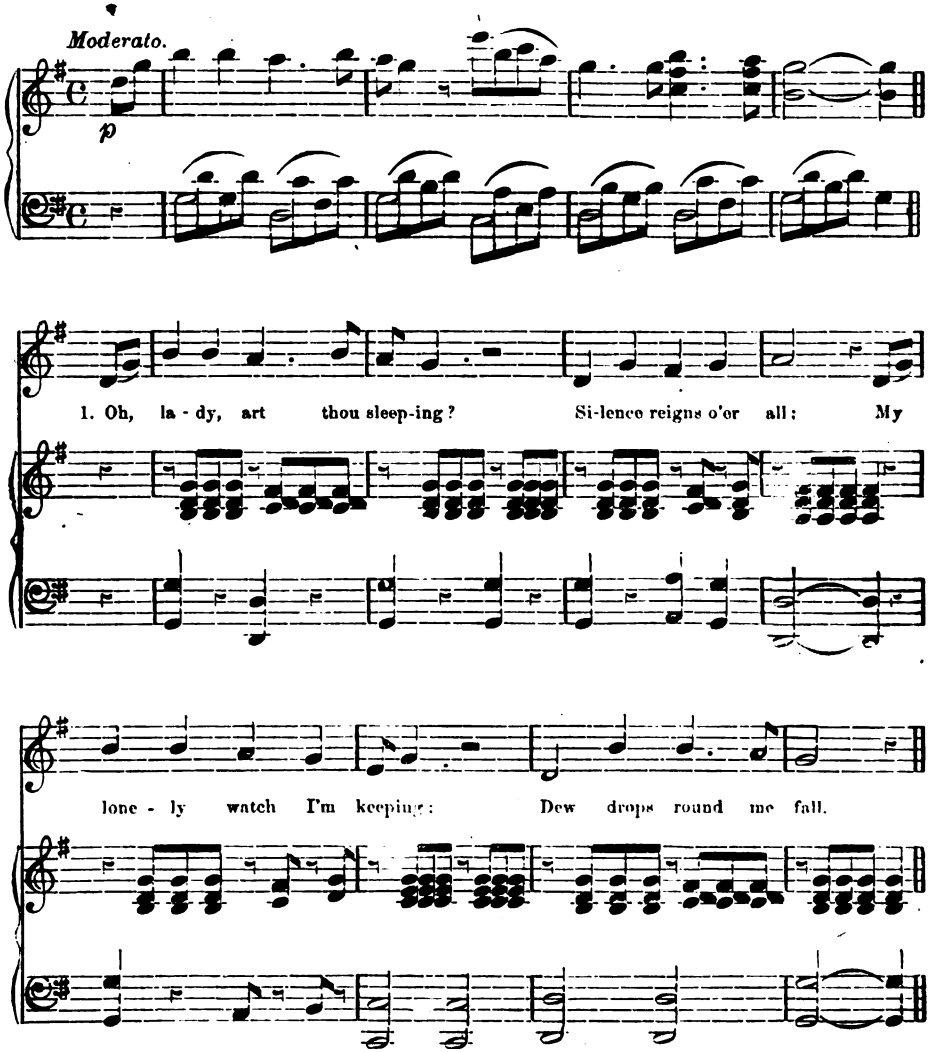

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CHORUS.

AIR.

The night is gone, and morning Is light-ing up the sky, The

ALTO.

TENOR.

The night is gone, and morning Is light-ing up the sky, The

BASS.

day at last is dawning, La-dy love, good-bye.

day at last is dawning, La-dy love, good-bye.

2

Oh, lady, art thou dreaming?
Happy be thy rest;
The silver moon is beaming
Down the distant west:
Chorus. The night is gone, and morning
Is coming with her light;
The day at last is dawning,
Lady love, good-night.

3.

Oh, lady, art thou sleeping—
Dreaming now of me?
The stars above are peeping
While I sing to thee.
Chorus. Sweet spirits 'round thee hover,
Till slumber breaks her spell;—
The night at last is over,
Lady love, farewell.

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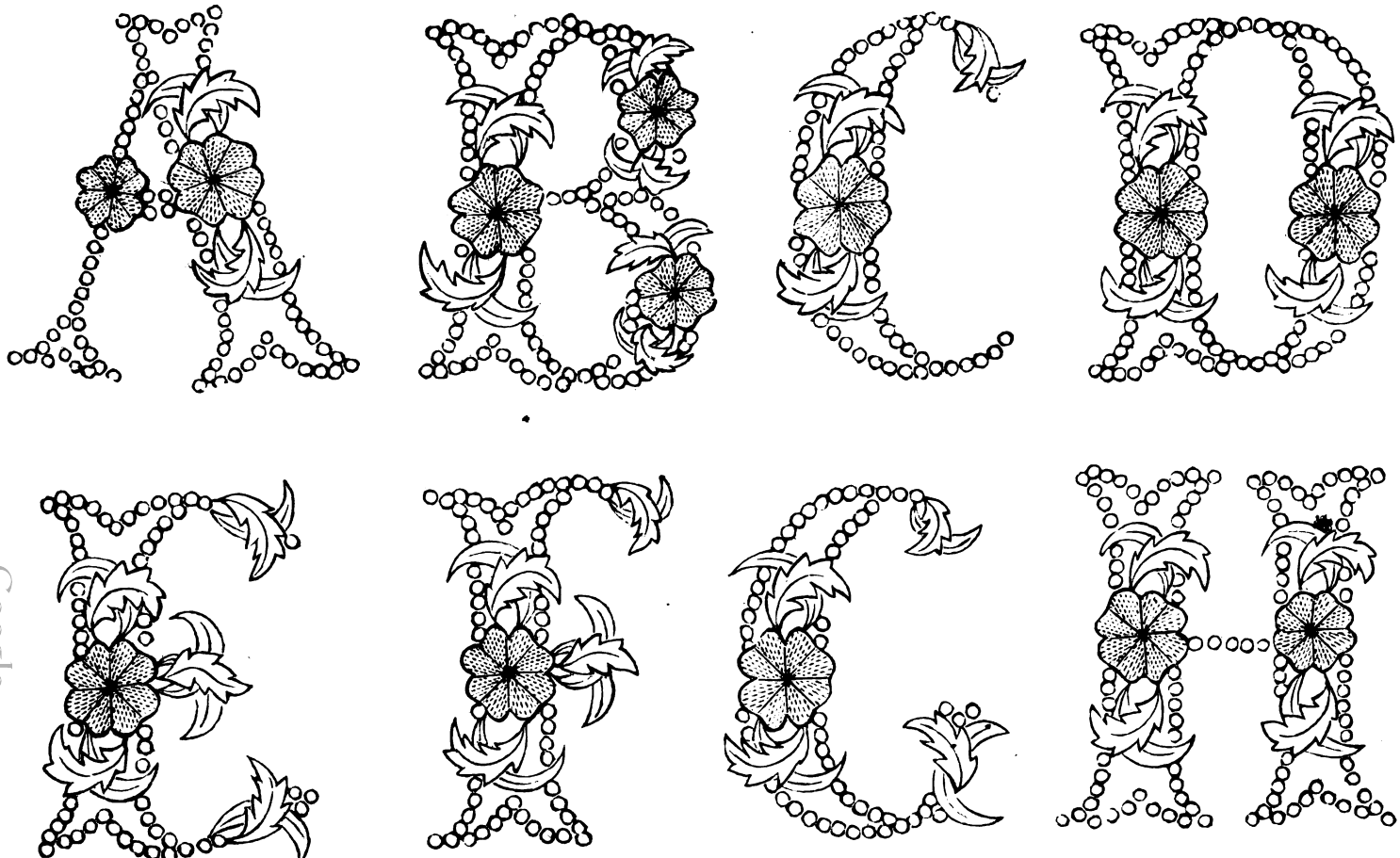

ALPHABET FOR MARKING NO. I.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LV. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1869. No. 2.

THE YOUNG RECTOR.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

I MIGHT have known it would rain, because it always *did* rain when I put on anything new; and my white suit, on which I had expended several days' hard work, had its first airing on the morning of the Sunday to which my story refers.

The present fashions are very hard on a young woman of limited means, with a constitutional aversion to sewing; but when all those little ruffles were securely attached to their proper places, and the sacque had received its last stitch; while the hat, of white drawn muslin to match, was really a triumph of art, I twisted up a knot of cherry-colored ribbon for a necktye, and felt assured that even a Frenchwoman would approve of my toilet.

Alec, my favorite brother and coadjutor, who had quite an eye for ladies' dress, was in an ecstasy at my appearance; and I am afraid that it was owing to this, rather than to any devotional spirit, that he so readily accepted my invitation to go to church in the evening. But how much better was *I*? If all my feelings had been brought to light, what would have proved the real motive that had taken me to church in the evening, a time when I particularly disliked to go, but that whisper of Sarah Dellert's after morning service?

"Be sure," she said, "to come to church this evening, we are to have a change for once, my dear; Mr. Rale is to preach—think of it!"

This same Sarah Dellert was a black-eyed witch, who had only to look on a man to make him her slave; and fully aware of this, she usually spoke of every new arrival in advance as her own peculiar property. Mr. Rale had a parish in a neighboring town; he was young, good-looking, and unmarried; he had, moreover, the gifts of eloquence and popularity; and wherever he went, a large number of young girls were always found among the congregation. Miss Sarah, who had lately been on a visit to the town where he lived, drove her admirers almost to despair by her very frank enthusiasm for Mr. Rale; and when some one suggested that it would require a great deal of courage to marry so popular a man, she exclaimed laughingly,

"If Mr. Rale should suddenly send me word to be at church to-morrow morning at six o'clock, for the purpose of marrying him, I'd be there at *five!*"

Now this was all very well for Sarah Dellert, whose title to belleship no one could question; but it might not answer for lesser mortals. So I resolved to keep my emotions to myself, and endeavor, outwardly, at least, to preserve my composure.

It was the last of the season—nearly the middle of September; but a "warm spell" had revived summer dresses and summer feelings; and my whole suit looked particularly fresh and pretty, with just a hint of autumn in the bright-colored ribbon. Perhaps I did not walk up the aisle quite unconsciously; and I waited with much interest for the appearance of the clergymen in the chancel.

The bell stopped tolling, and people looked expectant; but no Mr. Rale. What could it mean? Neighbors glanced at each other and whispered; watches were consulted; and every one knew that it was considerably past the hour for service. Presently Mr. Hydrake, who never lost an opportunity of making himself conspicuous, took his station near the reading-desk and observed,

"It seems, my friends, that we are not likely to have any service this evening, if we depend on the clergy, and I have, therefore, been requested to read——"

At this moment, puffing and blowing from over exertion, our worthy Dr. Short proceeded up the aisle alone, and disappeared through the vestry-door. A general smile passed around

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the congregation as Mr. Hydrake, somewhat red and discomfited, resumed his seat; and every one, after having been prepared for a treat, resigned themselves with as good a grace as possible to the usual routine.

Dr. Short, as was his custom, looked severely around, apparently indignant that there were not more there; and then said, "My reverend brother, owing to some unknown circumstance, has not made his appearance, and I am, in consequence, disappointed in the assistance I had expected to-night."

I think we all wondered which was the more disappointed, he, or the congregation; and that unruly Alec would smile and glance at Sarah Dellert, who returned both with interest. However, the old gentleman looked very weary, and I felt really sorry for him; though I am afraid that I felt more sorry for myself.

"What could have become of him?" was anxiously asked at the church door, as we poured out after service.

"A great many things could have become of him," replied some one, sagely. "He could have been taken sick, or smashed up in the train, or thrown out of a carriage, or——"

"Had his throat cut on his way to church," observed Sarah Dellert, demurely.

"Well, time will show," said everybody, as they separated to go their different ways.

But while we were in church, a very respectable shower had been in progress, and the streets were quite wet, while the rain came down as though it meant to come. In great disgust with the aspect of things, I started to walk home, in spite of numerous offers of umbrellas, carriages, etc., when they got there; for most of those who looked at the streets came back to huddle in the porch, and wait for various protections against the storm to reach them.

That miserable Alec never would carry an umbrella if it looked ever so much like rain; and I knew that there was no one in particular at home to come for us, and as the storm would, probably, increase, we concluded to brave it. Before long, however, I felt like a drenched butterfly; all the bravery had gone from my new attire, and Alec informed me, with true brotherly frankness, that I looked like the wreck of my former self.

Presently, there came a flash of lightning, followed by a loud reverberation of thunder; and perfectly wild with terror, I dashed into a partly open door, followed by the laughing Alec, who was always amused at my nervous fears in a thunder-storm.

A very quiet-looking gentleman stood in the little entry where we found ourselves; but he was evidently as much of an intruder as we were, and merely bowed as we made our hasty entrance. It was rather dark there, the only light coming through another door at the end of the passage.

A stout man, in shirt-sleeves, soon appeared through this door, evidently to inquire into the noise he had heard. We all stepped forward together; and as soon as his eye fell on me, the man exclaimed,

"Bless us and save us! Come here, will ye, ould woman, and see till the young leddy?"

I was a dripping Undine, with all my vanities mashed flat, and a dreadful feeling of confusion, as I felt the quiet-looking gentleman's eyes upon me.

"I fear that we are intruding upon you," said that personage, pleasantly, as the man continued to stare; "but we were driven in by the storm, and, perhaps, you will be kind enough to shelter us until it is over."

I thought it was very kind of him to speak for us all; for I could not speak at all, and Alec was never eloquent in an emergency.

"Ye're as welcome as the flowers in May!" replied the man, with genuine hospitality, "if the likes of ye can put up with our poor bit of a place. Walk right in here," as he opened the door of a very diminutive parlor that was as neat as wax, "there's no one but me and the ould woman, though we've raised a family of nine."

"The ould woman," who was also beautifully clean, with a pleasant, motherly face, and a highly-starched cap, with wide ruffles, around which a black ribbon, finished in a bow on top, that quivered with all the emotions of the wearer, now came forward to repeat her husband's welcome, and to take energetic possession of me. She drew me into the back room, which was evidently their sleeping apartment, but neat and clean, like the rest of the house.

"Ye're a wee slip of a girl to be out in a storm like this," said my hostess, kindly, as she took off my saturated garments; "ye can't be more nor fifteen, anyhow."

I assured her that I was some years beyond this; although I was not any more partial to storms than I had been at an earlier period.

"And now," said Mrs. Rooney, for such she informed me was her name, "if ye'll pardon the liberty, Miss, I'll just dress ye in a gown of me own, and then dry these bit things by the kitchen fire. Sure, I thought they only wore the like of these to grand parties."

And on hospitable thoughts intent she bustled

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around, and opening a painted chest, she generously brought out her very best attire to do me honor. This, she assured me, was a dress that her son Mike had presented her with on her birthday, and it had only been worn once. I shuddered as I beheld a *mousseline* of a bright green tint, with large bunches of poppies in broad stripes of yellow; but there was no help for it.

Mrs. Rooney performed the office of tiring-woman with indefatigable kindness; but when she began to fasten her generous-sized garment on my comparatively insignificant figure, she stopped her labors to relieve herself by a good laugh.

"Ye're a slim figure, Miss," said she, as she tried again to arrange the superfluous folds in some sort of shape, "and I'm a trifle stout."

This was rather a moderate way of speaking of her hundred and eighty pounds; but I declined her proposal of filling the dress out with various articles of under-clothing, and settled the matter by doubling it under in front, and girding it in with my belt-ribbon which had survived the wreck. As this was bright cherry, however, to match the neck-tye, the effect on the green and yellow, and poppy-colored *mousseline*, was decidedly startling.

How could I present myself before that gentlemanly-looking stranger in this rig? It was so hard that this mortification should have fallen upon me, of all people—for inconsistencies, in the way of attire, positively pained my eye, as discordant notes grate upon the ear of a musician. Conscience whispered, though, that this was, after all, a well-deserved punishment for allowing dress to occupy my thoughts where other thoughts should have been; and quite forgetful of Mr. Rale by this time, I endeavored to join the group in the parlor with as easy a mien as circumstances would allow.

The expression of Alec's face, as I entered, almost upset me; and I did not dare to look at his companion. I had an intuition, however, peculiar to women in such emergencies, that he was very much amused, though looking as grave as a judge.

Mr. Rooney laughed outright.

"And ye're a quare sight, Miss," said he, "saving your presence, in one of the ould woman's gowns—and the same is a nater fit on her than on you."

"I am very grateful for Mrs. Rooney's kindness," I replied, as composedly as I could. "I think it is very good of her to lend her best dress to a stranger."

"The ould lady sets store by it," continued Mr. Rooney, "for it was a present from Mike—and Mike's the very apple of her eye. The ould man's nobody when Mike's around."

"For shame, Dennis!" said his wife, good-naturedly; "ye wouldn't dare to say it, only that ye know I never contradict ye. Mike's a dear good by," turning to us, "that drives for a livery, and takes his ould mother for a ride in the Park of a Sunday."

"Nine children raised and gone away to scratch for themselves," put in Mr. Rooney: "niver a soul of 'em at home with the ould folks."

"What are ye talking of, Dennis?" corrected his better-half. "How can ye make nine out of sivin? Sorra a one but sivin do *I* know of, at all, at all!"

The discussion began to be rather amusing, and we listened with interest; but Mr. Rooney replied, with unabated good-humor, "Sure, and are ye after forgetting the two poor little spalpeens as is lying in their graves this blessed minute? An unnatural mother you are, Margaret Rooney!"

"They're niver a bit forgotten, Dennis," replied his wife, softly; "but we've only sivin living, ye mind."

As Mr. and Mrs. Rooney seemed disposed to be very communicative, and were evidently quite devoted to each other—in spite of the fact that Mrs. Rooney made a principle of contradicting nearly all her husband's statements, and he returned the attention with interest—they found a deeply-interested audience of three, not one of whom had had just such an experience before.

We were informed how all the boys and girls, one by one, went their several ways into the world; not, however, without a comical argument between father and mother as to how many were boys and how many were girls—Mr. Rooney seeming to be rather astray on this point, and not disposed to receive correction.

As the discussion appeared likely to be a lengthy one, I remarked to Mrs. Rooney, by way of change, "You must be very happy to think that your children have all turned out so well."

"Will ye plase to spake a little louder, Miss?" said my hostess, holding her ear toward me. "I don't hear quite well lately—I think it's a cold I took."

"Ah, now, Maggie! ould woman!" observed her husband, with an intense expression of humor, and a wink to the company generally, "don't be after telling the like of that—it's ould age is the matter with your hearing, my darlint."

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"Maggie" laughed good-humoredly, and probably thought that her better-half was just about right; while he, having finally gotten the whip-hand, looked quite happy and triumphant.

All this while, the gentleman whom we found in Mr. Rooney's entry (for it could not be called a hall) had scarcely spoken a word; but glancing stealthily toward him, I encountered his eyes, and felt myself rivaling the hue of my cherry-colored belt, as I called to mind the *tout ensemble* I had presented on my glance into Mrs. Rooney's mirror. I fairly hated myself.

In the midst of these thoughts came a terrific flash and clap simultaneously, and the little house seemed shaken to its very foundations.

I shrieked in terror, and fell on my knees; Aiec started to his feet, pale and trembling; the stranger rose calmly in the midst of us; while Mr. and Mrs. Rooney clung together with the ejaculations, "Howly Vargin!" and "May the Saints protect us!"

"Let us pray," said a deep, calm voice, that took me back to that scene on stormy Galilee, where One spoke, as never man spoke, to the raging winds and waves.

There was an instant hush in the little parlor, and presently words of faith and intercession, partly in the beautiful language of the Liturgy, were mingled with the artillery of heaven; and spell-bound, even from my fears, by the eloquence of the speaker, and the living fervor of his supplication, I seemed to pass from the humble room, with its group of frightened faces, and stand before the great white throne.

The prayer was long, but not too long for those engaged in it; and at its close, the speaker repeated the beautiful psalm,

"Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

All were quieted; and, I doubt not, comforted. I found myself glancing at the calm, clear face, now exalted into beauty; and I envied the man the faith and trust that could avail when the very heavens seemed being rent to pieces.

The lightning was less vivid now, and the thunder came at longer intervals.

"You've done it, sir!" said Mr. Rooney, in an awe-stricken tone; "no storm that ever raged could stand the likes of a prayer like that. Ye're a praste, sir, I take it?"

"I profess to be," replied the gentleman, smiling.

"And might I make bould to ask yer name?" continued Mr. Rooney, timidly.

"My name is Rale," said the stranger.

I almost started from my seat; but I hoped that he had not noticed the motion.

"And where do ye live, sir, if I may make bould again?"

Mr. Rale mentioned his place of residence; and Mr. Rooney, suddenly grasping his hand, seemed disposed to wring it off.

"He's the man, Maggie!" to his astonished wife, "the man whose very shadow me sister Bridget blesses as it falls across her path! Ye know Bridget O'Nale, sir?"

"Indeed, I do," replied Mr. Rale, as he returned the hand-shaking with interest. "And you are Bridget's brother, are you? I am glad that I happened under your roof."

"And sure it's both proud and glad *I* am to see your riverence," returned Mr. Rooney.

Our voluble host had now matter for quite a story, into which he plunged at once; telling us how his sister Bridget, who lived in the same town with Mr. Rale, had reason to "bless his shadow as it crossed her path"—for he had been the means, during the war, of saving her husband from a deserter's death.

Mr. Rale tried to escape from the compliments so profusely showered upon him by the admiring pair; but it was impossible, in the limited space of the parlor, to get very far out of their reach. I felt really sorry for him, he looked so uncomfortable; and at the first pause, I took the opportunity of saying,

"I went to church, this evening, Mr. Rale, to hear you preach—and that is why I am caught in the rain."

"I am sorry," said he, in a low tone, "that you went to church to hear me preach."

I must have looked the surprise that I felt; for he added, "Should we not go to church to worship God?"

I deserved the reproof even more than he thought; and I thanked him for it.

"I think you will admit," said I, half laughing at my ludicrous appearance, "that I am sufficiently punished."

Mr. Rale smiled, as his eyes rested kindly on me, and continued, "You probably wonder why I failed to appear and fulfill my engagement with Dr. Short. An accident on the road delayed me considerably; but, hoping to be in time for the sermon, I hurried on through the storm until it became perfectly overpowering, when, seeing a door partly open, I took the liberty of entering the premises, and—here I am."

I could not help wishing that Mr. Rale had *not* happened there, or that *we* hadn't; but wishes, as I wisely reflected, were of no use

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whatever concerning a thing in the past tense. Then, too, he was so very different from what I had expected; so quiet and unassuming.

Mr. and Mrs. Rooney hospitably urged us all to spend the night there; but, although this was gratefully declined, we were obliged to remain until quite a late hour.

I emerged into the street still arrayed in the flowered *mousseline*, with a clean black silk handkerchief of Mrs. Rooney's tied over my head; the gossamer robes in which I had started being left for transportation on the morrow. Mr. Rale went to spend the night with Dr. Short, and bade us a kind farewell as we separated; while Alec exclaimed, as we walked along.

"I declare, sis, if that man were only in Dr. Short's place, I'd go to church all the time! I believe he has fairly converted me with that prayer of his."

I said nothing in reply; but went thoughtfully to my room, with a strong desire to put away all the vanity and foolishness out of my heart, and begin a new life.

I do not know how she got hold of it—for I am sure *I* did not tell it, and Alec had promised that *he* would not; but the very first time we met, Sarah Dellert attacked me.

"So we went home in the rain, did we?" she commenced, laughing, "and found the truant, Mr. Rale, tucked away in a snug corner! I should be quite angry with you, my dear, for stealing such a march upon me, did I not reflect that your appearance, in full costume, *a la Paddy*, must have been the opposite of captivating. Do tell me all about it, and what you said, and what he said, and what they all said. I wish that *I* had had the adventure, instead of you; but I do not think I should have been satisfied to look like such a fright."

I did not believe she would have been "a fright" even with "a black cat on her head;" but as she probably entertained very much the same idea, I did not give expression to the thought. I had a very attentive listener as I spoke of our terror, and Mr. Rale's eloquent prayer—the tears came into my eyes as I thought of the scene; and kissing me affectionately, the erratic Sarah remarked,

"I believe you are cut out for a real good girl, Dillie! and I should not wonder at all if you ended in being a clergyman's wife. I know I'm not fit for it."

"My ambition does not aspire to *that*," I replied, as I felt the color rush to my face. "I should prefer some one who was not quite so much public property."

Sarah laughed mischievously, as she said, "We shall see. I make over all *my* interest in Mr. Rale to you."

The next time I met Mr. Rale it was at the dying bed of Dennis Rooney, who had been brought home, some days before, fatally injured by a train of cars. His last request was for "the Protestant praste who made such an illegant prayer;" and we sent for Mr. Rale at once.

I had been aiding Mrs. Rooney as well as I could in the care of the sufferer; and now I was privileged again to listen to those eloquent tones, which left a holy calm on the face of the dying man, and stilled the troubled hearts around.

We walked home together; and it was during that walk that I knew Sarah Dellert's prophecy was to be accomplished. It seemed astonishing that he should want *me*, with all my faults and vanities; and I could not rest satisfied until I had confessed all the feelings, and disappointments, and mortifications of that Sunday night. I wanted him to know just what I was beforehand; and not to find out, when too late, that, as the woman said of her recreant husband, I was "all worse and no better."

Mr. Rale replied, with an amused laugh, "It *was* rather an odd figure that walked, with such an air of graceful ease, into Mrs. Rooney's little parlor; but I really think I admired the flowered gown more than I should the 'love of a white dress'—or, rather, I admired the wearer more in it."

As I believed that evil spirit was safely laid, I hopefully accepted the prize offered me; and would have cheerfully sacrificed every dress I possessed to meet with a like return.

LIFE.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

A JEWELED cup, whose glittering gems,
Whose wine with ruddy glow,
But flash and gleam above dark dregs
Of bitterness below.

A fire, which for one hour, perchance,
May brightly, purely burn;
And ere the next has flitted by,
To cold, gray ashes turn.

A hunger in the human heart,
Which gnaweth keen and deep,
Through all the fitful dreams until
HE giveth dreamless sleep.

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THE MYSTERY AT BLACKWOOD GRANGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR NOEL'S HEIR."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44.

CHAPTER III.

MISS AMY EARLE.

THE May day had been intensely warm. All day long the New York pavements had baked and blistered under the sweltering sun. Noise and war, rush and rattle over stony streets, under that blazing sky, since early morning, until one's head throbbed, and eyes and ears ached from uproar and glare.

As the City Hall clock struck five, George Wildair pushed away his stool from the desk, where he had sat busily writing for the past three hours, and rose up with an impatient oath. It was a dingy little office in Fulton street, where the young lawyer sat alone, and the ceaseless turmoil without was like the roar of the angry sea.

"Curse the luck!" growled George Wildair, with a savage frown. Is this infernal treadmill life to go on forever? Drudge, drudge, slave, slave! Better be born a blackamoor, bought and sold at once! From morning till night, week in and week out, the same horrible slavery for daily bread and salt, and all hope of the unendurable drudgery ending soon, lost now. If that old, spiteful hag had only made Isabel Vance her heiress, how different all might be. Life in that dazzling fairy land, whose highways are paved with gold, a handsome and stately wife, all the glory of the world might be mine. And now—and now——"

He looked round his dingy little den, with a wrathful glare on his handsome face, and hurled the parchment in his hand fiercely to the other end of the room.

"I was never born for this life, and I'll not endure it much longer! Who is that who says 'All things is possible to the man who believes in himself?' There should be rich women in plenty in these days of petroleum and shoddy, ready to exchange their yellow treasure, for a young and handsome husband. Old or young, handsome or hideous, what does it matter, so that there is gold enough to gild the ugliness. By-the-way," he broke off suddenly, "I wonder what became of poor Isabel!"

He walked to the grimy window and gazed out moodily at the perpetual rush of passers-by.

"No one has seen her; no one has heard o her—she has disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed her up. Poor Isa! I acted like a cold-blooded scoundrel to her, I dare say; and yet I don't know. I couldn't marry her, it was simply impossible. Bachelor pauperism, with a dry crust to-day, in a dingy saloon, and a *petit souper* to-morrow night at the *Maison Doree*, is a very different thing from matrimonial pauperism, with a sickly wife and crying children, and the cut direct from one's friends in Bohemia. No, no! it was better for Isabel, better for myself, to act as I did. Nothing but weary waiting could have come of continuing the engagement; nothing but misery from a marriage. And yet, heaven knows, I loved that girl!"

Mr. Wildair put on his hat and coat, locked his office, and walked out. He walked moodily along the crowded street for some way, then sprung into a passing-car, and rode up to Central Park. He was in the habit of going there of evenings to kill time, and smoke a dreamy segar among the trees.

This bright May afternoon the drives and walks were crowded. Brilliant equipages flashed by, filled with fair faces; dashing equestrians pranced gayly after; well-dressed men and women rambled through the cool paths, and loiterers reclined on the benches. Over all a sky of cloudless blue shone, and in the west the sun was setting in a gorgeous oriflamme of splendor.

George Wildair leaned against a tree, smoking his segar, and looked with lazy eyes at that splendid sunset. He was contrasting his own hard fate, bitterly and curiously, with that of those fortunate people in the gay carriages that rolled by, when a voice startled him out of his discontented reverie.

"Don't tell me that this is George Inglis Wildair, grown so big, and so brown, and so bearded, and all in ten years! Don't tell me so; because I used to know him when a great, awkward hobbledehoy—and it isn't possible, you know!"

The voice was girlish and silvery, and the laugh which followed was sweet as a peal of

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musical bells. Mr. Wildair wheeled round and stood staring blankly at the pretty speaker.

She sat in the daintiest of little phætons, that was drawn by two spirited, creamy white ponies. She looked the prettiest of little fair-haired fairies, in her bewitching carriage-costume. The blue eyes sparkled like stars, and enchanting dimples chased one another over the rosy, laughing face. By her side sat an elderly lady, as upright, and stiff, and prim, as the virtue of Prudence embodied.

"He doesn't know me!" cried the little sparkler, with a second musical laugh. "See how he stares! I declare, if the horrid creature has not gone and forgotten me, in ten years, as completely as though I had never existed. And we used to be so intimate—Damon and, what's-his-name, and all that, brothers-in-arms, you know, Mrs. Sterling."

And then, like a flash, it all dawned upon George Wildair. Ten years ago—a street in Boston, and a little wax-doll of a girl, with China-blue eyes, and tomboyish ways—six years younger than himself, and his pet, and protege, and next-door neighbor.

"Miss Amy Earle, surely!" he said, doffing his hat and coming up to the pony-carriage. "Can I believe my eyes! How stupid of me, not to recognize you at once; for, except that you have grown taller, you are exactly the same as of old, This is a delightful surprise. I should as soon have thought of seeing the Empress Eugenie in the Park."

Miss Earle laughed once more. She had glittering white teeth, and an exquisitely musical laugh, and evidently made the most of both.

"I have been in New York a month; and I have been looking for you ever since, and asking for you, but no one seemed to know anything about the matter. I thought you had got married, or turned Diogenes, and lived in a tub. Let me present you to Mrs. Sterling, my friend and chaperon, who has been tormented with me for the past three years, and is likely to be for three times three to come. My old friend and playmate, Mr. George Wildair, dear Mrs. Sterling."

Mrs. Sterling bowed stiffly, not relaxing into the faintest smile. But Mr. Wildair was not to be rebuffed.

"The name is a very familiar one. I knew a John Sterling once—he was my most intimate friend at college. He became a doctor, and settled down in Maryland somewhere. Perhaps you knew him?"

The frigid face of the elder lady brightened at once.

"John Sterling is my son," she said, "my only son. Now that you recall it, I do remember his speaking of you very often. I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir. My son's friends are always mine."

"How nice!" cried Miss Earle, with sparkling effusions. "It's exactly like a play, where everybody turns out to be the brother, or wife, or father of everybody else! Won't you take a seat, George? Oh! I beg pardon! I suppose I most say Mr. Wildair now."

"If you do, I will never forgive you! Think it is the old days over again, and permit me to call you Amy."

He took a seat by her side, and the high-stepping ponies rattled off.

"And you have left Boston for good, I suppose," he remarked, "and have pitched your tent in New York permanently?"

"Oh, dear, no!" exclaimed the young lady. "I am only here a month, and don't intend to remain. We came on business—I've had a fortune left me. I have been living at Blackwood Grange, Maryland, for the last three years."

George Wildair started violently, and turned very pale.

"What!" he said, "are you the Amy Earle to whom Dorothy Hardenbrook left her fortune?"

Miss Earle bowed and smiled radiantly. "I have that happiness! But, good gracious me! how aghast you look! If I had told you I had murdered somebody, you could not wear a paler or more horrified face! What's the matter? Did you know Miss Hardenbrook?"

"Slightly." He drew a long, hard breath of intense surprise,

"That is more than I ever did then. But, if you knew her, you must have heard the name of the person to whom she left her wealth."

"I did," said Mr. Wildair, still struggling with his surprise; "but I never dreamed that Miss Amy Earle, of Maryland, was the little Amy I used to know in Boston. And you were Miss Hardenbrook's cousin?"

"So it appears, although *I* knew nothing of the matter, hardly ever heard her name, in fact, until she was good enough to make me her heiress. Isn't it romantic? But it wasn't altogether fair, either; for there was another young lady, a nearer relative, who lived with her, and who certainly had a better right to it than I."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; a Miss Vance. She was disinherited at the last moment, through some caprice of the old lady's. She has disappeared, it seems, and no one knows anything of her whereabouts. I

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have tried every means, advertised, and all, but I cannot find her."

Mr. Wildair was looking straight before him at the yellow light dying out of the western sky.

"And why do you wish to find her?" he asked.

Miss Earle glanced at him in reproachful surprise.

"Can you ask? She had a much better right to this money than I. She was a nearer relative; she had lived with Miss Hardenbrook for years, and been brought up to expect it all at her death. If Miss Hardenbrook chose to be unjust and whimsical at the last moment, that does not alter my obligation. John Sterling told me my duty plainly; he said I would be wrong, and cruel, and unjust, not to share with her—to give her half. I would, too, if I could find her."

"John Sterling was always a trifle Quixotic," said George, with one of his cynical laughs. "Very few people, inheriting this fortune, would take his view of the case. However, it does you honor, Miss Earle."

"My son is *not* Quixotic, Mr. Wildair," said Mrs. Sterling, with cold asperity. "He is the most noble and high-minded of men."

Mr. Wildair bowed with his mostcynical smile.

"Not a doubt of it," he thought. "It is so easy to be magnanimous and noble where other people's money is concerned." But, aloud, he blandly said, "Your pardon, madam, *I* should know that. But in these days of selfishness, that kind of thing is very apt to be mistaken, by an unappreciative world, for the wildest sort of Quixotism. And so you have failed in your search, Miss Earl, for this disinherited damsel—Miss, how do you call her?"

"Miss Isabel Vance; and so very handsome a damsel, Mr. George Wildair, that I don't think you would forget the name so easily if you saw her once. She was an actress before Miss Hardenbrook adopted her. Most probably she has returned to her old profession. It is odd she is not to be found; perhaps she has changed her name; but, I daresay, she will turn up promiscuously some day, as you did this afternoon. I searched for you, you know, and couldn't find you."

Mr. Wildair bowed. "It is too much honor to be remembered all those years."

"Ah! no doubt; but you see I have a good memory for my old friends, particularly one I used to quarrel with every day. Look at that sunset sky—did you ever see anything more lovely?"

The steppers pranced gayly through the broad drives; the phæton rolled as on velvet; the luminous dusk of the delicious spring twilight hung over the earth like a veil of silver haze. A young May moon trembled on the verge of an opal-tinted sky; and the noises of the distant city came far and faint.

George Wildair sat beside the fairy heiress, with the starry blue eyes, and pale aureole of golden hair, like a man in a delightful dream. Bedredden Hassan, falling asleep at the gates of Damascus, and awakening in the princess' palace, with that royal beauty bending above him, could scarcely have been more delightfully dazed. An hour ago, alone and disconsolate, he had been cursing his hard fate, and, lo! with one touch of some magic wand, he sat in the princess' carriage, with the pretty princess herself chattering delicious nonsense familiarly by his side.

"And, of course, we will expect to see you often, very often—shall we not, Mrs. Sterling?" were the words that aroused him from his dream. "And to-night, if you drop into Wallack's, I daresay you will see us there. It is my old pet play, 'The Lady of Lyons;' old as the hills, you know, but ever new. That dear, sweet Claude Melnotte! Oh! how I wish some delightfully handsome, and learned, and eloquent gardener's son would fall in love with me, and marry me, as dear Claude did Pauline! It must be so nice to be loved like that, and have pale-faced heroes going mad for one's sake!"

"Amy, my dear!" rebuked Mrs. Sterling, in her most stately manner.

"It's not proper, is it, Mrs. Sterling? But, then, it's true, and I don't mind George; we're such old, old friends, you know. And one likes to say what one thinks, sometimes."

"I can quite comprehend the possibility of going mad for Miss Amy Earle's sake," Mr. Wildair said, in a low tone—and the pretty little heiress shrugged her dainty shoulders.

"Oh, of course! You couldn't help saying that, could you? And then I'm rich; and men have gone mad before now for less gold than my money-bags hold. I quite understand all that; I've had scores of offers; but to be loved as Claude Melnotte loved Miss Dechappelles—that's quite another thing, you understand. I shall look for you at Wallack's to-night, Mr. Wildair."

George alighted at the corner of his own street, and the pony-carriage rolled away. He went to his boarding-house and made a most elaborate toilet, and issued forth under the May starlight, an irresistible Adonis, in a dress-coat, and pale, tightly-fitting kids.

The last act was nearly over when Mr. Wil-

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dair strolled into the theatre, and swept the house with his *lorgnette*. Yes, there she was, so brightly pretty that it was a pleasure only to look at her; the sparkling face, and the pale, rose-hued silk, and the pearls, and the waxen-white flowers she wore, all less fresh and exquisite than herself. Many glasses were leveled at their box, some at the great Maryland heiress, but more at the sweet, pure face, and dainty little statuesque head.

The curtain fell. Mr. Wildair made his way to the box, and was greeted with an enchanting smile. He took his stand behind Miss Earle's chair, and whispered sentimental small-talk, under favor of the music, to his heart's content. And Miss Earle deigned to listen graciously to it all, and fluttered her fan, and played with her bouquet, and laughed, and sparkled, and was rather silly, if the truth must out; and Mrs. Sterling, dignified and frigid, looked on in chilling disapproval.

The play ended—Pauline was happy in the arms of her Claude, and Miss Earle was satisfied. Mr. Wildair gave her his arm to her carriage, and left her with a promise to call upon the morrow, and with one of the waxy japonicas from her hair in his button-hole.

Miss Earle's dreams were usually bright, but they were unusually bright to-night; and Mrs. Sterling sat up into the small hours, writing an indignant protest to her son.

"He is a shallow, heartless, fortune-hunter; and he will win her, and marry her, and neglect her, and break her heart, poor, silly, frivolous child! Romance reading has turned her brain. She is pretty, and she is sweet, and innocent, and trustful as a child of three. It is a shame, it is a pity, and all your fault, you ungrateful, headstrong boy! Why didn't you marry her? You might, when we were at Blackwood, if you chose. But no, you would be Quixotic—Mr. George Wildair's cynical name for it is the right one. 'She must see the world; she must know her own value; you would not entrap her confiding youth and innocence; you would not be called a fortune-hunter!' Ridiculous, romantic twaddle! She will marry this George Wildair, and be miserable all the rest of her life."

George Wildair walked home through the misty May moonlight with the air of a conqueror, and a smile of triumph on his face.

"How oddly things come about in this world, after all," he soliloquized. "Who says the romance is all in three volume novels, five act melo-dramas? To think that I should become master of Dorothy Hardenbrook's thousands, in spite of Dorothy Hardenbrook's will!"

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE WEDDING-EVE.

THROUGH a long vista of gorgeous rooms, athwart the glitter of gas, and the gleam of jewels, and the wild, sweet music of a German waltz, Mr. Wildair went to meet his fairy princess. He had seen her several times since the night at the play, but he was now to meet her at an up-town party; a magnificent affair, where the *creme de la creme* of the Fifth Avenue assembled in dazzling toilets, and where the young lawyer from Fulton street was almost unknown. "But any friend of dear Miss Earle," quoth Mrs. Goldham, the giver of the feast, when asked for an invitation, "must needs be welcome;" and so Mr. Wildair received a card, and went, in all the purple and fine linen, the nobler sex dare don, and looked the handsomest man in the rooms.

Miss Amy Earle thought so, as she glanced his way under cover of her fan, whilst flirting animatedly with the son of the house. She was looking wonderfully pretty herself—a very sea-nymph, in pale-green silk, under misty white, and with emeralds glimmering on the exquisite neck and arms. So enchantingly pretty, and so delightfully rich, what wonder if the bright little Maryland heiress was the triumphant queen of the night, ever surrounded by the handsomest and most eligible men in the room, and receiving flattery enough to turn forever a dozen such silly little heads.

George Wildair's heart sunk all at once, as he watched her receiving her perpetual incense, as a little princess might; and his high hopes fell suddenly.

"What if I should miss again?" he thought, with a sickening feeling of apprehension. "What chance has a poor devil, such as I am, amongst those millionaires, and sons of millionaires? And yet little Amy isn't the sort of girl to marry for money. She is of the sentimental kind, that elope with the coachman, and think love in a cottage the height of earthly bliss. What is it the grand old cardinal says in the play? 'In the vocabulary of great men, there is no such word as fail!' Courage, *mon ami!* You'll win the heiress yet!"

Mr. Wildair paid his respects to his hostess, and then sought out the belle of the ball. She received him with her brightest glance and most bewitching smile.

"Too late, monsieur," she said, gayly, in answer to his request for the honor of her hand. "Engaged for this waltz and for the redowa; but after that—there!"

She scribbled his name with a mite of a gold pencil, and flashed her ivory tablets in his eyes.

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"You're to have a waltz and the German, and you're to take me to supper. Our waltz, Capt. Fraser? *Au revoir*, George!"

She glided away, and the young man's heart throbbed high with hope.

"She calls me George, and she favors me as I can see she favors none other here. If she is not the veriest coquette that ever flirted a fan, and made playthings of men's hearts, the game is already mine."

Mr. Wildair strolled through the rooms carelessly whilst waiting his turn to be blessed. He didn't care to dance since he could not dance with her; so he watched the others, leaning idly against a pillar, and weaving rose-hued dreams of the golden future to come.

Miss Earle let her favored cavalier take her in to supper, and sparkled more brightly than the Champagne and Moselle. And after supper they had a waltz, the music whereof was as the music of the spheres, and they seemed to float, not on vulgar waxed floor, but on impalpable air. And George Wildair, with his arm encircling the taper waist, his eyes alight, his face radiantly handsome as the "darling of the gods," whirled her out of the glaring ball-room, into the green dusk and sylvan quiet of a cool conservatory. Far and faint, and unutterably sweet, came the music from the ball-room; soft and silvery floated in the May moonlight through the open window; tinkling fountains plashed in their marble basins, watched over by pale goddesses, and tropical plants, and tropical perfume transformed the place from dull earth to the realms of fairy-land.

"Oh, how nice!" the little heiress cried. "Moonlight and music, flowers and fragrance, and fountains, and everything charming! I suppose it's vulgar, and so on—Mrs. Sterling says it is—to go off into raptures about these things as I do—but I can't help it. She calls it gushing and low-bred; but I *do* love pretty things—music, and flowers, and lovely dresses, and brilliant balls; and I can't help saying so, let people think what they please. Life is one long, delightful dream, and I wouldn't be any one else than Amy Earle, the heiress, for all the world. What do you think of me after that confession, Mr. George Wildair."

"If I only dared say what I think," the young man murmured. "But no—you would call me mad, presumptuous, impertinent. I must not forget it is no longer the little Amy of by-gone days—but Miss Earle, the heiress, I stand beside, and that I am a penniless lawyer, obliged to drudge for my daily bread."

Miss Earle's blue eyes drooped, and the rosy light tinted the rounded cheeks. But it was not the flush of displeasure; and her voice, timid and fluttering, had nothing of anger in it when she spoke.

"You are unjust, Mr. Wildair. Amy Earle, the heiress, is in no way different from the Amy Earle of other days. I don't think I ever gave you grounds for that reproach."

"No," he said, bitterly. "You have been all generosity, all gracious condescension. But though *you* may stoop, I cannot presume."

"Gracious condescension! What nonsense are you talking? Do you want to make me angry, Mr. Wildair?"

"Oh, forgive me! But if *you* can forget, in your great kindness, the difference between us, I cannot, I cannot forget that you are Dorothy Hardenbrook's heiress, and that I am a penniless lawyer. I cannot forget that I love you, and that I am mad and besotted for my pains!"

"George!"

"Dearest Amy, my love, my darling, let me tell you all my madness now, then banish me forever from your bright presence, if you will. I loved you in those days long ago when you were no heiress, but my dear little playmate. Your image, pure and bright as those shining stars up yonder, has been with me ever since. And now, when I meet you in your dazzling beauty, in your unutterable kindness, is it any wonder that the old love grows, even at first sight, too much for one heart to hold? Amy, Amy, see me at your feet, not daring to ask for your love, but to implore your forgiveness for telling you mine. Pardon my mad presumption, my love, my queen, and then banish me forever."

The eloquent voice died out; he knelt on one knee before her, his head bowed to receive his doom, his face divinely handsome in the pale moonlight. Amy's whole face flushed with rapture as she looked. This was love, this was devotion, this was the dream of her life! Claude Melnotte, raving mad for love of beautiful Pauline, could not have wooed more romantically than this! And he was so handsome, too, with the face of a Greek Apollo, and the tongue of a masculine siren! Miss Earle stretched out one tiny hand, a glitter with rich rings, and lifted her lover up.

"Rise, George; just think if anybody came in and caught you, you know. And, oh! please, don't say such dreadful things! I—I don't want you to go away forever."

"Amy! Oh! for heaven's sake, don't deceive me with false hopes now! Be merciful, and bid me go."

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The pretty lips pouted.

"It seems to me you are very anxious to go, Mr. Wildair. Of course, you must, if you insist upon it; but mind, *I* don't bid you."

"Amy!"

The ringed, white hand fluttered out again and nestled into his.

"You great silly, George! To think that my foolish fortune could make any difference in me. Ah! don't go, George! I don't want you to leave me ever!"

And then the pretty head, "sunning over with curls, drooped on his shoulder, and George Wildair, half delirious with delight, clasped her in his arms, and held her there—a triumphant conqueror!

Miss Earle and Mr. Wildair were long in returning to the ball-room; so long, that people were smiling significantly, and whispering prophetically when they did return.

"See what radiant faces they wear!" some one said to Mrs. Sterling. "They 'tread on thrones' just now, instead of dull earth. No one ever looks like that, except young ladies and gentlemen in the first ecstasy of engagement. My dear madam, your occupation, like Othello's, will soon be gone."

Mrs. Sterling frowned angrily. Yes, there was no mistaking the meaning of those rapturous faces. "He has reason to congratulate himself, no doubt," she thought, bitterly. "He has secured the heiress and her money; but she, poor, silly, sentimental child, she will pay a life-long penance for this mad folly. He is not a good man—he is selfish, and false, and mean to the core of his heart. Heaven knows I love the child dearly, and would save her if I could; but one might as well talk to the wind that blows, and hope to change it, as to a romantic girl in love."

Mrs. Sterling was wise in her generation. That night, or rather next morning, in the gray and dismal day-dawn, when they reached home, Amy came peeping timidly into her room. The elder lady sat quietly, disrobing herself for bed, very grave, very grim.

"Please, may I come in?" the little girl said, falteringly.

Mrs. Sterling looked at her. How fresh, how sweet, how innocent, how young she was, in her dainty ball-dress, with that timid flush on her cheek, that wistful, humid light in the starry eyes. All the mother's heart within her went out, in infinite compassion, to the orphaned heiress.

"Yes, my little one, come in, and tell me all about it. Ah, my Amy! do you think I am quite blind?"

Amy hid her hot face in the matronly lap.

"Dear Mrs. Sterling, how good you are! I didn't know how to tell you. Yes," very falteringly, "I am engaged."

"To George Wildair?"

"Yes, to George. Oh! you don't know how dearly he loves me—you don't know how bitterly he feels the difference between my wealth and his poverty. As if it mattered, you know, which of us had the money, so that we have it. If he had the throne of the universe, he would lay it at my feet. And John—dear old John—he will be *so* pleased, will he not, Mrs. Sterling? They were such old, old friends, George and he."

Mrs. Sterling smiled, then she sighed.

"I hope so, dear—poor John! But tell me, my child, do you love this man? Really love him, as a woman should love the man she is to marry?"

Miss Earle gave an hysterical little laugh, keeping her flushed face persistently hidden.

"Of course, I do. Would I accept him else? He is *so* delightfully handsome, you know; and he waltzes divinely; and he talks like the hero of a novel. What more could any reasonable girl desire?"

Mrs. Sterling sighed heavily. She lifted the hidden face and kissed it tenderly.

"It is almost five o'clock, my pet, and high time you were in bed. Go, and may God bless you, and make you happy!"

"You don't like poor George," Amy said, clinging around her, "Ah! how cruel that is, Mrs. Sterling, when you don't know any evil about him."

"Nor any good, my poor Amy! But I will try and like him for your sake. Now go to bed, and let me go. *I'm* not in love, you know, Amy, and I really should prefer a comfortable sleep to half a dozen handsome young lawyers."

Mr. Wildair dutifully called, in the course of the day, and had a long, delicious, lover-like talk with his Amy. And from that time forward all went on velvet. There was no hard-hearted father, or flinty guardian, to lash the smooth flow of love's tide to frenzy—Miss Earle was her own mistress. Mrs. Sterling might disapprove, but she had no authority to forbid the wooing.

The engagement was announced, and the Fulton street lawyer was envied and hated by half the young men in New York. Eclipsed belles lifted their drooping heads now; the Maryland heiress had retired from the ranks, and there was balm in Gilead for their bruised hearts once more.

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June came—July. New York grew insupportable, of course, and Miss Earle fluttered away with the other butterflies to Newport. Mr. Wildair followed faithfully.

The marriage was fixed for October the fifth. There was to be a magnificent wedding, a gorgeous breakfast, and a trip to Europe. The wedded pair would spend the winter and spring abroad, and return with the June roses to their Maryland mansion.

September passed. October came. On the fourth of the month, the "night before the bridal," everything was ready. In the heiress' dressing-room lay spread out, in splendid array, the magnificent wedding-robe, the veil, the wreath, the orange-blossoms. In the heiress' drawing-room Mr. Wildair sat, bending devotedly over her, and talking as men do talk on their wedding-eve. Both were radiantly happy and hopeful. No shadow of the awful doom hovering over them darkened that blissful hour.

It was late when Mr. Wildair departed. He lingered lovingly, clasping the little hands, kissing the sweet, girlish face.

"Good-night," he said, "for the last time, my love, my darling, my bride!"

It was a cloudy, overcast night, the moon pale and watery, the scudding clouds and raw wind threatening rain. George Wildair walked briskly away in the direction of his boarding-house. The stages that rattled past him were filled with people from the theatres; he preferred the brisk walk to the crush and discomfort of standing in an omnibus. He seemed to walk on air.

"At last!" he said, drawing a long breath, "at last, wealth, and ease, and luxury, and every delight this world has to give, will be mine. At last, after bitter disappointment, after dismal drudgery, after dull despair; at last, in spite of Dorothy Hardenbrook!"

He stopped suddenly; like a flash came the memory of Isabel Vance. He had forgotten her as completely of late as though she had never existed. Now she arose before him as she had stood that night, long ago, when she risked a fortune to meet him, pale, menacing.

"*When I prove false to you, I pray God that I may die!*"

He had uttered the terrible invocation himself, and solemn and awful came the memory of that stern "Amen!" which had responded. The cold drops started out on George Wildair's brow.

"Good God!" he thought, "what a false, foresworn wretch I am! I deserve the doom I invoked; and if Isabel Vance is still living, Isabel Vance is just the woman to stab me to the heart for my perjury."

He was near his boarding-house. He had turned the corner of the street, and was searching in his pockets for his latch-key, when the figure of a man started out of the shadow of the houses, and confronted him. The light of a lamp shone full on George Wildair's face.

"To-morrow is your wedding-day, George Wildair," said a deep, stern voice, "but to-morrow's sun will rise on a widowed bride. Traitor! Perjurer! take your doom!"

The sharp report of a pistol rang out on the still midnight air. Policeman 777, strolling leisurely along the next block, sprung his rattle and rushed for the spot.

Under the gas lamp a man lay extended, stiff and still, the life-blood pumping out at every breath.

No living creature beside was to be seen along the whole length of the silent street.

No. 777 lifted up the wounded man. The dulled eyes turned upon the policeman's face, the dying tongue uttered one word,

"Isabel!"

No more. The head fell back, one last convulsive throe, and George Wildair was a corpse.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

We leave our girlhood's land of dreams,
  Its fair shores never more to see;
Ah, me! how blest in memory seems
  The quiet loathed so bitterly.

Fierce gales of passion toss our barque,
  And on the heart's broad battle-plain,
What fiery conflicts we must wage,
  And mourn how many precious slain!

But when the azure gates of rest
  Have once been closed, oh, portals bright!
Weep how we may, and wildly pray,
  No more they'll open on our sight.

But once is childhood's simple faith;
  But once the maiden's dreamy calm;
Then womanhood's sad portion waits,
  And woes for which there is no balm.

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"PINK AND WHITE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S GOLD."

On the evening of the 17th of June, 186—, Miss Laura Cleverton received a new revelation. A tall, dark, wayworn man, with a dusty traveling-bag in one hand, and a bundle of books in the other, opened the neat, iron gate that divided the Cleverton grounds from the rest of the world, and wound his way up the white gravel-walk, and through the blooming shrubberies, to the piazza opened upon by long, French windows, in one of which she stood regarding him.

It must not be supposed that it was an intruder who thus invaded the rose-embowered porch—for no one, without proper credentials, would have ventured so boldly to approach the sacred residence of a college professor, or hoped to pass its polished portals. The very spirit of cleanliness, elegance, refinement, reigned over the place, which the wanderer's dusty foot and battered personality profaned; and Laura, floating forward in the light-spreading summer draperies, the rubies and the laces of her afternoon attire, gave him her cool, fair hand with reverential welcome, and felt her heart bound as in the presence of a king among men.

Yet Miss Cleverton was no romantic schoolgirl to worship an ideal hero; and the time was past, if it had ever been, when she was in danger of emulating one. Her two-and-thirty years, she fancied, were a safe protection against folly; but I, who know that folly is of no particular age, feel certain, rather, that she owed her immunity from all forms of morbid and excessive sensibility, to her own delicate, well-bred perceptions and innate refinement of feeling. As soon might one have believed that the perfectly-formed head did not cover a superior brain, as suspect beneath that simple and lady-like demeanor any reserves of fanciful sentiment.

Her position might well have favored such a development of character, and her personal appearance would certainly not have militated against it. Tall, stately, fair, with a noble figure and face, not yet much worn or thinned by time, from her sweet and peaceful temper; her soft, black eyes, and glossy abundance of hair, beautiful, fair forehead and temples, and beautiful hands; dark eyebrows, and long, silken lashes, that cast their gentle, reflective shadows on her cheek; a small, sensitive mouth, red as a roseberry, and expressive without the words of which she was so chary, made her still attractive when the fresh tints and textures of early youth had departed.

She had these, sixteen years before, when she became the housekeeper of her elder brother, and mother to the younger. The Clevertons were a handsome family, and Laura possessed all the beauty of the women of her race. But for the awful isolation of her position as head of a professor's household, she might have been a belle with a large following; as it was, she became the secret idol of the students, withheld only by the dread dignity surrounding her from the usual manifestations of their admiration.

Enough of this juvenile adoration, however, appeared to weary and disgust her. She saw only the reverse side of the shield—the rough, shy boys of whom years and training were to make refined and educated men; she came into contact only with callow, immature minds, and could not follow them out into the world, in which some set such a shining mark afterward. For her the fresh, but extravagant and evanescent enthusiasm of boyhood; for others the calmer and riper sentiment, the strong, enduring love of the man. Year after year, class after class, appeared to her the same; save where some bright spirit, older than his fellows, or early wise, precocious from genius or talent, and with a deeper heart than the rest; or the son of a millionaire, who had already found the power of wealth to get what it desired, strove to gain her love, and win her beauty for himself. Some of these had been thought brilliant matches—they did not seem so to her; sweet and feminine as she was, she became cold as Diana to a weakness she did not understand.

Professor Augustus Cleverton, nine-and-thirty, and unmarried, was the last person to enlighten or to think of her—he had never attempted to comprehended these mysteries himself. He had failed to receive his share of the family beauty; a tall man, thin and spectacled, dark and dry; a bookworm, working like a bee, who gathered continuously from ancient tomes vast stores of knowledge, which he dispensed reluctantly to the unholy throng who crowded his lecture-rooms. He gave his sister perfect freedom in every respect; gave her all the money he

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received; gave himself into her hands to be taken care of in domestic matters, and gave no more, not even a thought, to the question of her happiness, the problem of her future. His younger brother, Robert, two-and-twenty, gay and handsome, a graduate of the present year's class, was like him in this respect, and no other. Besides these two beloved brothers, she had no society except that of the professors—dull, prosaic, married men, most of them, and sadly like schoolmasters—their wives and children, and a few acquaintances or friends, both near and distant, whom, from various circumstances, she seldom saw.

The man who walked into her parlor on this summer evening was none of these, though about to become one, in becoming the shining light, the pride and boast of —— College. I have forgotten in what branch of science the new professor had made himself famous—astronomy, geology, mathematics, who shall say? At any rate, he had, after years of silent labor and study, become distinguished, beyond measure, by discoveries that attracted the attention of the whole scientific world, and caused the faculty of —— to offer him the largest salary received by any member of their body, to secure his services and reputation for their school.

Miss Cleverton had not been brought up in the atmosphere of learning without imbibing something of its spirit—as the clay is perfumed by the rose, etc.—her brother, indeed, had imparted to her a little from his own stores of knowledge, and found in her an apt and willing pupil. Educated more severely than most women, and almost wholly by masculine minds, she naturally followed their bent, acquired their tone of thought—their absorbing topic interested her no less; she was her brothers' confidant and companion.

The learned Augustus, himself a deep student of the science in which the new professor excelled, mentioned his name with reverence as one whom he delighted to honor, and taught his sister to feel due deference for their guest. She needed no such prompting—women are prone enough to hero-worship and admiration of a strong character; and her own superficial knowledge of the subject showed her how powerful and masterful was the mind which could grapple with and overthrow difficulties, that more than she had been trained to believe insurmountable.

To her enlightened vision the professor appeared encircled by his scientific laurels with such a halo of romance, as in maiden eyes still hovers about the head of many a man more unworthy for less reasons. His explosion of the great—no, it could not have been the Darwinian theory—his triumphant explanation of the same; his magnificent discovery of something by common minds impossible to be understood, and never before heard of, were to her such feats as Cœur de Lion's knightly deeds were to Berengaria, or the exploits of the Viking to the woman he won.

Don't fancy she thought of such nonsense in connection with him; it would have been in her sight both heterodoxy and treason to associate any frivolous ideas with his image—and these were not in her nature. To her he was a grand creature, who had wrested the secrets of the globe from the darkness in which they had been hidden through all ages; and if a little flush reddened her clear cheek as she gave him her hand, it was in thinking how her fingers touched those which had snatched out the heart of a mystery buried since the foundations of the world, and transmitted the tidings of the discovery that should astonish all future generations.

It was curious, in turn, to the professor himself, unaware of the awe with which his fair and stately hostess regarded him; and wholly unused to the society of women, to find in one of these he had been accustomed to consider from a distance, dimly, as alien and inconsequent beings, a companion and friend, far more, an appreciating fellow-student of the sciences to which he was devoted, as he soon discovered. For these learned men can dwell on but one subject, their forte and favorite—all else seems to them vague, visionary, utterly useless; the clothes they wear, the food they eat but minister to the lodgment of one grand idea; the universe itself is but the tabernacle containing it.

Such men are usually very wearisome. Laura had often found them so—but not this one. Nature had given him a fine, expressive face, a musical voice, and cultivation a fair command of language, wherewith to clothe the thoughts suggested by his strong intellect. Though not diffuse or prodigal of words, he was eloquent when aroused and interested, and talked with ease most unusual to him, encouraged by her gentle reserve, and the soft, sympathetic manner with which a well-bred woman draws out a talented, but diffident man. When the erudite Augustus, in search of his friend, broke in upon the *tete-a-tete* of the pair, both were surprised to find how time had passed; and the learned professor carried away with him a mental picture of the elegant room, and the graceful woman who seemed its fit inhabitant, and had enter-

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tained him so pleasantly by her eloquent listening.

It was arranged that he should, for the present, become an inmate of the family; and Laura was surprised to find with what vivid satisfaction she received these tidings, which were not less welcome to her silent but observant guest. He was assigned a chamber which, in its tasteful neatness, seemed to breathe the spirit of her presence, and felt, for the first time in years, the home-like charm of living under the same roof with a sweet and cultivated woman, in some degree the object of her care, in a remote sense the recipient of her bounty; for he discovered that more than she received she gave. If her mind grew by companionship with his, and she gathered daily stores of knowledge from his books and conversation, the works they read, the topics they discussed together, he felt his own character becoming refined and softened by her gentle feminine influence. In silent deference to her personal elegance, and the orderly beauty of her surroundings, he reformed and corrected his dress, to bring it nearer her high standard, and was secretly rejoiced by the effect.

He had learned long since that the fair hands which ministered so deftly to his comfort, performing wonders of "huswife's lap," dedicated to his coarser physical needs, had dipped into labors that qualified her to comprehend the more exalted part of his nature. Unused to the society of women, this one, really exceptionally pure, good, and talented, seemed to him little short of a human miracle; he was never weary of watching her in his quiet manner, and wondering at her gracious ways, the darkness of her eyes, the whiteness of her hands, the soft force of a character which drew out all that was best and finest in the nature of others. So Laura had presently an admirer where she only thought she had found a friend.

Professor Augustus, astonished at the intelligence his silent sister displayed, when gently encouraged by the new influence in the house, did not object to her frequent presence during the discussion of scientific themes; indeed, he often sought it. Her little parlor, formerly shunned by him as a receptacle for female follies, an asylum for feminine idleness, became gradually the resort of these mighty minds in their hours of leisure; the arena in which mental gladiators, out of harness, flung aside their weapons of war, and contended peacefully among her camellias and roses, encircled by clouds of fragrant smoke, that quite neutralized the sweeter odors of the flowers.

A little aloof sat Laura, withdrawn from the heat of the wordy war, but not unmindful of its progress; her quiet eyes upon her work, the long eyelashes sweeping her soft cheek, fair, cool, and elegant in her snowy muslin draperies, her dexterous hands never failing at their task, while the mind that guided them held the thread of the conversation—and how much more? Decidedly there was fascination in that little work-table; a pleasant sense of mystery in its pile of contents—the silks, and linens, and worsteds, among which she wrought with unflagging skill, raising sometimes such calm and thoughtful looks to the beholder.

Others began to join the little coterie of which she alone was the serene star. Grave professors came to argue or to reason, to convict or confute, to brighten their weary minds by contact with those of their brethren. Solemn young students came to listen to these words of wisdom, and store them in their hearts; and gayer ones, in the train of their leader, Robert, to whose mercurial temperament no form of excitement came amiss. The professional mansion, nominally ever open to the collegiate public, had never held so many receptions before.

Mary, popularly called "Pink and White," thought it much improved. She was, as she said herself, Laura's most intimate friend, in spite of the twelve years difference in their ages, and many differences beside—a blonde of the most delicate type, with hair as fair and flaxen, cheeks as peachy and pretty, and eyes as celestial blue as any painted shepherdess on a French fan, complacent in her ruffled bravery. Never out of canvas or China, were forehead and neck so pearly fair, or lips so rosy-red; she lived in a dream of vanity—a student's belle, perforce, being a professor's daughter—she ruled over a host of young adorers, and had obtained from them the cognomen of "Pink and White." Certainly, nothing could be prettier than her complexion, fresh and softly tinted as the blossom of a sweet pea, and nothing more charming than her little person, bedecked with all the ribbons, and ruches, and rosettes, the flounces, and frizzles, and fringes, that fashion demanded.

She had a habit of affection for Laura that she would have been puzzled to analyze, and most unwilling to explain. Instinct, which supplies the place of reason in the inferior intelligences, taught "Pink and White" that the best background for her childish charms was to be found in the dark, grave, handsome woman, whose silence permitted the silver ripple of her own voice to be distinctly heard; whose pale

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maturity was in flattering contrast to her own fresh and tender bloom, whose very beauty, severely classical, and of a purely intellectual cast, placed in stronger relief her pretty little grisette ways, and girlish witcheries. Seen near still younger contemporaries, (for Pink was twenty,) these artless fascinations might possibly have seemed needlessly silly, but at the side of the staid and dignified Laura, she felt herself a child in simplicity.

Besides, Laura had brothers; and Miss Pink was of that class of young ladies who find life stale, flat, and unprofitable, and time most uselessly bestowed, that is not devoted to the service of the sterner sex—a class whose silks will not wind, whose music will not tune, whose pens will not write, whose balls will not roll, without masculine advice and assistance; who dare not go about alone at night, or even in the daytime—who cannot sing, or dance, or walk, or speak, with the poor encouragement of female society; and droop like flowerets without the air, when deprived of the necessary stimulus to their existence. To this fair band shall no attention come amiss, shall no devotion be ungrateful that distinguishes them among their pining sisters; and little they reck who bestows it. Admiration is welcomed for its own sake, and the nature of the admirer is another matter.

Professor Augustus, dimly conscious of his sister's friend as of his sister's kitten, passed cups of tea to the one, and saucers of milk to the other, with faithful obedience, and thought no more of either; but even this small courtesy, performed in a sedate and ceremonious manner, had its value in the eyes of the little beauty, and afforded her infinite gratification. To have her chair pulled back, her handkerchief picked up, her very bread-and-butter served out to her by the grave and reverend seignior whose word was law to scores of her juvenile admirers, was matter of much complacency. The studious Augustus, wrapped in dreams, who dimly saw a human face opposite him, and regarded it absently with a fixed, unearthly gaze, little knew what hopes he raised in the heart that beat beneath that porcelain exterior. Pinky-White, eldest of twelve children, dressed and maintained, at great expense, from the salary of a poor professor, well knew what a handsome sum the third share of the Cleverton estate must be.

Pleasanter still the flirtation with dashing Robert—too seldom at home, but so delightful when found there. When one had spent a dreary day of rain and ennui at Laura's little work-stand, with only a glimpse of passing students, or a professorial bow, how charming the evening that set in, when, hopeless of greater excitements, he sought its shelter at last. Freshly to bind her fair hair with ribbons, and train the thick, silvery-shining curl that lay upon her shoulders; to smooth the white brow; to efface all traces of the day's weariness and vexation, was then Mary Pink's congenial task, and her reward, the society of the gallant Robert. Add to these the charming novelty of the new professor, with his distinguished reputation, and his very handsome gray eyes, and fancy in what ratio was increased Miss White's devotion to, and affection for, her friend.

"She wins them all," thought Laura, sadly, with a little pang of pain, as the eyes were lifted innocently to Professor Bruner; the silvery voice rang out a laugh that fell pleasantly on his ear. Sweet as a bird's note, he thought, that girlish voice, soft and innocent as a lamb's, that bashful look—Miss Cleverton's choice of a friend did her honor; but his heart remained loyal to its first love. He glanced at Laura, sitting statue-like and still in her place, her face looking a little older, a little graver by contrast with the bright, blooming one at her side, and the thoughts that were leaving their impress upon it; and his heart swelled with pride in the better beauty of that sweet woman, whose triumphs already he was beginning to identify with his own.

She could not know it—she was only conscious that he was insensibly becoming more occupied with the little beauty, who had won so many hearts beside in the same innocent way, with the same sweet flatteries, the same beguiling helplessness, the same bewitching unreserve; and who would think Professor Bruner's income so very convenient a thing, and care so little for the noble heart and mind he evidently possessed? And here Laura's meditations ended in a little sigh, with which all her sensitive pride awoke, and faintly blushing, she became aware how much her thoughts had lately been filled; how greatly her life had been altered by the coming of her new friend, whom she felt a jealous dread of seeing captivated by the charms which, with perfect indifference, she had beheld displayed for both her brothers. Ashamed of such an unworthy feeling, she did her best to banish it. It was for her to remember that the professor's kind attentions, pleasant as they had been, were bestowed on his friend's sister, and his own temporary hostess; that the mere community of thought and feeling, which had of late established such a friendliness between them, was of small value, in a man's eyes, com-

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pared with the blooming loveliness of "Pink and White's" little face; that Troy was lost for Helen, and the world for Cleopatra; and heaven itself had been forfeited for less, while freshness and color lasted to sway the hearts of men. Mentally she relinquished her friend from his first look into Mary White's blue eyes, and bade farewell to the happy home she had of late been too thoughtlessly spending, as she saw him watch the flickering blush dawn and die on the porcelain cheek of the beauty.

Her face grew so sad as she inwardly reviewed these things, that Professor Bruner's attention was momentarily directed from his fair neighbor. She looked like a statue of Resignation, he thought, so melancholy a sweetness lingered on her lips, so soft a shadow slept in her dark eyes. He longed to pierce the mystery of that pensive quietness, from which of late she had seemed almost to emerge, but which he now saw restored once more; but his wandering fancies were instantly recalled by the helpless Pink, who claimed some trifling service at his hands, and the veil of Laura's reserve fell between them, not to be lifted again.

Insensibly he became absorbed by the new influence, one of which, heretofore, he had had no experience. Womanly intelligence and companionship were rare enough to him, and irresistibly attractive; but "Pink and White," as Laura bitterly thought, had proved far more seductive, and won her friend away. For even in the secret depths of her pure and modest heart she had given him no other name, nor knew how to define the dull pain that seized upon her now; that made her days more lonely, her nights more wakeful, that filled her mind with sad unrest, and took from it the quiet content and pleasure it had been used to feel in his presence.

He still visited the little parlor, but Pink was always there—Pink, with her blossom-like cheeks blushing welcome, her fair forehead bent over her never-finished work; Pink, who had a word and a smile, a sweet laugh, a gay greeting, a modest glance, an arch dimple, all ready at one and the same time, and who fell upon and overwhelmed him with this battery of charms; while Laura's heart was beating so quickly that it stopped her breath, and silenced the few sentences she could have uttered. A strange ringing would be in her ears, a blindness in her eyes; and when at last she had obtained control over these wayward sensations, and sat cold and collected, as was her wont, he had gone over to the side of "Pink and White," and she was forgotten.

In those days the books lay idle that they had begun to read together—dust gathered on the covers, even in her neat room, for she had no heart to touch them. Her birds drooped for want of care and tendance; dead leaves thickened on her flowers; her vines flourished wildly without proper training; the beautiful order of her house was a little disturbed; and her work-basket was sometimes piled with tasks undone—for the current of her gentle life had been stirred only to be embittered; the old light, pleasant duties seemed hard and dull; life lonely and useless; the universe pale and dead—the Troubler had crept into her peaceful breast, and its repose was broken.

Only for a little while; for Laura was a Christian, and she took her troubles where her heart had gone long before—to the foot of the cross. When she began to understand her sorrow, it did not grow lighter; but faith and patience made it easier to bear. On her knees she confessed her sin in the pride of intellect; how she had thought herself above all womanly weakness, and so had been conquered by it more easily—and here was wrong, and most unjust, for no one could have been more exquisitely womanly than she. She prayed for strength to bear all her burdens, and hope to live beyond them; and "Pinky White," who had rather wondered how her friend would endure her monopoly of Professor Bruner, wondered still more at the placid gentleness of Laura's submission, and believed she had even underrated the elder's simplicity of heart.

Daily her trial continued, growing scarcely less; daily she saw her room and time occupied by those who heeded her not; daily Professor Bruner, from habit, it seemed, sought the corner sacred to her little work-stand, and was there received by the fair and rosy Pink, curled up on a sofa, or sunk upon an ottoman, like the white kitten she affected to pet, beautiful with blushes, and rustling with ribbons, and ruffles of lace, and lockets, and chains, and velvet necklaces, and silken bows, and sashes, and flowers, and crimped hair—a breathing picture, a tableau vivant, the whole language and expression of whose face, figure was, that it lived and breathed alone for him.

On this strange group of three would enter Robert, whose attentions had been greatly stimulated by the professor's apparent devotion; but still the pretty Pink had artlessness and charms enough for both. And slowly wandered in the staid Augustus, seeking for his friend, and full of some weighty theory, which, in the absence of that friend's consideration, he

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propounded to poor Laura. Sad days these, and slow in passing—she thought, sometimes, that they would never end.

Suddenly a calamity fell upon her, so much greater—being utterly unexpected—than these, that the time gone before seemed happy by contrast. The professor suddenly announced his departure, presuming to trespass no longer on the kindness of his friend; he had engaged apartments of a widow lady in the village, that would bring him nearer the scene of his labors, and enable him to spend all his spare time, where it should be spent, in the college library. She fancied that he said this remorsefully, or regretfully, with a wistful side-glance at herself. Well, she knew what he would miss in the change—the blooming face of "Pink and White" lifted to greet his entrance; too well she recollected that, with her own secluded habits, it would, probably, be long before she saw him again.

Dizzy and sick with this consciousness, overwhelmed with shame at the consciousness itself, she hardly knew that a party was being organized by Robert and Pink—for she no longer had control of her own house—to celebrate his last evening with them. Dutifully she assented to all they required; obediently she went about the necessary preparations, and received her guests like one in a dream. She performed all her duties as hostess in the same spirit; she would not think of the morrow—of the desolate house, and her desolate life, unbrightened by even the painful pleasure of his presence. When music was called for, she went to the harp, to the piano, trying to forget the picture her eyes had last seen, and still beheld, of "Pink and White" on an ottoman, in floating French muslin and rose ribbons, trying to tune a guitar with her tender fingers, and requiring the professor's assistance in the same. No wonder Laura had to turn her own pages.

She sang, as she always sang, the sweetest, saddest music, in a soft, vibrating voice that reached the hearts of all in the room—she played like an angel taught by Beethoven; but something seemed to dim her sight; she could not see the strains she rendered; she could not find the notes upon the key-board, or upon the paper—sad breaks interrupted the harmony. Some one came to her assistance, and turned the leaves with clumsy fingers, that trembled—it was the professor, who had seldom volunteered such acts of gallantry. She felt strangely cheered and comforted; she played as she had never done before; he stood silently attentive to the business on which he had come, but she felt that he was hearing and comprehending that they had never been so near to each other. Something rushed between them, in the soft, half light—it was Pinky-White, ever artless, ever helpless, wanting something done for her, as usual. In a tremor of terrors, a maze of blushes, amid fluttering flounces, and fringes, and ringlets, she contrived to murmur that her dress was wrong—dearest Laura must arrange it. Nothing was to be done that need take them away from the professor—he was wanted, rather, to decide the effect, since there was no glass—the bows of rosy ribbon were, strangely enough, unloosened from the white shoulders, and must be tied again—and the blushing, the smiling, the dimpling went on into the grave professor's eyes, while Laura's fingers patiently adorned her rival for the conquest of his heart.

When all was finished with the best of her taste and skill, pretty Pink must stand to be inspected by his experienced eyes—a charming figure, a loving blossom. The professor's whole attention seemed gained at last; he contemplated her gravely; turning from Laura, he bent a fixed and earnest gaze on the blushing beauty before him. "It is coming," she thought, and recalled the income he was said to receive, now to be offered for her acceptance; and "it is over," thought Laura, as, suppressing a sigh, she turned back to the piano

"Comforter, friend, consoler!" This was what she called the grand master whose music she played; his strains, so sweet, so sad, so solemn, pierced her very heart, yet strangely relieved it. The little parlor was nearly empty, only a dim lamp burned there; the company had retreated from the heat and light within, to the cool veranda, to enjoy the music. She fancied herself alone; "Pink and White" had disappeared—the professor, of course, had followed her. This last dessertion dissolved her heart in tears, she saw them plashing on the keys of the piano-forte. Such weakness would not do; she stretched out her hand to turn the music herself; it was caught, and kissed, and imprisoned—awkwardly enough, but she never thought of that—in another hand, while some one held before her a flower of brilliant pink and white—the very rose and pearl of her friend's complexion, but valueless, scentless, offensive to the taste and touch.

"Laura," he said, "was it this that separated us?" And Laura, trembling, blushing, fully enlightened in an instant, perfectly happy, for the first time in her life, bent her head in a passion of weeping, that relieved her heart, and then was comforted forever.

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ANCHORED AT LAST.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

NEALE ASHBURTON stood in the stern of the yacht Firefly, watching the long line of spray left behind, "white as carded wool." Something else; a sea crested with purple and gold, that met and mingled in vivid tints, reflecting the fires of a royal sunset circling down there in the west; the luminous vault of heaven, touched with the splendor of amethyst, clear and fine, hardly answering the response of those magnetic rays, but keeping to itself a soft purity of hue, a tender light, that would linger after this passion of glory had faded.

He thought of the land left behind, of the glory pulsating in the air, as if the great heart of nature was all athrob—warmth, tone, vividness. Then he turned his eyes toward the east. Long reaches of quiet sea, kissed at the farthest verge by a quiet heaven—soft glows instead of fierce flames. How curiously sometimes one's life and one's surroundings meet at two extremes!

Some whim had induced him to accept this invitation. A pleasure party, cruizing around for a week; husbands, wives, cousins, and friends, the number of either sex about equally balanced. He had been on several "tours," camped out, and all that sort of thing—but this won him by the variety it promised; and then they were all old acquaintances.

He recognized two faces as he came on board, and started at the sight—Mrs. Gage and Miss Durant. These names had not been mentioned to him. He did not accuse any one of design, for no one knew of his episode with these two women. They were strangers to each other, or, at least, had just been introduced. Both were evidently surprised at seeing him.

Beatrice Gage, a widow of two years' standing, clinging to a trifle of half-mourning because it was becoming; a tall, regal-looking woman, with glossy black hair, and those curious, wide, almond-shaped eyes, suggestive of Oriental warmth and slumberous fire. Seven years ago he had made love to her in a desperate fashion, he being young and poor, and she being young and poor. Unknown to him, he had a powerful rival in a wealthy suitor, who carried off the prize. Like most men of twenty-three, he pronounced her heartless and mercenary, and attempted to thrust her out of his heart without further ceremony. Some men may be able to do this—Neale Ashburton was not. He had a consciousness, too, that Beatrice *had* loved him.

She had admired him wonderfully. Is there some subtile affinity between opposites?

I think most people misjudged Ashburton on first acquaintance. He was barely average height, and put together too handsomely for a man, the smoothness and roundness of his limbs and body giving him a slender appearance. But he was firm and compact; and if his arm had the beauty of a woman's, it was not lacking in a man's strength. He was extremely fair in complexion, and only long continued exposure to weather could make him betray any traces of tan or sun-burn. His hair was light, fine, and wavy; the kind of hair that in certain lights seems drenched with liquid amber. His beard was fine and inclined to curl at the sides, but worn long and pointed under the chin, giving him a cavalier appearance; that was a trifle darker than the hair, but held the same glowing tint. His eyes were naturally soft—blue, everybody called them; but they were no more blue than his hair and beard were auburn. His nose was straight, with thin nostrils, that quivered with emotion or excitement. Most of these attributes are found with a yielding and impressible temperament—and he had neither.

I am not sure but the most correct critique ever passed upon him was by his friend Stroud, the artist, after he had been posing for a sketch of Endymion.

"Ashburton," said he, "is exactly like a thorough-bred horse, trained by a wise and steady hand. He has a handsome body, and a spirit of fire, but his soul is master."

And somehow, young as he was, he had mastered Beatrice in one respect, he had made her love him. But she was only two years younger than he, had been luxuriously reared, and knew if she wanted wealth she must marry for it. She had passed the stage of girlhood, where love outweighs everything, and not yet reached the point of womanly experience where hunger of the soul is so hard to bear.

When she married Mr. Gage, who was many years her senior, she said, half regretfully,

"Poor Neale! We might have been so happy."

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But she certainly had not made herself miserable. And now, at twenty-eight, she was free, handsome; she had taken good care of her beauty, and not at all aged; looking really younger, she flattered herself, than half of the girls after they had been through two or three seasons; and this was her first meeting with Neale Ashburton since those old days.

She blushed through the fine, clear bronze skin. It reminded you of the lusciousness of ripening grapes. And then she drew off her mauve-colored glove, and gave him her warm hand with a throbbing pulse in every finger.

Perhaps, if he had met her elsewhere, and alone, it might have been different. After all, the great events of life depend on such little things. One's thoughts sway a hair's-breadth, and the decision of a lifetime is reached.

A girl of eighteen or nineteen hearing the—"Oh, Mr. Ashburton!" turned. Neale bowed to her, and flushed with the first impulse. He would never outgrow this boyish trick of blushing, and it always made him look younger.

Miss Durant turned away haughtily. Some women have proud moments, others are born proud, and wrap themselves in it as in a garment. They are never humble but once in their lives—when love has conquered them; and in love, they are never proud again. After you have gained one decisive victory over them your work is done; but being patient as well as strong, they are stubborn adversaries. Such a one was Miss Durant. She did not turn away because Mr. Ashburton appeared glad to meet this handsome woman—she had no petty spite or jealousy that ached to be made manifest. It was simply because, in their encounter of last winter, he had failed to carry even one outpost, and yet—touched her heart. Of this he was profoundly ignorant, and she meant he should remain so.

It was five when they weighed anchor and drifted out to sea. Down through the Narrows, the city fading from their sight, and Long Island, all the world they could see at length. Everybody was busy arranging their stores in convenient order, and speculating on the probabilities of sea-sickness, or lingering over the supportable, comparing anticipatory notes. Two or three gentlemen paced the deck, solacing themselves with fragrant Havanas.

Except Ashburton. He had watched the sunset without exactly thinking of it—the two women occupied his mind. How strange that he should meet them here; stranger still that he should have loved both, and been rejected by both! He did not say this with any little cynical curl of the lip; his nature was too broad and generous for cynicism; but he lived it all over there in the softly-falling purple light.

He had made himself a trifle melo-dramatic over Beatrice. Lost his appetite, taken rather cloudy views of the world, and looked over the gloomy, fateful river to the shores beyond, where heroes met and recognized each other. He was not a poet, though strongly poetic; he was not an artist, though possessing an artistic temperament; and, spite of his hair and complexion, not weak.

"I suppose I shall get over it, mother;" for somehow, sooner or later, Mrs. Ashburton learned everything that troubled Neale without asking a question. "A man would be a fool to make himself forever miserable in such a case. But I shall never love again."

Mrs. Ashburton looked up into his eyes. She was a small, fair woman, and he inherited much from her. There was between them a most perfect confidence.

"You don't believe it?" and somehow he smiled in spite of himself. "But you will believe it, as the years go on, and I keep only to you."

She was too wise a woman to contradict him. And as the years went on, he did "keep only to her"—years of delight they were; he slowly working his way up and winning every one's confidence until now, at thirty, he held a high and responsible position in one of the large shipping firms in New York. But *she* had gone over the river, not to be with heroes, but with angels; and then Neale felt himself utterly adrift.

He took a trip to Central America on business; came home and settled himself in a quiet block on Clinton Place; three or four of his friends had rooms there.

One morning, at breakfast, he sat next to Cecil Durant. Claude Gautier, *literateur*, his next neighbor, had gone off as a traveling correspondent, and Miss Durant, on a visit to the city, happened to fall into the vacant niche.

She was about eighteen, an orphan, with a fortune of one thousand dollars in money; but a larger fortune in brain and will. Mr. Ashburton ran her over briefly, deciding that she was cold, statuesque, self-centered—and all those adjectives men usually apply to women who have the courage to dare the world. He had heard a little about her from Mrs. Mount, his landlady, whose connection she was; and though he was not easily prejudiced, this little had rather interfered with his favorable verdict. He had been asked to obtain the particulars of the School of Design for Women.

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"Miss Durant has a little money," Mrs. Mount said, "and she is desirous of making it go as far as possible. She has a decided taste for art, and as it is made partially remunerative for the pupils at Cooper Institute, I recommended the place to her; but I must say that I think her rather foolish. She could marry splendidly—I wouldn't tell this to every one. The gentleman is considerably older than she, but loves her, and would think nothing too good for her. She has her head full of wonderful ideas about women—and such girls always make failures. However, when she wrote to me, I couldn't do any less than invite her to come and try for herself, although I think she has made a great mistake."

Ashburton thought so when he saw her. She was not exactly what one would call handsome; medium height, and rather slender, fair, but not blushing and susceptible. Her eyes were brown and steady, her features, though fine, were strongly pronounced. Her hair was brushed smoothly above the broad brow, and wound in a coil of heavy braids at the back; and that, too, was of a peculiar brown, soft in hue and texture, but not glossy. He thought she abounded too much in neutral tints, for, with his temperament, he was nervously sensitive to coloring.

They fell into an odd, desultory conversation, as people sometimes do who have not the slightest interest in each other. She looked at his light, wavy hair, his forehead, and dainty nose; even his shapely hands came in for a review.

"A weak, effeminate man," she decided; "a man who thinks of personal adornment, of fine handkerchiefs, and expensive perfumes." And then that haughty look swept over her face like a flash of flame over a field of snow.

That stung him. She might have talked in her most energetic fashion—and she was a good talker when roused; she might have scolded him for these little fopperies, and he would have bestowed upon her his sweet, incredulous smile. But to be condemned unheard!

He set his lips firmly together; then his eyes were black. He would convince her that one could be a man and a gentleman. Cast-iron heroes were all very well in their way; if Providence had made him Cromwell, Wellington, Washington, or even the emperor of France; but he was Neale Ashburton, and had to perform just Neale Ashburton's duties, no other man's. God, perhaps, who was wiser than these modern Carlyle-Emerson women, had given him just the requisite qualities.

He was always graceful; but he left the breakfast-room with his most elegant bow, and in pausing to answer Mrs. Mount, modulated his voice to perfect rythm. And with a last glance at her face, he went out in the crisp October air, rejoicing in every fibre of his being.

One of his duties came to him that afternoon, at least, he made it a duty. A young clerk, who had been silent and dispirited for several days, entered his office with some accounts. Ashburton remarked the deathly pallor of his face and the hollow voice. His eyes wandered around furtively, as if afraid of meeting his superior's.

"What is the trouble, Robert?"

Men and women both gave confidences naturally to Neale Ashburton. Ten minutes ago, Robert Hay had been meditating suicide, for imminent disgrace seemed the only alternative.

"I shall not be here to-morrow, Mr. Ashburton."

"I think you had better tell me the difficulty."

One of the tones so hard to resist. And now the eyes were blue and soft as a girl's.

"Oh, Mr. Ashburton!" and the poor boy hid his face.

By degrees the story came out. He had been gambling, and had appropriated some funds that came in his way. To-morrow the truth must be known; the remorse was too genuine to be doubted for a moment.

"Robert," Mr. Ashburton said, presently, in a low tone, "I think I will save you. The only way in which you can pay me is to prove yourself worth saving. I will refund the money; and I think you had better change your boarding-place. I know of a quiet family who will take you; and I shall trust you never to do anything that will bring my recommendation into discredit."

Robert Hay was speechless from gratitude. All the folly was confessed; and for promise of amendment, he said,

"Mr. Ashburton, you shall never be sorry that you trusted me."

Years afterward Cecil Durant heard this story, but she did not then need to be convinced of Neale Ashburton's usefulness. Robert Hay kept his word.

The evening was rainy, and Ashburton invited himself into Mrs. Mount's sitting-room, where he was always a welcome visitor. Miss Durant was occupied with a volume of Goethe.

"Had she been out that day?" he asked, presently.

"Yes, to Cooper Institute. She and Mrs. Mount."

Then Mrs. Mount was called away. In a

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willful mood Mr. Ashburton resolved to make her talk. Society women were delighted when he honored them in that fashion.

She looked down upon him a little disdainfully; his French boots and scented handkerchief annoyed her. Only a weak and narrow mind could be interested in such trifles. She repeated briefly the few plans she had formed, and thanked him for the trouble he had taken. She did not look upon life as child's play, by any means.

Then she would have subsided into silence, but Mr. Ashburton was not disposed to allow it. Why shouldn't he be entertained this rainy evening, and if she could not entertain him, her qualifications in that line must be considerably below par. In his winsome way he compelled her to talk; but, in order to assert her independence, she would talk in her own style. There certainly was "no nonsense about her." She was not bold or defiant, but as little was she timid or yielding.

In a fortnight she had her plans matured. She had obtained board with some friends on Tenth street, and was going to leave Mrs. Mount's.

"I don't see why you go," he said, suddenly. "The place will be dull without you."

She looked at him steadily out of her brown eyes, which told him she was not to be snared by any petty compliments.

"I will tell you why." Her voice was always low, and her manners lady-like. "Mrs. Mount is very kind; but I have no especial claim upon her. I could not remunerate her as I should wish, and I will not be under obligations to any one, if I can help it. I have no parents or brothers to assist me, therefore I must depend entirely upon myself, and it is necessary that I should economize. And there you have the whole truth, Mr. Ashburton. I am not ashamed of it."

Her clear cheek never flushed with the faintest color, only it seemed as if her lips grew redder. He thought of a woman who had sold her youth and beauty for gold, and this one who dared live up to the truths she believed; nay, more, who was willing to work for her high faith; who had refused station, luxury, and love, rather than put a stain upon her woman's honor, when no one beside God would know it. He was moved powerfully, and paid her an unconscious tribute of admiration.

Somehow he found his way over to Tenth street. She did not receive him very rapturously, to be sure—but he was not looking for that. Her sturdy truth had a freshness and strength in it that roused all the deeper chords of his nature. He was not thinking of falling in love; he wanted some one tenderer, more yielding and gracious when he made his life's election.

And yet he contracted the habit of calling upon her, and taking a friendly interest in her. She would not allow herself to be won by his kindness or his admiration. "It is what he gives to every woman," she thought; "men of his stamp always consider it necessary."

But one evening, toward spring this was, he walked home with her from Mrs. Mount's. They had been discussing moral courage, and she had espoused her side of the argument warmly. When they entered the lighted room her face was in a glow, her eyes luminous, and holding in them a light he had never seen before. There flashed over him a consciousness that the acquaintance had gone too far for mere friendship. There was something wonderfully fascinating about her, after all. And with some men a desire for conquest is the first of love. It was so with him.

"You don't do us justice, Miss Durant," he said, continuing the conversation. "Remember that a good deal is due to temperament and association, as well as education. Now I might be just as earnest as some of your reformers, but I shouldn't preach work continually. I don't like it extravagantly myself, and will not insist that others shall take it for their highest good. We are always referred to the ant, but mere physical labor without a soul to direct it, is poor stuff, unless you make eating and drinking the whole of man's life. It isn't the whole of mine," and he shrugged his shoulders with a dainty gesture.

"You are inconsequent, Mr. Ashburton. I was talking of work with a purpose; and in that case you must put your soul into it. Fashionable indifference will not do for that."

"Souls speak in different language, you remember. Did you ever notice the current in a river? It's so much stronger in the depths of the channel, and more quiet, too."

"I don't mean that noise is any criterion of strength. You are resolved not to understand me, Mr. Ashburton."

"Yes, I think I do understand you better than you know. You have been telling me some truths, and routing my ease and indolence; and now let me take my turn. You make life too bald and bare, Miss Durant; you strip it of the grace and delight, the pleasure that should surround it. You think days and hours spent in mere enjoyment a waste, a failure. You will end by making yourself hard and cold."

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Her lip curled a little. He had a glowing vision of this woman subdued by love.

"I shall try to make myself true and earnest as far as I can."

He came a step nearer. They had both been standing, so he took her hand.

"Miss Durant," he began, "you said awhile ago, men of my temperament seldom met issues boldly, but were given to temporizing. In small matters they may, but in important ones, never. And I shall look a great fact in the face and declare it. I love you!"

She made a little gesture with her hand, and looked at him incredulously. And then, as he remained silent, she said,

"Mr. Ashburton, you have not considered this point at all. You have obeyed a sudden impulse, not any settled principle. We are too unlike to be brought into any intimate relationship; and I utterly refuse to be trifled with for any man's pleasure. That is just what an engagement would amount to. We should find how totally unsuited we were; and we may as well take the consciousness now, without any of that folly."

"Have you no more faith in me than that?" he asked, strangely roused.

"I think you are mistaken in your own regard."

"It became a truth to me five minutes ago; and you can make it the faith of two lives, if you will. You say we are unlike—do we not both need each other's influence? I, for one, am willing to be taught. Until to-night I have been your friend; but, henceforward, I must be more, or less."

She would have said he was a man to woo with kisses, caresses, and tenderest persuasion; and because he proved so unlike her preconceived notions of him, she could not believe in him at all. Men of his stamp had a trick of fancying themselves in love.

"I shall be sorry to lose my friend." It was the only concession she would make. And yet, as she said it, her voice faltered a little. His heart beat the quicker at that, but he was as proud as she.

"If you need time for your decision——"

"No, Mr. Ashburton; I think you have been hasty, and that in cooler moments you will see the impossibility of such a thing. You will thank me, then, for saving you."

"If I cannot save myself, let me be wrecked!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "But you set me adrift."

"No true man could be set adrift by the truth."

"Miss Durant," and he looked into her calm face, "I think time will prove you mistaken. And when the knowledge comes, I know you will not be afraid to confess it. One word will bring me back."

And then they said "good-night" to each other.

The one word had never been spoken. He waited and hoped, and then shut his heart over another little grave. Not even Mrs. Mount imagined it.

But, lingering in the twilight alone, he lived over both of these episodes, as if he was really adrift in the great sea of man's life. He had a presentiment that fate meant to finish the game. Beatrice Gage would never have so smiled if she had wished the past forgotten. And Miss Durant——?

The moon came up in the sky soft and fair. The whole company were on deck, now, laughing and chatting. Mrs. Gage, by the side of Mr. Ashburton, renewing the old acquaintance in a most charming manner. Miss Durant sat quite apart, with her friend, Mrs. Alden. When Mr. Alden had proposed this trip for the benefit of his wife's health, she said,

"I should like it if we can persuade Cecil Durant to go. She has such cool, steady nerves, that I never feel afraid with her; and if I should be sick, no one else would be so tender and patient with me."

Because Mrs. Alden was her dearest friend, she had come.

Neale Ashburton sat just in range of her eyes; and while she talked to Mrs. Alden, she watched him unwittingly. How could she but recall the last conversation of any moment that she had held with him. Was there anything to regret? If she had said one word then, or any time since—perhaps even a glance might have answered. Well, he had not suffered. His face was bright and nonchalant as ever. More winsome, just now, with that handsome woman bending over him. What was she telling him? Not that Cecil cares; such faces were attentive to every new comer; such lips always smiled; and such eyes were invariably tender. But life demanded sterner stuff than mere smiles and tenderness.

"There never was a party without some margin for flirtation," Mrs. Alden said, presently, remarking the direction of Cecil's eyes. "But there's a very small amount of material here. You and Mrs. Gage are the only unmarried ladies. And how odd that both of you should be acquainted with Mr. Ashburton. He is cousin to the Clydes."

"I met him at Mrs. Mount's last fall," Cecil said, carelessly in explanation.

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"Mrs. Gage and Mrs. Dormer are sisters-in-law. She is quite wealthy, I believe; though her husband was much older than she. How very beautiful she is, and young enough now to marry for love."

Cecil's heart gave a great gasp, as if suddenly wrenched.

The Dormers and the Clydes were the principal managers of the party; so it was not singular the two had been included. Mrs. Gage had not thought much of it at first, until she had heard Mr. Ashburton's name mentioned. She had rarely been in the city to stay since her marriage, and had lost all trace of Neale Ashburton until now.

Sitting beside him there with the wide, blue heaven above, and the rythmic waves plashing softly around, a thought of the old affection stirred her heart.

"If I can win him," she dreamed, under her throbbing pulses; "for he did love me once. No new love has come to uproot that!"

Cecil Durant saw the same boundless sky, and heard the murmurous billows, but no eyes glanced into hers. It brought a strange sensation, this floating on, and on; a dusky ridge of land hovering in the distance on one side, on the other the moon and stars, like an unknown future. And what was her future to be? Until Mr. Ashburton had spoken of his love, there had never been any doubt of that future in her mind. A season of labor; a little appreciation, perhaps, and—— well, yes, home and affection, had made a far-off boundary line. A man who was proud of her strength and courage; who honored her for her love of truth, her disdain of shams and petty weaknesses; whose broad mind and clear brain did not conjure up a rival in every woman who dared to think of something beside her beauty and her outward adornment. This generous and lofty soul would recognize the ring of the pure steel in hers, and respond at once.

Were there any such men? Had she ever met any one whom she could thus delight to honor? She remembered what Ashburton had said about being adrift—to-night she felt weak and adrift herself; as if she had left the great truths that anchor the soul back there in the city; and in this illusive light, this changeful melody of the waves, she slipped farther away from her moorings.

They stopped at Fire Island the next day, for they meant to prolong their romantic voyage wherever any incident tempted them thus to do. There was the recreation of walking about the beach, ascending to the top of the light-house and enjoying the views, and what Mr. Dormer called a Christian dinner. They were all in excellent spirits, but Mrs. Gage made herself most charming. She had a purpose in this; and she was following out her plan when she managed it so that Mr. Ashburton walked back with that quiet Miss Durant. None better than Mrs. Gage knew the value of contrasts.

They fell behind the rest. Mr. Ashburton began with a commonplace.

"How odd that we should renew our acquaintance just here, Miss Durant?" and as she did not reply, he appended, "where necessity keeps us polite to one another."

"There is no reason to be otherwise," she said, coldly.

"We were not quite so courteous last winter. Has the task of setting everybody right become too formidable?"

"You are unjust, Mr. Ashburton. I never undertook that."

"I wish it had been simply to set me right. And, Miss Durant——"

She would not look up, and I fear he gently anathematized the broad-brimmed sea-side she wore.

"I want to tell you a story," he said, abruptly. "May I?"

"If you choose."

He ground his heel down into the sand, and then he smiled at his own fierceness.

"I wonder if you think Mrs. Gage handsome and fascinating?"

"Is that your story?"

"No. Years ago, when I was a youngster of two-or-three-and-twenty, ardent, susceptible, and all that, I fell headlong in love with her—Beatrice Montrose she was then. We were both poor—it was just before I came to the city. She was sensible, and refused to marry me. I had one dear friend in those days who comforted me—my mother. I think I learned from her what a woman might be. Well, that has all gone by. Yesterday you witnessed our first meeting. Do you believe that love never dies, Miss Durant?"

"Some loves."

It had never cost her half the struggle to live up to this time, as it did to utter those words. He noticed a sort of blueness across her upper-lip, as it sometimes comes before one faints.

"When the love is true. No matter what one has done then, it can be forgiven. Some women make issues on different points; and, perhaps, pride of wealth is no worse than any other pride."

With her "one word" now, she could save

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herself. She had remarked the sort of deference several of these great, stalwart men on board paid Ashburton. He had a way of making his influence felt. Was he weak, as she used to think him at first?

"Well, Miss Durant, would you advise me to go back to the old love? I suppose it is good enough for such an easy, careless fellow!"

She was trembling violently from head to foot. The white fingers closed around the handle of her parasol with a nervous clutch; the pulses in her temples seemed to throb audibly.

"You don't think me worth the advice?"

"Mr. Ashburton, you must do as seems best and right to yourself."

"Thank you. I've about resolved. You wouldn't suspect me of coming to rapid conclusions, Miss Durant; but it is a trick of mine."

His tones were slow and musical; but some blood, stirred months ago, ran riot at his heart. This woman loved him, and he had only to wait; but he asked himself, with a sigh—how long?

They re-embarked, and pushed off again. The twenty-four hours of such proximity swept away the barriers of conventionality, and each one added his mite to the general fund. Stories, songs, and jests, fell lightly on the golden-winged moments. No one was sick, no one was tired, and enjoyment ruled supreme. And some way, by tacit consent, the lead was given to Mrs. Gage and Mr. Ashburton.

"Ashburton is a splendid fellow," Mrs. Alden said to Cecil; "there's no doubt but that Mrs. Gage will get him. Lovely as she is, I can't help fancying her a bit heartless. Young girls who marry rich, old men, don't generally do it for love; and he is worthy of the highest and best—something, I am afraid, Mrs. Gage never possessed."

Cecil swallowed over a great lump in her throat.

They had gone the length of the island, and cleared Montank Point, dallying where Sound and Ocean coquetted together, resting under the lee of some green little isles. How much poetry they had quoted; how many pictures they had recalled, or bits of glowing description, until then half forgotten. Day and night alike had been calm and lovely. But, one evening, the sun went down in a bed of suspicious clouds.

"We must have one storm to make it perfect," Mrs. Gage said, laughingly.

Ashburton looked out over the ocean. A gray haze was creeping slowly inland, but the wind was westerly. Ah! it veered a little.

"It will storm to-morrow," he said.

"But we can run in somewhere, cant we?"

"I thought you wanted a storm;" and her brother-in-law laughed. "It will rain before to-morrow morning."

"I shall believe Mr. Ashburton," she made answer.

But the night settled down gloomily. There was no remaining on deck for songs or stories, for the wind was raw and uncomfortable; and yet most of them went to sleep satisfied.

At midnight the wind was east, with a fine driving rain, but the little barque held her own gallantry. Mrs. Alden was disturbed; and obeying some strange presentiment, Cecil rose and dressed herself, trying to soothe her friend.

A long, low swell, like the muttering of distant thunder; the roar of the ocean rising in its lair like a chafed tiger; then a heavy sea, that seemed to sweep over them; not a ray of light anywhere in the sky.

The women huddled in the cabin to ask questions, for now the storm came on furiously. Up and down with every swell they went, the wind shrieking with a voice of terror, and the sea rising up to join the struggle. They heard the tramp of heavy feet, the orders shouted above the wildness of the storm.

Neale Ashburton came in presently. By the dim light of the swinging lamp, tossed violently to and fro, Cecil fancied he looked pale. Mrs. Gage flew to him at once.

"I do not think we are in any danger;" and his voice was good to hear, it was so full of the old, cheerful music. "The storm came a little too soon for us; but Capt, Brown is going to run into a little cove near by. We shall be safe there until morning."

Thus reassured, they all took courage. One calm soul can do so much; and then Cecil felt how strong his really was, and the grandeur of the tender strand running through it. Others as well as Cecil knew it before daybreak.

For, somehow, there had been a miss in the reckoning. When Capt. Brown thought the Firefly going on safely to the desired haven, in spite of high winds and tempestuous waves, there was a sudden crunch. Down here in the cabin, shut in from the storm, the women felt it, and some uttered a cry of terror.

The pilot's work was done. No more steering straight on through the darkness; not a man in the crew but knew the fatal sound. Some treacherous rock under the seething waves had muttered out its fiat.

All hands were ordered below, for the hold was filling. They must keep her afloat until daybreak, and then succor of some kind would

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arrive. Neale Ashburton worked with the bravest of them. How they watched and listened, how they prayed and cried, I cannot stop to tell. To perish there, so near to safety!

Cecil was very calm, Ashburton's smile had inspired her with a sense of security. Now she had the fullest faith in him. The storm lulled a little, and the vessel no longer pitched with every sea, but that horrible creaking sound, as if she suffered from the cruel wound the rocks had made, still filled their ears.

Mrs. Gage was quiet too, now; but it was only outwardly. She was thinking what a fool she had been, to place her life in jeopardy when it stretched out so fair before her. She had wealth, station, youth, and beauty—what madness to peril it all! She would not give five years of her life for twenty Ashburtons; and yet it was for his sake she had come. She almost hated him now.

Would the morning never dawn! In this darkness a signal of distress would be of no avail. And how far were they from land?

After what appeared an age, the clouds in the east took a gray tinge, and presently, through the lowering air, that seemed all sea or sky, Capt. Brown descried a strip of shore. They had decided, that as soon as daylight made it practicable, they would fill the small boat with the women, and row ashore, if no other assistance came; so the plan was put into execution. The sea had become comparatively smooth, and the distance was not great.

They all crowded in, Mrs. Gage taking the lead; and then they went skimming over the waves, exultant with a sense of safety.

Something soft brushed past Ashburton—a woman's dress! He turned and caught both her hands.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed; and then his own trembled with the fiercest throe his manhood's passion had ever given him. "Why did you not go? It's worse than Capt. Brown confessed, for we are filling fast."

"There was not room for all; my life is of less value than that of happy women." Cecil Durant's voice was low and trembled a little.

"You are brave," he said; "and yet it is just what I should expect from you. Was there nothing else?"

Through all the morning's gloom his eyes found hers. She felt that they were looking into her soul.

"Cecil!" The first time he had ever called her by that name.

"There *is* something else. I wanted to come back to you. I wanted to tell you, if it is not too late——" and her voice failed her.

"It is not too late!" softly and reassuringly; and drawing her nearer to him, until his subtle magnetism seemed to infuse new strength into her throbbing pulses.

"That I love you," she went on to say. "I would rather remain here and perish with you, than take my life on any other terms."

"We shall not perish; somewhere we shall come to anchor. Cecil, I have been adrift since that night."

They waited in the silence of the gray morning until help arrived. The storm had died away, but the sun was still veiled behind the sullen clouds. What did it matter to Cecil, since the brighter sky of love shone upon her!

"There wasn't any real danger," Neale Ashburton said, with his gay laugh, as they were taking dinner at a fisherman's cottage. "The Firefly is safe enough there, wedged between two rocks; and if we had only known, we might have taken it calmly. But I don't believe we can wait for repairs—so our voyage has ended."

Mrs. Gage looked sharply at him. There was a light in his eyes that she had never seen before. Had Cecil Durant's remaining behind anything to do with it?

Sometime in the autumn her doubts were settled by a marriage.

Cecil Ashburton makes a very compliant wife. She has learned the true strength and power of a man's soul.

BESIDE THE STREAM.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

Beside the stream we wandered,
When leaves were green in June,
And birds sang out of Heaven,
And waters flowed in tune.
But now the snow is lying
On slope, and bank, and stream,
And all that happy Summer
Has vanished like a dream.

Beside the stream we wandered,
You sketched the mossy mill;
The gnarled old trees about it,
The pathway to the hill.
The mem'ry floats before me
Like some delicious strain;
Oh! Winter may be dreary,
But Summer comes again!

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HIS LITTLE ERROR.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The old brown house stood on the slope of the hill, a long way back from the road, and in the very center of the great orchard, much to the indignation of all the neighbors, who set their houses in the road, and could imagine no other reason for old Squire Elwyn's putting his where he had, "half a mile from nowhere," than that he was "allers a cross-grained critter that wanted to be different from other folks."

But the old man had been many years gone too far away to hear their complaints; and his widowed daughter, who owned the place now, was not of a disposition to trouble herself much more about their opinions than her father had done before her. She was not fond of company, and, perhaps, was glad the steep hill stretched between her domain and the little attempt at a village, which had no more dignified appellation than the "Corners."

Probably, no lover of the beautiful would have found fault with Squire Elwyn's choice. The great orchard could be seen for miles, for he had taken possession of the loftiest hill in the valley region; and whether spring made it look in the distance like a white cloud settling slowly down, or in summer it stretched out in a long, green sweep, like the graceful swell of billows, it was always a picturesque feature in the landscape.

Forty years before, the old man had planted his first trees, and laid the foundation of his house; and though the dwelling was an ordinary affair enough originally, age had invested it with certain charms, though scarcely of the sort to appeal loudly to the practical people of the neighborhood. There was a long porch covered with woodbine and bitter-sweet; stout, old running roses clambered up the windows; violets and flowering almonds, and white and yellow lilies, and wild geraniums and pinks, and hosts of other common flowers—the commonest and the most beautiful in the world—grew in luxuriance about the lawn—not that it was ever called that; and the robins and catbirds, and even the shy, brown thrushes, loved to make their nests in the trees; and all summer long golden orioles flitted about the porch, and wrens, and bobolinks, and song sparrows, haunted the garden; so that, from the first peep of dawn till sunset, the air was vocal with music that could not be surpassed.

It was late in May, one year, when the apple-trees were in their fullest blossom, and the old house like a bower, that Forey Elwyn came back to it to die.

He was not forty years old yet, but he had worn life thread-bare, and life had worn him out completely; so he had returned to the old house, that he had not seen for almost twenty years, to sit on the porch in the pleasant spring light, and listen to the songs of the birds, and enjoy the fragrance of the apple-blossoms, as he had done in his childish days.

"I used to dream about them," he said to his sister. "I could not die till I had seen it all once more."

And Mrs. Forrest looked very grim in her effort to hide how shocked she was by the changes in him, and said only that she'd no doubt he'd be better there—nothing like native air for people that were not strong.

Verily, he had never been strong physically or mentally, this poor Forey Elwyn; yet it would have been difficult to tell exactly what was wanting.

His life, like many another life that never is written, had been a failure; yet at no stage of it would Solomon himself have known exactly how to bid him set it right; nor had it been such from indolence or vice. We say certain people are born to ill luck, or under an evil star; it was said, long before our time, of past and gone unfortunates, and will be said in time to come; and nobody means the phrase to sound either atheistical or paganish, and yet it has both significations if we were to analyze it.

But it matters little—Forey Elwyn's life had been a failure, or seemed such; though, I suppose, when we reach a higher sphere of existence, somewhere away off, up among the endless cycles, we shall be able to understand the things which have perplexed us here, and comprehend the meaning of each of these incomplete lives, and see how, in spite of their imperfections and their incompleteness, they served their purpose in the perfect fullness of the plan of the Almighty Father.

And Forey had come back to the old house to die—it was well. In spite of our tears and our lamentations, it is always well when tired men and women go away from this world. It is that meanest sort of sin, weakness, when we mean

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and pray for death, while it is evident that we have work still to do here; but I have never yet been able to feel grief when I have seen weary men and women drop, one after another, from my side, and go to the rest and the brightness beyond.

Years after, Forey had gone out into the world, eager to run his race and win his prize; and like a good many men, he ran so fast at first that he never could get his breath comfortably after. He was going to write wonderful books, and paint wonderful pictures; of course, he was going to be very famous and very rich, though the last was a secondary consideration, poor, young goose!

That was twenty years before: Forey was eighteen when the race commenced, and now his health had failed him completely. He had not written four-and-twenty marvelous books; he had not covered acres of canvas with heavenly colors—all those fancies were away back in the past.

He had married, his wife had presented him with a baby; then followed years of sickness for her, and years of work, work, work, for him in newspaper offices, in drawing academies—wherever he could get it.

Then the child died; then his wife had another baby; then she died, and now it was Forey's turn; and back he came to the old home, and brought his little girl, who was almost ten years old.

Before autumn arrived, Forey had gone away from the restlessness, the fatigue, the disappointment; and little Annie was left to her aunt.

She had been named that in honor of a picture Forey was "going" to paint, about the time of her birth, from Shakspeare's play; the child's name was about all that came of it, as far as any good was concerned, for the unfinished canvas was brought to the old house among his other possessions, and that was the last of it, except for his daughter to dream over as the years went on.

During the next two years, an eccentric railway wound its course through the little village, and all sorts of improvements followed rapidly. Somebody set up "mills" in the neighborhood; new people moved in, and very soon in the bustling, growing town, it would have been difficult to recognize the sleepy little hamlet of by-gone days.

The clergyman, who came to take charge of the pretty new church, established a school for girls, to eke out his rather slender means of subsistence, which was a fortunate thing for Mrs. Forrest's little niece, as he was a thoroughly cultivated man, with a perfect genius for imparting what he knew to young minds.

Annie had all her father's imagination and quickness of comprehension and memory, with a certain practical element peculiar to herself, added thereto; so that, in the dear old clergyman's eyes, she soon became a bright and shining light among the spluttering little tapers, which he had so much difficulty in training to give any light at all.

Not satisfied with that, the wild gipsy must needs grow up pretty; though as it promised to be a beauty of expression rather than feature, it would, probably, have been better appreciated by the artistic folk, among whom her father formerly lived, than by the busy people who surrounded her.

At last she was eighteen, and as she was prevented, by the force of circumstances, from rushing out to meet her fate, as all imaginative young people are eager to do; fate took the matter in her own hands, and came out into the quiet of the girl's home.

But if you had seen the visitant, you would never have dreamed of its being that strong, wearisome old primp Destiny; for, in her way, Gurtha Darley was a bewitching creature, and had no idea herself that she was called upon to make this visit by anything beyond mere chance.

She was the daughter of one of Mrs. Forrest's girlish friends, who years before had been in love with Forey, and had married somebody else; and that somebody else, for a quarter of a century, had been a tremendous wild beast in Wall street, and, for a goodly number of them, a very rich one.

So, out to the old brown house in the orchard came Gurtha, having been prescribed country air and quiet by wise physicians; and all of a sudden remembering the old village her mother had always been pleased to recollect, in a romantic sort, and had always been very careful not to visit.

Of course, her airs, and her graces, and her stylish dresses, were an admiration and an offence to the whole neighborhood. Of course, she was delighted, for a time, with the change, and Annie fell in love with her, as a young girl is given to do with a charming woman, and they got on admirably.

And then Grant Rollis must needs follow Miss Darley; and having been refused by her once—why she could not well have told, since she liked him better than anybody else—he naturally felt it his duty to be madly in love with her, and to be eager to try his chance again.

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But he said that being on his way to somewhere—the place makes no difference—he found he must pass within an hour's ride of Miss Darley; and, naturally, he could not do so without turning out of his course to see how she enjoyed her seclusion, and to give her the latest news of friends in town.

"It was very good of you," said Miss Darley; "but I had a letter from mamma only this morning."

She looked wicked, but Annie really took it all for gospel truth; and as Rollis, in the light, bantering conversation, told Miss Darley a comically pathetic story about one of her adorers, Annie jumped at the conclusion that the absent one was the favored among Miss Darley's suitors.

Grant Rollis was the handsomest man Annie had ever seen in her life; and during those quiet days he was appearing at his best, and his best looked worth a great deal more than it really was. To Annie he seemed on the most friendly possible terms with Miss Darley—only that, and nothing more; and as the jest concerning the absent was often renewed, and Miss Darley, with no thought of what she was doing, made a little mystery of it to Annie, when they were alone, the girl firmly believed that his arrival would have been a very different matter to their guest than was that of Mr. Rollis.

And the brother of the clergyman's wife came on, and as he was a talkative young Frenchman, Miss Darley was willing to amuse herself with him, and did so, because, although she was really making up her mind in regard to Rollis, she did not see fit to be silly and sentimental—that was her thought, not mine.

So they had pleasant walks, and drives, and picnics in the glen, and fishing expeditions, and innocent amusements generally; and when they were alone, Rollis and Miss Darley laughed over their capabilities of enjoying such rural felicities—they who were called so worldly, and had danced at courts, and been wonderful people generally.

And dreamy-eyed Annie went straightway into a beautiful vision, which lifted her up from the common earth; and Miss Darley, though sufficiently clear-sighted on ordinary occasions, did not observe it, from the fact that she was thinking a great deal about herself, according to the pleasant habit of human nature.

But Grant Rollis did, and at first he promised himself that, for once in his life, he would behave well, and do nothing to trouble the pretty creature's peace; but nature and habit were too strong for him, and before long he found himself making the dream brighter by every means that he could use, which should not waken Miss Darley's indignation, if there chanced to be confidences between Annie and her.

After awhile, it would have been difficult for Grant Rollis to have told with which of the two he was in love, for he was a born flirt; and, the the worst of it was, he was always in earnest. If you are one of the deadly earnest, iron principled people, you are dreadfully shocked at his duplicity, and think he was a poor, miserable creature. But he was not—he was only what a man becomes who has given way to every impulse all his life, and tries to feed his soul on trifles. Besides, grand passions grow rare in this age.

Probably, if Rollis could have "spoken out," it would have been his wish that Miss Darley should go quietly away, for a time, and leave him to flirt with Annie till he was tired of the amusement—but he could not well ask that. He began to remember now, what he had cared little about before, that Miss Darley was rich; and he reminded himself that he must marry a rich woman, for he was lazy and extravagant—and during the gold excitement had managed to muddle his own affairs very nicely.

So, then, he almost thought he did not love her at all, but must marry her, and have a secret sorrow; and at times he felt inclined to marry Annie, and "cut the world;" and sometimes he wished he had never seen either.

At last he had to go away for a week, because he could not longer defer the visit he had started from town to make upon a grumpy old relative who had shekels to leave, if ever she could make up her mind to die and leave them. The day before he went, he found himself alone with Miss Darley—Annie had driven her aunt out, and the Frenchman was, probably, curling his hair at home—and the pair fell into their usual bantering style of conversation, and from saying witty things, began to say those that had a very sharp edge to them.

Very handsome looked Miss Darley that day, very elegant and different from any other woman; and as there was a fair probability of his being refused again, judging from her manner, Rollis grew earnest once more, and this time Miss Darley accepted him, for she had come to love him.

Then he didn't know whether he was glad or sorry, and felt like Owen Meredith's poems: and while he made love to her, and recollected that, at least, he would not be troubled about money matters again, a vision of a pale, young face, with wavy brown hair and dreamy eyes,

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kept rising between him and Gurtha Darley, and shutting out her thoughtful, cultivated face, that had lost its girlishness, as any thoughtful face must do. Then he wondered at himself for being such an ass at his age—at thirty, and after all he had lived through or past over; and and then he talked to Gurtha about their settling in Rome for a year or two—and so making a happy mingling of the artistic and the worldly in their lives; and she listened, and the best and most womanly part of her nature was uppermost. She saw him, not perfect, as he would have looked to her at eighteen, but with faults that she thought might fade wholly out of sight; and she believed in him.

At last he went away; he was to leave the village by that evening's train. He would not come back. She should say good-by for him to Mrs. Forrest and her niece; he had to pack—and why should he come, since he could not see her, Gurtha, alone.

So off he went, and Miss Darley sat down to dream. She told herself that though she was twenty-two, she would allow herself to dream for once, and to think how handsome, and manly, and generous Grant Rollis was; and how pleasant it would be to have some one who understood her, and be thoroughly a companion.

And Rollis went back to the inn and got his traps together, according to the orthodox masculine mode of packing; that is to say, he emptied the bureau-drawers into his trunk, and stamped on the things to make them lie flat—I know, for I've done it, oh! these many years. Then he sat down to rest, and smoke, and think, and look matters in the face.

He had done well for himself—he knew that; he was very fond of Gurtha—she suited him. He would have hated a wife who could not have commanded universal admiration wherever she went. Still that girlish face, with its dreamy eyes and sunny hair, kept coming up—and he cursed himself for a fool. Then he thought——

"Heigho! if I was twenty instead of thirty, how I could love that girl! It's too late now; indeed, I'm not fit to marry her, if I could afford it. At twenty I could have had resolution to work for her, really to be of use in the world; but that's all over! It's very pretty to dream; but I'm an idle, wicked dog, and—— I'm an ass!"

So he put his silly dream by, and thought about the delight of living abroad, with plenty of money at command; and he knew very well that if he could have made up his mind to marry Annie, he should have hated her, and their narrow existence in three months; but that did not alter the fact that he felt "deused low," and knew he was giving up the last bit of poetry his life would ever hold.

He sent his traps to the station; he would walk there through the fields—he had plenty of time, the monster would not be along till seven o'clock. Off he started through the clover-field, along by the brook, down through the pretty wood, and then he came suddenly upon Annie Elwyn, sitting under the beech-trees, and crying as if her heart would break. She had come home, and Miss Darley had given the message Rollis left, given it carelessly and briefly, for fear of showing her own feelings in the least; since, somehow, now that she knew how deeply her heart was interested, she was dreadfully shy of betraying herself.

Out of the house Annie got with all speed; away into the woods—anywhere to be alone. On a sudden the veil had been torn from her eyes; she knew that she loved this handsome, idle, drawling man—not that he was the least to her; and he had gone—he had cared nothing for her.

Let me tell you it was a very black hour, for she loved him; not with half feelings, as people usually love later in life, but with all the passion of youth. It would have been happiness to make the most unheard-of sacrifices for him—die for him! Oh, dear! it is all very pretty; but if eighteen could see with the eyes of forty, eighteen would wonder if the game was worth the candle!

And strolling along through the wood, Grant Rollis came upon her, and as she sprang up they stood face to face; and the dreamy eyes, with their dreams all scared away by this terrible pain, looked shyly in his.

Of course, he knew what was the matter. He was not particularly conceited, but he could not help knowing. If he had been good, and wise, and determined to do right, he would have said, "good-by," not noticed the tears, and gone his way. But he did not. He forgot Miss Darley, and common sense, and the whole world, and caught both Annie's hands in his, and looked away down into her soul with his beautiful eyes, and said softly,

"Are you sorry to have me go?"

A woman would have laughed at his impertinence—a worldly girl would have known how to behave; but Annie was only a poor little dreamer, and she would not speak a word, only let him hold her hands fast and say his say—and, under the circumstances, it was a very wrong one.

"I did not dare wait to see you!" exclaimed

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Rollis; "I knew if I did I should not have the courage to go at all; and I must go—I must."

"Shall you come back?" she asked.

"If you want me to—yes!" He began to feel reckless. "Say you want me, and I'll come."

She could not say anything, but her eyes spoke plainly enough.

"I did not think you would care," he went on, rapidly; for Miss Darley, and money, and reason, had no place in the world into which he had been led, by the tearful light of her eyes. "Do you care, Annie?"

And then he remembered that if he missed the train, he should affront his old relative beyond the hope of pardon; and he must have her good will, for he had just heard of a new loss in stocks that cleaned him out completely.

"If I did not have to go!" he exclaimed. "Annie, I'll come back! Will you think of me? Will you love me?"

There! it was out! Again he forgot everything, even the relative who must be propitiated; and for some moments he talked a great deal of very wild nonsense, that sounded beautiful, indeed, to Annie.

And then the whistle sounded in the distance, and he cought her in his arms, kissed her like a madman, and ran with all his might to the station; and she, at length, finding composure somewhere in the undeveloped strength of her womanhood, went slowly toward the house.

And the train bore Rollis swiftly away; and at last he had leisure to remember what "a fix" he was in, and what a rascal he was—and he blamed himself more than anybody else could have done. And just as he was in a mood to dash himself off the platform, there was a rush and a whir, and a terrible shock, and before one could count five, the long train lay a wreck at the bottom of a steep embankment, and death and destruction ruled the scene triumphant.

It might have been almost ten o'clock when Miss Darley still sat on the porch of the old house in the moonlight, while sensible Mrs. Forrest was asleep in her bed, and poor little Annie was in her own room, supposed to be in her bed, too, but in reality crouched on the floor, with her head on the window-sill, looking up at the purple sky and dreaming her heavenly dream.

Along came the boy of "odd jobs," conscious that he was later than his employer would approve, but hoping to find somebody up, because he had wonderful news to tell, which would prevent his being lectured. He saw Miss Darley, and up he rushed and poured his story out in a heap.

"Oh, ma'am! the seven train went all to smash at Holly's Hill, and they've brought lawyer Jones back with his head broke; and the squire's killed, and everybody else; and that ere Mr. Rollis—he was cut right a two, so he was."

And the trees went round, and the room came down, and the porch went up, and Gurtha Darley felt herself slowly sinking into a black space, when she was recalled by a cry from the room above—a cry so frightful that it seemed as if a human life must have gone out on it.

How she got up stairs she did not know; but there, on the floor, lay Annie, like one dead. Mrs. Forrest slept too far off to be roused; and Miss Darley, by herself, raised the girl and got her on the bed, and stood looking at her with a strange feeling of wrath amid the horror and pain. This girl loved Rollis, too; she would grieve for him—what right had she? How dared she?

Then the wicked thoughts left Gurtha; she would put by her own suffering for the time—she must, for the girl looked so like dead that it was frightful.

Annie came to herself at last and sat up; and when she could think and speak, she shrieked, "Is it true? Is he dead?"

Miss Darley went softly down stairs to the boy; she must go at once—she could think. She must go to the village—telegraph to W—— for a special train; she would go on—it was her right. She stood there cold, and white, and still, and asked if he was certain of his news—and he was; lawyer Jones had seen the body.

Another cry from Annie. Miss Darley was by her side again, and Annie was moaning,

"If I could only see him! Oh, Gurtha! I loved him—I loved him! You did not know; and he loved me, and I never knew till he was going away; he told me—he told me! Oh! let me die—let me die!"

Years after, when Gurtha Darley looked back on that night and its torture, she knew that she had been in hell—there was no milder way of putting it, no other comparison for the varied agonies of that time.

She heard all; she knew that this man had gone to his death with a lie on his lips—and being dead, she could not even hate him.

But she bore it—some of us bear everything in this world; and daylight came, and she, with Mrs. Forrest and the doctor, stood by Annie's bed, and Annie was raving with brain fever, and would, probably, soon follow the man she loved, and learn what a miserable being she had died for.

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Two strange weeks to Gurtha Darley—for she did her duty like a woman; and when they had run their course, she was worlds away from any pain on her own account.

And Annie struggled back to life, and lay there so weak and frail, it seemed a pity she should have come back at all.

After that revelation, Miss Darley sent no message to anybody to inquire the particulars of Rollis' fate. He was dead; she had to keep thinking that to steady her heart and her mind, for she was not a woman yielding enough easily to forgive his duplicity.

The first time she left the house, she met, in the very wood where he had parted with Annie, this man, or his ghost; and she believed at first that it was his ghost come back to be forgiven.

"Gurtha! Gurtha!"

The old voice. He was pale and worn, and had evidently been very ill, and his left arm was in a sling—but it was himself.

She stood perfectly still and looked at him.

"I have just heard you thought I was dead, all here," he said. "I was hurt badly; they took me on to Bashwell. I've just got able to come; I wrote you as soon as I could."

She stood quite still, and never took her eyes from his face.

"Didn't you get it? Are you frightened? For heaven's sake, speak! I'm not a ghost."

"If you were, I might forgive you," said Gurtha Darley; "not for myself—you are beneath even thought enough from me for that—but for her! Mr. Rollis, if you were buried in the sea, you could not be more dead to me, or to that girl! If you were a man, you should be allowed to go to her and give her back her happiness; but you are something too base to call a fiend, too contemptible to call human; you shall not see her even."

She went swiftly away, and Grant Rollis knew that he had better been dashed to death amid the wreck, than have come back to life for such punishment—his own contempt added to theirs.

And sitting by Annie's bed, Miss Darley told her the whole story, and let her see what the man was she had nearly died for; and later, when she could bear it, told her that he was alive.

So nobody died; and five years after, when the whole party, with the exception of Mrs. Forrest, met in Naples, Grant Rollis, grown a little stout and a little bald, with a very tall, long woman clutching his arm, and ruling him by her matrimonial rights, and the fact of the money being all hers. He found Miss Darley handsome and young as ever; and as he stood there, a beautiful woman passed, on the arm of a man as well known in the world for his virtues as his genius; and while his long wife pinched him, and bade him look, he had the pleasure of hearing an Englishman say to his companion,

"That's the famous American beauty, Miss Elwyn. She's to marry the great man—isn't she a stunner?"

The bony woman wanted something to eat, and Rollis took her in search of it, like an obedient husband; and some hitch in the crowd brought him face to face with Miss Darley and Annie; and they both greeted him charmingly, and insisted on being friendly with his wife, and said things sweet as sugar, that cut like knives, and floated away; and again Rollis wished he had been killed twenty times by the fall over the embankment.

LULLABY!

BY ELIZABETH DOANE.

Sleep, my beloved! and sweet be thy slumbering;
Sentinel-watches my heart will be keeping;
Marshaled star-legions the moments are numbering;
Mystical shadows are silently creeping.
Love sings thy lullaby!
Sings this soft lullaby!
Sleep, my beloved!

Down where the spring sends a streamlet meandering,
One lonely whippowill's music is falling;
Wraiths of the mist o'er the lowlands are wandering;
Monotone notes all the turtles are calling,
This is thy lullaby!
Dear heart, thy lullaby!
Sleep, my beloved!

Gossamer wings, that have wearied of hovering
Over the sweets of the Summer's distilling,
'Neath the bowed lily-bell's delicate covering,
Night's requisitions are meekly fulfilling;
So be thy lullaby!
Fondly breathed lullaby!
Sleep, my beloved!

Beautiful presences, floating intangible,
Woo to repose with magnetic caresses;
Somnolent odors from censers invisible,
Mingle and melt till the zephyr oppresses.
Love sings thy lullaby!
Lullaby! lullaby!
Sleep, my beloved!

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SOPHY ELLIOTT'S PRIDE.

BY KATHARINE F. WILLIAMS.

I.

"I SUPPOSE you expect perfect happiness," said Mrs. Merriam.

"I am not quite so irrational," returned Sophy. "How could you imagine such a thing? Have I not always been told that perfect happiness is not to be expected upon earth? Have I not heard sermon after sermon proving the case, and read loads of dismal verse, all tending to establish it? And then, you know, Mrs. Merriam, I am such a matter-of-fact personage." This with a smile of which the sunshine contradicted her words.

"Are you?" said Mrs. Merriam, surveying her with a gaze of mingled weariness and compassion. Poor woman! she always looked weary and worn-out. "It will be all the better for you. I was so different myself; the future looked so golden to me! I found the disenchantment so much the more bitter."

"It is of no use for us old people to moralize to her," said Mrs. Brent, Sophy's mother. "Youth will not moderate its expectations, talk as wisely as we may. It must learn by experience, just as we did."

Mrs. Merriam felt that the experience thus included with her own had differed widely from it, but she said no more. Conversation turned on other topics; and when she went away, she wished Sophy joy in a manner more befitting the occasion than her previous remarks had been.

Sophy watched her down the walk. Her feelings were too warm, her hopes too bright, to be chilled by dolorous suggestions, yet these cast their shadow. Secure in her own affluence, she felt a gentle pity for this woman, so poor in love and happiness. It was impossible that Conway or she should ever change. Time, trial, suffering, would but knit their hearts more closely together. She shuddered a moment at the thought of what existence must be to those who had trusted everything to *one*, and found that one fail them.

Then a familiar form was seen coming toward the house, and fancies and sympathies were alike forgotten in the glow of present joy.

The wedding was to take place in a few days. Sophy's parents did not regard it with quite unmixed delight, though they welcomed Conway kindly for their daughter's sake. But the case was this: A year or eighteen months before there had been another suitor, and no one who knew her could ever guess why Sophy Brent should not have fancied him. He was good-looking, he was intelligent, he was agreeable, he was rich. Mr. and Mrs. Brent were greatly pleased, but Sophy would none of him. She used every means to ward off a proposal; and when, in spite of her, it came, declined it with a positiveness that forbade all hope of reconsideration. And then, as Mrs. Brent said to her husband, it seemed as if the very spirit of perverseness did possess the child; for no sooner did Conway Elliott begin to manifest an interest in her society, than her whole demeanor underwent a change. No longer proud, and distant, and self-possessed, but shy, gentle, blushing as any other girl in love. And Conway Elliott had just nothing at all, unless one reckoned his profession, to which he had never chosen to pay very strict attention. He was a little unsteady, too. Altogether, it was a match to make prudent parents very grave. Mr. and Mrs. Brent yielded, however, seeing how fully Sophy's heart was enlisted in the matter. There had been nothing to complain of since in the young man. He applied himself eagerly to business, was devoted to his betrothed, and was considered by everybody to be doing well.

The rejected suitor, meanwhile, did not think himself called upon to break his heart. On the contrary, he had been very soon consoled, and that by Sophy's own cousin, Anastasia. The weddings were to take place in the same week, though on quite a different scale. Anastasia's father was much the more wealthy of the Brents; and the bridegroom's circumstances being easy, there was nothing to forbid a good deal of parade and style. Sophy's wedding, on the contrary, was quiet in every way, as was most prudent. Mrs. Brent groaned a little—in spirit, merely, not so loud as to be audible—at sight of Anastasia's fineries of every sort, and particularly as the elegant *parure*, Mr. Harvey's own gift, was exhibited. Sophy might have had all these things, just as well as not! But as for the girl herself, she would not have given one fond glance of her lover for all the pearls and diamonds that could be heaped together.

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When the young couple came home from their wedding-tour, they found aunt Margaret at the house.

"When do you expect Anastasia, auntie?" inquired the bride.

"I don't know, indeed; there is no talk of their coming back yet. They went to Sharon, you know, on their way from Niagara; and after that, Mr. Harvey said, they must try Newport; and they find it so delightful there that they say nothing at all about leaving."

This jarred a little on Mrs. Brent; from motives of economy Sophy's tour had been a brief one. She said to herself that Margaret really was very consequential over the affair. She should think, all things considered, she would not be very anxious to talk of Mr. Harvey, or the match, since everybody knew that Anastasia was but the second choice, at any rate. Her sister-in-law, however, did not seem embarrassed by any such remembrance. Mrs. Brent's indignation was complete when she remarked, "Anastasia is afraid she shall come home completely spoiled. Mr. Harvey never seems to consider money in the least where the gratification of her slightest fancy is concerned. She has to scold him, really, for being so extravagant."

"A gentle 'scolding,' I presume," said Conway, "suited to the amiable nature of the offence."

"Very likely. But she assures me she is learning to be cautious how she admires anything, since every little heedless remark is treasured up and acted on."

"Quite a bondage, I should think," said Mrs. Brent. "I should not like to be obliged to watch my speech in that way." When aunt Margaret had gone home with Conway for escort, she expressed her opinions yet more clearly.

"Yes," said Sophy, laughing, in answer to the exclamations and inquiries, "I *did* think the magnificences of Anastasia's match were rather paraded for our benefit. Dear mother, don't suppose it vexes me. If I could be troubled by such things, so early, our prospects would be poor, indeed. I must expect to meet, every day, people who are better off than we are; but those that are happier—never!"

II.

Six months later she would have said the same thing. Conway was all that the fondest, most exacting heart could ask. They had but one will, one life, between them. Mrs. Brent had her own comfort in their happiness, and became quite reconciled to seeing Anastasia (that little, dowdy, insignificant thing!) going about in the elegancies that belonged of right to Sophy.

When even a year had passed, the young wife would have acknowledged no change. Yet a little anxiety, a slight uneasiness, began to invade her heart. She wished—nay, she would not allow, even to herself, that any difference could be desired. If Conway did not, as at first, spend every evening with her, in their own room, she must not forget that business had its claims, which extended beyond the routine of office hours. It was right, too, and suitable that he should like to talk with other men of politics, and the topics of the day, even if it kept him from her side. She could not be content, even if he were so, that he should shut himself up to her society alone. It had sufficed awhile, and they had been very happy; but such were not the means by which he could fit himself for mingling with the world, and taking an honorable position in it. She looked that fact steadily in the face, and was willing to resign him, wherever it was for his good, even at cost to herself.

Two or three things, meanwhile, annoyed her. Association or thoughtlessness had led him into some extravagances; not much, if they were not repeated, yet auguring uncomfortably for the future. There was an occasional light way of speaking, a jeering, faithless tone, that pained her. Of course, he did not mean it—it was only jest. Another complaint was hardly admitted, even to her most secret consciousness—the character of her husband's admiration did not flatter her. It referred to charms so purely physical; the turn of her wrist, the slope of her shoulders, the tinting of her cheeks. Not that she did not wish him to think her beautiful as Helen, if he chose, but—— She felt a repugnance which she could not explain.

"Conway," she asked, one day, "how is it that all your compliments are paid to my person, instead of my mind? I shall begin to suspect you see nothing to admire there." It was playfully spoken, playfully meant, but, perhaps, there was a tinge of seriousness in it, too. If so, Conway did not detect the mingling.

"So, dear, you wish to set up for one of the strong-minded! But you must first get rid of those ripe lips and melting eyes. Until you do, no one will be likely to inquire about your other attributes."

"Now you are aggravating your offences. It is not good of you to talk as if you were a pacha, and I an odalisque."

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"'My Mourmahal, my Harem's Light!'" retorted Conway. "It is not good of you to blame me because I cannot help admiring you—the most unreasonable woman I ever heard of in my life. But I'll do my possible to content you, Sophy. I'll try to analyze you as dispassionately as if you had the nose and complexion of poor Mrs. Rice, our laundress. Why do you smile? Provoking girl, to show those dimples, and put my sober fancies all to flight. It is your own fault if my reform is deferred another day."

Sophy was very glad to have it end thus. Of course, it was absurd to complain of what most women would be proud of. As for her other cares, she had a plan which would, she hoped, dispose of them. She would suggest to Conway that they should go to keeping house; she would remove him from some associations which were not the happiest for him. Then would be call for extraordinary outlay—but that might not prove a misfortune. It would give them a definite object to save for, and prevent many of those little useless expenditures which come about, no one could say exactly how, in their present mode of life. And those absences which, after all, perhaps, overran her ideas of what was due to extension of business and knowledge of the world, might cease. She would make their home so bright, so winning, that no other spot could vie with its attractions.

Conway required little persuasion. The novelty pleased him, and he was quite charmed with his prospective dignity as a householder. The great difficulty was in bringing his ideas to a level with their resources.

"Look at Anastasia," he said. "The best house I have thought of does not approach hers; you don't know how I feel, Sophy. I cannot help thinking, sometimes, of what you might have had; and I can't bear to have been the means of bringing you down in the world."

How good it was of him, thought the young wife, to value her so highly. After this, she urged her own views with more courage; and they were presently established in a pretty little home, quite suited to their means. Conway had, to be sure, indulged his undeniably excellent taste a trifle freely in its furnishing, but no great harm was done. Sophy expected to be a careful manager, and repair all such damages With love in the parlor, and a competent maid in the kitchen, Paradise was to begin. Sophy had her housekeeping, with whose cares she was sufficiently familiar to acquit herself with credit. Conway's praises were enthusiastic; one would imagine he had never known the true flavor of viands until now. There were calls, invitations; enough to enliven, not enough to interrupt. The young husband spent the greater share of every evening in his own home; little or nothing was heard of the objectionable associations; and Sophy flattered herself that her plan was working admirably. They had nothing to do but to go on and enjoy domestic bliss.

She had said, with some truth, that she was matter-of-fact. She admired Conway all the more that he leaned to the ideal. A good linguist, familiar with literature, the delicacy and discrimination of his taste were acknowledged by all who understood such things. Sophy was proud of his ability, and aspired to companionship with him.

"I have been too much engrossed with my housekeeping, lately," she said, one morning at the breakfast-table. "When we were boarding, time was continually frittered away; but now that we can command our hours better, I am determined to study and improve. What shall I begin with, Conway?"

"You need no improvement; you are quite charming enough as you are."

"Let that pass," she answered, smiling; "it is understood. But suppose that I wish to enhance even such marvelous fascinations, what method shall I pursue? Shall we read the old poets together, as we used in the early days, or shall I take up German—or what?"

"I really don't think it would be worth while, Sophy," he replied. "There are so many interruptions to a plan of the sort; and as you never cared for such things, it isn't likely the taste will be awakened now."

She was silent, cruelly mortified. Her glowing pictures of their hours of study, his delight in her cleverness, her triumph in his appreciation, faded on the instant. Conway believed "she had no taste for such things." No taste for anything, probably, beyond her housekeeping, and being petted, and caressed, and told how bright her eyes were.

If the husband guessed aught of her feelings, he gave no token. To be tied up to study was a bore which, once for all, he did not mean to inflict upon himself. With a person of Sophy's energy and spirit, you could not say how long a whim of the kind might last. He preferred to dispose of it thus summarily, rather than take the chances that it would die a natural death; as, with nine women out of ten, would happen in a few weeks' time.

Nevertheless, there was nothing unpleasant in his manner. He was just as amiable, and kissed Sophy, at parting, with as much affection as though he had yielded to her wishes.

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III.

If the young wife had but known it, she possessed in this little scene a key to her whole future. Conway was bent on doing, in all things, precisely as he liked. Not, perhaps, of set purpose; but that way his whole nature tended. So long as Sophy's humor chimed with his own, it was very well; so long as he preferred to indulge her wishes, it was also well. But once cross his fancy, and no consideration of right or justice had the slightest claim upon him. He held his own course over every obstacle.

Sophy's acquaintance with this truth was gradually made; but she came at last to understand it fully. Small neglects grew rapidly to large ones. The evening absences became more frequent—her lonely vigils lasted till midnight, and beyond. At first there were excuses, proffered with a kiss, and believed in for a time. By-and-by there was no thought of either kisses or excuse.

This was one phase of what Sophy thought her wrongs. She could not forget how her society had once been prized; how every nightfall brought him to her father's roof; how she could scarce walk in the garden, pass along the street, without finding him at her side. She remembered how the girls used to laugh, and ask what she expected to do when they were married; how she could keep house with a man always around, and in the way. That difficulty had been disposed of, truly.

Some women pass over these slights—they can do it in some occult fashion. Sophy did not understand their make. She had given her whole heart, and looked for nothing less in return. Poverty, suffering, the world's scorn, if need had been, she could have borne, and cheerfully. But for him to fail her—that wrong was unpardonable!

If she could not forgive, neither did she reproach, far less use pretty wiles to win him back. In the rare evenings, when storm or indisposition kept him within, she made no effort to interest him. She pursued her work, he buried himself in his books—and thus the hours went by.

Nor was there longer cause to complain that her more serious wishes were put off with pretty compliments. She was more beautiful than ever; but "custom had staled" her charms to Conway. His was a nature that tired, after awhile, of everything—and beauty or ugliness became alike indifferent to him.

Grievances of sentiment were not all that she had to contend with as the years went by. There were trials more obvious, if infinitely less hard. Conway Elliott was indolent by nature. Under the stimulus of a strong passion he had applied himself to business; but as that failed, old habits regained ascendency. Books, amateur authorship, or desultory chit-chat, suited him better than the plodding work of his profession. His clients, coming to consult him, found the office locked; or, if he were happily there, a segar and a French play absorbed him. Many were offended and removed their papers. There was little satisfaction, even good-natured people said, in employing Elliott. No one cleverer, when he choses; but his thriftlessness would wear out anybody's patience.

Their income dwindled; furniture grew shabby and was neither repaired nor replaced. Sophy's own wardrobe passed from its bridal gayety to absolute plainness. Mr. Elliott, himself, was always well-attired; he did not even lack for little elegances of costume. His segars and novels, too, were always abundant; nor did he fail of means for any little pleasure-seeking he might chance to fancy.

Bridget asked, one morning, for her wages. They were not greatly in arrears; Sophy took care of that, having the remedy in her power. She disliked to ask her husband for the money almost as much as if it had been for some indulgence of her own—still it must be done. Mr. Elliott, when appealed to, was out of funds—his pocket-book contained just fifty cents, all told.

"How soon can you let me have it, do you think?" inquired Sophy, hesitatingly.

"Can't say, upon my word—I wish I could. Of course, not till I get it myself."

This settled the matter. Bridget did not wait for her money. As soon as she could suit herself with a new place, Sophy told her, she had better go. She, herself, would undertake the work of the house in future.

Mr. Elliott made some objections to this plan; he thought it vulgar and beneath her. She quietly represented the injustice of benefiting by services for which she could not pay.

"I wonder she went so peaceably," observed Conway. "I should have expected some solicitude about her dues."

"There was no occasion for it. I had a little money; mother had given it to me for a bonnet. Of course, I paid her."

The affair was off Mr. Elliott's conscience, then; and Sophy's mother gave her money, too! Such being the case, there was less occasion than ever to trouble himself concerning her supplies. The ten dollars were not replaced.

Every woman knows in how many things, connected with housekeeping, a man's aid is useful, almost essential. Mr. Elliott offered no

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assistance, no matter how hard or heavy might be the burden. It was his wife's own idea to do without a servant; he never should have proposed it to her; and she might carry it through as best she could.

Sophy had lovely hands—white, taper, dimpled—and had been a little proud of them in the days when her person was of any consequence. Their delicacy was, of course, sadly injured by the new treatment they received. She saw Conway look at them, surprised, one day as they lay on her white apron. She colored painfully; her first impulse was to hide them. "Why should I?" she thought, and checked herself. "There is nothing to be ashamed of in the marks of honest labor." Thenceforward she bore stoically whatever glances Conway chose to give.

Meanwhile, Anastasia, and all belonging to her, prospered. She and her husband and children were clothed in purle and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. They had horses and carriages, servants and plate. Sophy's marriage was so much a part of the established order of things, that Mrs. Brent did not now, as formerly, draw parallels between the two. She blamed Conway in her own mind for his indolence and neglect of opportunities, but she never blamed him to Sophy—she would not have ventured to do so. If a grandchild or so might have been acceptable, she was, on the whole, glad that Sophy had not been dragged down by a family. She could not then have kept her beauty so untouched; that proud and brilliant beauty, which not even her plain surroundings could obscure. Sometimes the mother thought, in a vague way, that people were pretty much alike, after all. Here were Conway and her child, so devoted, so romantic in their courtship—and they had settled down in a humdrum married life, like all the rest of the world.

Sophy had kept her own counsel, eaten her heart in silence. All her duties were fulfilled; she scorned to fail because others had failed toward her. No one, not even the husband, heard one complaint from her lips.

IV.

THE days and weeks moved on in a dull, leaden routine; there seemed no room for anything that could vary them. Change came, however, in time.

Conway's health failed. Indolence passed into lassitude, and lassitude to serious illness. He took to his bed, and Sophy nursed him dutifully,

One day when she had smoothed his pillows, given him his draught, and performed various little services, all with the same calm, unsmiling face, a strange impulse seized him. He caught her hand and pressed it to his lips.

The smile came now. "Don't," she said. "It is quite unnecessary to coax me. I shall take good care of you without that."

He dropped her hand and looked deeply hurt. Let him be, she sternly thought; had she not been so many a time? For the rest, she had not meant to wound him, but simply spoke out her belief.

While Conway Elliott was well and strong his household life suited him well enough. He might have preferred a tender, lavish-natured little woman, who would have petted and adored him, spite of slights and coolness. But on the other hand, he had congratulated himself that Sophy gave him no tragedy scenes; she took things quietly. In their married experience there had been no fierce reproaches and recriminations, with after-piece of melting tears and reconciliation. He had held his own course in his easy, *insouciant* fashion, nor troubled himself to inquire what Sophy might be feeling—and she had given no sign. But then the world had been free to him. Now, shut up within these narrow walls, he yearned for something more—for sympathy, tenderness, affection. He was weakened by illness; touched, it may be, also, by a better spirit.

He spoke again one day as his wife sat beside him.

"Can this be you?" he asked, gently, taking her hand in his once more. "The same Sophy, who used to be so impulsive, so overflowing with love for me?"

At last! The theme was broached between them which had filled her thoughts for years, yet sealed her lips in stubborn silence! She regarded him with a gaze of stern inquiry.

"Whose fault has it been?" she said.

"Mine, I am afraid. I was very guilty. But you never tried to win me back."

"I did not care to do it," she replied. "If you could once leave me—it was enough!"

He shuddered, and was silent; she had nothing more to say. They waited thus awhile, she self-contained, unmoved; he anxious, troubled, yearning.

"Sophy," he broke forth at last, "don't look so at me; your eyes will kill me. Don't you know that I am going to die; can't you feel what that means? I am so sorry for it all. Do pity me and forgive me."

"Of course, I forgive you, since you wish it," she replied, mechanically.

"Not in that voice, with that face! Come

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closer, Sophy; kiss me. Tell me you can love me a little, after all."

Sophy pressed her hand upon her heart. She sat lost in a dreadful maze of doubt and wonder. How that heart had bled through long years, and yearned to have such words as these, and despaired of ever hearing them! How it would once have leaped in every pulse to welcome them! Cold and harsh it lay now in her bosom, and the sorrowful appeal woke not one answering thrill. She looked on the pale form, conscious how soon it must exchange that couch for the last narrow bed. She felt the same pity with which she must have regarded any doomed and suffering thing—but that was all.

Tearless behind her widow's veil, a few weeks later, she vainly strove to break the horrid calm. "Would that I could suffer!" she cried, in her despairing thought. "Would that any anguish could melt this icy coldness—I cannot! Better had I been the weakest heart that, deceived and trampled on, can, at the first kind word, forgive and love! My pride! alas, my fatal pride!"

And yet she was not altogether right. She had been too proud, and so far forth in the wrong; but her husband had been much more, very much more to blame. Alas! how few are perfect!

How very few are happy!

MAY MOORE.

BY ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

As a frost-flower on the window
Passes, with the breath, away;
Just so quickly passed Death's signet
O'er the brow of darling May—
May Moore!
Just as quickly passed Death's signet
O'er the brow of darling May.

Sweetly as the Summer rainbow,
Fading with the dying day,
Passed the sunny, gentle presence
Of our precious, darling May—
May Moore!
Passed the sunny, gentle presence
Of our precious, darling May.

On her form, like purest marble,
Lovingly the moon-beams lay,
Lighting up the pale, gold tresses
Of our lost, our darling May—
May Moore!
Lighting up the pale, gold tresses
Of our lost, our darling May.

Tenderly with flowers we crowned her;
Tears and buds fell where she lay;
Perfume of sweet apple-blossoms
Floated round our darling May—
May Moore!
Perfume of sweet apple-blossoms
Floated round our darling May.

Where the willow-buds are drooping,
Where the river rolls away;
Where the robin sings in Summer,
There we laid our darling May—
May Moore!
Where the robin sings in Summer,
There we laid our darling May.

WAITING FOR FATHER.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

FISHERMAN! fisherman!
Over the sea;
True hearts are yearning,
Longing for thee.
Bright eyes are watching,
At dawn of day—
Watching for father,
Far, far away.
Baby's hands waving
Proudly in air;
Mother's lips moving
Meekly in prayer;
Wafting above
Missions of love,
Pleading to Heaven "poor father" to spare.

Fisherman! fisherman!
Dreaming of home;
Breasting the billows,
Cleaving the foam.
Grasp tight the rudder!
Spread out the sail!
Let the boat merrily
Dance to the gale!
Rest after labor
Cometh for thee;
Soon, soon shall baby
Sit on thy knee;
Soon shall be prest
Close to thy breast,
All that is dear to thee over the sea.

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MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER II.

A NARROW street in the heart of Paris; houses on each side, towering up so high that the sunshine never reached the earth upon which they stood; and those who lived in the lower stories scarcely knew what it was to see a gleam of pure light from Christmas to Christmas. The houses, solid, old, and moss-grown at the base, were crowded with human beings, who would gladly have worked for a livelihood, had any work been attainable in Paris that cruel season.

But there was stagnation in trade, and famine in all the land. Those who depended on toil for their daily bread, found all their efforts insufficient to appease the incessant cravings of hunger, which was a terrible disease all over France that year. But there was no work. Those who controlled capital held it close, thus paralyzing trade and adding to the general distress. Thus thousands and thousands of those who longed to be, in fact, the working people of Paris, suffered terribly for food. This want was felt all through the neighborhood we speak of. Scarcely a family within sight of it had enjoyed a sufficiency of food for weeks. Poverty drove them from story to story, while it kept them almost too weak to climb the stairs as they multiplied upward.

In a small room, under the roof of one of these houses, two women sat in idleness. They would have been glad to work, but that poor privilege was denied to them. They would more gladly have eaten something, but all the provisions they had in the room would scarcely have set forth the ghost of a meal. Still this destitution was borne with a sort of cheerful patience, which nothing but a native of France could have maintained under such circumstances. There was no abandonment to despondency—hunger had, sometimes, made those two females serious, but seldom morose; their burden of life grew heavier day by day, but up to this time it had not broken down the patience which is the most beautiful part of womanhood.

They sat together in the darkening room, two worn and half-famished creatures, wondering if the morrow would have something in store for them with a sort of forlorn hope, which neither had the spirit to express. These two were mother and daughter; yet the mother was not yet at full mid-age, and a powerful constitution made her seem younger than she really was. She was handsome, too, spite of the famine that had pinched her features, and given that hungry light to her eyes. A large, fine woman, of the English type, full of natural health and energy this person had been only a year before; now she was subdued and broken down by sheer physical want.

The young girl who sat near her was a fair, gentle blonde, very thin, white and delicate: her great, blue eyes enlarged with craving; and her mouth tremulous, like that of an infant denied in its innocent wishes.

The woman had just come in from a long, long walk through country roads; her shoes were heavy with clinging mud, and all the edges of her dress were soiled. The girl noticed this, and said, with some anxiety,

"Mother, have you been far?"

"Yes, Marguerite, very far. Once more I have been to Versailles."

"And for no good?"

"For no good! The guard refused me at the gate."

These words were uttered with profound despondency. The poor woman closed her eyes, and buried her head against the wall of the room as they left her lips, as if about to sleep or die. Marguerite started up and went to her, shivering with mingled pain and nervousness.

"Mamma! mamma!"

The woman was insensible. She had been walking all day without food, and come home hopeless. This had never happened before: through many a weary year of disappointment and pain that noble form had held its strength till now. To her child she seemed dead.

"Oh! my poor, poor mamma! What can I do?" she cried out, wringing her hands in utter helplessness, for there was not even a cup of water in the room.

"Monsieur! Monsieur Jaque!"

Marguerite began beating her little hands

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against the partition which divided her room from that of some poor neighbor; and directly a hideous little man appeared at the door with his coat off, and an iron crucible in his hand.

"What is it, Marguerite, my child? What is it makes you so strange?"

Marguerite came toward the man, and seized hold of his arms with both hands.

"Monsieur Jaque, she is dead. Look, look! the great God has taken her away from me!"

The poor girl was too horror-stricken for tears; but her face was so wild and white that the little man flung his crucible on the floor, spattering the hot lead it held over the threshold, where it gleamed like silver. The next moment found the head of that insensible woman on his bosom, and his face close to hers. He was listening for her breath. The girl stood by, mute as stone, watching him with her wild, blue eyes, that seemed twice their usual size. At last the man spoke,

"No, little one, she is not dead. Give me your hand, I will make you sure."

Marguerite reached forth her hand, and Jaque laid it on the wrist he was handling. The well-formed hand fell down from his hold in limp immobility; but Marguerite, after bending her head a little while, cried out joyfully as an infant does when it hears a watch tick, "Oh! my good God! It beats—it beats!"

The girl fell down upon her knees, and, covering her face with both hands, kept repeating amid her tears,

"It beats—it beats! She is alive!"

"Yes, little one, she is alive. Do not cry! Do not cry so!"

The girl looked up, radiant in spite of her pallor and her tears.

"Oh, Monsieur Jaque! it is because I am so happy! How kind the good God is! How he makes us think light of trouble that seemed so great! Only this morning I was so sad, weeping because she must go out, and no breakfast; not a morsel of bread; not a drop of milk—in short, nothing. It was the third morning I had seen this, and it made my heart sick with trouble. But now that is nothing. I have her here alive—she breathes—she opens her eyes! Oh, mamma! you have been so strange! I thought you dead, and was about to die myself. Only for that tiny flutter in your wrist I could not have helped it. Ah! you know all about it. You look into my eyes, and say in your heart, 'How this poor child loves me. She is worth living for.'"

Here Monsieur Jaque put Marguerite on one side with his hand, in which was a lump of brown bread. In the other he held a cup of water.

"Let her eat this, little one; then she will be strong, and tell us how all this happened."

Marguerite reached out her hand for the bread.

"Oh, monsieur! let me give it to her. I so longed to see her eat it from my hand; but then it is yours—I have no right."

Jaque was holding the woman's head on his arm. She was conscious, her eyes were wide open, but she was quiet from perfect exhaustion. He surrendered the bread into those outstretched hands with a smile that illuminated his grim old face into something better than beauty ever was to a man.

Marguerite held the water to her mother's lips, and then placed a morsel of bread between them. This was feebly swallowed, as if hot. At that moment, aware that food was near, the woman started up, snatched at the bread, and began to devour it ravenously. Marguerite began to cry again at this; then she laughed through her tears, and turned to Jaque, who looked on with two great tears rolling down his cheeks. Seizing his two hands, she fell to kissing them rapturously.

"It is you that I must thank. Where did you get it? Bread, and such bread, all of flour; the last we had was half fern, that made our throats dry. She would not eat, but gave it all to me, saying that she had plenty put away, but liked to eat it by herself. That was wrong, very wrong; it cheated me into eating so much. Now, do you know, Monsieur Jaque, I fear—nay. I feel sure that she has eaten nothing. Oh! mamma, mamma! if I forgive you, it will be after you have eaten every crumb of monsieur's bread."

The woman, who had been devouring the bread like a hungry wolf, now dropped it from her hands.

"Forgive me! I had forgotten you, little one; but the day was so long, and I walked fast both ways."

Marguerite replaced the fragment of bread in her mother's hands.

"Eat it all?" she said. "I have had enough, haven't I, Monsieur Jaque?"

"Plenty," answered the old man. "Never fear; there is yet another loaf—the baker is my friend. Besides, I have made a discovery."

"A discovery! What?" cried Marguerite. "I can believe anything since we have food. See, mamma is listening. Where shall we look for this discovery?"

"Here, in this house."

"Here?"

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"Yes, in the roof. We have been close to it all the time. What the people want is, first bread, then arms."

"Well, monsieur?"

"I make one, bring the other. Look!"

The old man pointed to the crucible, which lay upon the floor, and the bright metal which covered the threshold, like a fantastic embroidery. Marguerite shook her head; she could understand nothing of this.

"There is plenty of it under the roof and about the old windows. The people want arms, powder, bullets—I make them, you understand. See, I gather this up—no harm is done. I melt it over again, run it into a mould, that you shall see—for Jaque not only works for the people, but he invents. Then I take my bag of bullets to the proper place, and come back with a pocket full of sous, enough for a little bread that is all flour, such as madame has eaten. So do not fear that she will faint again. To-morrow shall be a holiday—I don't just now remember the saint, but we will find one to suit us, or do without. Between us, little one, saints are getting a little out of fashion since liberty took the lead—not that I like it altogether, mark; but we will have our holiday. In the morning I will go to market—that is, you shall go with me, and I will buy you six eggs, a sprig of parsley, perhaps an onion, who knows, with some milk, and—but it does not do so well when we promise overmuch; but make sure of this, it will be a feast."

Marguerite smiled, and took both her mother's cold hands in hers.

"You hear, maroma, it is to be a feast?"

"Yes, I hear," answered the woman, brightening into new life. Give me plenty of food and I can do anything."

"Ah!" said Marguerite, with a sigh. "Even food will not bring *him* out of the Bastile."

Monsieur Jacque laughed.

"The want of it may: people who starve are strong as giants. It is hunger which makes lions fierce; famish a man, and he becomes a wild beast. Food may not relieve your father, my little friend; hunger can—but for that what would my bullets be worth?"

The woman, who was listening keenly to all this, sat upright, and you could see the strong vitality of a great idea kindling through her frame.

"Go on, Monsieur Jaque, your words are worth more than the bread; they give life to ideas."

"Yes, I know. We have found a saint worth all the martyrs in the calender—nay, we must not call it a saint, but a goddess. Let the clergy take their saints; we want something to work for, not pray to."

The woman's eyes grew bright as stars.

"This very day I would have knelt to the king. After so many years of waiting, I had made up my mind to speak to him, or be trampled under the feet of his horses; but though I fell upon the earth, it was of no avail, they would not allow me to reach him. Oh! those nobles are hard, hard as the rock. He did not look that way; so many persons surrounded him that I could no more get through them, or reach him, than I could have stopped an army. The king was on his way to Meudon, to hunt, they told me, and no one must impede the way. So they went by, horses and men, spattering me with mud. Ah! how grand they looked, how their clothes shone and glittered! How rosy and plump they looked, while I was famishing, and *he* in the depths of the Bastile. Ah, Monsieur Jaque! there is a great gulf between the good king and his people. Who will fill it up?"

"Wait," said the old man—"wait and work."

"Ah! but mamma has already worked so hard," said Marguerite, kissing her mother with pathetic tenderness. "It is my turn now. I will find something to do, if it is only to open and shut the mould in which Monsieur Jaque runs his bullets."

"But can you do nothing better than that, little one?"

"Oh, many things!" answered the girl. "I can embroider beautifully, and make the loveliest things—but who will employ me? I have tried, oh! so hard, to get work."

"No doubt, no doubt; but then work is the thing which no one can get in Paris. Even the earth refuses to do her part, and lets the seed dry up in her bosom, that is why France is so restless. But madame has just made a revelation—she spoke of some one in the Bastile."

"She spoke of my father," said Marguerite, in a sad, low voice.

"And is he in that awful place?"

"Sit down, monsieur, and I will tell you," said the elder lady, "for you are almost the only friend we have, and I must confide in some one."

"Madame, I understand."

"We have not always been so poor as this—far from it. My husband was the lateral descendant from a noble house; my own blood is not altogether plebeian."

Jaque nodded his head, and muttered, "I thought so; but not of this country."

Madame inclined her head in assent.

"We were born subjects of the empress. My

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husband was a very learned man—nay, he had higher powers than that of mere learning. In some things he was great."

Monsieur Jaque started up suddenly, and struck a table near him with his clenched hand. Some idea had evidently excited him.

"Your name is Gosner—Dr. Gosner. I understand—I understand; but go on."

"The fame of my husband's powers reached Marie Theresa at her court. She sent for my husband just before her daughter married the Dauphin. What passed I cannot tell; but he came home greatly disturbed, and for days was haunted by some distressing remembrance. When we mentioned the Dauphiness, he would turn pale, and go off alone, as if afraid of something. But this wore off. He became tranquil as ever, and plunged deeper and deeper into those sciences which were his very life. A few years went by, and one day my husband received a letter from France. It had come all the way by a courier in the king's livery, who was ordered to escort the doctor to Versailles, where some person high at court wished to consult with him. This summons disturbed my husband, and instead of being pleased that his renown as a physician had extended so far, he looked upon the summons as a presage of evil. I felt differently, glorying in my husband. I rejoiced that his great learning, and still greater powers, had won this invitation to the court of Louis the Fifteenth, and urged his departure. He went sadly enough,"

The woman paused here, and seemed to struggle with her voice against some choking sensation.

"Well?" questioned Monsieur Jaque.

Madame Gosner answered in a single sentence.

"He never came back!"

"Surely, he never did come back," repeated Monsieur Jaque, with a strange smile.

"He was away a long time—no word came to us about him. We inquired of every one who came from France, but no word. At last we believed him dead. Knowing that he had arrived in Paris, we sent a person, who knew him well, to learn of his fate. This person traced him to Versailles, and learned that he entered the Grand Trianon, and remained there more than an hour. After that he returned to Paris, eat some supper at the house where he lodged, and went out for a walk. A man was waiting near the door, who joined him, and they went off together. That is all."

"And you have never heard of him since?" questioned Monsieur Jaque.

"Not till last year. Then a letter reached me, written on a scrap of soiled paper, and dated at the Bastile. It was in his handwriting, and bore his signature; but it said little that I could understand. This much was certain. Years and years my husband had been shut up in that horrible place. There had been no crime, no charge—and his imprisonment threatened to be eternal. Sometimes prisoners were taken out of their subterranean dungeons, and permitted to breathe the air; but he had no such privilege. Day after day, month after month, year after year, he saw no one but his keeper, who seldom spoke, and was devoid of all pity. Once he had given him a scrap of paper; on this he pierced some letters with a pin; and after waiting months and months, got it carried out into the world by a man who——"

"Who was called to mend the ponderous lock of his dungeon. I was the man."

"You, Monsieur Jaque—you?"

"I remember him well—a tall, thin man, with hair white as spun silk, and a beard falling down his bosom; the face white, and pure as an infant's; the eyes luminous, even in the darkness of his dungeon. Was this like your husband, madame?"

"It was my husband."

"This I saw as the keeper left me for a single minute; and then the prisoner came eagerly toward me, his long, white finger on his lips, his eyes burning and eager. Thrusting that paper into my hand, he whispered a name and an address. 'Send it!' he said. 'For the love of God, send it!' His hands shook, his face quivered, his teeth knocked together with affright, for he saw the jailor coming back, and feared him. I thrust the paper into my bosom, saying only, 'I will.' He could not answer, for the man was near, but instantly the fire in his eyes was quenched with tears; he crept back to his corner, and sat down, with both hands to his face, weeping.

"'What was he saying?' demanded the jailor, looking at me keenly. 'I saw his lips move.'

"'Did you?' I answered, carelessly twisting a screw in its socket. 'I did not observe, ask him.'

"My careless answer disarmed the man of his suspicions; but he did not leave me again for a moment; and when I asked the prisoner's name, he answered, 'We have no names here. This man has a number—that is all.'

"'But how long has he been here?' I asked.

"'Since the year in which Louis the Fifteenth died,' he said.

"The prisoner started up, and reached forth

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his hands imploringly, 'Is the old king dead?' he questioned. 'Then she is queen! Will no one tell her that an innocent man suffers here. Is there no mercy in any human heart?'

"The jailor answered him by a heavy clang of the door, and a grinding noise of the lock I had just mended. I came away with the paper in my bosom, and sent it to the name whispered in my ear when it was given. It was the name of some cure in a town in Germany."

"It was for me, that poor prisoner's wife," cried the woman, who had been listening with intense interest. "The cure sent it to me—and then I knew that my husband was alive, and in the Bastile. It was like a revelation from the grave."

"It was that scrap of paper, pierced with pin-holes, that brought you here?" said Monsieur Jaque. "It was to save him that you came to Paris?"

"Yes; in less than a week we set forth. Margurite had almost forgotten her father; but she was restless to go in search of him. The little property we had was almost gone, but we turned it into money, and came away. Ah! it was a terrible undertaking. Day after day, I wandered about that grim building, hoping, in a wild fashion, that some chance would give me a sight of him—but nothing came of it. I knew that he was there, and the knowledge wounded the heart in my bosom; but in Paris I was helpless as in Germany. How would I get him from underneath that grim pile of stones? It was like beating myself against a rock. I went to men learned in the law; I wrote petitions, and gave money to have them presented to the king; I made vain efforts to get speech of him; but all was useless, our money melted away, my strength left me; from one place to another we were driven here, helpless and starving, and he is in that hideous dungeon yet."

"Take courage, my friend; it will not be forever. Do not let those poor hands fall so despondently in your lap. Better times are coming. All these terrible grievances will be laid before the king. He is not cruel; some day he will open the doors of that awful Bastile, and let the people look in. They are getting curious, impatient. No power can keep them much longer in the dark. I have seen it; they thought me a blacksmith, for I went in place of a man who had taught me something of his craft; for, madame, it is my pleasure to know everything, and, like the king, I have a taste for working in iron. I went over more than one of those hideous dungeons, and saw their inmates. What I saw was given to the clubs, and in that way to the people. They are learning all the secrets walled-in by that pile of stone. The knowledge ferments—let it work. By-and-by we shall know what it is to arouse millions of slaves to a knowledge that liberty exists."

The two women looked at the little, crooked man in supreme wonder; his eyes glowed, his figure drew itself up erectly; his right arm was extended, as if addressing an audience. The glow of a powerful enthusiasm was upon him.

The elder woman stood up, the food she had taken made her strong; this man's enthusiasm extended itself to her.

"I have knelt this day in the street only to be covered with mud," she said. "I have worked, starved, entreated, that an innocent man might be taken from a dungeon worse than the grave, and all to no avail. Others suffer as I do; other women have seen their husbands buried alive, and have heard the cries of their own anguish mocked at by the nobility, which stands between the people and their king. Tell me what to do, and if human will can accomplish anything, it shall be done. Marguerite, come hither."

The young girl came at her mother's bidding, an earnest light in her eyes, a faint glow on her face. Her father was in prison, her mother only an hour before had fainted from want of nourishment. She thought only of this, and her gentle nature rose to the nobility of a fixed resolution. The mother took her hand, holding it firmly as she bent down and kissed the white forehead uplifted to her face.

"We have been selfish, my child," she said. "In our own troubles we have forgotten others. What can two helpless women accomplish against wrongs that have grown strong under centuries of endurance? My child, in ourselves we are nothing; united with others equally unfortunate we may do much. France has wronged us terribly—it is my motherland. It was I who persuaded him to come and cast himself into dangers that seized upon him, as wild beasts snatch their prey. 'The king has sent for you,' I said. 'The king is France.' I was wrong, the king is not France—his people cannot reach him; his heart is good and generous, but who can appeal to it, standing so far off. Still France is France, and this king is not the old one; he continues abuses, but does not originate them."

Monsieur Jaque listened earnestly. He looked from madame to her daughter, alternately. Their energy had enkindled a new idea in his ardent nature. He saw in it an element of strength that would be wielded with force when

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the time of redemption arrived. The power and pride of a Roman matron lay in that woman, who was lifted far above those with whom poverty forced her to associate. Her intellect was quick and grasping; she comprehended like a man, and felt like a woman—of such characters among men leaders are formed. How would it prove with her own sex? Could she control that subtle element? Would enthusiasm awake to the glance of her eyes, and ignorance follow her lead unquestioning?"

Monsieur looked upon her as she stood, tall, robust, and proud, flinging off all selfish weakness, and ready to suffer for her country, as she had already suffered for her husband, alas! in vain. Then he turned to Marguerite, fair and delicate as a lily; and saw in her beauty another spirit of power; for this man had but one grand idea—and that was "*Liberty!*"

"You think as she does?" he questioned, laying his hand upon her head solemnly, as if consecrating her.

"I think as she thinks, and will act as she acts. Where she goes, I will go; where she dies, I, too, will die!"

Her words were low and solemn; sweet as the rustle of living flowers, but resolute, too. The girl felt their import, though she did not as yet understand the magnitude of her promise.

"Those who dedicate themselves to liberty have no sex," said Monsieur Jaque. "There is none in suffering."

As he spoke, a knock sounded at the door—a fierce, loud knock, as if the person without had become impatient.

Monsieur Jaque was going toward the door, when it was flung open, and a man entered abruptly—a large, powerful man, dressed carelessly, but with something of courtliness; for his clothes were of rich material, and slightly adorned with embroidery; but his hair was of its natural warm brown, thick, wavy, and abundant, giving a lionean power to the great head, and remarkable with that dress, because it was free of powder, and fell downward in natural waves, which stirred heavily whenever he turned.

"Monsieur le count! I did not expect you so early."

"So it seems," answered the man, glancing at Madame Gosner with mischievous significance. "But, I beg pardon; hearing voices in this room, I supposed you had changed lodgings, and came in more rudely than madame will forgive, I fear."

The rough manner which had marked this person on his entrance, changed to the most elegant courtliness the instant he saw Marguerite standing near her mother. The hat was instantly lifted from his head, and once more he begged leave to apologize.

He came in search of his foster-brother, and had no idea of the company he was honored in finding him in.

The contrast of this man's address, which was soft and persuasive, with the rude grandeur of his head, had a sort of fascination in it. The two ladies felt themselves transferred back to the saloons which nature and education had given them a right to enter. In this man the energy of the people seemed blended with the elegance of the court; thus they found him in harmony with old memories and recent ideas. Madame received his apologies with the grace of a Roman matron. She waved her hand toward one of the rude chairs, and requested him to be seated, while Monsieur Jaque, recovering from his surprise, presented his visitor as the Count De Mirabeau.

Mirabeau seated himself, and began to converse; his words were directed entirely toward Marguerite, who listened in breathless awe to his brilliant sayings, without dreaming that they were all intended for her; and that each glance of those eyes was sent to measure their effect. In this presence Monsieur Jaque allowed himself to subside into insignificance. He spoke in monosyllables, and sat with his hands clasped, as if in adoration of the talent which broke forth in every word this strange man uttered. Marguerite, too, was fascinated and enthralled. At first the exceeding ugliness of their visitor had repelled her; but the moment he spoke, this feeling changed, and she listened with all her soul, and that shone in her beautiful eyes.

Count Mirabeau saw all this, as only a man of quick intellect and insatiable vanity can observe. He soon discovered that the surroundings of these two women were far inferior to the rank to which they were entitled by birth—and this both inspired and surprised him. In his own person he blended so much of the extremes of social life—coarse strength with vivid imagination, pride of birth and pride of humanity—that a wild sympathy for these two persons awoke almost to a passion in his nature at the first sight. They were refined, delicate, sensitive, yet still of the people, suffering with them, and, to a certain extent, feeling with them.

If Count Mirabeau had any fixed ideas at this time, they were vague and incomplete, shifting and changing with the current of public opinion,

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which was firm only to one fixed point, a concentration of power in the people. Mirabeau had watched the storm rising, which was to devastate all France, with the interest of a man born to lead in tempests. How the whirlwind, which he saw gathering, might rage, he, probably, had no idea. Events rush forward in revolutions with a force that defies individual strength; but he was a man to seize upon every means of power as they presented themselves; and even now, with that lovely girl before him, he was calculating how far she might be made available to his ambition.

After a little Mirabeau arose, and, with a graceful reverence, such as he might have denied to a queen, left the room; begging permission to call again when he might have the happiness to be of service to the ladies. Monsieur Jaque followed him, looking proudly back upon the ladies.

"How strange, how grand, how ugly!" said Marguerite, drawing a deep breath as the door closed. "Oh! if kings were like him, we should not plead in vain!"

Madame Gosner answered with less emotion. She was wondering if this man, who seemed both of the court and the people, would be able to aid her in the one great wish of her life. If he had that power, she was ready to become his slave.

Meantime, Mirabeau and Monsieur Jaque went to a neighboring chamber and sat down together; for, strange as the contrast was between them, they were foster-brothers, and a stronger tie than that of absolute kinship existed between them.

"Well, Jaque, where did you find these people? Who are they?" inquired the count, flinging himself into a chair, and reaching forth his hand for that of his foster-brother. "The demoiselle is beautiful. It is a sin to find her here."

Jaque gave a succint account of his acquaintance with the mother and daughter, and repeated, word for word, the conversation he had had with them that evening.

Mirabeau listened eagerly. There was romance in this—a mother and daughter devoting their lives to the hope of winning freedom for an innocent man, had something sublime in it, which kindled his imagination, and touched all that was good in his heart. He took out a well-worn purse, which contained only a piece or two of gold, and emptied it on the table.

"See that there is no more starvation. Women like these must not be permitted to suffer," he said, thrusting the empty purse back into a pocket of his dress. "The girl is beautiful, the mother grand."

"Ah! but the young lady is so good," answered Jaque, who did not feel quite satisfied with this sudden interest.

"Good, very possible—I am no judge; but she is fair as a lily, and bright as a sunbeam. Did my face terrify her, Jaque?"

"Your face, Count Mirabeau—how should it? Why, your face is magnificent, grand—it is that I glory in most of anything."

Jaque believed all that he was saying. In his heart great love had glorified that massive head, with its shock of ruddy hair, into something beautiful. He heard the question put to him with genuine surprise, as if some one had disputed the brightness of the sun; but Count Mirabeau understood himself better. He rather gloried in the rude grandeur of his appearance, the conquests which he made in spite of it were doubly grateful to him. "It is a common thing to be beautiful," he would say; "but to be hideous and beloved in spite of it, is sublime."

"Ah! you are no judge, brother Jaque. Of course, I am everything grand and agreeable to you; but with a young lady, the thing is different. I saw her look of surprise when I came in. No wonder; but she forgot to be afraid after a little. Did you see that? How her eyes kindled! What a smile came to her face—a lovely face, undoubtedly; a very lovely face!"

Count Mirabeau fell into a reverie here, and began to play with one of the long waves of hair that fell to his shoulder. Jaque remained silent, and sat watching him.

After awhile the count arose, and taking one of the gold pieces from the table, dropped it into his pocket. Glancing on the two Louis-d'or that were left, he said, with a laugh,

"These will be enough for the present—one cannot do entirely without money. Come to me, Jaque, when you want more."

"But the ladies are proud; they will not accept it, knowing where it comes from."

"Then they must not know where it comes from. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Now I will bid you good-night, Jaque. Do you know that my father is in Paris?"

"In Paris! I did not know it. What brings him here?"

"He comes to be reconciled with his son, so I am told. I had a letter from him this morning, appointing a time when I am to call on him. It was this which brought me here."

"Then you will go?"

"Yes. Why not?"

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"But he has been so cruel, so harsh. It is not long since the doors of his chateau were closed against you."

"Yes. I am not likely to forget that; but in these times one has not the power to be resentful. My father has influence with the king."

"But I thought you were the enemy of Louis the Sixteenth, and of all his family!"

"You forget the Duc d'Orleans."

"But he is not your friend."

"He is the friend of no man but himself. Still one does not quarrel with him. A bad, weak friend, Jaque; but sometimes such characters carry braver men into power. While he is popular with the people, who will not readily release their hold on royalty of some kind, I, for one, shall not abandon him."

"Still, it is a terrible thing to know that he is plotting against his own brother, his anointed king," said Jaque.

"Nay, it is rather against the Austrian woman, who rules that brother. Surely, Frenchmen owe little allegiance to her."

"That is, perhaps, because they do not know her!" said Jaque.

"That is true. She makes sure that those men who love France, and seek after liberty, never shall come near enough to know her."

"Yet it is said that those who have opportunities of seeing the royal family love her most. To them she is a beautiful, good woman."

"Yes, she is beautiful. She has, sometimes, allowed your humble servant to see her across the theatre; but disdains to receive him at court. Her mother would have known better. She had some idea of statesmanship, and knew how to employ talent, though it might exist a little outside of court circles. She would never have left a Mirabeau to be converted into an enemy."

"Ah! if the queen only knew you as Jaque does—but how can she? The courtiers who surround her are jealous of powers they cannot rival. Ah, no! The queen will never be permitted to know how brave a friend is kept from her."

"She will learn, rest content, Jaque. She will learn who Mirabeau is, and what he can do, before she sits firmly on the throne of France. She will learn, to her cost, that nobility does not always convey talent; and that the best adviser a monarch can have is the man who is most popular with the people."

"That you are, my count. I do not see you pass the streets of Paris without exclamations!"

"Yes, they love me, and I love them. It was my great fault with that grand old aristocrat, my father, that plebeians would love me, and that I sometimes stooped to their companionship. Even then I felt what was coming, and knew where the best elements of power lay. But my thick-headed old ancestor never could understand it. What do you think he would say now if he knew where I have spent this evening? Yet a lovelier creature does not live in any court than the girl we left yonder, or one more delicate."

Monsieur Jaque colored crimson, and moved uneasily in his chair. He did not like this open admiration in his foster-brother.

"Yes, the young lady is pretty and gentle as a bird; but I doubt if——"

Here Jaque paused, and colored still more violently than before.

"Doubt if what——"

"If—if she is used to such warm admiration. Is that it, brother Jaque?"

"Exactly," answered Jaque. "She is country bred, you know, and innocent as a fawn."

Mirabeau laughed rather boisterously.

"Why, you foolish fellow, that is her chief attraction. Had she been one of your hackneyed court dames, her beauty would have passed as nothing. As it is, she is charming. Simple as a violet, pure as a lily-of-the-valley—not that I have seen one of late; but those things still linger in my memory, Jaque, man of the world as you may think me."

Monsieur Jaque arose from his chair and came close to his foster-brother.

"Mirabeau," he said, laying a hand on the count's shoulder, and speaking with deep earnestness, "forget this girl. Spare her to me, for I love her with all my soul."

Mirabeau wheeled round in his chair, and gazed upon the man in laughing astonishment. His great head was thrown back, his eyes danced with merriment.

"What! You, Jaque—you in love with that pretty rustic—really, truly? Do tell me how it happened! Why, man, how improbable!"

"No," said Monsieur Jaque, humbly enough. "I never expected it myself—love seemed so far apart from me, and so natural to you; but what man ever knows what destiny has in store for him. I saw her so sweet, so gentle, given up to sorrow, which she bore patiently, and, spite of myself, she became dear to me as my own life."

"And does she know this?"

"Not for the world! I should drop with very shame at her feet if she but guessed at it."

"I dare say," answered Mirabeau, with cruel sincerity. "So dainty a creature as that might well be astonished. "Why, man, I, myself, was half in love with her."

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"I saw it."

"And now you warn me off the chase."

"I say to you only this. The foster-brother, who loves you better than himself, has but one thing on this earth that he would withhold from you, this single, forlorn hope of affection. Will you trample it under foot—you who have but to smile, and the best beauty and brightest wit of the land render the homage you scarcely deign to accept?"

"Ah! that is because they do render it. Can't you remember, Jaque, that, as a boy, I would never stoop to pick up the ripest and mellowest pear that fell to my feet; but was ever up in the topmost branches of the tree, risking my neck for the fruit that could only be got with difficulty. It is my nature, man, and I cannot help it. Now cannot you comprehend that in placing this interdict, which leaves all to my honor and brotherly affection, you lift the fruit to the very topmost bough, where I shall be forever tempted to climb for it."

"But, for my sake."

"Ay! in your behalf, I will make a brave effort to be good. It is asking a great deal, and I am no saint; but then I am in no haste to give that proud old man, who is waiting for me, a daughter-in-law who is neither of the court or the people. So we will talk no more of this pretty Marguerite, but let her fly, as we sometimes sent the birds we had snared back to their native woods in the pure wantonness of benevolence. Sometimes we would gladly have got them back, you know, Jaque, but the little wretches would not come. Give me my hat, man; do you know that we are keeping the proudest old man in France waiting?"

Jaque took up the hat which Mirabeau had flung to the floor when he sat down. The count took it lazily, and putting a finger on two of the triangular points, began to twirl it between his hands. He certainly did not seem to be much distressed at keeping his father in suspense.

"Jaque," he said, after a few moment's silence, "Have you seen the old gentleman?"

"Only for a moment."

"Did he speak of—— Well, we may as well be frank. Did he mention finances? Has he an idea of the trouble his close-fisted parsimony has brought on me—of the shifts and arrangements I am constantly compelled to make?"

"How can he help knowing, monsieur count? A man of good family cannot live on air; and what else has he provided for a son that—I must say it—is the glory of his house?"

"Not much, Jaque—certainly, not much; but more, perhaps, than you know of. Still, he comes in good time, for I am fairly at my wit's end for means. Can you manage to let him know this, and impress upon him the necessity of a liberal supply? Tell him of the great popularity you are so confident of. Hint to him that I have had advances from the court, and only need a little persuasion to carry me over, body and soul, which will end in a thorough reconciliation between the people and the king. In short, Jaque, you know what to say, and you know the man. It will not be the first time you have done me good service with him."

"Nor shall it be the last, by a thousand, if I can help it," answered Jaque, delighted with his mission. "God grant that what I say proves true! Then, indeed, you will be the saviour of this unhappy country!"

"Well, well! you understand my wishes, and will know how to carry them out. I have sworn never to ask my father for another sous on earth—and I never will; but my oath does not reach you, brother Jaque. The old man is a staunch royalist, and would do much for Louis. When he knows how I stand between the court and the people, powerful with both, he will forget past extravagance, and come forward to sustain the honor of his house."

"I will put the case before him in this light; I will tell him all that he ought to know. Even now an agent of the queen is seeking you."

"Ha! Where did you learn this?" cried Mirabeau, flushing scarlet with sudden astonishment and delight.

"The gent came to me."

"When?"

"Only this morning."

"Well, well!"

"He talked cautiously at first; spoke of your power with the people—your eloquence."

"Yes, yes; I understand that—the usual sugared flattery. But come to the essence of the matter. What did he want?"

"He wanted your influence in behalf of the court; and he spoke of money."

Mirabeau felt the hot blood leap to his face again; and with an angry gesture he dashed the hat from his hand.

"They know how poor I am; they feel that I can be bribed. This proud queen does not offer me her confidence, but money. Ah! this stings me! It is an insult; but one which I dare not resent. Oh, Jaque! this poverty is a nest of temptations. To want money is to be a slave."

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Mirabeau seized his hat, dashed it on his head, and left the room, walking so fiercely, that his footsteps sounded back from the flights of stairs like the tramp of a dragoon.

Monsieur Jaque listened till the footsteps died away in the street, then he sat down, with tears in his eyes, muttering,

"Ah! what a grand nature he has! Yet a moment may shipwreck him forever. Yes! forever and ever!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

BURNING THE LETTERS.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

She held the letters above the flame;
"He never loved me!" she softly said;
And then she sighed, as she breathed his name,
And pressed the notes to her lips instead.

"He loved me not!" So, then, down she knelt,
And read a letter from end to end;
His words were earnest, and true, she felt,
Be they words of lover, or words of friend.

So there she knelt in the fitful glow,
And read them over, and kissed them each;
And none might tell how her tears did flow,
And none might list to her broken speech.

For, "Oh! he loved me!" she cried, despairing;
A light had broken—the truth was plain;
And bitter grief in her heart was tearing
Its cords asunder with unguessed pain.

And then, "My darling," she cried, "forgive me!
Howe'er the fools and the gossips prate;
I have been true in my heart, believe me!
Oh, God! that the truth should have come too late!

"I thought thee proud, and I blamed thy coldness,
I could not fathom thy heart's deep lore;
I held that love, with a holy boldness,
Should rise supreme every hindrance o'er."

Then prone she fell, in her self-upbraiding;
"Too late! Too late!" it was all her cry.
She never recked how the twilight fading,
Threw ghostly shadows across the sky.

Her white lips move; she is softly praying;
"Father! oh, keep him from every ill!
And grant, wherever he may be straying,
Thy loving care may attend him still!"

Why starts she thus from her lowly bending?
A sudden thought through her aching brain!
'Twas time, full time, that the dream was ending—
And she prepared for the bridal train.

She stirred the coals to a brighter glow,
And kissed the letters with pallid lips;
"Dust and ashes!" she whispered low—
"Thus I witness my love's eclipse!"

The flame leaped up with a sudden start;
The letters fell from her trembling hand,
And in the depth of her throbbing heart
The ghost of the sweet, lost love shall stand

And howsoever the skies may brighten;
How soft soever the wind may blow;
No sunshine ever her heart can lighten—
No second Spring-time her heart can know.

DRIFTING APART.

BY MRS. CLARA B. HEATH.

We grew side by side, and the same sweet breeze
That swept over his brow, swept mine;
We knew the same flowers, and birds, and trees,
And sat 'neath the same green vine.

And the years trailed by like a wreath of flowers
That is held by a sportive child;
And our barques went out from the harbor safe,
On life's river so broad and wild.

He went with the current, and many said
He was sure of a prize at last;
And they cheered him on till the waves grew rough,
And his courage was ebbing fast.

I started like one just rowed from a stream,
Who finds that the morning is gone;
But I saw my loss, and that knowledge seemed,
In part, for the same to one.

And as we each went on in our chosen way—
Both hopeful, one patient at heart—
Each day the distance grew greater between—
We drifted, and drifted apart.

'Twas only a wave that either could pass,
Which we first in our sorrow spied;
But both were willful, and one, alas!
By the other was sorely tried.

So the waves of opinion met and clashed;
They grew calm, and then rose once more;
While the spray of words on our hearts were dashed,
Like the spray on a rock-bound shore.

With as little effect; it may, sometimes,
Make hills in the glittering sand;
Perhaps it tosses a pearly shell
That chanced to be lying at hand.

But 'twas nothing more; for the land still lies
By the spray, and the tide unmoved;
We know not the strength we have gained until
It has fully been tried and proved.

I thought his standard too low and mean—
He counted my profit as loss;
So a bridgeless chasm yawned wide between,
Which neither essayed to cross.

It was better so—I can see it now—
Grown older and wiser at heart:
The bitter lessons we hastened to learn—
It was better to learn apart!

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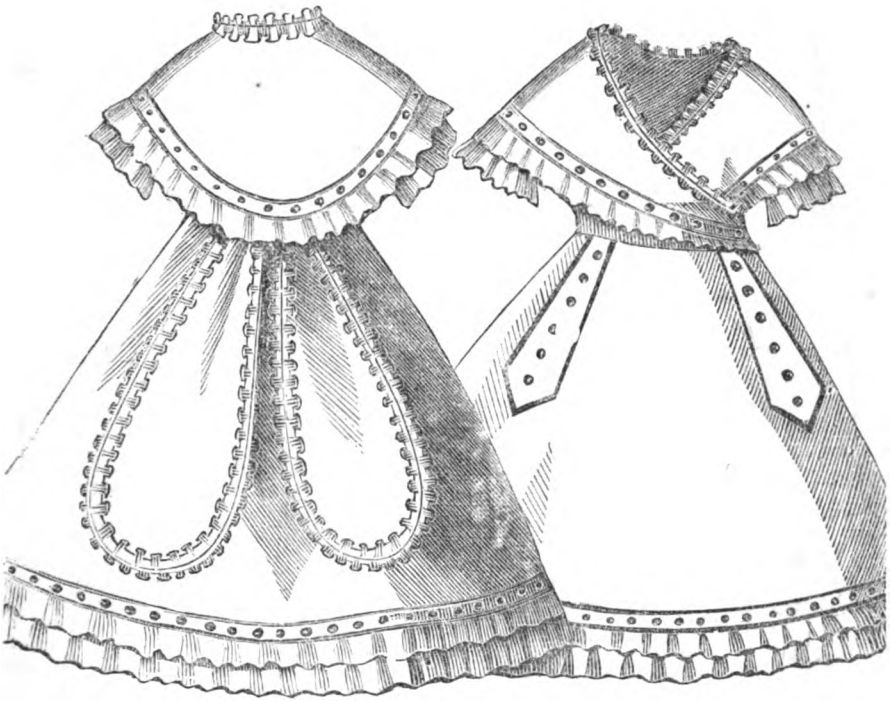
MARIE ANTOINETTE DRESS,

FOR LITTLE GIRL FROM SIX TO EIGHT YEARS OLD.

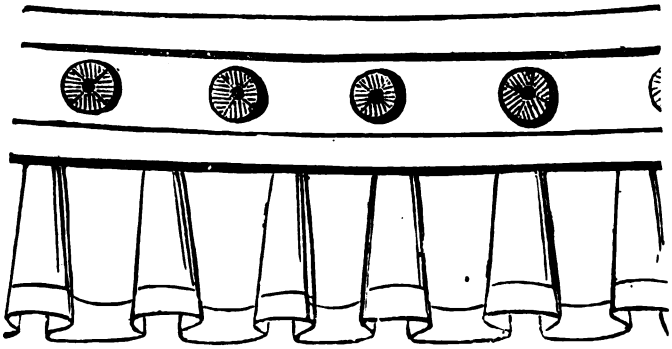
BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS little dress is to be made of silk or cashmere, and trimmed with bias ruffles of the same material, headed with a bias band of satin of the same color, one inch and a half in width. It is ornamented with velvet buttons, at regular intervals, as seen in the design. In order to make the trimming more easy, we give two engravings of the detail; one represents the bias ruffles, the other the trimming around the tabs, and both patterns are full size.

We also give diagrams by which to cut out the dress. The best way is to make paper patterns for each piece (old newspapers will answer) by enlarging the diagrams, and for this purpose the size of each piece is marked on each diagram. We add an explanation of the diagrams.

A. HALF OF BACK OF BODY.
B. HALF OF FRONT OF BODY.
C. HALF OF CAPE.
D. TAB OF CAPE.
E. TAB ON FRONT OF SKIRT.
F HALF OF FRONT GORE OF SKIRT.
G. HALF OF SIDE GORE OF SKIRT.



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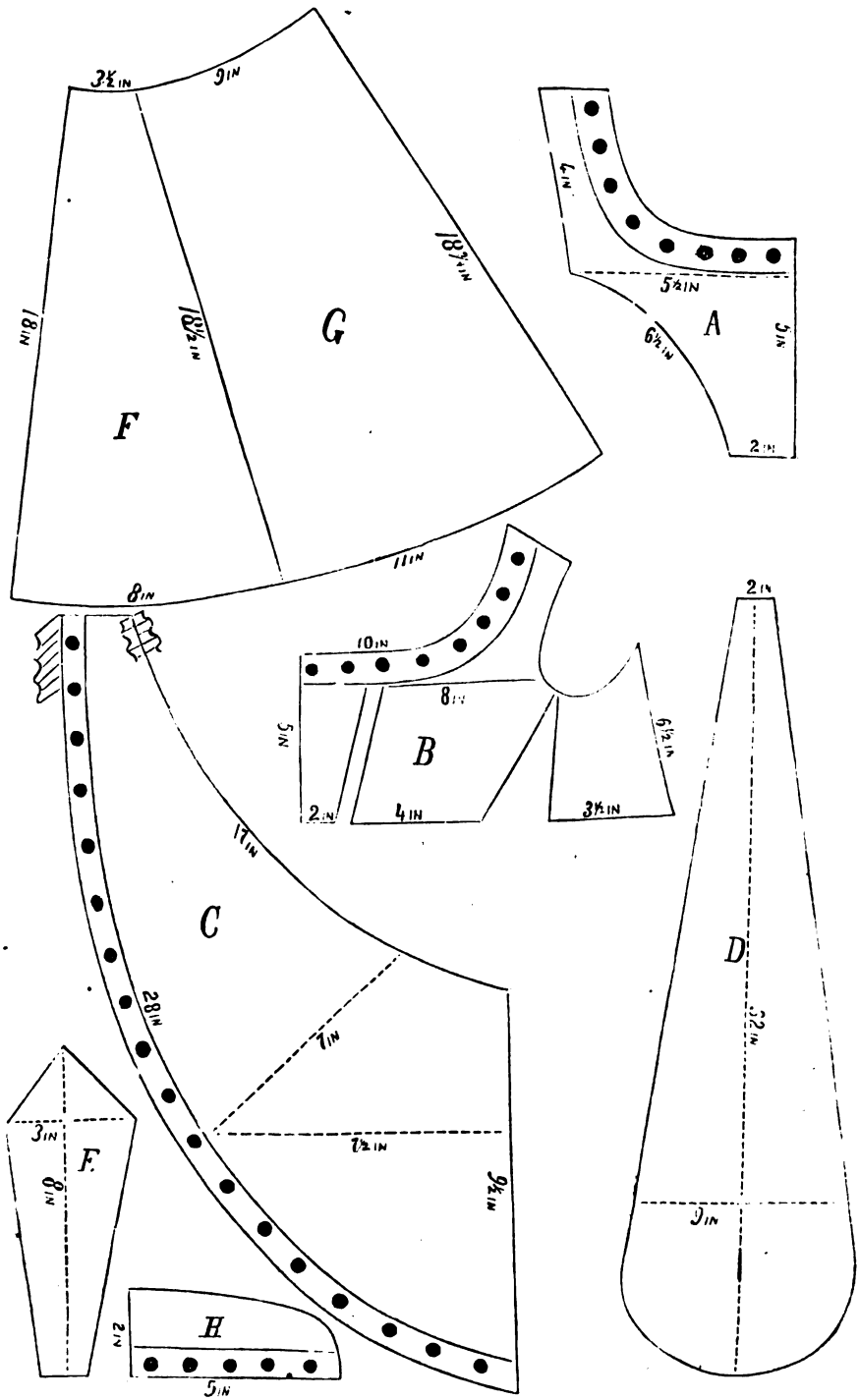

H. Half of Sleeve.

Add plain widths for the fullness of back of skirt. With a little care, any mother can make this dress without the aid of a mantua-maker

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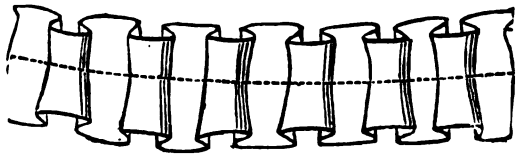
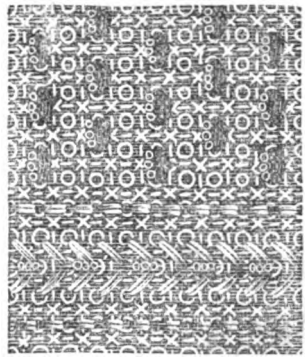
The trimming on the first page is that which goes around the skirt and cape. The trimming on this page is that which goes on the tab of the cape.



PERFORATED LEATHER-WORK.

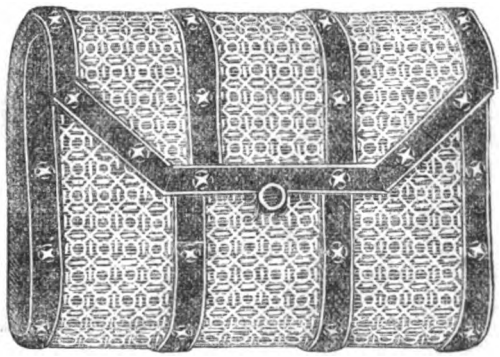
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here two patterns for a kind of fancy work, which will be new to many of our fair subscribers. It is perforated leather, worked with chenille. The materials are the leather; some steel beads; and either colored chenille or silk cordon.

CARD-CASE OF LEATHER-CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Leather-canvas, four and a half inches of violet sarsnet, three-quarters of a yard of violet ribbon-velvet, half an inch broad, thirty-eight buttons, with holes, white silk.

This pocket consists of strips of leather-canvas, with large holes eight inches long and four broad, the corners of which are sloped off a little for closing the pocket. The inside is lined with violet sarsnet, and contains pockets, (for visiting-cards,) which are first cut out in white paper, and then covered with violet sarsnet, and ornamented with herring-bone stitch. At the back of one of the pockets are two little loops, made by a fold of velvet, and ornamented with herring-bone stitch, and between the pockets is a cord-strap for a small sheet of paper.

The pocket is ornamented outside with violet velvet-ribbon straps, placed across and fastened with buttons at regular intervals. The velvet-ribbon round the outer edge of the pocket must

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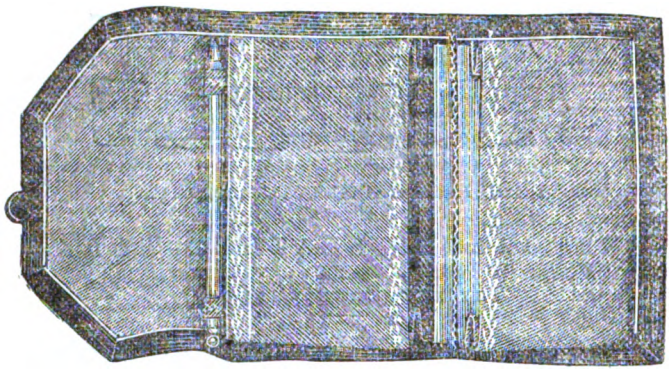
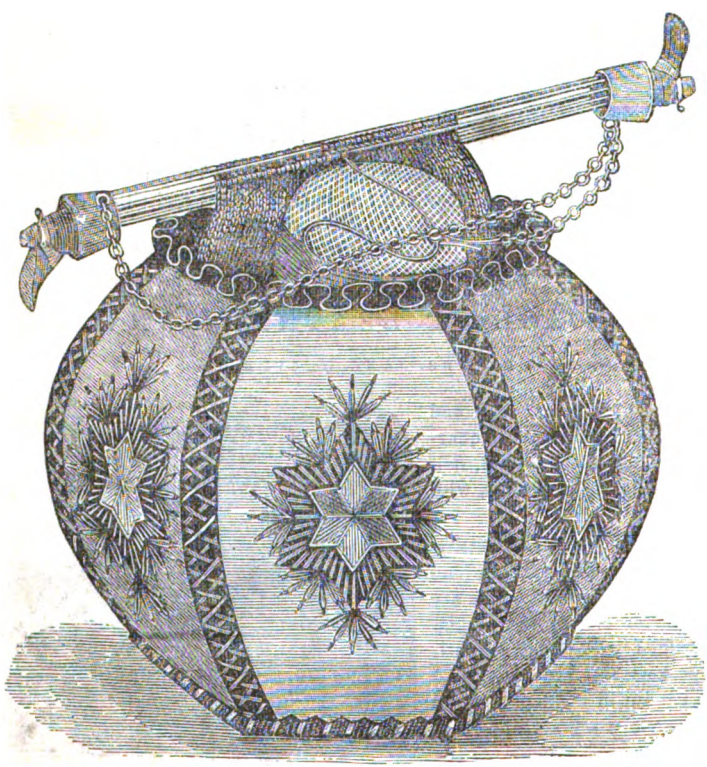
be chosen broader, as it is used also for binding the inner part of the pocket. When the pockets are all completed and placed in, the whole is closed with buttons and silk eyes to correspond.



KNITTING-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Dark red and white cashmere, little pieces of black velvet, bright-colored silk cordon, plain red woolen braid, scalloped braid, cardboard, etc.

This basket consists of a round for the bottom measuring three inches and a half, and six walls to correspond. The latter are cut each to the shape shown in our engraving, and are four

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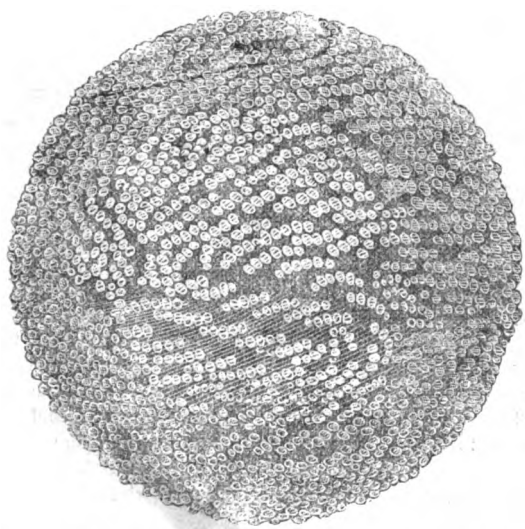
inches long. In the middle, the widest part, they are two inches and three-quarters wide, and at each end they measure an inch and seven-eighths. The center star, from point to point, measures an inch and three-quarters. That is the applique part in the middle, as far as the black is shown.

They are cut in cardboard, and then all lined together with white silk. For the outer covering, three walls will be of red and three of white cashmere. Each cashmere part is ornamented with a star; each star has a scallop of black velvet, and is fastened on the white parts by long red and small green silk stitches. The inner spaces of the stars are filled up with six fields, worked in flat stitch; of these two are green, two gold color, and two blue; red stitches form the adjoining stars, and white silk stitches the outer edges of the fields. The little leaf-like chain-stitches with which the stars are ornamented consist, at the upper and under points, of green with two red leaves, and at the sides of two yellow, two blue, and one red leaf placed together. Upon the red fields there are always white instead of red, and always red instead of white stitches, worked exactly in the same manner. The side walls, when finished, are sewn together, and the seam inside covered with a white silk cord, and the outer seam with black ribbon-velvet, ornamented alternately with yellow and green, and yellow and blue cross-stitches. The silk lining, covering the bottom inside, is sewn on the outside, and both inside and outside are worked over with white silk stitches. At the upper part is a ruche of red braid. The scallop red braid is placed round the bottom, and the bottom underneath is covered with glazed paper.

SNOW-BALL PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

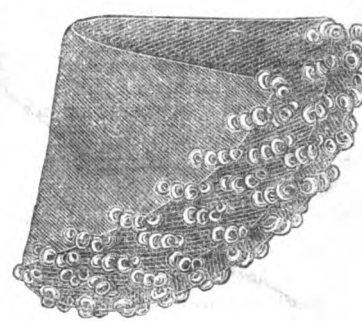


The Pen-Wiper consists of eighteen circular pieces of cloth, measuring three inches in diameter, sewn over round the edges with four milk-white beads, strung.

In order to make it, lay each piece fourfold together, as in our second engraving, given here, and join by firm stitches in the middle to form the ball.

With the aid of these two illustrations, we think, any lady can make one of these pen-wipers.

The pattern is a very pretty one. Most pen-wipers are ugly affairs, but this is an exception.



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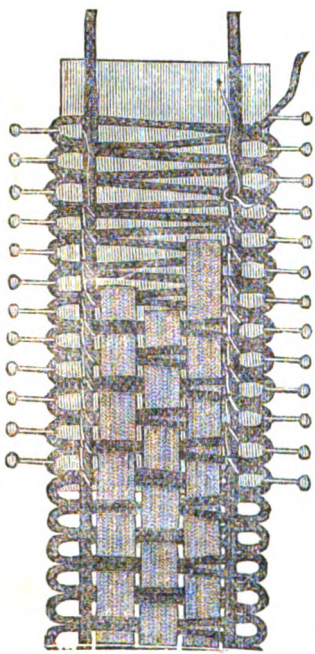
WOOLEN BRAID TRIMMINGS
FOR CHILREN'S DRESSES.

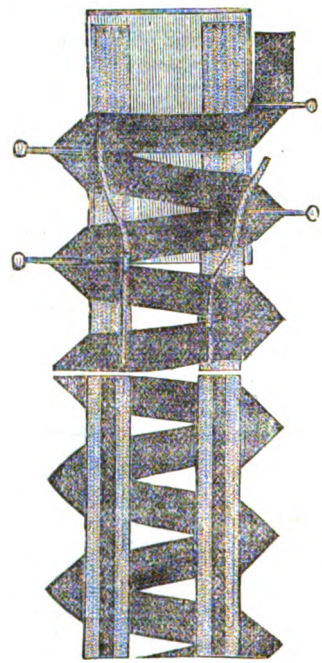
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Arrange the work upon a piece of thick pasteboard in the shape of a ruler, with pins placed at regular distances, according to design, for stretching the braid upon. For No. 1, cord, silk cordon, and braid of two widths, are needed.



Fasten the winding cord on each side with black braid, sewn on with black, to show as little as possible, (white is used in the design.) The black is plaited in with three pieces of woolen braid, according to design, in reversed lines (see design.)

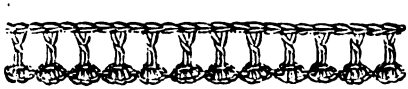
No. 2. The upper portion shows the finished trimming—the lower part is in process of working. Lay two light green pieces of braid upon the pasteboard; loop the dark braid round the pins, and join the braids with back-stitches of light green silk, so that they are not visible on

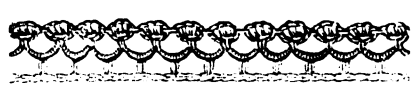


the light braid. Then take out the pins, and continue the work in the same manner. The sharp corners are made by damping the border on the wrong side, and then ironing with a hot iron. Complete the work by putting on a black braid, with which the border may be fastened to the material to be trimmed.

EDGINGS OF TATTING AND CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





We give here two edgings. The first consists of Josephine knots, (four concluding knots,) worked separately with medium-sized cotton, and a treble and chain row of crochet for the edge.

The other consists of Josephine knots, (four

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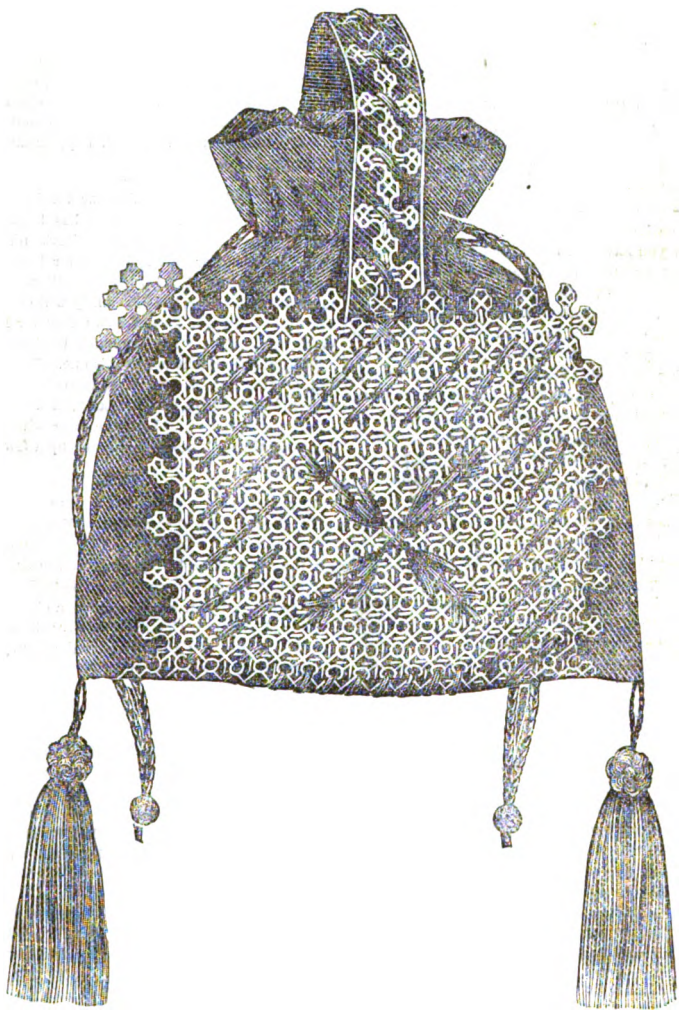
concluding knots,) joined by open scallops worked with the helping thread, and containing three double knots, one picot, and three double knots. A chain of crochet joining the picots concludes the whole. Both of these patterns are unusually pretty, as well as new.

BAG FOR TATTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Leather-canvas, green silk or chenille, green sarsnet.

Our engraving represents the pocket in rather reduced size. The proper size may be easily ascertained by the holes in the canvas, which must be cut out, at the outer edge, as represented, and ornamented with green silk stitches.

The canvas handle is four and a half inches long, and lined with green silk, fastened in the middle of the canvas part, in which the green silk bag, eight inches long and three and a half inches broad, is placed, so that the cross sides form the upper edge, and a broad, double hem is made for the silk braid strings. Each side of the slightly-fulled bag has a seam at the fold. The under corners are ornamented with silk tassels.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

About Salad Dressing.—A good salad is one of the nicest and healthiest of dishes, and, in the country, one of the most economical also. In Europe, salads are eaten to a very much greater degree than here. The simplest dressing is often the most agreeable. We have eaten salads of all descriptions, and are not certain but that a simple dressing of oil, vinegar, pepper and salt, is the most appetizing. In France, a bit of roast chicken, with a salad of this kind, is served toward the close of a dinner, and no one, who has not tasted it, knows how good it is.

In England and in this country, salad dressings, generally, are less simple. One of the best methods is to put the hard-boiled yolks of eggs into a bowl, and smash them with a wooden spoon; add the mustard, pepper, and salt, and thoroughly mix them; then proceed to put in the oil, a little at a time, never adding more until you have so rubbed what is in the bowl that it presents a uniform texture, so to speak. When you have put in all the oil, add any sauce (such as Worcester, etc.) which you may wish to use; but be careful not to put in too much. Last of all, pour in the vinegar, little by little, and keep on rather beating than stirring the mixture for about five minutes. At this stage of the proceedings you may taste the sauce, and make any alterations which you think necessary; but it ought to require none. You now put in all the herbs, onions, etc., which you may wish to use as condiments, *i. e.*, chopped up small; mix them thoroughly with the dressing, and then put in the salad proper, which you mix or "work," as the Spanish proverb implies, like mud; and now you can send your salad to table.

When raw yolks of egg are used, you should beat up the yolks slightly, and strain them through a small colander into a bowl; then put in the pepper and salt; mix well, and pour in the oil very gradually, never ceasing to stir all the time. When you have used half the oil, have the vinegar ready in a cup, with the mustard, sauces, etc., mixed with it, and proceed to pour this in, alternately, in small quantities, with the rest of the oil, stirring vigorously to the end. Finish as above. Be particular to have your oil of the best quality. It is better to mix your salad without oil if what you have is not first-rate.

A ready substitute for oil is found in cream, and this is how to proceed. Mix two yolks of egg, hard-boiled or raw, with pepper, salt, mustard, and any other condiments you may wish. Stir the cream into this gradually, then the vinegar, and proceed as for an ordinary salad. A simpler form consists in mixing the cream with pepper and salt only, and then you either put in the vinegar, and then the lettuce, or you mix the lettuce with the cream, and pour the exact quantity of vinegar over it. When dressed with cream, it is better that the salad proper should consist of lettuce alone. Cream dressing does not go very well with endives; but this is a matter of taste. Lemon-juice may be substituted for vinegar in a cream salad. The salad should be "worked" with the cream and pepper and salt, and the lemon-juice poured over it.

The Germans make a very delicious salad of potatoes, which they call potato-salad. There are several receipts for it, some simple, some more elaborate. On another occasion we may give some of these receipts. As potatoes can be had at all seasons, this salad is always available.

"I Find it Not Difficult to make up a club for your Magazine," writes a lady. "It seems to be the general favorite. Every one thinks it the best Magazine."

Over-Sensitiveness about what people may say of you, or your actions, is a very great mistake. Try and cure yourself of it. Consider whether anything you can do will have much connection with what they will say. And, besides, it may be doubted whether they will say anything at all about you. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators; whereas all the while they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, they form the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might, at any rate, defy the proverb, and insist upon hearing themselves well spoken of. Don't be so self-conscious. Think less of yourself, and you will be both happier and easier in your manners.

"Miss Lily's Carriage."—Our steel-plate, this month, tells its own story. Miss Lily has been to a children's party, on a Christmas or New-Year's night, and is now going home. Her carriage waits for her; and the maid is there to see that Miss Lily is carefully wrapped up. There is no fear, therefore, that Miss Lily will catch cold this winter night! In our December number, for 1868, we gave an engraving, called "The Orphan's Christmas Eve," which was in striking contrast to this one. But the contrast was not greater than is seen often in real life. The rich man's daughter goes to a ball, or party, in a luxurious carriage. The poor widow's child, on the same winter night, trudges barefoot through the snow to pick up a few scanty chips to make a fire.

The Circulation of this Magazine already exceeds, for 1869, that of any former year. We have no doubt that "Peterson" now prints and sells more copies, monthly, than all the other ladies' magazines in the United States. The secret of this success, we imagine, is told in a letter we have just received, by an agent sending a club, and who says:—"Your Magazine is the favorite here; the rest are nowhere; everybody says you give more for the money, and of a better quality, than any cotemporary."

A Beautiful Picture.—The Mt. Carroll (Ill.) Mirror says:—"'The Star of Bethlehem,' a very beautiful and finely executed picture, is sent by Charles J. Peterson as a premium to those getting up a club for *Peterson's Magazine*. It will richly repay any one to get up a club for this popular Magazine, just to obtain the picture. We do not know how many dollars it is worth, but we suspect the cheapest way to obtain it is to get up the club. 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.'"

The Beautiful Engraving, which was one of the gems of our January number, "God's Acre," has been printed of a larger size, in colors, and is for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., successors to G. W. Pitcher, No. 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. The picture is a very excellent specimen of the new art of chromo-lithography.

"Tell Mr. Peterson," says a subscriber in a club, "that the first proposal I have, I will ask the gentleman if he will be willing to take Peterson's Magazine for me as long as I live; and if he refuses, I will not accept him, for I cannot do without the book." Now that's a girl of sense and spirit!

Where No Premium is asked we will send three copies for $4.50, as we did in 1868.

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ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE TO CLUBS at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough names have thus been added to make a second club, the sender will be entitled to a second premium, or premiums, as the case may be. Thus, for five subscribers, at $1.60, we send an extra copy, and also a "Star of Bethlehem," as premiums. Now the person sending us such a club, may add subscribers at $1.60 each, at any time during the year, and when enough have been sent to make five additional ones, then the sender will be entitled to another extra copy, and a choice of either of our premium engravings. And so of all our clubs.

OUTDONE HIMSELF.—The Rochester (N. H.) Courier says:—"Peterson has fairly outdone himself in the January number of his unrivaled Magazine of choice literature. It is not only beautiful and instructive, but a marvel of cheapness."

"LAST YEAR," writes a lady, "I took 'Peterson,' and each of the ladies that have joined in the club with me, borrowed it; but this year they take it for themselves."

"MY WIFE," writes a husband, "says she cannot do without Peterson's Magazine;" and he sends two dollars in the letter. A pattern husband!

"THE STORIES IN 'PETERSON' are far superior," writes a lady, "to those in any other magazine I have ever taken."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Ideal in Art. By H. Taine. Translated by H. Durand. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.*—This volume, dedicated to M. Sainte-Beuve, is from the pen of M. Taine, Professor of the History of Art in the School of the Fine Arts, Paris. The author is one of the best of modern critics on art. His books on "Italy," and on "The Philosophy of Art," should be read carefully by every person who wishes to acquire correct ideas on sculpture, painting, etc., etc. With some limitations, partly the effect of organization, we suspect, but partly, also, the result of a Parisian life and education, M. Taine's views may be accepted as, on the whole, singularly correct. The book is handsomely printed.

The Gordian Knot. By Shirley Brooks. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a novel of much more than ordinary merit. Indeed, whatever Shirley Brooks writes, is written well. The character of the heroine is a very noble one, and is skillfully conceived and delineated. The Cheritons, with the exception of Alban, quite enlist the reader's sympathies. As for Arundel, the husband, one likes him, and one does not like him. Perhaps, the best that can be said of him, is that he is not more selfish than English husbands usually are, for we would have our fair readers to know that an American husband is altogether the more just and generous of the two.

Dr. Howell's Family. By Mrs. H. B. Goodwin. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The author of this story is favorably known to the reading public already, having written "Madge," and "Sherbrook;" both excellent books in their way. We think this, however, her best work.

Changing Base; or What Edward Rice Learned at School. By William Everett. 1 *vol.*, 18 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A story for juveniles, agreeably told, and charmingly illustrated. Neatly printed also.

Geneva's Shield; A Story of the Swiss Reformation. By Rev. W. M. Blackburn. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: M. W. Dodd.*—A religious novel, well written, and on a subject to interest a very large class.

Lion Ben of Elm Island. By Rev. E. Kellogg. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is the second of that popular series for boys, the "Elm Island Stories." It is illustrated.

The Little Gipsy. By Elie Souvage. Translated from the French by J. W. Luyster. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—A charming story of a little girl, stolen by gipsies, and who, years afterward, becomes a famous singer, and unexpectedly finds her parents. The simplicity with which it is told is delightful. Yet this simplicity is the result of the most perfect art; and, in this respect, the tale is a model to story writers. The volume is neatly printed, and nicely illustrated.

Adventures in the Apache Country. By J. Ross Browne. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this volume is our present minister to China. He and Bayard Taylor are the two most entertaining of our American travelers. The present book is a narrative of a tour through Arizona and Sonora, and contains valuable notes on the silver regions of Nevada. It is a work of more than common interest, and is illustrated with sketches from the pencil of the author.

Tricotrin. The Story of a Waif and Stray. By "Ouida." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—We are not sure but this is the best of the many novels of this author. If we except any, it would be "Under Two Flags," parts of which show very good, because very natural, writing. The faults of "Ouida" are wordiness and sensationalism. Her merits are action, stirring incidents, and a certain fervor of style. A portrait of the author accompanies the volume.

Planchette's Diary. Edited by Kate Field. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: J. S. Redfield.*—Whatever Miss Field writes is well done of its kind. This is a narrative of some of the extraordinary things she saw "Planchette" do, and may be read with pleasure even by those who are skeptics as to "Planchette's" powers.

Hillsboro' Farms. By Sophia Dickinson Cobb. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A quiet, naturally told story, the scene of which is located in New England. Its descriptions of the country life of that section are as true as they are charming.

Shakspeare's Sonnets. With Commentaries, by Thomas B. Dudd. 1 *vol., small* 4 *to. Philada: John Campbell.*—A very beautiful edition of these famous sonnets. Paper, type, and press-work, are all unexceptionable. It is a book to bind daintily, and preserve on the choicest shelf of the library.

Madame de Beaupre. By Mrs. C. Jenkin. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.*—A charming story, by the author of "Who Breaks, Pays," and "A Psyche of To-Day." It is printed in the neat style which characterizes all the works of this house.

Wild Life Under the Equator. By Paul du Chaillu. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This book has been written especially for the young. The narrative is a very spirited one, and cannot fail to become popular. It is profusely embellished with unusually good wood engravings.

The Rightful Heir. By the author of "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons," etc., etc. 1 *vol.*, 24 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a neat edition of the new play by Lord Lytton. We hardly consider it equal to "Richelieu."

The Orphans' Triumphs. By the author of "The Kemptons." 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: M. W. Dodd.*—A story for the young, very prettily told. The volume is neatly printed.

The Grecian Bend. By Harry Leigh. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: J. S. Redfield.*—A satirical story, written in verse, and illustrated with some spirit.

Paul and Margaret. By the author of "The Orphans' Triumphs." 1 *vol.*, 24 *mo. New York: M. W. Dodd.*—A tale of an inebriate's children, designed for the young especially.

School Lyrics. 1 *vol.*, 24 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A collection of sacred hymns for devotional exercises in schools. It seems to be a very excellent one.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—Says Moore's Rural New Yorker:—"Some months ago we had occasion to speak of the reliability of the Great American Tea Company—mainly upon information and belief—and can now commend the Company upon knowledge derived from actual observation of their premises, mode of doing business, and the use of their teas. In April last, while in New York, we visited the stores of this Company, both wholesale and retail, and were surprised at their extent, and the large amount of business daily transacted. The Company occupy four large stores and basements, and employ one hundred and seventy-five men in the establishment. Their receipts for the three days preceding our visit were over $50,000—as the Company's books attested—an immense business."

PIANIST'S MATINEE contains National Airs of thirty countries, Opera Melodies, Sonatas, Songs without Words, Four-handed Pieces, Polkas, Redowas, Marches, Quicksteps, Easy Pieces Fingered for Beginners, 100 Fancy and Contra-Dances 50 Waltzes, 25 sets of Quadrilles, (including *Lancers, Caledonian, Prince Imperial, the German Grand Duchess, Belle Hellene, etc.,*) with calls. Over 300 pieces of popular Music, containing the latest compositions of Strauss, Gongi, Parlow, C. Faust, etc., being a Musical Library in itself. Price, boards, morocco backs, $3; cloth sides, Turkey morocco backs and corners, $4; same, full gilt, $5. A first-class musical present. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

ELIAS HOWE, 103 Court street, Boston.

MRS. SECRETARY M'CULLOCH'S REPORT. *No Decline in Household Treasures.*—The wife of Hon Mr. M'Culloch, Secretary of the Treasury, writes:—"Ten years ago I purchased a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine, and have had it in constant use in my family since. We used it during the war to make clothing for our volunteers in the service and for the hospitals, and *this work* was very heavy, being coarse woolen and cotton fabrics. It is still in good working order, nothing having been broken but a few needles.

"You are welcome to use my name in your recommendations. MRS. HUGH M'CULLOCH,

"Wife of Secretary U. S. Treasury, Washington.

"To Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON."

ADVERTISEMENTS, not unsuitable in character, inserted on the cover of this periodical at reasonable rates. "Peterson's Magazine" is the most valuable vehicle in the United States for advertising many things, for it has a larger circulation than any other lady's book, and goes to every town, village, and cross-roads in the Nation. For terms, etc., address the publisher, PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut St., Philada.

MRS. A. ST. JOHN, of Rochester, says that during the past ten years she has made more than three thousand five hundred vests with her Wheeler & Wilson machine, besides doing her family sewing, and that she has made over twelve hundred vests with the needle now in use.

HORTICULTURAL.

WINTER GARDENING.—It is so easy to make plants bloom about you, and they add so much to the beauty of an apartment, that we are astonished more attention is not paid to this sort of winter gardening. It is not money that is required: it is care and knowledge. Hence, we think, a few hints on the subject will not be out of season.

In the first place, the more light plants receive, the better will they endure or enjoy a corresponding increase of heat. Next, the more heat and light they receive, the more they require an increase of air-moisture. Finally, the more light, heat, and air-moisture they receive, the greater need is there for a liberal ventilation. We need scarcely remind our readers that the above maxims refer to plants in a growing state. Having stated these general truths, we will now proceed to say a few words, in detail, about bulbous roots, etc.

Several sorts of bulbous roots may be placed upon bulb-glasses of water for blowing in the apartments of the house, such as hyacinths, narcissuses, jonquils, early dwarf tulips, bulbous irises, etc. The glasses for this purpose are to be had at the seed and glass-shops. Being made concave at the mouth, they contain each one root, and are to be filled with soft water, and one root placed in each glass with its bottom touching the water, placing the bottles upon a shelf or chimney-piece of some warm room, or in the inside of a warm window, and if where the sun comes, it will be an additional advantage; but in severe frost remove them to the interior part of the room where a fire is kept. They will soon shoot their roots down into the water, which, when they become very foul or fetid, should be renewed with fresh; they will thus blow very agreeably early in the spring, and may be greatly forwarded if placed in a hot-bed or hot-house.

Hyacinths may be grown in moss or sand equally as well as they can be in water. If sand be used either for pots, saucers, or zinc trays, there should be some means of escape for the unappropriated water, or it will collect and become stagnant, to the serious injury of the bulb. The same remarks apply to the use of moss, but this requires more water than does sand; the moss should be packed firm both beneath and around the bulbs. For those grown in glasses, river, pond, or rain water, should be used, and the base of the bulb should be placed close to, though not quite in contact with, the water. The water need not be changed, but should be added to meet any decrease by evaporation and absorption of the roots. If a small piece of charcoal is placed in each glass, it will prevent any tendency to putrefaction. Place the glass, when the bulbs are set in them, in a dark, cool position for two months, when they may be gradually inured to a full exposure of daylight, and brought into a warm room, but not sufficiently heated to amount to anything like a forcing temperature, or many of them will become weak. Hyacinths are too often, when under the care of fair readers, subjected to too much of this warmth and an insufficiency of light and air; and we would here remind them that the greater exposure to light and air the stouter and healthier they will be, and the finer the colors.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

WE give below some receipts by the celebrated *Baron Brisse*, a Frenchman, who prepares for a Paris paper a daily bill of fare, varying each day. The food cooked after these receipts is delicious in flavor, delicate, healthy, and economical. We have selected a few which we think our subscribers will like.

When the frosts come, one may be permitted to regard with envy the pork-show in the markets. With the cold weather this most nutritious viand acquires its best qualities, and becomes a luxury, particularly if the original animal be of good race.

The chine of pork roasted on the spit is the most delicate morsel in the fresh pork. See that in cutting it the butcher leaves half an inch of fat upon the flesh.

There are two modes of using the chine; first, cooking it just as it comes from the market; secondly, after having let it pickle a few moments in coarse salt.

Potatoes Fried Whole in the Dripping.—Take potatoes of medium size, peel and let them fry in the grease dropped from the pork.

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Chine of Pork Roasted on the Spit.—Score the fat which covers the chine, stick in a few cloves of garlic, put it on the spit, and let it turn a couple of hours. Sauce of roast onions, with mustard, is a harmonious accompaniment to the roast chine; it is also very good with a sauce of dried peas; but better than either, according to the ancient Norman custom, with apple-sauce, slightly salted, and taking a slight flavor from the gravy of the pork. The second method is to roast the bit of pork after taking out the back-bone, and leaving it several hours covered with coarse salt, in an earthen vessel, until completely impregnated.

Apple-Fritters.—Peel the apples, core them, and cut them crosswise into slices a quarter of an inch thick, then put them in a dish with a little brandy, and some powdered sugar, and leave them an hour, turning frequently. Afterward drain them on a cloth and dry them carefully or the fritter will not hold together. Fry to a fine brown color, and serve, sprinkled with sugar. The proportions for the fritters are for a half-quarter of a pound of flour, two eggs, water, two spoonfuls of olive oil (butter) and a little salt. Twenty minutes before using the paste, beat the whites of the eggs into a very firm froth, and mix.

Rich Rice-Pudding.—Put half a pound of rice, well picked and washed, to boil until it bursts, in a little milk boiled with a flavor of lemon. After allowing it to cool, add a pinch of fine salt, half a pound of sugar, four whole eggs, and four others without the whites, which should be set aside. This done, butter a sauce-pan, strew it with crumbs of bread, beat the whites, and stir them gradually into the rice; turn all into the sauce-pan, and let it bake in an oven, or dutch-oven, for a full hour and a half. When it is done, pile up the pudding and serve. This capital pudding will give happy dreams to the children.

Celery Sauce.—Here is another trifle, very cheap, and yet very well in its place. Cut the white stems of celery into finger-lengths; tie them into little bundles; blanch them in boiling water, then drain and put them to cook in broth. When they are cooked, prepare a brown butter-sauce, dilute it with the broth in which the celery was cooked, and let it seethe. To serve, set up the bundles of celery in a dish, then untie the threads, and cover all with the sauce. Three or four full heads of celery will suffice to give you a handsome dish, fit to be presented on the best of tables.

Fried Bread and Bacon.—Out of a large loaf of bread cut a piece of the crumb in the shape of a brick. Then thread through and through it a number of strips of fresh roast pork slit into nails, and pieces of ham or bacon similarly cut. Now slice the bread against the grain of the strips of meat, into thin and delicate squares. Dip the slices into egg beaten as for omelette, and fry at a slow heat. These slices of fried bread may be served either plain or with a sauce piquante.

Breast of Mutton, with Sauce Piquante.—The breast of mutton being cooked, take it from the pot, untie it, and remove the bones, allowing it to cool; press it afterward under a lid weighted with a large stone; trim it, strew it with bread-crumbs, season with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley; broil it on a gridiron, and serve, surrounded by sauce piquante.

Buttered Baked Apples.—Peel and core the apples, leaving them whole; carefully butter a heavily-tinned plate, and arrange them on it; fill the holes left by the cores with powdered sugar, and sprinkle the apples with melted butter, then bake twenty minutes. On serving put a little currant-jelly in each of the cores.

Cabbage-Soup, made of a small head, salted and well washed, and of the breast of mutton carefully tied up, is the foundation. Epicures blanche the cabbage, and boil the meat an instant in a first water, which they afterward change. Bacon is added to the soup after the mutton is quite cooked and taken out.

CAKES.

Receipt for Making Hot Cross-Buns.—One quart of milk, twelve ounces of butter, half an ounce of mixed spice, two eggs, two ounces of yeast, four pounds of flour. Make the milk slightly warm, put it into a pan with one-half of the sugar, six ounces of flour, the yeast, and eggs. Mix the whole together; cover the pan, and put it into a warm place. When this ferment has risen with a high frothy head, and again fallen and become nearly flat, it is then ready for the remaining portion of the ingredients to be mixed with it. The butter should be previously rubbed in with the flour between the hands in crumbles. Mix the whole together into a nice mellow dough. If the flour is not the best, some more may be required to make the dough of the proper consistence. Cover the pan, and let it remain in a warm place for an hour. Make it into buns by moulding the dough lightly into small rounds, half prove them and then cross them. Brush the tops over with milk, finish proving them, and bake in a hot oven. When they are done, brush the tops over again with milk. The best way for amateurs to adopt for proving their buns is to put the tins on shelves in a warm toasting-screen before the fire, place a pan with hot water at the bottom, put a heated iron or brick into the water occasionally, to cause a steam to ascend, which will keep the surface of the buns moist, when they will expand to their full size.

Good Children's Cake.—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter, or good, fresh, clean dripping, into two pounds of flour; add half a pound of pounded sugar, one pound of currants, well washed and dried, half an ounce of caraway seeds, a quarter of an ounce of pudding-spice or allspice, and mix all thoroughly. Make warm a pint of new milk, but do not let it get hot; stir into it three tablespoonfuls of good yeast, and with this liquid make up your dough lightly, and knead it well. Line your cake-tins with buttered paper, and put in the dough; let it remain in a warm place to rise for an hour and a quarter, or more, if necessary, and then bake in a well-heated oven. This quantity will make two moderately-sized cakes; thus divided, they will take from an hour and a half to two hours baking. Let the paper inside your tins be about six inches higher than the top of the tin itself.

Hot Cross Buns.—Rub one-quarter of a pound of fresh butter into two pounds of fine flour, add one-quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and mix these three ingredients well together; after which add a little salt, one pound of well-washed currants, one ounce of candied lemon, the same of citron, both cut into thin slices, the finely-grated peel of a nice ripe lemon; mix them thoroughly with the flour and sugar. Warm one pint of new milk, beat up three eggs and one tablespoonful of yeast, and add these to the other ingredients. Make all up into a light paste, and set it before the fire to rise an hour; rub an oven-tin with butter, drop the buns upon it with a spoon, and bake in a moderate oven.

Bath Buns.—Rub one pound of fine flour and half a pound of butter together with the hand; beat up six eggs and add to the flour, also a tablespoonful of good yeast. Mix all together with half a teacupful of milk. Let the mixture remain for an hour in a warm place, and mix in six ounces of sifted sugar and a very few caraway seeds. Mould into buns on a baking-plate, with a tablespoon, throw upon each six or eight caraway comfits, and bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes. The quantities given should make eighteen buns.

German Sponge-Cake.—Mix in a pudding-basin six ounces of pounded sugar, and twelve egg-yolks. Beat these well with a wooden spoon for fifteen minutes; then add the whites of eight eggs, beaten to a snow, and stir again for fifteen minutes; add two spoonfuls of rum or brandy, a little candied peel, chopped quite fine, one ounce and a half of currants, one ounce and a half of sultanas, the latter chopped fine; finally, six ounces of best flour. Bake in a buttered tin in a quick oven.

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To Make Crumpets.—Set two pounds of flour, with a little salt, before the fire till quite warm. Then mix it with warm milk and water till it is as stiff as it can be stirred; let the milk be as warm as it can be borne with the finger; put a cupful of this with three eggs well beaten and mixed with three spoonfuls of very thick yeast; then put this to the batter and beat them all together in a large pan or bowl; add as much milk and water as will make it into a thick batter; cover it close, and put it before the fire to rise; put a bit of butter in a piece of thin muslin, tie it up and rub it lightly over the frying-pan; pour on a sufficient quantity of batter at a time to make one crumpet; let it do slowly, and it will be very light. Bake them all the same way. They should not be brown, but of a fine yellow color.

Ormskirk Gingerbread.—Two and a half pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of molasses, one pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of candied lemon, cut fine; ground ginger to taste; a very little required. It is an improvement to sprinkle a little flour and sugar, mixed dry, over the surface of the paste before cutting out the cakes, as it gives them a roughness on the top when baked. They should be baked in a moderate oven. Keep in a tin canister.

Cream Biscuits.—Rub one pound of fresh butter into one pound of flour, make a hole in the center, into which put half a pound of powdered sugar, upon which the rind of a lemon was rubbed previously to pounding, and three whole eggs; mix the eggs well with the sugar, and then mix all together, forming a flexible paste; cut it into round pieces, each nearly as large as a walnut, stamp them flat with a butter-stamp, and bake them in a slack oven.

Dough-Nuts.—Take three pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound and a half of sugar; cut the butter fine into the flour; beat six eggs light, and put them in; add two wineglasses of yeast, one pint of milk, some cinnamon, mace, and nutmeg; make it up into a light dough, and put it to rise. When it is light enough, roll out the paste, cut it in small pieces, and boil them in lard.

Rice Pound-Cake.—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, twelve ounces of flour, half a pound of ground rice, and twelve eggs. Mix as Italian bread, and bake it in a papered hoop. If it is required with fruit, put two pounds of currants, three-quarters of a pound of peel, one nutmeg, grated, and a little pounded mace.

Biscuit Cakes.—One pound of flour, five eggs, beaten and strained, eight ounces of sugar, a little rose or orange-flower water; beat the whole well together, and bake it one hour.

SANITARY.

To Avoid Catching Cold.—Accustom yourself to the use of sponging with cold water every morning on first getting out of bed. It should be followed with a good deal of rubbing with a wet towel. It has considerable effect in giving tone to the skin, and maintaining a proper action in it, and thus proves a safeguard to the injurious influence of cold and sudden changes of temperature. Sir Astley Cooper said, "The methods by which I have preserved my own health are—temperance, early rising, and sponging the body every morning with cold water immediately after getting out of bed—a practice which I have adopted thirty years without ever catching cold."

For Chapped Hands.—A wash of bran-water is very simple and good. Place about a quart of bran in a large basin; pour on it half a gallon of boiling rain-water; when lukewarm, or nearly so, soak the hands in it half an hour before going to bed, or when they will not immediately be exposed to external air. This must be repeated every alternate night

To Strengthen Vinegar.—Freeze it, and remove the ice which forms on the surface. The water of the vinegar alone freezes, leaving the acetic acid in solution in the remaining water.

Beef-Tea for Infants.—Take one pound and a half of the best beef-steak, cut it into very small pieces, and put them into an earthenware jar, with enough cold water to cover the meat; tie the top of the jar on, and put it into a sauce-pan full of hot water; place the sauce-pan on the fire, and allow it to boil for three hours, by which time all the goodness of the meat will be extracted. This is the pure essence of beef. No vegetables, or seasoning of any kind, should be used for babies; a little salt only should be added.

To Make a Candle Burn all Night.—When, as in case of sickness, a dull light is wished, or when matches are mislaid, put finely-powdered salt on the candle, till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night by a small piece of a candle.

Hiccup.—It is not generally known that taking a teaspoonful of vinegar will often cure hiccup.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS OF GOLD-COLORED SILK, with a white organdy over-dress opening in front, trimmed with black velvet, and looped back with tabs of the organdy, trimmed with black velvet and blond lace. Body of spotted net, cut square in the neck, trimmed with black velvet, and a band of falling jets around the waist. Long, puffed sleeves.

FIG. II.—WALKING OR HOUSE-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of black silk, trimmed with fine ruffles of the same; the upper-skirt is of rich brown poplin, perfectly plain; over this is a polonaise, trimmed with a pleating of poplin, made deep enough in front to reach to the black ruffles, having a full *panier* at the back, and looped at the sides with bows of ribbon. *Marie Antoinette* sleeves.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE ORGANDY.—The lower-skirt has a deep flounce headed by two puffings; the skirt is quite plain, and looped up at each side by bunches of pink roses. From the neck, at the back, depends a princess or court train; this is a straight piece of organdy, fastened by rows at each plait at the neck, and when allowed to fall down, reaches to the bottom of the dress.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE OR CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The long, lower-skirt is perfectly plain; the upper-skirt is cut in a point at the back, and trimmed with a narrow puffing of black satin, edged with yellow. The "Petit Versailles" casaque is also confined by a similar trimming, and is caught together on the back by two butterfly bows.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, looped up quite high at the sides over a striped petticoat of crimson and black striped silk. Low, square neck over a red silk under-waist.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of rich fawn-colored silk, with a deep plaited flounce; the second skirt is deep in front, slopes up at the back, and is trimmed with two puffings of silk, headed by pipings of satin; the upper-dress is of brown velvet, cut in points, looped up with velvet bows, and trimmed with black lace.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS.—The under-skirt is made of blue and gray striped poplin; the upper-skirt is of gray poplin, with an apron front, and ornamented with blue ribbons.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GREEN AND BLUE WOOLEN PLAID.—This dress is buttoned down the front, and ornamented with bias bands of the material, edged with narrow black velvet.

FIG. IX.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, trimmed with bands of fur.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In addition to the hats, collars, fichus, etc., we give two very pretty full-dress hats, either of which is suitable for wedding receptions, opera, or any other occa-

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sion when more than the ordinary toilet is demanded, and when it may be advisable to wear something on the head. The first is a tiny fanchon of white tulle, with a blond veil edged with blond, fastened under the chin with a cluster of green leaves; a long branch of fern-leaves, with a pink rose at one side, forms the diadem. The second hat is of black velvet, with a crimson velvet coronet; the full, black lace veil is caught together at the neck by a crimson bow; a small bird, with a long, curling plume, ornaments the front.

We also give two skating-caps; the first is a blue velvet hood, with a large bow covering the crown, and trimmed with Chinchilla fur. The other is made in the hat shape, is of black velvet, and trimmed with white eider down.

Our accounts of the new styles were so full last month, that we have nothing absolutely new to record, though we might fill volumes if we gave accurate descriptions of all the new toilets that we daily see on the street. Short dresses are deservedly more in favor than ever, the long skirts being reserved entirely for the house and visits of ceremony. The tournure is worn very large by some persons, but a more moderate-sized one is considered better by people of good taste. The materials and colors of the dress goods are innumerable; plain materials of all imaginable colors; stripes, plaids, and changeables, are all fashionable; and velvets, satins, silks, reps, poplins woolen plaids, and a thousand varieties of worsted goods are seen. No one material nor color can strictly be said to be the fashion. But the most elegant material worn is the *colibris velours*, or shot velvets of bright, dazzling colors, is the material chosen for their composition. Some are exact imitations of the plumage of the humming-bird. There are green velvets shot with violet, blue velvets shot with gold, brown velvets shot with flame color; in fact, every variety and contrast imaginable. Black velvets, shot with colors, are also charming; black and emerald green, black and ruby, black and sapphire, black and topaz, are all most effective; jewels thrown upon the soft, rich ground could not be more dazzling.

And all these velvet costumes are made in the Louis XV. style. The Empress has worn a black velvet, shot with green, made *au Petit Versailles*. The make called the "Petit Versailles" is a sort of a *casaque*, fitting the figure in front, and loose at the back. It is very like a Watteau, the chief difference being in the plaits; instead of one large flat plait behind, it has two plaits. The satin waistband passes under the plait, and is fastened at the side. The satin ornaments used for decorating these costumes are shot, like the humming-bird velvets.

There is but one rule, for the street the dress must be short, looped up, or with two skirts, and being a full *tournure;* for evening wear, a long train; these may be modified in any way to suit the taste of the wearer. Modifications of various historical costumes are becoming popular for evening-dresses. Satin is very much in favor for these dresses, as it looks so remarkably brilliant at night. The mixture of blue and green is adopted not only for plaid, but also for shot or striped tissues. They even speak of ball-dresses, which are to be of blue satin, covered with green tulle; this will look very soft, but will not be very becoming, however, one must possess a dazzlingly fair complexion to be able to wear this mixture of blue and green.

Sashes with immense bows, but with very short ends, are worn, both with street and house-dresses.

For Home-Dress there are many fashions; but these depend principally on the material. Woolen materials should be very simply trimmed, rather long, though less so than last year; a trimming down the front of buttons, and a band, is sufficient. When the dress is of silk, nearly all are trimmed with a "Duchesse" flounce, headed with one or two rows of ribbon. The bodies should be trimmed to imitate a round, square, or pointed pelerine. There has been a talk of making them pointed, but there is no appearance that there will be any change in that respect; round waists are still the prevailing make.

Bows on the shoulders are common additions to house-dresses. For evening-dress, when two skirts are worn, the upper is frequently looped up at the back in three puffs, each fastened with an enormous rosette of satin of the color of the dress. A simple and graceful way to loop up a long casaque is as follows: Three loops of braid are sewn at equal distances, and all three are looped over a single button, placed on the hips. This style of looping up causes the *casaque* to fall in very graceful folds; above this, or rather over the button, a bow, partly made of silk, and partly of satin, is fastened to conceal the looping up. The *casaque* is raised at the back as far as the waist, and festooned as a double *panier*. The sleeves are very close fitting, and are trimmed with a *revers* of *poult de soie* lined with satin. Epaulets are also added, trimmed with a *ruche;* small silk collar lined with satin; the buttons are silk. At the back of the *casaque* there are loops edged with satin and wide silk ends. If this *casaque* is made in cloth, it is likewise trimmed with fringe, and above the fringe there are three rows of black worsted braid. The petticoat is made either with a flounce, headed by three rows of braid, or else without a flounce, and with five or seven rows of braid. This braid is made of very fine alpaca wool, and is most brilliant-looking.

The large waistbands, trimmed with either fringe or lace, and called the *Almees*, are very much worn. This waistband does not reach high up the body, but the fringe or lace falls down below the waist. When the dress is trimmed with flowers, they are either scattered over the entire skirt, or else the train is covered with a trellis-work of them, thus transforming a ball-dress into a veritable bouquet of flowers. We have seen some charming white tulle dresses arranged in this style. Upon a myriad of narrow tulle frills there was a trellis-work of white lilac and bouquets of roses fastened down with black velvet bows. A large veil or tunic of white tulle, laminated with silver, fell lightly over this delicate floral tracery.

We have nothing new to record with regard to either bonnets or mantles; the styles are as innumerable as the tastes of the wearers, only the former must be very small and high in front.

Powder is again appearing at the French court, and sometimes in our own republican places of amusement we occasionally see it; but it is by no means general. The hair continues to be dressed very high with a profusion of little puffs and ringlets on the top of the head; but few ornaments are worn; a pretty addition to the coiffure are satin bows of the color of the dress, studded here and there in the hair.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Boy's Suit—Black Velvet Knickerbockers, trimmed with buttons down the side; loose velvet sacque, fastened with a belt at the waist, and buttoned crosswise from the shoulder. Red merino stockings.

Fig. II.—Little Girl's Street-Dress of Green and Blue Woolen Plaid.—The skirt is made bias; the cloak consists of two capes, one very deep, and both looped up with rosettes in the back in the style known as the Colleen Bawn.

Fig. III.—House-Dress for a Young Girl.—The costume is of blue poplin; the under-skirt has a deep plaited ruffle. The upper-skirt opens in front, has a narrower ruffle, and is looped up by bows at the sides. High, square waist, and long sleeves.

Fig. IV.—Little Child's Dress of White Pique, braided in black.

Fig. V.—Dress of Crimson Poplin for a Girl.—Over-dress of black velvet, looped up slightly at the sides by small bows; a puff falls below the waist, and a pointed hood, trimmed with bows, is at the back.

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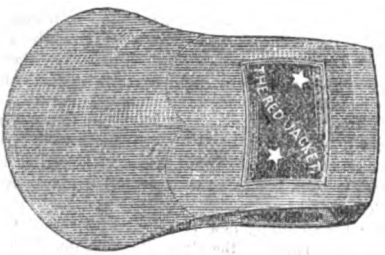

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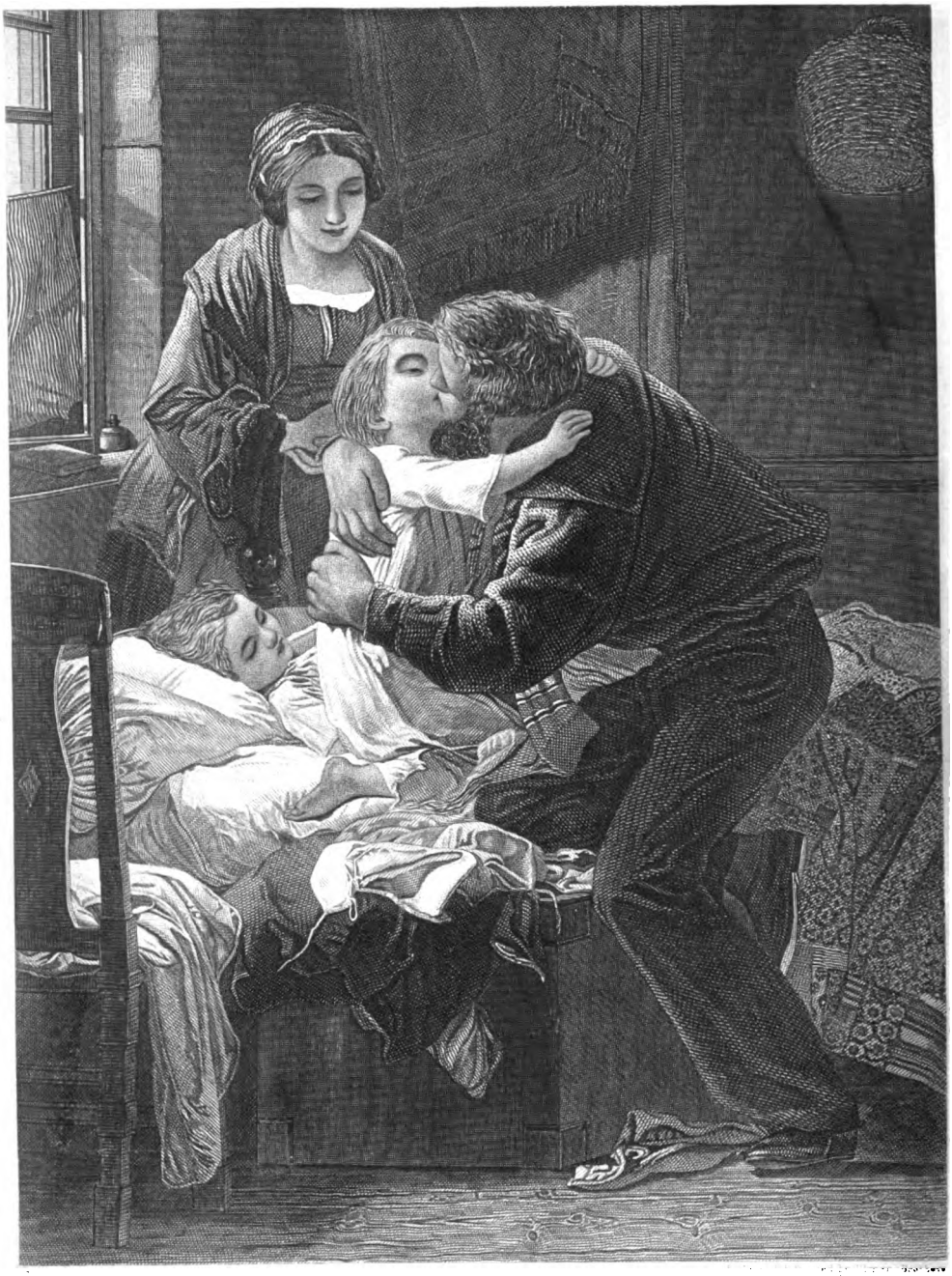

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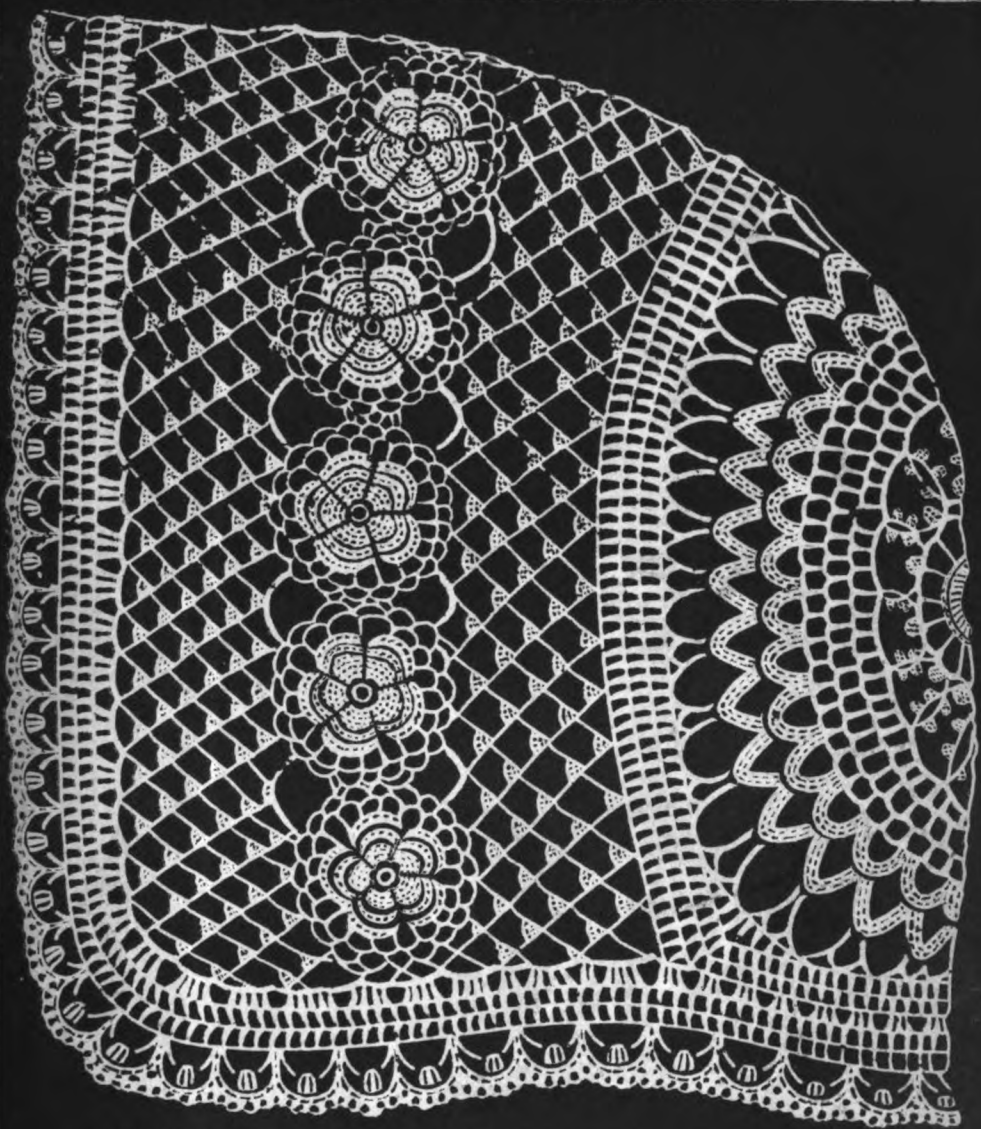

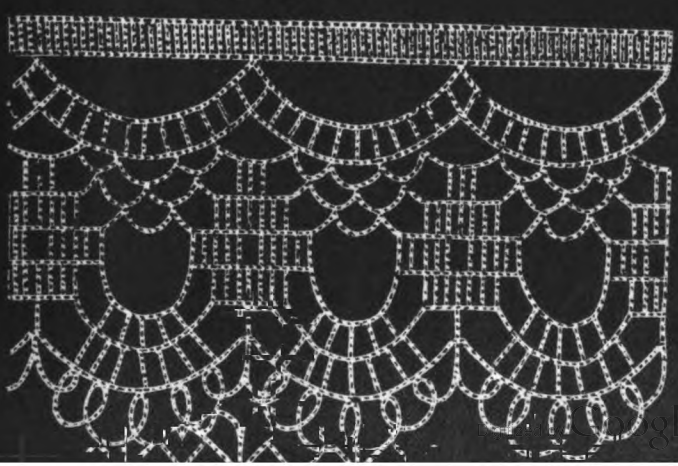

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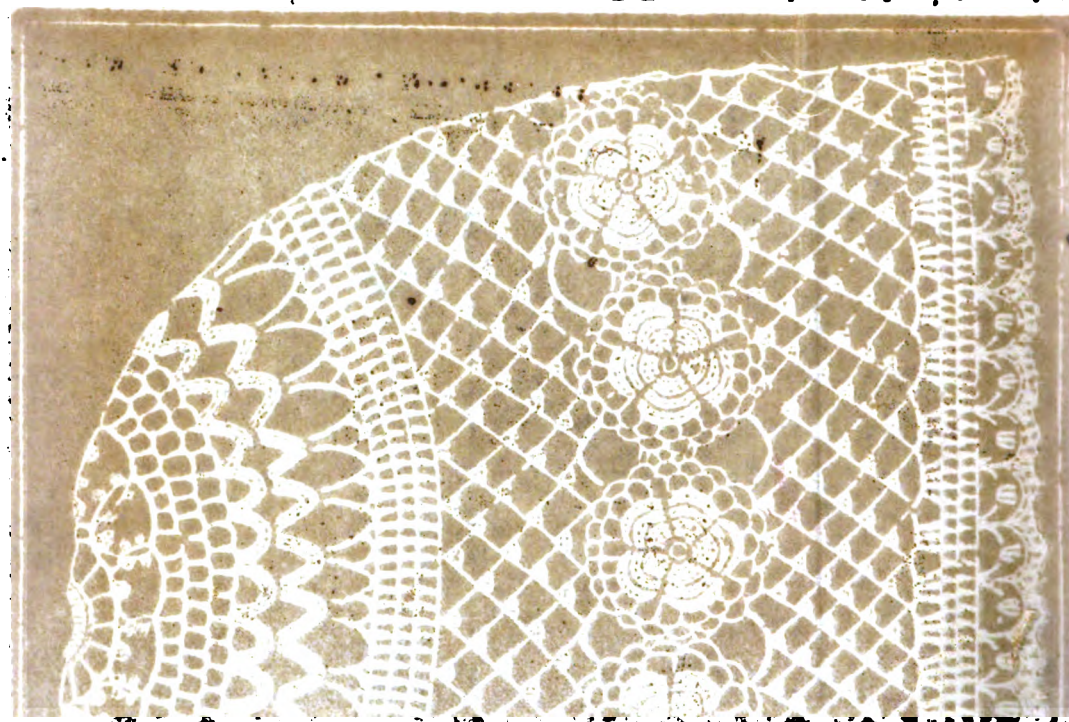

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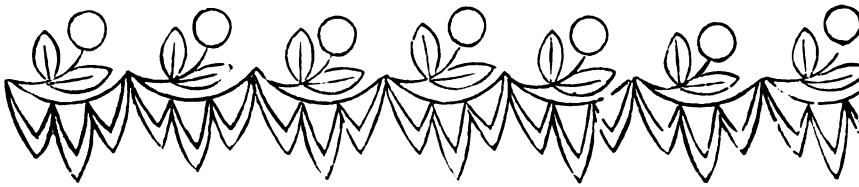

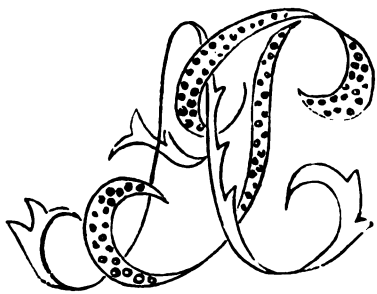

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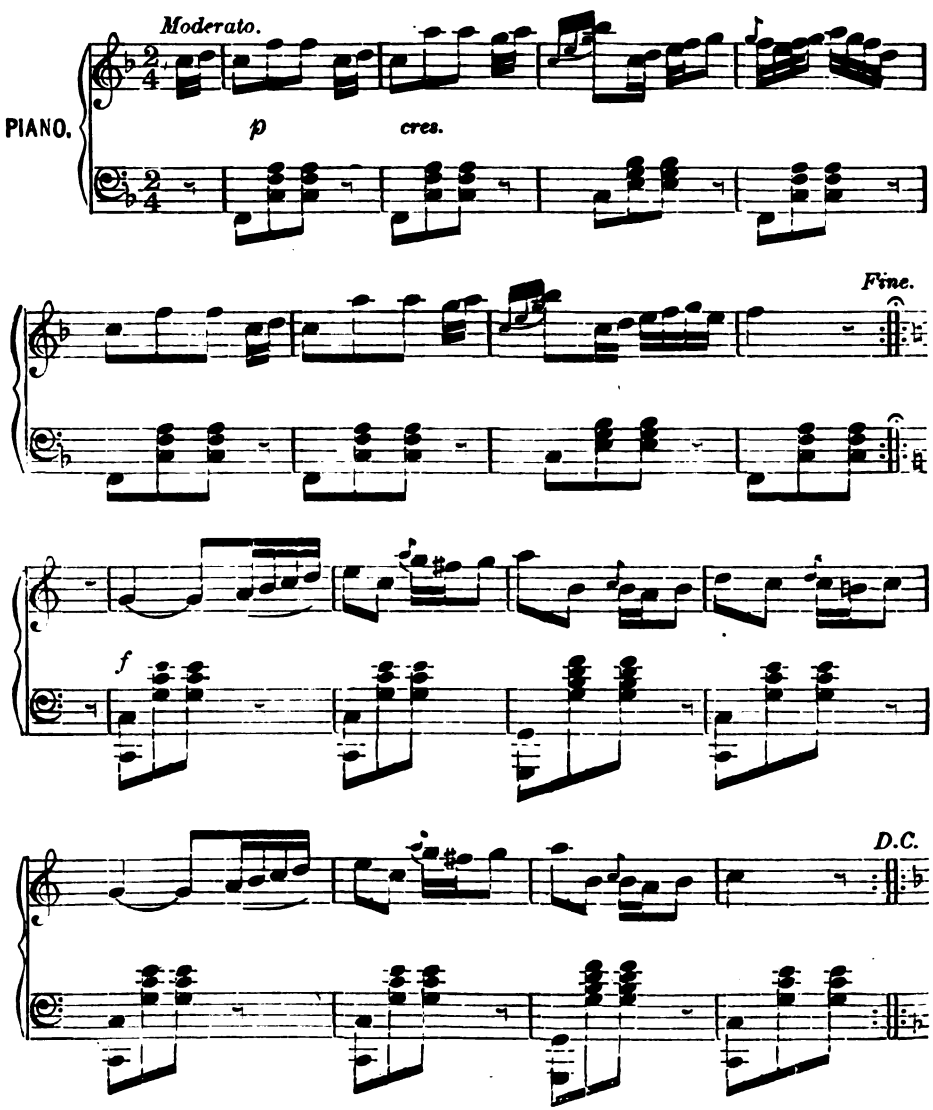

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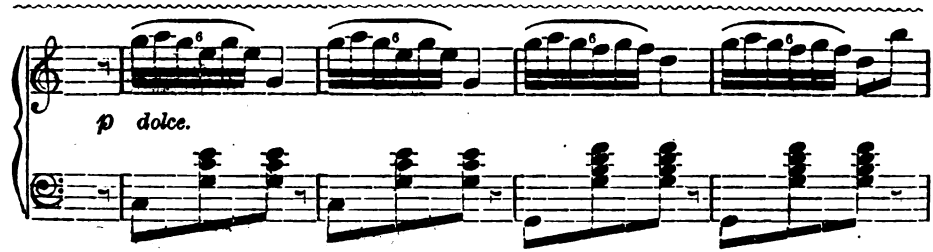

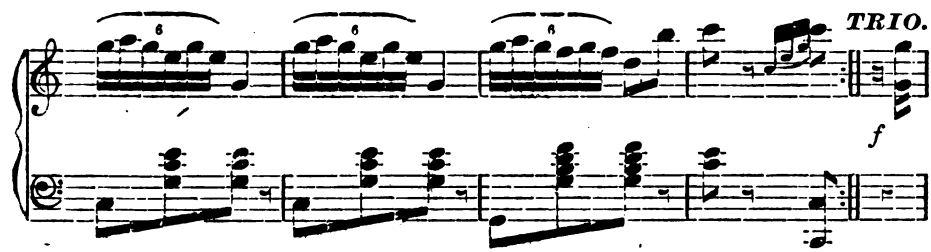

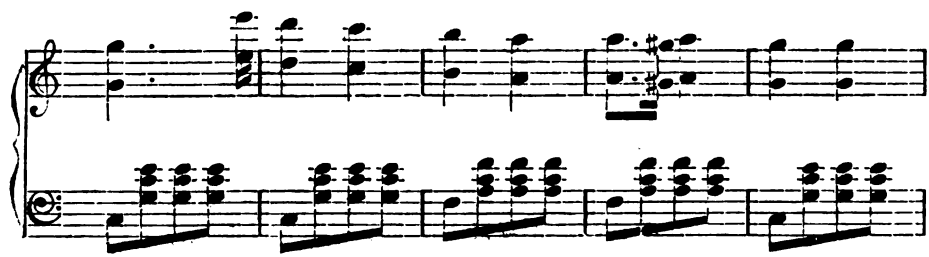

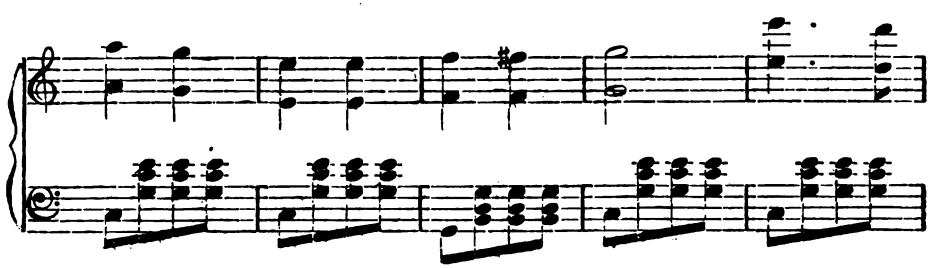

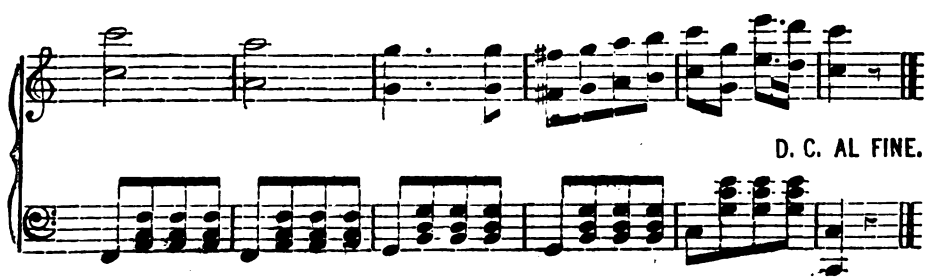

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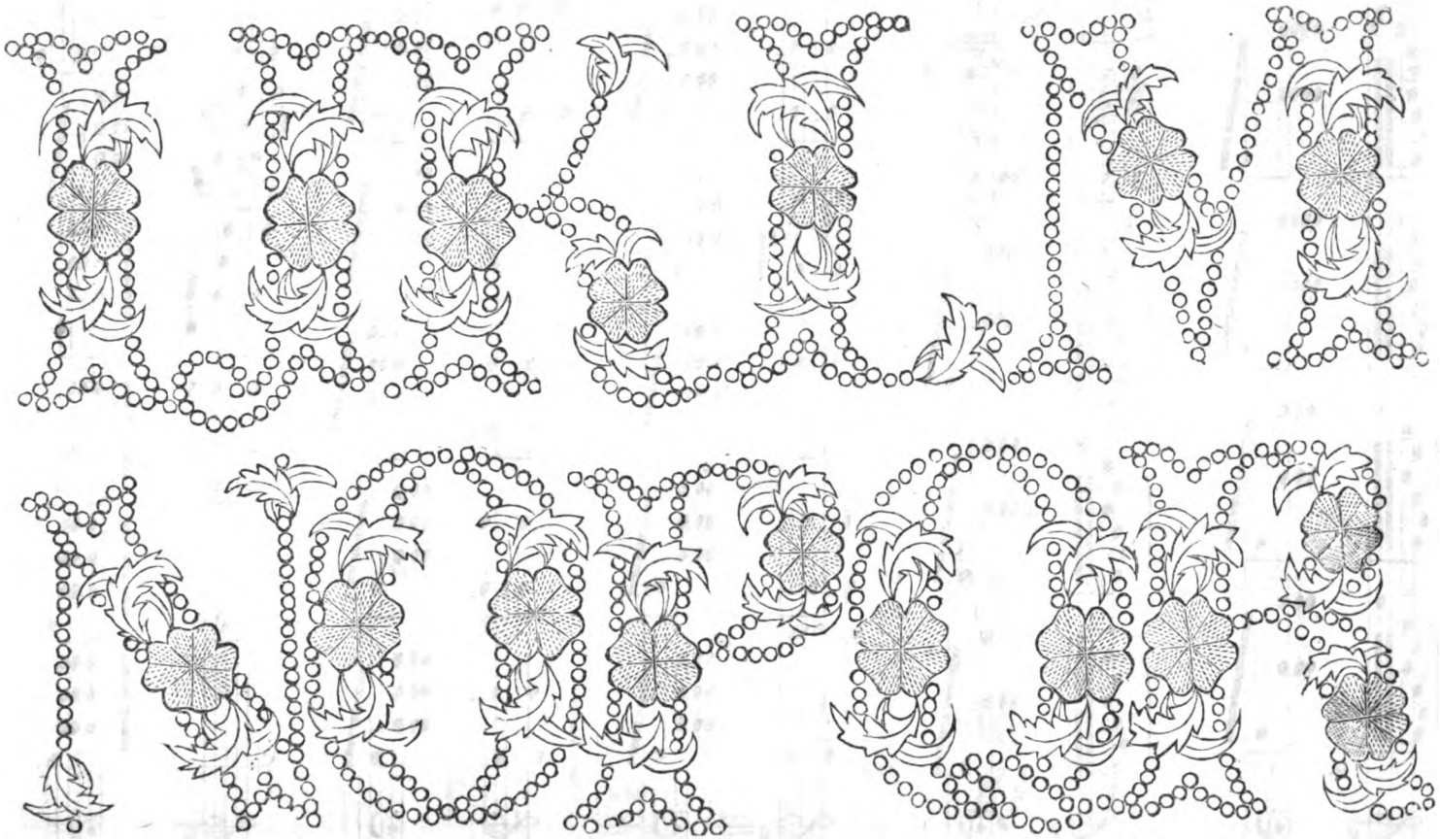

ALPHABET FOR MARKING. NO. II.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LV. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1869. No. 3.

THE FATHER'S RETURN.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

WHAT a pleasant little home it was! The family sitting-room had never before looked so bright and attractive as on that autumn afternoon. A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth-stone; the crimson curtains were closely drawn, filling the room with a warm, roseate light, and in the midst of this, in her low, sewing-chair, sat the young wife, a dainty bit of embroidery on her lap, at which she worked away with deft fingers, humming all the while a gentle lullaby to the little sleeper in the wicker cradle at her side. On the rug, at her feet, lay a little girl, her first-born, worn-out with play, her curly head pillowed on a great, shaggy Newfoundland, and both fast asleep.

Richard Standish, the husband and father, stood noiselessly on the threshold, contemplating this pretty home-picture with a full heart. After a few moments he made a step into the room. His wife looked up quickly, her eyes brightening with pleasure.

"Oh, husband! is it you?" she said; "how glad I am. I was so afraid you'd be detained late. Come in, I want——"

But something in his face silenced her all at once, and she sat looking up at him with tender, entreating eyes. He spoke at last, his voice hoarse and unsteady.

"The 'Albatross' sails to-morrow morning, Violet," he said.

A silence fell between them, broken at last by her passionate inquiry,

"But, Dick, is there no help? Must you—*must* you go?"

"I must, Violet!"

She said no more, knowing that his decision was inexorable. Once before, since their marriage, he had gone, leaving her for a whole dreary year—and now he was going again. The embroidery fell from her fingers, and she sat gazing into the red coals, while the babies slept at her feet, thinking of the desolate hours in store for her and them. Her husband watched her with a swelling heart. After awhile he approached her, and stroking her bright, curling hair, said tenderly,

"Poor Violet, poor, little wife, you mustn't take it so hard."

She made no answer, but throwing her arms round his neck, sobbed for a few moments on his bosom; and then she was ready for her work, and there was plenty to do. Clothing to overlook, socks to darn, besides all the packing. The whole night long she was at it, and in the chill, drear dawn, pale and weary, but with wide, sleepless eyes, she followed him down to the wharf. The "Albatross," swung at anchor, all ready for her departure.

He had kissed the babies as they lay asleep in their little cot-bed, and now he turned to his wife.

"Good-by, Violet," his bronzed features working with the emotion he struggled to keep down, "I may as well say it at once, as it's got to be done; take care of yourself and the babies, and don't worry about me; a year'll soon slip by, and then I'll be back again, God willing. Kiss me, and run home like a good, little wife; you're shivering with the cold now."

She kissed him, clinging to his bosom for a moment, and then she hurried away. But on the top of the hill she paused to look back. She could not discern his face or figure in the crowd of busy men that thronged the decks, yet she gazed through the darkness with yearning, wistful eyes, until the moment of departure came; and amid cheers and shouts, and booming guns, the "Albatross" started on her long voyage, her white sails looking like great wings in the uncertain morning light.

Then she hurried homeward, the babies would be waking and need her care. But what a weary, aching heart she carried in her bosom. All at once the aim and interest of her life

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seemed to have died out—the very world had changed. The red dawn-fires, just kindling in the far east, wore a garish, sickly light; the early matin of the birds sounded harsh and discordant; and her home, hitherto so pretty and attractive in her eyes, looked forlorn and desolate. But Violet was a brave, little woman, despite her childish face and rippling hair; and although heart and hands were alike aimless and nerveless, she went resolutely to work, and after a time she worked herself into a genial, hopeful humor. For these simple, homely tasks, that make up our life drudgery, are often the saving of our souls; this ceaseless labor, from which we flinch at times, is the one sovereign remedy, the universal panacea for human ills and woes.

The glory of autumn faded, and winter came. The snows fell white and deep round the sailor's little cottage, and through the dreary, weary nights the patient mother worked and watched her babies. Little Annie, the eldest born, could remember her father, and over and over again she would ask,

"Mother, when will father come home from over the big sea?"

And the mother would answer, her blue eyes brightening at the thought,

"When summer-time comes, darling, and the golden pipins get ripe, then father will come home."

And the winter went by at last, and spring came, bringing the bloom of primroses, and the odor of violets, and the golden pipin-tree was one mass of fragrant blossoms. Little Annie watched them, and led her baby brother beneath their rustling shadow, telling him of the coming day when father would come home. Almost a year had gone by, and in all this long, long time only one letter had come. Midshipman Standish found but few opportunities to send letters; but this one sufficed. He was well, and the "Albatross" would soon be homeward bound—he would be at home in autumn.

And autumn came; the trees put on the livery of royal purple, the hills their russet gold. Violet Standish went about her work, from day to day, with an indescribable beauty in her face. She seemed to have grown young again; all the cares and troubles of life dropped off like a mantle, leaving her clothed in the radiant garments of hope and love—the fair, fresh, winsome girl that Dick Standish had wooed and won amid the clover-bloom of her country home five years before. The little children wandered about in the yellow sunlight, dyeing their fingers with berries, and peeping into the tiny homes of the robins; and one sunny morning both came rushing in all aglow with excitement.

"Mother, mother!" cried Annie, her little pinafore filled with golden fruit, "see here! the golden pipins are ripe—will father come home to-day?"

Violet's heart gave a great leap of gladness. She looked out at the blue sky, the floating, fleecy clouds, and mist-crowned hills, with something like a prophecy at her heart.

"I think he will, darling!" she replied; "we will make ready for him, any way. Go gather all you can."

And the children toddled off again, the little, sturdy boy looking so like his father, that his mother ran after him and covered his brown face with kisses. Then she hurried back and fell to work. She cleaned the cottage till a speck of dust could nowhere be found, put fresh linen on the beds, and fresh flowers in the windows—and then she went to cooking. Every delicacy, for which he had ever expressed a fancy, was prepared; and as the sun was going down, dressed in her prettiest grown, she sat down to wait.

"Will father come to-night, mother?" asked Annie, stealing up in the twilight.

"If not to-night, he will come to-morrow, love!"

To-morrow came, the golden pipins hung ripening on the tree; the grain waved in yellow sheaves around the cottage-door. The year had rounded—why did not the wanderer come? The children wandered about restlessly, followed by faithful old Leo; and after noon, growing impatient and anxious, Violet went down to the post-office. Perchance there might be a letter, or some tidings from the "Albatross."

A crowd of men surrounded the door, evidently in eager discussion, but they made way for her deferentially. There was no letter, and no tidings from the "Albatross." The post-master hesitated and looked at her with pitying eyes—so did the by-standers. Something in their faces struck her.

"What is it?" she questioned, looking from one to another.

Then, an awful fear thrilling through her, she snatched a paper they had been reading. There it was in flaming characters!

"Losses at sea! The 'Albatross,' due at this port on the nineteenth instant, took fire on the Indian Ocean, and every soul on board was lost!"

She tottered homeward through the glory of the autumn evening, clutching the paper in her hand. The children met her at the gate.

"What is it, mother?" questioned Annie,

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looking up affrighted at her white face. "Won't father come home?"

"No, no!" she wailed, in answer. "He will never come home any more—never any more!"

The autumn passed again, and winter followed, with dreary nights of storm and darkness. But Violet Standish lived and worked, for the mother-love in her bosom was strong. Spring came, with its beauty and promise, the pomp and pageantry of another summer, and autumn again. The golden pipins ripened, and Annie and her little brother gathered them in with a nameless awe in their young faces. Winter again, and Christmas-eve. The snow piled in great drifts round the little cottage; the air keen and biting; the stars out in countless thousands. The mother and her little ones gathered in their faggots, and threw a heavy log upon the fire; and Leo stretched his huge length before the blaze. Then they sat down to their work, for work was becoming a necessity in these latter days; and even little Annie's tiny fingers did their part. The sturdy, little boy, growing more and more like his dead father, cracked nuts, and shot straws at Leo, and finally grew weary, and betook himself to his trundle-bed.

"What'll Kriss-Kringle bring me, mother?" he asked, popping up his curly head.

His mother glanced across at his chubby stockings suspended against the wall, and her eyes filled with tears. Her store of Christmas-gifts was very scant, yet she answered pleasantly,

"Something nice, perhaps, darling, if you'll go to sleep like a good boy."

Annie worked until her blue eyes grew heavy; and she followed her brother to the little bed, but not to sleep—she lay awake listening to the voice of the wind. It was a terrible night, cold and windy, and the distant boom of the sea was incessant. Her mother trimmed the lamp, and continued her sewing.

"Don't work any more, mother," said the child. "Come to bed, please—I'm so lonesome."

"But I must finish this garment to-night, love. We shall need more coal on Monday; and there's no money till this is paid for. Go to sleep, there's a darling; you're not lonesome with mother so near."

But the child still remained awake, her blue eyes full of solemn inquiry.

"Mother," she began again, after a pause, "how nice it is to have a father. Lizzie Green is so happy, I think; her father takes her everywhere, and gets her such nice things. I wish my father had lived. Do you think, mother, he knows about us up in heaven? Can he see how lonesome we are?"

The poor, pale-faced woman put out her hand as if the child's prattle tortured her.

"My darling, yes; he knows about us, and sees us, I think," she replied, speaking with an effort. "But go to sleep now, please; mother is too tired to talk."

"Yes, mother; only let me tell you what I've been thinking. What if the Lord should let Kriss-Kringle bring father home to-night—wouldn't it be nice, mother?"

"Yes, love; but that cannot be. Father cannot come to us; but we shall go to him by-and-by."

Annie fell into silence, and the night waned away. The stars burned, and the winds moaned, and the great sea thundered; Violet worked on steadily. She was a brave, strong woman, and kept her sorrow beneath her feet; but it rose up strong and fierce to-night. Old memories of her happy girlhood came trooping back, fond words, loving smiles, tender caresses. Her tried soul was full to overflowing. How should she ever bear the burden of life through another year? It was so hard, she should faint in the endeavor, but for her children's sake. Glancing over at the little couch, and the pair of curly heads, she resumed her needle with fresh vigor. The hours wore on; Christmas morn would soon be dawning—Christmas with its peace on earth, and its promise of gladness to all men. What would it bring to her?

The winds rose, driving the light snow against the windows. Leo put up his ears and listened, then he arose and trotted off to the door. Presently he began to whine plaintively.

"What is it, Leo?" asked his mistress.

The dog came to her side, looking up in her face with an intelligence that seemed almost human; then he went back to the door, pawing and whining. Violet put down her work and went to the window. As the wind lulled, she caught the sound of a step, a firm, quick step, crunching the frozen snow. The dog leaped to the window, barking and whining, and showing every manifestation of joy. The step came nearer and nearer. A wild terror filled the lonely woman's heart. What danger threatened her children? She glanced toward the little bed, and there sat Annie, in her white night-robe, her hands clasped, her sweet, spiritual face fairly radiant with joy.

"Oh! mother, mother!" she cried, "don't you know, don't you feel it—it is father coming home?"

A wild thrill shot through the poor wife's

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heart, terror, hope, doubt, all commingled; her limbs trembled, and she grew faint; but as the step came nearer and nearer, obeying an impulse stronger than her will, or her fear, she opened the door. A brawny, broad-shouldered man, in a sailor's garb. One instant she gazed on him, and then she clasped him in her arms with a wild cry,

"Oh! it is—it is my husband! Oh, Dick! you are not dead! God has sent you back to me again?"

"Yes, Violet," his hot tears raining on her cheeks, "from the very jaws of death He has sent me back to you."

She held him close for a moment, and then the mother-love began to stir in her heart. She turned and pointed to the little bed. The sturdy, little boy was sound asleep; but Annie was awaiting him with wide, bright eyes.

"I knew it, father, and I told mother so," she whispered, as she clasped his neck. "I knew that God would let Kris-Kringle bring you home to-night."

And Christmas morning dawned, bringing a renewal of the promise of peace on earth to all the world, and to the sailor's home a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

A DREAM.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

I know a spot where the waters gleam,
And fire-flies dance on the rippling stream;
Where the feathery larch and the alders throw
A welcome shade on the path below;
Where the throstle comes with his loudest song,
And the brown bee murmurs the whole day long;
Where the daisy and violet hide unseen,
Like village maids in their nooks of green;
Where the bluebells nod, and the lilies blow,
And the soft winds laugh as they come and go.
And it comes in its beauty all glory starred,
With an angel-touch when the heart is hard;
And what is the pomp or the power of gold,
To the joy and the pleasure, the bliss untold;
To the heavenly thoughts that it brings me then,
As I dream of it here in the haunts of men?
Ah! Spirit of Beauty! afar you dwell
In the forest-depth, in the lonely dell;
By the river's brink, on the moorland wild,
You wander forever a sinless child.
I would meet thee there, I would seek thee now,
By the ocean-strand, in the mountain's brow;
Where the thunders roar, and the lightnings skim—
In the depth of the forest, vast and dim;
I would follow thee, spirit, where none intrude,
To thy home in the pathless solitude.
Dream of my heart, I have loved thee long;
I have sung to thee many a plaintive song;
I have poured out my passion and soul at thy feet,
And mine are the memories strange and sweet.
But it may not be; oh! it may not be!
Only in dreams can I meet with thee;
Only in dreams can I take thy hand,
And plead for a knowledge to understand;
Only in dreams can I see thy face,
And fold thee, my joy, in my soul's embrace.
And yet in my bosom enough remains,
Enough to pleasure my cares and pains:
Enough of thy sweetness to gladden my heart,
In the stony street and the crowded mart;
Enough in the solace such day-dreams give,
To strengthen and cherish me while I live.

LOST BLOOM.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

'Tis now the sunset of the year;
Earth's glow and warmth, alas! have fled;
The Autumn winds moan sad and drear;
The roses that once blushed so red,
Lie withered—dead.

No Summer brightness thrills the air;
The skies are robed in garments gray;
The woods a lonely aspect wear;
The birds that warbled, bright and gay,
Have passed away.

The rivers, full of sorrow, sigh;
Their hearts with dread forebodings tossed;
Dark clouds o'erhead move slowly by;
Dame Nature mourns her treasures lost,
By cold and frost.

Alas! for all the vanished bloom!
The flower-buds that drooped and died!
They heard the mournful knell of doom,
Their leaves are scattered far and wide
On every side.

Will they not rise again from death,
And life through all their pulses beat,
When Spring shall come with balmy breath?
Ah! will they not her soft touch greet
With welcome sweet?

Some blossoms, too, of human love,
Have faded from the fireside hearth;
Oh! raise those tearful eyes above;
Did they not win a Heavenly birth
From death on earth?

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THE MYSTERY AT BLACKWOOD GRANGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR NOEL'S HEIR."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122.

CHAPTER V.

"NEW HOPE MAY BLOOM."

"I WONDER if I shall see him to-night?"

The August roses were all in scarlet bloom around that fair southern mansion, deep in the heart of the most beautiful part of that beautiful State, Maryland. It stood quite alone, an imposing structure of the red sandstone of the district, buried in a primeval wilderness of giant trees. So high, so dark, towered those monster oaks and giant pines, and grand old hemlocks, that the green gloom of the woods was duskily cool in the most blazing noontide. It had been called Hemlock Hollow, once upon a time; but when it passed into the hands of Miss Amy Earle, that romantic little lady had rechristened it immediately "Blackwood Grange."

"It is as isolated and lonely as poor, dear Mariana's 'Moated Grange!'" the young lady said. "A murder might be done in the depths of yonder woodland, by a second Eugene Aram, and no one be the wiser. It's a dear, delightful, dismal old place, and I mean to make it my permanent home."

This sultry August evening, Miss Earle stands alone at the drawing-room window, gazing out, with dreamy blue eyes, at the exquisite summer prospect. A velvet lawn, a brilliant flower-garden, with a plashing fountain, and bees and butterflies booming in roses and lily-bells; swelling meadows, rich with golden harvest, and dense, black slopes of woodland down to the shore of the Chesapeake. A lovely prospect, in the hush of the summer sunset, the sky all pearl and azure, and in the far West a gorgeous oriflame of lurid glory.

The golden-haired heiress stood looking at all this splendor of earth and sky, with eyes that saw nothing of its radiance. Very pretty she was looking, in her summery-white muslin, with blush-roses in her breast, and the nimbus of amber hair rippling brightly down to the slender little waist.

"I wonder if I shall see him this evening? He is always there in the twilight playing. Oh! how he does play! No mortal hand ever made such heavenly music before!"

Yes, it had come to that. George Wildair was nearly a year in the cold grave, and another man was the "*him*" of Amy Earle's thoughts, this August sunset. She had been very sorry, unutterably shocked, at her betrothed husband's tragic end; there had been womanly weeping and hysterics—but she had never loved the dead man with any very passionate devotion, after all. The hysterics passed, and Mr. Wildair was buried, and Miss Earle retired into crape and bombazine, and the seclusion of the Maryland mansion, and became a hopeless prey to ennui and sensation novels. They had buried him, and no clue had been found to his mysterious and awful death; and now, scarce a year after, he was forgotten. He had been a selfish Sybarite all his life, and there were few to regret his tragic end.

Amy Earle had spent a very dreary winter. The snow had fallen thick and high around Blackwood Grange, and the wild winds had howled through the leafless trees. The roads were utterly impassable. Society became a memory of the past. Mrs. Sterling and her ward found life as hopelessly dull as ever did Mariana in *her* Grange. Their only visitor was the clergyman of St. Jude, and occasionally a flying visitation from John Sterling. Dr. John Sterling, with his cheery face, and hearty voice, and loud, honest laugh, and genial good-humor, came like a sun-burst in upon their darkness; and Amy grew to count the days of his absence drearily, and wish "dear old Jack" would only come and live with them for good. And Mrs. Sterling listened in secret exultation.

"All will come right in the end," she thought. "She will marry John yet, and both will be happy. He loves her, I know; and she is learning every day to love him."

But, "Man proposes——" You know the proverb. John Sterling himself dashed all these high hopes to the ground.

It was a tempestuous March night; the wind howled, and the snow fell, and the darkness was as the darkness of Erebus. The young doctor was plunging along the blockaded road from St. Jude's, in fur-cap and overcoat, and armed with a stout stick. He knew every inch of the way, and no tempest that ever shrieked through the

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earth was fierce enough to keep him prisoner. He plunged along resolutely, with the sleet slashing in his face, and was within a quarter of a mile of Blackwood Grange, when a belated wayfarer started out from the shelter of a tree, and faced him.

"I have lost my way," said a peculiarly clear, melodious voice. "I want to go to St. Jude's. I am almost perished—will you kindly direct me?"

John Sterling stopped and tried to see the man's face, but the darkness baffled him.

"It is three miles from here to St. Jude's—too far for any man on such a night. You had better come with me; I think I can insure you a supper and a bed."

"You are very good," the stranger answered. "I accept your offer with thanks, Dr. Sterling."

"Hollo!" cried John; "you know me, do you! By Jove! I wish you joy of your eyesight, for it would puzzle a cat to see in this gloom."

"I have heard your voice before," said his companion, quietly; "and I have a good memory for voices."

"And who are you, my friend?" inquired Dr. Sterling.

"My name is Gaston Dupree—the new organist of St. Jude's."

"Oh, indeed! I have seen you, then, and heard you play. Very happy to make your acquaintance. Mr. Dupree and I shall be happier when we get out of this confounded snow-storm. How come you to be belated so far from the village?"

"Miss Hotton, of Mount Hotton, is one of my pupils. I lingered over her lesson rather late, and set out to return, despite the entreaties of the family. I think I should have paid for my folly, by perishing in the snow-drifts, if I had not had the good fortune to encounter you. Your destination is Blackwood Grange, I presume?"

"It is; and I may safely promise you a cordial welcome, on the part of its fair mistress."

"Hospitality is a paramount virtue among you here," said the organist. "I have seen Miss Earle at church."

"And a very pretty girl she is," said John Sterling; "and as good as she is pretty. She is devotedly fond of music, too; so you have it in your power to make her very happy this evening."

No more was said. They reached the house, divested themselves of their caps and great-coats, stamped the snow from their top-boots, and were ushered by a sable damsel into the pretty amber drawing-room.

Mrs. Sterling sat before the fire knitting. Miss Earle lay on a lounge, yawning over a book. Even sensation novels, when one has a surfeit of them, will pall upon the youthful intellect. Both started up eagerly to welcome Dr. John.

"How do, mother? How do, Amy? Horrible weather, isn't it? Allow me to present Mr. Gaston Dupree, the new organist of St. Jude's. I found him, like one of the babes in the woods, nearly buried alive, and rescued him from an untimely end, like the good Samaritan I am."

Mr. Dupree bowed to the ladies with easy grace, took a seat, and was at home at once. Miss Earle stole a second glance at him from under her eyelashes. How very handsome he was! Dark, and pale, and interesting—just Miss Earle's style, with raven hair and mustache, and slow, sleepy, wonderful black eyes.

"If he had a Greek cap, and a crimson sash, and a cimeter by his side, he would look like the Corsair," Amy thought. "I never saw a more perfect nose; and I always did adore those creamy Creole complexions. Gaston Dupree! Such a dear romantic name, too! I really think he is the handsomest man I ever saw."

Supper came in—a supper for Sybarites, or the gods. Mr. Dupree was delightful; he talked with an easy grace, and a general knowledge of everything under the sun. Miss Earle listened entranced. The slow, sleepy black eyes wandered very often to the pretty, rose-hued face, thrilling her through with some strange mesmeric power. It was the hero of her dreams at last—Count Lara in the flesh.

Mr. Dupree played. The superb piano, under those slender, white fingers, gave forth grand, grateful tones—the room was flooded with heavenly melody. Mr. Dupree had the soul of a Beethoven, or a Mozart; and the magnificent strains held his hearers entranced for hours. It was a charming evening, one to be remembered long after; and before it was over, Miss Amy Earle was deeply, and romantically, and hopelessly in love.

She sat up late that night, quite into the small hours, nestling over the fire, listening to the wild beating of the wintry storm, and dreaming delicious dreams.

"How divinely handsome he is! How magnificently he plays! How delightfully he talks!" So ran the burden of her thoughts. "I never saw such eyes, and I never heard a prettier name. How glad I am John Sterling fetched him here to-night."

That was the beginning of the end. Mr. Dupree departed next day, but only to come again, and again, and yet again, to Blackwood

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Grange. Miss Earle was seized with a sudden passion for improving herself in music, and began taking lessons immediately. March, April, May, flew by like swift dreams. Summer came, golden, glowing—the most glorious summer in Amy's life. She was in love—passionately, ridiculously; a romantic girl's first love, and the world was Eden, and the happiest Eve that ever danced in the sunshine.

And Gaston Dupree—was *he* in love, too, with the bright little heiress? Mr. Dupree was a puzzle and a mystery. There were times when no lover could be more lover-like, more devoted, when smiles lit up the dark Creole face, and every look was love. Then Amy's bliss was complete.

"He loves me, I know," her foolish heart would flutter. "He will propose the very next time we meet. Oh, my darling! if you only knew how I love you!"

The next time would come, and lo! Mr. Dupree came with it, dark, cold, moody, wrapped in gloom and mystery—grim and unsmiling as doom. Amy trembled before those sombre black eyes. He was more like the Corsair, perhaps, than ever. But poor Amy began to think that moody and mysterious beings were pleasanter in Lord Byron's poems than in actual life.

"I wonder if he ever committed a murder, like Eugene Aram; or lost an idolized Medora, as Conrad did?" Miss Earle thought. "Oh! why don't he speak out, when he knows, he must know, I adore him."

This sultry August evening she stood wistfully gazing at the sunset, and thinking despondently of her idol.

"He was positively rude to me last evening," Miss Earle reflected. "Mr. Rochester never was more grumpy to Jane Eyre. I wonder if I shall see him to-night? He is always playing the organ in the church at this hour. I think I'll take a walk up to the village."

She took her hat and tripped away, walking swiftly, considering the heat. Blackwood lay behind her; she was out in the dusty high-road, alone, under the opal-tinted sky. No, not alone; her heart gave a great plunge. There, coming toward her, was the solemn figure she knew so well. That slow, graceful walk—ah! further off, she would have known her handsome lover!

Mr. Dupree was in his brightest moods this sultry twilight. He drew Amy's arm through his own, as one who had the right, bending his stately head over her, and mesmerizing her with the witchery of those glorious black eyes. Very slowly they sauntered along. Amy was in no hurry now—she had got all she wanted.

John Sterling had chosen this evening to pay a visit to his mother and her ward. Half an hour after, he strode over the dusty highway, whistling cheerily, and looking up at the round, white, August moon. He had entered Blackwood, and was approaching the house at a swinging pace, when he suddenly stopped. There, before him, walking as lovers walk, bending, whispering, loitering, were two forms he knew well. All flashed upon him at the sight.

"Lost!" he said, turning very pale. "Lost, for the second time! My mother was right—I have lingered too long! And I love her as that man never can!"

CHAPTER VI.

AMY'S WEDDING-DAY.

Mr. Dupree did not enter the house with Amy. He parted from her, under the waving hemlocks, with a long, lingering, lover's kiss. Dr. Sterling and he met, face to face, in the silvery moonlight. He touched his hat and passed rapidly on, but not before John had seen his face. How deathly pale he was! What a wild gleam there was in his weird, black eyes! The light of those spectral eyes made the young doctor recoil.

"Good heaven!" he thought, "he looks like the Miltonic Lucifer with that livid face, those flaming eyes, and that dark demoniac beauty. Who is he? What is he? He is not a good man; we know no more of him than if he had dropped from the moon, although he has been among us over half a year. And that romantic child is ready to die, or go mad for his sake. My friend Dupree, I think I'll turn amateur detective, and hunt up your antecedents."

Dr. John met with rather a cool reception, on this particular evening, at the hospitable mansion. Mrs. Sterling was decidedly cross and out of sorts; perhaps she suspected, or had seen that parting embrace under the hemlocks. She had no patience with her son's tardiness, and delicate scruples of conscience about marrying heiresses. And Miss Earle, wrapped in a bliss too intense for smiles or words, sat by the window, and gazed out at the silvery moonlight.

Dr. Sterling departed early, with a farewell reproach to the ladies.

"You are both so entertaining this evening, that it is hard to tear oneself away; but I have an interesting case up in the village, and business before pleasure, you know. Good-by. I trust the next time I get to Blackwood, you'll be able to make a remark or two about the weather, at least."

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"We are rather silent, to-night," she said. "A penny for your thoughts, *ma mere*."

"I can read yours without a penny," retorted the elder lady, with some asperity. "Gaston Dupree, of course! Where were you this evening, Miss Earle?"

Miss Earle blushed celestially in the shimmering dusk.

"Up at the village."

"It appears to me you are very fond of twilight rambles up to the village of late. Mr. Dupree was with you, of course?"

"Yes," very falteringly. "Mr. Dupree was with me."

"And parted with you out yonder with a most affectionate embrace! You don't choose to make me your confidante, Miss Earle; but if you want to kiss gentlemen, *sub rosa*, pray take a more retired spot than the open avenue."

Amy's golden head drooped lower. She was a timid, clinging little creature, in whose nature it was not to be haughty or angry. She was very fond of this severe matron; and the starry, blue eyes filled with tears now.

"Dear Mrs. Sterling," she said, "my second mother, don't be angry with poor Amy. I couldn't help it. I—I love him—I love him, oh, so dearly!"

"And he!" said Mrs. Sterling, bitterly. "Is it you, or your fortune, *he* loves? Oh, Amy Earle! you foolish, sentimental child, what madness is this! That man does not love you—I know it; I have watched him. He does not love you; but he will marry you, and he will break your heart."

"No, no, no!" Amy cried, shrilly. "He loves me—he is true as heaven! Say what you please to me, Mrs. Sterling, but not one word against him! I will not hear it!"

The little head reared itself, the blue eyes quite flashed.

"No," cried the angry matron. "You will not hear it, you will not heed it; no need to tell me that! I know what it is to talk to a girl in love. But, tell me, what do you know of this man beyond his romantic name, beyond his effeminate, handsome face? What? You will marry him for his black eyes, and his Grecian nose, and his sensation-novel name; and if he turns out a New York pickpocket, or gambler, you will have no right to complain."

"Mrs. Sterling!"

"I repeat it, Amy—what do you know of him? He may be a thief, or a murderer, for what you can tell to the contrary. My own opinion is, he has come here purposely to entrap you into this mad marriage. Pray, Miss Earle, when is it to take place?"

The blue eyes flashed defiance for the first time in Amy's gentle life, the slender, little form quite towered in its indignation.

"I don't know, Mrs. Sterling—but very soon. Gaston loves me, and there is no need to wait. I will marry him as soon as he pleases."

"Not a doubt of it! I wish you joy of your bargain, Miss Earle! I have no more to say; but remember in the future I have warned you! He is not a good man; there is guilt and mystery in his life—I am as certain of it as that I live. As his wife, your existence will be one of misery—destitution, perhaps, when he has squandered what he marries you for—your fortune. I wish you good-night."

Mrs. Sterling swept stormily out of the room, yet "more in sorrow than in anger." And Amy, left alone, threw herself on a sofa, and, all unused to these stormy scenes, wept as she had never wept before in her life.

"How cruel, how unjust she is!" the little heiress sobbed; "and all because she wants me to marry John. I know she does, though John doesn't want me, nor I him. But she shall not shake my faith in Gaston—no one on earth shall shake it. And I *will* marry him as soon as he likes; and I don't care whether he ever tells me anything of his antecedents or not."

The elder and younger lady met very coolly at breakfast. Mrs. Sterling was sullenly dignified, and Miss Earle was offended. Had she not called her idol a thief and a pickpocket? Miss Earle could forgive the grossest insult to herself, but not an insult to her dark-eyed hero.

Mr. Dupree called early in the forenoon. Amy was on the watch, and met him in the grounds. There was a long, long ramble through the sunlit, leafy arcades; and Miss Earle, after the fashion of young ladies, retailed every word of last night's conversation. Mr. Dupree's black brows contracted in a swarth frown, and his dark face whitened with anger.

"Mrs. Sterling calls me a thief, or a murderer, does she? Really, Amy, your elderly dragon is of a horribly suspicious turn, isn't she? Is it for your sake, or for her son's, I wonder?"

"Mrs. Sterling has always been very good to me, Gaston," Amy said, deprecatingly; "and I am sure she has my welfare at heart. And you see, dear, we *don't* know anything of you, except your name, and—and that I love you with all my heart."

The frown deepened under the broad brim of his summer hat.

"And you are a little suspicious, too, my Amy. You must have my biography from the

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hour of my birth, I presume, before you commit yourself further. And if the history proves unsatisfactory, it is not too late to draw back yet, is it?"

"Gaston, how unjust you are! No, tell me nothing, since you can doubt me; tell me nothing, and you will see how perfect love casteth out fear."

"And you will marry me blindfold? Take me as I am,

"'A lightsome eye—a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue;
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew!'"

He looked laughingly down in her face as he hummed the ballad, all the clouds gone.

"My darling!" She clasped his arm rapturously with both hands, and looked up into his handsome face. "I know that I love you dearly, dearly; that I could die for your sake! What more do I need to know?"

"What, indeed! my dear little enthusiast! Nevertheless, I had better make a clean breast of it, for Mrs. Sterling's peace of mind. Unfortunately there is very little to tell, and that little not in the least out of the ordinary humdrum way. I never was a pickpocket, never a black-leg; I can safely aver that. I am of French extraction, born in Canada, taught music as a profession, and recommended here as organist. There, you have it; let Mrs. Sterling and her son make the most of it."

Amy was satisfied—it was a little vague, but it sufficed for her. Their ramble through the grounds was a very long one, and before it came to an end the wedding-day was fixed.

"The middle of September is very soon," Amy murmured, deprecatingly; "but anything to please you, Gaston; and Mrs. Sterling is disagreeable of late. Won't you come in to luncheon?"

"Not to-day. Tell your duenna by yourself, and I will ride over this evening and see if the shock has proved fatal. Good-by, my own! Soon good-by will be an unknown word between us."

Mrs. Sterling heard the news of the approaching marriage with cold scorn.

"As well this moment as the next," she said, frigidly, "since it is to be at all. I wash my hands of the whole business."

All the glittering array of bridal finery, procured in New York for that other wedding, lay packed up stairs in great boxes still. Amy revolted a little from using it. The odor of death and the grave seemed to hang around it; but the time was so short there was no alternative. Glistening robe, misty veil, orange wreath, jeweled fan, dainty Parisian gloves and slippers, saw the light once more; and the summer days flew by, and brought round Amy Earle's second bridal-eve.

The September afternoon had been lowering and overcast. Sullen clouds darkened the summer sky; an ominous hush lay over the earth; the trees shivered in the stillness with the prescience of the coming storm. Through the ominous twilight Gaston Dupree rode over from the village to spend his bridal-eve with his bride.

How white he was—white to the lips! And what a strange fire that was burning duskily in his great, sombre eyes! What an unnatural expression his face wore when he looked at his fair bride elect! Surely, never bridegroom looked like that in the world before.

"We are going to have a storm," he said, in a voice as unnatural as his face. "Lightning, and thunder, and rain, will usher in our wedding-day, Amy."

They were alone together in the pretty amber drawing-room. Mrs. Sterling always swept away haughtily, when the man she disliked entered. Amy looked up at her dark lover, trembling with vague terror.

"How strangely you look, Gaston," she faltered. "What is it?"

Mr. Dupree tried to laugh, but the laugh was a miserable failure.

"The weather, I suppose. Thunder-storms always give me the horrors; and superstitious people would call it an evil omen on our bridal-eve. But we are not superstitious, my Amy, so draw the curtains, and light the lamp, and open the piano, and shut out the world, and let the avenging elements have their fling."

Mr. Dupree lingered until past ten, listening to the music of his obedient little slave. He stood behind her chair. She could not see him; and it was well for her she could not. That rigid, white face—white to ghastliness; those burning, black eyes; Lucifer hurled from heaven might have looked like that.

Amy accompanied her lover to the portico. The storm had not yet burst, but the night was inky dark. The darkness, or the thought of that other tragic wedding-eve, made her tremble from head to foot as she bade her betrothed good-by.

"Oh, my love! be careful," she whispered. "If anything happens to you, I shall die."

"Nothing will happen!" He set his teeth fiercely in the darkness. "I defy Fate itself to separate us two. Good-night, Amy; look your prettiest to-morrow, my fairy bride."

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The storm broke at midnight. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the rain fell in torrents. Amy, cowering and frightened, huddled under the bed-clothes in an agony of terror, and longed unutterably for morning and sunshine.

Morning came, but no sunshine. The sky was still of lead, the rain still fell sullenly, ceaselessly. The hours wore on—ten, the time for the ceremony, arrived; the guests were assembled, shivering in the parlor. The bride, lovely in her bridal robes, stood ready and waiting in the midst of her bridemaids; but the hour had struck before the bridegroom came.

He came. The fate that had struck down George Wildair spared Gaston Dupree. He was there, pale as a dead man, with a look in his wild eyes that made people recoil in terror—but there he was, and the ceremony went on.

It was over—Amy was a bride! There was embracing and congratulating. Breakfast was eaten; the wedding-dress was changed for the traveling-suit; the happy pair was in the carriage and away.

They reached Washington that evening, and drove to Willard's Hotel. And all through that day's journey Gaston Dupree's lips had not opened half a dozen times. Silent, sullen, moody, mysterious, he sat, wrapped in gloom; and the light of his weird, black eyes made Amy shiver like an aspen-leaf. Oh! what was this that had come upon him on his wedding-day?

"I have something to say to you, Amy! A secret to tell you—a terrible secret, that you must swear to keep."

They were alone in a spacious chamber, and these were the first words he had spoken to her. His face looked livid in the gaslight, his eyes were blazing like coals of fire.

"Gaston!"

"You must swear, Amy! Never. to your dying day, must you breathe to living mortal the secret I shall reveal to you now. Here is a Bible, lay your hand upon it and swear."

The spectral black eyes held her with their horrible, irresistible light. She could no more have refused than she could have fallen at his feet and died. She laid her hand upon the sacred volume, and repeated after him a terrible oath of secrecy.

"And now listen to the secret of my life."

There was a secret then! Even in this supreme moment, the old leaven of romance thrilled Amy with a little tremor of romantic delight. She sat down at his feet, and listened to the few slowly-spoken words he uttered.

Ten minutes later, Mr. Dupree left the room hurriedly, ringing the bell as he went. He met a chamber-maid on the landing hastening to answer his summons.

"My wife is ill," he said. "You had better try cold water and sal volatile; I am afraid she is going to faint."

He hurried away. The girl looked after him aghast; then opened the chamber-door, and entered. And there, in a white heap on the carpet, lay the bride, in a dead swoon.

CHAPTER VII.

POST-NUPTIAL BLISS.

The waving trees around Blackwood Grange were arrayed in the sere and yellow leaf long before Mr. and Mrs. Dupree returned from their bridal-tour. The shrill winds of October had blown themselves bleakly out in the green glades and leafy arcades, around the stately Maryland mansion; and the ides of November had come when the happy pair returned home.

During the two months of her absence, Mrs. Dupree, for the first time in her life, proved herself a bad correspondent. She had written but one letter, and that of the briefest and brusquest, to Mrs. Sterling. It was a polite notice to quit.

"Dear Mrs. Sterling," the bride wrote, "my husband thinks newly-married people are always better entirely by themselves. I shall regret your loss, but, of course, it must be as he says. Nurse Carry is quite competent—tell her to take charge, and have everything prepared for our arrival. We will return by the middle of November."

Mrs. Sterling smiled bitterly over this effusion.

"You might have spared yourself the trouble of ordering me out, Mr. Gaston Dupree—if that be your name. I would not have dwelt under the same roof with you for a kingdom. Oh! my poor little Amy! You are the veriest puppet that ever danced helplessly in its master's hand."

Mrs. Sterling departed to St. Jude's, and took up her abode in the bachelor apartments of her son. There came no more letters; and Amy had always been addicted to note-scribbling.

"But what can you expect?" said Mrs. Sterling, with a bitter laugh, "wrapped as she is in post-nuptial bliss. The scheme of the universe holds but Mr. Gaston Dupree just at present. It is to be hoped the illusion will have worn off before her return."

"It is to be hoped the illusion will *never* wear off," said John Sterling, gravely, "if the illusion makes her happier. Don't be so bitter,

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mother; the poor little girl will pay dearly enough for her folly, I dare say. Heaven knows! I wish I could save her."

His mother looked at him almost contemptuously.

"I don't believe you ever loved her, John Sterling."

"That is your mistake, my good mother. I love Amy so well, that if I could see her happy, with the husband of her choice, I should be almost happy myself. You love her, and so do I, mother; but in a different way, I think."

The November day that brought the bridal-pair came swiftly round. The house, under aunt Carry, an intelligent mulatto, who had been Amy's nurse, was all in order. Fires burned in every room; the dinner-table was spread; and the servants, in gala attire, were waiting to welcome their young mistress home.

The short November afternoon was darkening down into a cold, raw twilight, when the carriage came rattling up the avenue. It had been a dull day, threatening snow; a few flakes fluttered now through the opaque air, and the wailing wind was desolation itself. In the cold, bleak gloaming the little bride's teeth chattered as her husband handed her out; and her face looked woefully worn and pallid, as she passed in, leaning upon his arm. Mr. Dupree looked much the same, dark, and cold, and sombre, and wrapped in his dignified gloom, as in a toga.

Mr. and Mrs. Dupree dined *tete-a-tete*, waited upon by aunt Carry and her understrappers. The bride scarce touched the tempting viands; but Mr. Dupree ate and drank with the relish of a hungry traveler.

The quiet little village of St. Jude was on the *qui vive*, the following Sunday, to see the happy pair at church. Mr. Dupree had resigned his office of organist, of course; and he and his bride walked up the aisle, the cynosure of scores of eyes. Mrs. Dupree shone resplendent in all the glory of New York millinery; her dress was exquisite, her mantle a miracle, her bonnet a perfect love, but—— St. Jude stared with all its eyes. What was the matter with Amy? The Christmas snow-drifts were not whiter nor colder than her face. The blue eyes, once so sparkling and starry, looked out of that pallid face with a fixed look of unutterable fear; she stood before them the wan shadow of the radiant little Amy of two months ago.

"She has awakened," said Mrs. Sterling, with a momentary thrill of spite, notwithstanding her compassion. "The delusion is over; her idol of gold has turned out potter's-clay."

Dr. John looked at the altered face of the girl he had loved; then at the dark, impenetrable face of the man beside her, and his heart hardened.

"He is a greater villain than even I gave him credit for," he said. "He begins the work of breaking her heart betimes. I would have spared him for her sake if I saw he made her happy; now I will hunt him down as I would a dog."

The numerous friends of Miss Amy Earle began at once to call upon Mrs. Dupree. Mrs. Dupree received them in her spacious parlors, exquisitely dressed; and *Mr.* Dupree was there to assist her. Call when they might, the ladies of St. Jude could never find her alone. Near her, bending over her chair, the dark, handsome face, and fathomless, black eyes of Gaston Dupree shone, freezing every attempt at confidential conversation. He was scrupulously polite—but these ladies went away with no courteous request to repeat their calls. And Amy sat like a white automaton, and talked in monosyllables; she who had been the most inveterate of chatter-boxes, and looked up at her husband with the wild, wide eyes of a frightened child.

Mrs. Sterling and her son were among Mrs. Dupree's callers. That lady was too strong-minded, and too fond of her late charge to be frightened away by the bridegroom's black looks.

"I'll go there now, and I'll go again, and again, and still again," she said, grimly. "I don't think Mr. Gaston Dupree will open the door and order me out, and nothing less shall affront me. I'm not going to give up my poor little girl altogether, to be eaten alive by this black-eyed ghoul."

The pale face and scared blue eyes of the little bride lit eagerly up, for the first time, at sight of her old friends She sprung up to meet them with a low cry, but a hand fell lightly on her shoulder from behind. Its touch was light as down, but a mailed grasp could not have checked her quicker.

"My dear Amy," the soft voice of Gaston Dupree murmured, "pray don't excite yourself! Be calm! You are glad to see Mrs. Sterling, no doubt. Tell her so, by all means; but don't make a scene."

The black eyes looked down into the blue eyes, and the bride cowered before the bridegroom, as a whipped hound before its master. She held out her hand to her old friends, with a few coldly murmured words of greeting.

The interview was short and eminently unsatisfactory. Strong-minded as Mrs. Sterling was, conversation was impossible with that

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frigid face, and those weird, dark eyes staring her out of countenance behind Amy's chair.

"I shall call to see you again, Amy," she said, pointedly, as she arose to go, "when the honey-moon ends, and there is some prospect of my being able to see you alone."

Amy looked at her with a startled face, but Mr. Dupree answered for her with a short, mocking laugh.

"Tell your kind old friend, Amy, that our honey-moon has not yet commenced. As to seeing you alone, tell her you have no secrets from your husband, nor he from you; and that he really cannot separate himself long enough from his charming bride, even for a confidential gossip with Mrs. Sterling."

He bowed her blandly out as he spoke; and, wonderful to relate, Mrs. Sterling went without a word. She looked up in his face defiantly, but the black eyes had met hers with so strange a light in their sinister depths, that she had absolutely quailed before it.

"He looked like a devil!" she burst out, to her son. "The light of those fierce, black eyes was absolutely horrible. Good heavens! I don't believe the wretch is human!"

"He is a bad man," answered Dr. Sterling, "and amysterious man. There are dark and deadly secrets in his life, I am certain. There is a look in his face that repels me with absolute horror, at times. I have doubted——" he paused.

"Doubted what?"

"It is a terrible suspicion, mother; but I have doubted whether Gaston Dupree is really sane. There is a wild, unnatural light in those great black eyes of his, on occasions, that never shine in the eyes of a sane man."

"There appears to be method in his madness, at all events," retorted his mother. "He was sane enough to secure for himself an heiress."

"The subtle cunning of partial insanity is a very good substitute for a sane man's worldly wisdom. But it is a revolting subject, mother—let us drop it. Poor little Amy!"

"Poor little Amy, indeed! You may thank yourself for it. The game was in your own hands before this man came along. She might have been your wife now, instead of Gaston Dupree's, if you liked."

Dr. Sterling made no reply. His face wore a look of pain, almost remorse. Poor little Amy! How unhappy she looked! And he had loved her, and might have made her his happy wife.

There was a round of dinner-parties given in honor of the bridal-pair, and Dr. Sterling and his mother often met Mr. and Mrs. Dupree in society—Mr. Dupree always dark, cold, politely frigid and impenetrable, as if that handsome face of his was an iron mask; and Mrs. Dupree always the same pale, scared, silent shadow. And last of all there was a grand party at Blackwood Grange, to wind up these entertainments—a very superb affair, indeed; and after that, society saw little of the newly-married couple. Further invitations they declined—Mrs. Dupree's health, Mr. Dupree said, precluded the possibility of gay society.

December came, with snow and high winds, and Amy ceased to appear even at church. Mrs. Sterling grew seriously uneasy, and rode over to Blackwood. Mr. Dupree met her in the hall, told her his wife was suffering from chronic headache, and could see no one; and absolutely froze the blood in her veins with the glare of his black eyes—and, cowed and conquered, Mrs. Sterling left to call no more.

Christmas came, and New-Year's came, with their festivities. It was New-Year's-eve, and Mrs. Sterling sat alone in her little parlor, waiting for her son. Outside, the snow fell thick and fast, and the winter wind wailed. Inside, firelight and lamplight, and a bright little supper-table, made a charming picture of home-like comfort.

The door-bell rang. "John, at last," said Mrs. Sterling; and rising, she opened the door.

But it was not John. A little figure, muffled up from the storm, glided in. It threw back the hood of its cloak, and Mrs Sterling dropped into a chair with a shriek.

"Amy!"

Yes, Amy; but so unlike herself, so like a spirit, that for an instant the matron recoiled.

"Have I frightened you?" said the sweet voice. "You did not expect a New-Year's call from me, did you? But it is so long, oh! so long! since I saw you, that I could not resist the temptation."

"And Mr. Dupree?" Mrs. Sterling gasped, "where is he?"

"Gone to 'meet the Captains at the Citadel;' I mean, to dine at Major Mallory's. And I took advantage of his absence, and stole out. I have but a moment to stay; I don't wish him so discover this visit."

"He plays the tyrant well!" said Mrs. Sterling, bitterly. "And you the submissive slave. Oh, Amy Earle! pluck up a little spirit—defy him! Don't let him trample you under his feet!"

Amy covered her face with both hands, and burst out crying convulsively.

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"You don't know! You don't know! And I dare not tell you! Oh, Mrs. Sterling! I wish I was dead!"

"Amy, for heaven's sake, tell me! What is the secret of this man's power over you? Something more than a wife's fear of a cruel husband. Tell me; it is not too late to save you yet."

"Too late! too late! too late!" cried Amy, wringing her hands. "I have sworn, and I dare not break my oath. His wife? I am no wife! Oh! what am I saying. I must go, Mrs. Sterling—I shall betray myself. I have seen you for a moment—that is all I wanted. Good-by! Good-by!"

She rushed from the room like one insane. Mrs. Sterling followed in a panic of affright.

"Amy! Amy! for God's sake, come back! You will perish in the storm!"

But there was no reply. The little figure had fluttered away into the chill blast, and there was nothing to be seen but the black night, and the ceaseless snow falling, falling!

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A VISIT TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWN.

Oh! home of other days, how changed!
I scarce can recognize
One vestige of thy former self,
For all in ruin lies.

Thy steps have fallen to decay,
The tangled grass among;
And through the archway's broken floor
The tall, rank weeds have sprung.

Each window now, an open space;
Thy doors all left ajar;
Thy fallen roof and crumbling wall,
Among thy ruins are.

In vain the ivy strives to hide
The ravage time has made;
And o'er this pile of ruins spread
Her wreaths that never fade.

I step within with cautious tread,
And startle, half afraid,
To hear the echoes giving back
The sound my steps have made.

The owl within his haunts disturbed,
Sails idly through the room;
Sole tenant of a lonely house,
Companion of its gloom.

What change is here! the friendly hand
Extended years ago,
To bid the wand'rer welcome home,
Lies folded cold and low.

The pleasant looks, the kindly words,
The tears, the smiles of glee;
These links that bind the broken chain—
Have none been left for me?

Ask of the rose, that blooms and fades
In fragrance on its bough
Beside the line of household graves—
Where is that "circle" now?

A broken band, a vanished race,
Whence all but one have fled;
A wreath that has one token left,
When all the rest are dead.

I wander through each vacant room,
And o'er each path alone,
To render tribute once again,
Where all the rest have flown.

MY FIRST-BORN.

BY MRS. SARAH J. STARR.

My child! How sweet that name appears
To lips unused as mine;
How thrilling to my listening ear,
That cherub voice of thine.

Still many a thought mysterious burns
Within my heart and brain;
And still my frequent glance returns,
To gaze on thee again;

And as I gaze on thee, the past,
Present, and future twine;
A tie that binds me still more fast
To every look of thine.

The past, thy father's fondness made
Sweet, hallowed time to me;
The present, can it be but glad,
If blest with him and thee?

The future wraps its dusky veil
O'er what I fain would know;
How, on the sea of life, the gale
Thy fragile barque will blow?

Forward I look with hope awhile,
Then sadden into fear;
Perhaps thy life may be a smile;
Alas! perhaps, a tear.

My child! with love's best treasure fraught,
My first-born and my pride;
To whom I turn in every thought,
With every hope allied.

Sweet be thy slumbers, soft and deep,
While life no sorrow feels;
A mother lulls thine eyes to sleep,
A father's blessing seals.

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CHIPS.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

It had been snowing steadily all day, a real, old-fashioned snow-storm; not in gusts and drifts, but a soft fall of thick flakes, that grew imperceptibly into piles upon the door-steps, and over the eaves of the houses. The omnibuses toiled heavily along, laden with impatient passengers. and here and there a belated pedestrian struggled on, minus umbrella and snow-boots. It was growing dark rapidly; "almost late enough to light the gas-lamps," thought Alan Dunbar, as he turned on his sofa with a weary sigh. He had lain there in the bay window for two hours, and his arm began to ache and burn in a terribly uncomfortable manner.

"My strong, right arm," thought the soldier, sadly, as he shifted the bandages on the helpless stump that lay upon the cushions, "it seems like a hideous dream to reflect that active life is about over for me. I must fall back upon my profession for occupation, I suppose; an idle life would kill me in two years, though how upon earth I can make out a brief, heaven knows! I must learn to write with my left hand, as many a poor fellow has been obliged to do before now. I ought to feel ashamed at my own repining when I remember all the luxuries—— Hallo! What a comical little bundle of humanity it is!"

He had been looking idly out on the street, during his soliloquy, and his eye caught sight of a tiny figure trudging along under the window at that moment. It was a child, and scantily clad, too, with a miserable apology for shoes on its feet; indeed, he could see the poor little red toes sticking out in the snow. She was evidently exhausted, for after standing still for an instant, and gazing longingly at the stone steps, she deliberately sat down on the lowest one. Dunbar looked at her curiously for a moment, and discovered that she was crying bitterly.

"Richard!"

"Sir;" and from a remote corner the well-dressed servant approached his master.

"There is a poor child sitting out on the front steps, who looks as if she were perishing; just go out and call her in."

"Sir;" this time wonderingly.

"Do you hear?" impatiently. "I did not say take her into the kitchen; but bring her up here into this room. I want to speak to her."

The man looked superciliously out of the window at the pauper, and then noiselessly left the room to fulfill the orders he had received.

Col. Dunbar watched him go leisurely down the steps, provided with an umbrella to shield his broadcloth from the storm; and presently he heard the formal tread coming through the hall, with the patter, patter, of childish footsteps. And as the door opened, he turned slightly to look at his little wanderer.

She was the drollest-looking specimen imaginable. In the first place, she was not more than eight years old, and very small for her age—many children of six being taller. Little tangled elf-locks of hair stood out all over her head; they were a sort of reddish brown in color, and might become curls if reduced to any decent order. Then she had great, big, blue eyes, limpid and clear as crystals; but with the keenest, oddest gleam in them, as if they belonged to some head far older than hers, and she had picked them up by accident. They peered at you from under the torn and ragged hood, with an elfish look that was perfectly indescribable; and she came straight over to the sofa where Dunbar lay, without any appearance of shyness, stopping when about three feet from him, and dropping a little bob of a courtesy, but never, for one instant, relaxing her steady gaze. Involuntarily he smiled.

"What upon earth made you sit down in the snow?" asked Dunbar.

"Please, sir—'cause I were tired," said the image.

"Where have you been?" he went on.

"Please, sir—I walked all the way up from Chambers street, 'cause I hadn't no money to ride home."

"Bless me, child! what a walk for such a mite in this weather. Where do you live?"

"Over by Tenth Avenue and Thirtieth street. Please, sir"—for Dunbar gave a whistle of mixed incredulity and dismay, "my hands is *so* cold—might I go by the fire?"

"Poor little thing! of course, you may. Richard, just take off her shoes, and rub her feet before she goes close to the grate. What am I to do with it?" and he gazed at her in comic perplexity. Something in the kindling tone, in the pale, handsome face, touched the child's

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sensibilities; for, after returning his look for an instant, she put both hands up to her face, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Hollo!" said Dunbar. "What's the matter now? Hungry, or sick?"

No answer; but an evident effort to restrain the sobs.

"Richard, just go down into the kitchen and bring up a meal for her, she is sick and worn-out; and ask my mother to come up here for a few moments. Now, little girl," as the servant left the room, "stop crying, and cheer up. You shall not go out in the snow just yet." To his surprise she raised her head, stared at him for a moment, and said abruptly,

"Be you a soldier?"

"Why?" returned he, laughing.

"'Cause—oh! I'm *so* sorry!" a fresh outburst.

"What *do* you mean?" said he, in perplexed despair.

"'Cause—please don't be angry with me for crying; but you've only got one arm!" and slipping down on the hearth-rug, the child looked up at him with two great tears standing on each cheek. Dunbar felt a lump rise in his throat, and his eyes filled as he gazed at the elf. There was something indescribably pathetic in the little wanderer's genuine emotion, and he was more touched than he cared to show.

"Come here, child," and a soft smile lit up his pale face as he held out his hand to her. "I thank you very much for your sympathy; but it's not worth crying about. What's your name?"

"Please, sir—Chips!" with the funny bob of a courtesy, as she gravely put her little brown hand in his white one.

"Chips!" What in the name of all that's curious—— I say, mother, look at this object."

"Well, Alan, dear, you have picked up something original this time," said Mrs. Dunbar, a beautiful, stately woman, with a benevolent smile, like her son's. "My poor little girl, you are dreadfully wet." Chips executed another of her marvelous courtesies, but said nothing.

"Can't you give her some decent clothes?" asked Alan, as his mother took off the saturated shawl, "the poor little soul is almost in rags."

"Have you a mother, or father?" continued Mrs. Dunbar, eyeing the child as she stood before her.

"No, ma'am; I be a foundling, and I live with Mr. and Mrs. Rassy. They take boarders sometimes. He's French, and, oh, ma'am! he's awful cross. He'd beat me some days, only she won't let him."

"What do you have to do?" put in Alan.

"Please, sir—I cook, and sweep, and wash dishes, and take care of the twins——"

"'Hold, enough!' Chips, you frighten me. Cook! verily, just imagine it, mother—an imp of that size performing the duties of a cook! We might try her in that capacity."

Chips' eyes sparkled, as though she thought it was decidedly funny, too.

"Who gave you that extraordinary name?" he went on.

"They gave it to me at the 'sylum, sir, 'cause I were so little. I feel quite dry now, thank you, and I think I'd better be going home. It's getting dark."

"Nonsense!" said Alan. "Mother, that's an original which I shall keep for my menagerie of curiosities. Chips, you must stay here until the end of the storm, at any rate, and then we'll see as to your going back. You're not a bound girl? No; so much the better. Mother mine, transport the waif to the realms below, and let them hasten up dinner. I declare, this has given me an appetite."

His mother bent over and kissed her handsome son. He spoke with his old, bright tone, and looked more pleased and interested about this odd, beggar child, than she had seen him appear for weeks. His least whim was her law always; so she left the room, with Chips in hand, to give directions about his new protege. He bestowed a kindly nod upon the child; and as she got to the door, Chips stood still, and said, with grave propriety,

"Thank you, sir. I am very much obliged to you and this lady;" then rushed in frantic haste after Mrs. Dunbar.

Alan amused himself and his mother with laying various practical and sundry absurd plans, for Chips' benefit, as he lay on his sofa that evening. But, unfortunately, some time was destined to pass before he could put any of them into operation; for in the middle of the night the doctor was hurriedly sent for, and the colonel's arm was found in a state of acute inflammation. For several days anxious faces flitted up and down the stair-cases; and the doctors came and went very often. The arm was discovered not to have been properly treated in the first place, and grave doubts as to the result were to be read on the countenances of the medical men. But his iron constitution triumphed; and on the fifth day Mrs. Dunbar shed tears of thankfulness over the pillow of her only child.

"I say, mother," said Alan, a week or two after, during which period he had mended with great rapidity, "where upon earth is that odd

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child, who rejoices in the extremely euphonious name of Chips? I hope the servants have not starved her these two weeks. Surely, you did not send her off again?" Mrs. Dunbar looked annoyed.

"To tell you the truth, Alan," said she, "I have been expecting your inquiry for several days, and only did *not* send her away because you seem to have an interest in her. The child is dishonest—that's all; not a surprising fact."

Alan raised his eyebrows and whistled softly.

"Pilfering sugar—or are any spoons missing? Poor little wretch, I don't believe it! Her eyes are too clear and frank for that sort of thing."

"Absurd," said his mother, somewhat stately; "the fact is, that in some way, during one of my brief absences from your bedside, the child got in here. Richard discovered her with your desk open, and some of the money in her hand. Ten dollars are gone, he assures me, from the amount which he saw you place there, and, of course, I presume she took it, as I consider Richard a trusty servant. The strangest part of it is, that we cannot find a trace of the money. What upon earth she could have done with it I can't imagine. And the child persists in denying the whole affair; cries the whole time, and begs to see 'the gentleman.' In short, my dear boy, it's very troublesome, and I only waited to ask your opinion before sending her away."

"I should like to hear her story first, mother," he said, after thinking a moment. "Suppose you send for her, and then leave me alone with her. If there's anything for her to confess, I think I can find it out."

Mrs. Dunbar looked rather incredulous, but went away, as he desired, when Chips entered. Alan scanned the child from head to foot as she walked over to his sofa. She was neatly dressed, and the elf-locks had transformed themselves into curls; but her eyes were swollen, as if with excessive weeping, and she looked up in his face with a pitiful expression that was very appealing.

"Come here, Chips," said he, gently, raising himself on the sofa, and stretching out his hand, "I want to hear all about it."

The child's features worked painfully, and with a gasp she flung herself down at his feet.

"Oh! I didn't, I didn't do it; indeed, dear sir, I never touched the money. You, that was so kind, so handsome—and a sick soldier, too! I *never* took it! Oh! please, sir, do believe me!"

Sob after sob poured forth with a violence that was extraordinary in so young a child; and she kissed his hand again and again, as she clung to it, with that odd mixture of love and reverence in her queer, old-woman's ways.

"Hush!" said Alan, soothingly; "hold up your head, Chips. I shall not condemn you until I have heard your story. Tell the truth, no matter whether you're afraid or not. I believe you are an honest little girl."

A faint smile came on her face, and she tried to stop crying.

"You see, sir, I was *so* sorry you were sick again, and the servants said you would never get well. One night I sat down in the dark, near your door, and cried, 'cause I was afraid you'd die. I sat there ever so long in the dark, and I s'pose I must have gone to sleep, 'cause when I woke up the gas was turned down very low in the hall. As I were rubbing my eyes, your door opened softly, and Richard came out. He didn't see me at all, for he turned to go up the hall instead of down, and when he got under the gas he stopped, and looked at something he had all crumpled up in his hand. 'Only a ten,' says he, half out loud, 'I thought it were a twenty;' and then he went up stairs. Your door was left open, just a little crack—and, oh! *do* forgive me! but I wanted to look at you so bad that I pushed it open far enough to see if any one else were in the room. You were all alone, and fast asleep, and I stole in on my tiptoes, so's not to wake you up. After I'd looked at you for a minute, I felt as if I should cry out loud, so I crept off a little ways—there, by the table The first thing I saw there was a heap of money, in a little box drawer that stood a little open. Oh, sir! I'd never seen so much money before—bills and gold dollars too. I was real wicked; I thought, 'he'll never know, and I can just take one, and it'll buy me a new pair o' shoes, and some warm stockings, too, maybe;' so I pulled it open a little more, and I took one up in my hand, and looked at it, and it shone real bright in my eyes. But just at that very minute I thought about the young lady—the nice, sweet, pretty young lady, that has our upper front room. She's been trying to teach me to read, sir; and one day she says to me, 'Chips, you mustn't never take things that doesn't belong to you; remember, dear, that God sees you always!' She said it so sober, like, and looked right down in my heart with her soft, bright eyes. So, while I stood with the money in my hand, I thought I heard her say, ever so softly, in my ear, 'Chips, never take things that ain't yours;' and, oh! then the money seemed to burn my fingers, and I put it right down on the pile again. But the very queerest thing was, that when I put the money back, a card, like, fell down on the floor out of the drawer; and there, as I picked it up in my

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hand, was just the bu-ti-fullest picture of Miss Leslie herself——"

"My God!" Alan gasped for breath, and grew deadly white as he fell back on the pillows. Chips gave a frightened scream, and clambered on the sofa. He made a desperate effort to control himself.

"It's nothing," said he, faintly. "There!" raising himself with a smile; "don't be frightened, my child—only go on! Miss Leslie—what?" Chips' eyes brightened, and she drew a long breath.

"Please, sir—Miss Leslie Kingsland—do you know her?"

"Know her! Found at last! My queen, my darling! Chips," with an involuntary laugh at his own outburst, and the child's bewildered face, "I'm not crazy quite yet, though you might be pardoned for thinking so. Go on with your story—I can wait a little longer!" This last sentence was *sotto voce*, and confidentially communicated to the pillows.

"That's all! only Richard came in, as I was standing there, crying, with Miss Leslie's picture, and he snatched it away out of my hand, very red and angry, and dragged me out of the room in an awful hurry. And next day he told Mrs. Dunbar that I'd took ten dollars out of the drawer. Oh! I never did! Won't you forgive me for being so wicked as to touch the gold? I did, truly, put it right back—all because of pretty Miss Leslie—before I saw her picture. Don't put me in jail! I'll work for you day and night, 'cause—'cause—I love you!" And down went Chips in floods of tears at his feet again.

It might have been because of his extreme weakness, or, perhaps, sympathy for poor Chips' utter despair; but, certainly, tears fell through Alan's clasped fingers on her head.

"Look up here, Chips," he said, ever so tenderly, laying his hand on her shoulder, "it's all right—be comforted! I have no doubt you have told the truth; and you were a good child to struggle with the temptation. Your accuser I will attend to." Then, after a pause, during which he felt as if he could hear his own heart beat; "Chips, I want to hear more about Miss Kingsland. She used to know me once."

"Did she?" and Chips' eyes danced. "Ain't she pretty? But she's got thin and pale, this winter, and has a cough, you know. She lives in our room, with her lame brother, Freddy; he's about twelve, I s'pose; and she works for the tailors, you see. I'd been down there to tell 'em (the tailor folks) that Miss Leslie 'd bring the vests next day—that night when you saw me out in the snow. Please, sir, I'd like to go back and see Miss Leslie, if I might come here again after. Can I go some day, soon?"

But Alan's thoughts were far, far distant; and it was some moments before Chips got her answer. He was thinking of the beautiful, costly home in Baltimore, that he knew before the war began, and of Leslie Kingsland, proudest and fairest of Baltimore belles, when he met her first. Of the sad, sad changes that the war had wrought in the Kingsland fortunes; how the proud old father tried to weather the financial storm and failed—reduced in one blow from wealth to absolute penury. How the Kingslands had totally disappeared from their former circle, and how widely and vainly he had searched for trace of Leslie when he came back from the front, on leave, a year ago. Leslie—beautiful, petted Leslie—whom he never yet dared tell how fondly he adored her—reduced to this. Thank God! he could rescue her from such a lot! He hardly regretted his arm now; Leslie was such a staunch patriot, and, perhaps, its loss would make her—— Never mind! And Chips, the little clue by which his hand had found his lost love, with a start he woke from his abstraction, and spoke.

"Chips, verily you were an angel in disguise! Yes, you shall go and see Miss Leslie; perhaps, to-morrow, if I'm well enough to drive—for I mean to go with you. Run along, you elf, and send my mother to me. And, d'ye hear? no more tears, Chips!"

"Mother mine, are you ready to welcome a daughter?" was his mischievous greeting to Mrs. Dunbar; "for I have serious thoughts of sending Chips to be educated, and marrying her when she grows up!"

"What's the matter now?" said she, resignedly.

"Only I've found her! My lost pearl! my lovely Leslie Kingsland! Better than all your army of surgeons, *madre mia!* I shall invest Chips with a medical degree instanter. Get on a fine dress to-morrow, for I fully intend bringing Leslie home, if mortal man can do it." This, and much more nonsense, was all that poor Mrs. Dunbar could get out of him for a good half-hour, until she playfully threatened him with a strait-jacket, and a dose of physic, when he concluded to be rational, and told her the whole story. And his mother, entering, as usual, into her boy's happiness, promised to give the fair unknown a loving welcome.

The sun that streamed so brightly into Alan's bay-window, shone on a very different scene the next morning. A few bright tears fell from

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Leslie Kingsland's eyes over her coarse work, as she looked around the scantily-furnished room; and she shivered, and moved an inch or two nearer the very small fire. It was a bitter cold day; and unless those vests were finished and taken home to-night, she knew that there was no more fuel to be obtained—for she was literally without a cent. She might sell the canary-bird, but then——

"Leslie!" said the invalid boy, from the bed, "I really think I have achieved a basket that will hold together. Look!" triumphantly. "I reckon you might get 'em to buy that at one of the fancy stores, maybe, round in Sixth Avenue." Leslie essayed a smile.

"It's very pretty, Freddy, dear; I only wish I could make the people pay its real value in my eyes. There are a few of my water-colors left, if I only had time to go to a place where there's a chance of selling such things; but I must finish these vests, at any rate. If I only had Chips to send out. How we miss her, Freddy; I really believe the child ran away, for those people down stairs are not good to her, you know, poor thing! My dear boy, you are working too hard; put up the baskets now, and let me get you a book."

"I've read 'em all, sis," said he. "I say, haven't you got a drawer of your things you'd let me 'fix?'" His sister smiled; the sad, wistful smile again.

"Not many things left to fix, Freddy, dear! Do you know I was actually meditating the pawning of Dicky; but I have thought of something else."

"What?" asked Freddy, with a relieved face. To part with Dicky would be a blow, indeed to him.

"A little trumpery locket that I ought to have thought of long ago," said she, trying to speak lightly. Deceitful Leslie! Was it "trumpery" to *you?* And if so, why did you stand looking lovingly at it with your back studiously turned to Freddy? Had she not begged it away from Alan Dunbar, in the bright days of wealth and happiness, with a laugh and jest that never told him how it would be cherished long after with loving tears.

"So you've kept that locket all this time, Leslie?" said a manly voice over her shoulder. She looked up with a sudden cry. One rapturous glance took in Alan's dear, handsome face, his uniform, and his empty sleeve; and with the sigh of a weary child, Leslie laid her head on his breast.

"I knew you would come at last, dear," was all she said.

"Oh! good Lord!" ejaculated Freddy, opening his eyes very wide at the tableau.

"Hurrah, Freddy! I've got back; and we're just going to have bully times!" quoth Chips, making a rush of frantic delight at the boy.

I regret to say, that the calm fortitude for which Leslie had always been distinguished, deserted her entirely for some moments—and she cried, and laughed, and felt generally hysterical; while Alan tried to explain in a few words, what in reality took him days after to relate to his satisfaction. Leslie knew her troubles were over from the first moment her eyes rested on the soldier's face, and resigned herself with perfect contentment to the prospect of happiness, and the "taking good care of Freddy," which Alan held out to her as inducements to become Mrs. Dunbar. As if he could not see, foolish fellow! that the fact of seeing him, of hearing his voice, and knowing that he had loved her all this time, was all that Leslie could comprehend just yet. And nothing would content Alan but an immediate transportation of the entire company to his home; and when he began to shiver with cold and excitement, and to plead his recent illness, and his want of a nurse, Leslie yielded without a protest.

"I don't quite understand about Chips," began Leslie, after they had bade adieu to the Rassy mansion, and were comfortably packed in the Dunbar carriage. How like a dream it seemed to her, to be rolling along on the soft cushions, with her hand clasped in Alan's, and Freddy, Chips, and the canary-bird, snugly upon the front seat.

"It's all because of you, ma'am," said Chips, lucidly. "And Richard's to go away, but not to jail, 'cause I begged Col. Dunbar not to send him there—he were real sorry, I do believe, for stealing the money. And please, Miss Leslie, I'll try and remember, after this, that 'God sees me always!'"

Alan stooped over, and to Chip's infinite surprise and delight, kissed the child.

"Yes, Leslie, darling," he said, "it's a clear case of 'casting bread upon the waters' for you and me. You sowed the seed of good in the first place; and I, from some unaccountable eccentric impulse, lazily took compassion upon the little snow-bound waif on our door-steps. The mouse and the lion fable again, dear, for her little hand guided me to my lost pearl; and once found, there's no danger of another search for you. Love and I have triumphed at last!"

But Leslie's only answer was a burst of tears, every one of which bore its rainbow of heart-sunshine!

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CLIFFORD VANCE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

In the dense fog of the previous night a brig had come ashore, and there she lay in the morning light, with her bow thrust up on the sands, and the surf, that had not yet quieted itself after the stormy weather of the past days, beating against her stern with a hoarse murmur, as if angry that its violence seemed to have no more effect upon the stout timbers.

Somebody brought the news into the party at the Nest, while they were seated at the breakfast-table. I said somebody, but it was no less personage than Clifford Vance; and he was, as you may remember, little accustomed to being spoken of in that careless and general way.

There was quite a large party gathered about the table; for pretty Mrs. Harrington, the mistress of the mansion, never could support the dullness of Long Island sands without the companionship of plenty of men to admire her, and a few women to envy and abuse her; at least, that last is what she would have said, for she liked to think that those of her sex less favored, in the way of personal attractions and masculine attentions, did forfeit their right to two of the supplications in the Litany where she was concerned.

Everybody was somewhat dull that morning; so it was a relief to all concerned, whether they liked him or not, when Clifford Vance made his entrance rather unceremoniously into the breakfast-room.

"Have you been up all night, or are you walking in your sleep?" demanded Mrs. Harrington, after the first salutations.

"Neither," said Clifford; "I appear in the character of a public benefactor."

"First appearance in that part!" exclaimed three men at once, in their eagerness to get off the worn-out joke.

"I knew they would say that," said Clifford, languidly, apostrophizing the company in general.

"I should as soon have expected you to turn missionary," laughed Mrs. Harrington. "But sit down here, and let me give you a cup of coffee to support you while you reveal the mystery and make good your claims."

"I come to announce an excitement," returned he. "Could I make a better claim?"

"Certainly not."

"What is it?" questioned several voices.

"There's a wreck up the beach."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrington; and all the men began to ask questions, and nobody waited for answers, after the usual habit of impatient human nature.

"We must go and see it," Mrs. Harrington said. "Virginia, do you hear? Please to look up from that tiresome letter! Somebody take it away from her, do! Virginia Southwell, there's a wreck on the sands, and you are to make a sketch of it."

Miss Southwell folded her letter, put it by her plate, and answered quietly,

"To hear is to obey, I suppose. Is it really a wreck, Mr. Vance?"

"It is very heartless of you to spoil my attempt at a sensation by being so matter-of-fact," he answered; "and I don't pretend to be as truthful as Gen. Washington. But, at least, a brig came ashore last night in the fog, and will, very probably, go to pieces before they get her off."

"And there was nobody drowned—no danger?" asked Mrs. Harrington.

"I am sorry for your disappointment; but I believe nobody was hurt. I have been down already, and found the men as jolly as crows. Oh, yes! one fellow got his thumb mashed; so you can play the good Samaritan on a small scale."

"No matter; a wreck is a wreck," Mrs. Harrington said; then added pensively, "At least, it might have been a West Indian thing."

"Sorry; but it is only loaded with coal."

"Anyway, we must go to see it."

"It will look quite picturesque at night," Vance said, "so we will wait till then."

"And how are we to exist in the meantime?" demanded Mrs. Harrington. "Everybody has grown so stupid! I declare solemnly, I never saw such a set of people; and you are getting just as bad as the rest, Clifford Vance—isn't he, Virginia?"

"As far as the stupidity goes, I am not prepared to judge; in the matter of badness, I thought Mr. Vance was always pre-eminent," returned she, carelessly.

"Good, good!" pronounced the masculines, and laughed like the idiots they were.

"She has not forgiven you for your slighting

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remarks about the patriarchs last night," said Mrs. Harrington.

Vance was looking full at Miss Southwell, smiling and perfectly at ease; but as she glanced toward him, something in his eyes—and they were great, honest, mournful eyes, in spite of his reputation—made her sorry for her words.

"One would suppose I had perpetrated a *bon mot*, instead of a simple stupidity," said she, with a contemptuous little wave of her hand toward the giggling men, which silenced them.

"Now don't retract," cried Mrs. Harrington. "Shall she, Clifford?"

"Naturally, I am flattered at Miss Southwell's taking the trouble to think enough about me to have any opinion at all," he replied, in a lazy voice; and looking at her, he perceived that he had, at least, succeeded in vexing her by his words and manner. At least, that was an improvement on the indifference with which she had treated him during the week their acquaintance had lasted.

Then there was a general rising from the table; the people sauntered out on the piazza; the men lighted their segars; and the young girls became clamorous for croquet. Mrs. Harrington lingered in the breakfast-room to give certain orders; and Clifford Vance took that opportunity to go up to Miss Southwell, as she stood leaning against a pillar, idly twisting her letter in her slender, nervous hands.

"So you think me bad?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes," she answered; "and I fear the most hopeless part of the matter is, that you pride yourself on it."

"I think not," he said, musingly; "I am sure not! Just now, Miss Southwell, I would give a great deal to be good."

His voice was so different from its ordinary tone, the whole expression of his face so changed, that she looked at him in surprise.

"The only way is to try, then help comes," she said, quickly.

"Does it?" he asked, wonderingly.

Up floated Mrs. Harrington in the full flow of her brilliant spirits; and Miss Southwell turned away to answer a question one of the children was asking, and did not notice how Clifford Vance's eyes followed her, all the while he kept up that interchange of laughing badinage with their hostess.

Sometimes so slight a thing makes the beginning of a real acquaintance; those brief words had placed Clifford Vance on a very different footing with Miss Southwell from that which he had occupied before.

She had come down to that quiet place greatly prejudiced against the man, though she had never known him. I always used to say Clifford Vance was the best abused person of my acquaintance; and Miss Southwell was not a woman to forgive what she believed his vices, as the world forgave, because he was rich, handsome, and brilliant.

She had come down there very unwillingly, for she neither approved of Grace Harrington, or the set of people that made up her intimates; but Grace was the niece of Miss Southwell's step-mother, and the sort of connection made occasional intercourse an absolute necessity. Once within the spell of Mrs. Harrington's society, it was impossible to resist her fascinations; and Virginia could not help being charmed, like less rigid folk, however much there might be in words and conduct of which she disapproved, when she thought them over beyond the reach of the pretty creature's influence.

So she had come down to the Nest, as Mrs. Harrington called her cottage, and found Clifford Vance staying with his invalid uncle at the very next house, and as much at home with Grace and her set as if he had been domesticated in the dwelling.

Miss Southwell had not avoided him, she had done what was much more aggravating; as nearly as possible ignoring him in the magnificent way she could do such things, treating him with a supreme indifference, which must have been a joyful spectacle for all the other masculines to witness.

Of course, that very treatment caused Clifford Vance to observe her closely. He had made up his mind before that she would be an unpleasant young female to have about, because he had heard so much of her genius; the wonderful little poems she could write and set to music after; the pictures she painted; and then her conversation, her charities, her dignity, and high-bred manners—a bead roll of virtues so long that it was no wonder he took the trouble of hating her before she came.

And he found her entirely different from the ideal that he had formed. No airs, no graces, cold enough to him, but natural as a child with people whom she liked; and her greatest peculiarity seemed to be an odd habit of telling the truth upon all occasions, in a straightforward way, that often amused Clifford immensely.

He discovered that she had wonderful eyes, and a heavenly mouth when she smiled, which was not so often as one could have wished, and a great quantity of beautiful brown hair; hands and feet perfect—the sort of woman on whom

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nature seems to have bestowed more time and pains than she does on a dozen ordinary beauties.

So the week had gone by, perhaps a day or two beyond; and until the morning on which I brought these people before you, Clifford Vance could not flatter himself that he had made the slightest progress toward an acquaintance with Miss Southwell.

That evening they all drove down to the beach through the glory of the moonlight, and saw a very pretty picture indeed; the dark brig, with the surf beating against the stern; the tent, which the men had pitched on shore, with a bright fire burning in front; overhead, the cloudless sky, bending away off till it seemed to meet the waters in a long line of dazzling light.

Mrs. Harrington did not ordinarily give Vance much leisure to talk to anybody besides herself; but this evening she was a good deal occupied with a new man that somebody had presented to her; so Vance had a little opportunity to follow his own devices.

He went in search of Miss Southwell, and found her standing alone on one of the sand hills, looking out over the sea, with her great eyes aglow, and her whole face lighted up as it could kindle and grow beautiful in moments of excitement or enthusiasm.

So wise Clifford, reading her mood, was able to begin a conversation that did not jar upon her thoughts, and finally led the talk back to the subject of the morning; and they stood there a long time conversing in a way which Miss Southwell would not have believed possible even the previous evening.

She had no time to wonder until she was back in her room, and alone for the night; then she did take herself to task, and tried to recall her strong prejudices against this man, and found that the keenness of their edge was somewhat worn off.

That was the beginning, and I have no time to give you details concerning the ten days which followed; but before they were over, Mrs. Harrington was furious to discover that the man with whom she had elected to flirt desperately that summer, had grown singularly insensible to her witcheries; and Clifford Vance learned that a new era in his life had dawned—he loved Virginia Southwell.

He had no mind to tell her so. He knew how hopeless it would be then, probably equally so at any future time—but he loved her, and acknowledged it to himself; and then there began, in his mind, the regret and remorse which must overtake a man who has led a wild, reckless life, when he finds that his whole soul has at last gone out in a pure love, which makes him long to be worthy of its object.

He had no mind to tell her, but he did so only the night before he was obliged to go away.

They had driven down to see the wreck for the last time—a misty, damp evening, with the moon giving a flickering, uncertain light, and the surf moaning dismally against the sands, like the wail of human suffering.

After the party returned, Vance and Miss Southwell walked up and down the long veranda, talking freely, as they had fallen into the habit of doing, and—how it came about he never could have told—the secret which had lain during that brief dream-season in his soul, swelled up to his lips and would be uttered.

"I am not offering you my love," he said, "do not be afraid of that! I will not even offend you by saying that I love you—but this much you cannot be angry to hear."

"I am not angry," she answered; "I am surprised—grieved. I did not think of this."

"I know you did not," he said; "perhaps I am presuming on your kindness in speaking at all; but the feeling was stronger than my will! I could not go away without telling you all that you are to me."

'It is so short a time—I hope you are self-deceived," she said, brokenly.

"Do not hope that," he answered, in the low, pathetic voice of real feeling. "Thank God for it as I do—it will make me a better man. I have not attempted to deceive you; I have not tried to gloss over my past follies and sins; but weak and wicked as I have been, I think you cannot be angry at my saying that knowing you has made me bitterly repent, made me long to atone."

"I have not judged you harshly," she said. "I will not deny that I was prejudiced against you; but I may say this much, my friendship is yours, if you will have it."

"Gladly. God bless you!"

She let him take her hand for an instant, then she turned to enter the house.

"Not yet," he pleaded, "give me a moment more. Perhaps in this world you and I will never walk thus again."

She took his arm once more, and they walked slowly up and down in the dim light, while the merry tunes of a waltz, that Mrs. Harrington was playing, rang out from the parlors; and up from the distance came the low, hoarse moan of the sea, mingling strangely enough with the gay melody

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He kept nothing back from her; he did not seek to palliate his errors, and he was very manly through it all; not one touch of theatre, or false sentiment, which would have jarred so quickly on her keen perceptions.

"I shall not see you for a long time, perhaps," he said at last; "it is better that I am obliged to go away."

"But you must remember always that I think of you kindly and pleasantly," she answered.

He tried to restrain himself, but he could not keep back the words,

"Nothing more?"

Her lips quivered, and he saw her grow pale in her trouble at giving him pain.

"You must recollect how short the time has been," she said.

"It has seemed very long to me, I have lived so much in it! But if there had been more time—don't be afraid of distressing me; if you had had opportunity to——"

"Always your friend," she interrupted, in a low voice. "I could never promise anything more."

He let her go, then; he was much more composed than she; for when she began to say, in a trembling voice, that she trusted, at least, she had done him no harm, that he would acquit her of intentional wrong, he checked her with a weary, painful smile, which hurt her more keenly than the bitterest reproaches could have done.

"You have been a blessing to me," he said, "always remember that. I thank you."

She went softly away, too much troubled and confused to know what to say more; and Clifford Vance wandered out into the night, with the dull moan of the sea booming in his ears, like the echo of the mad pain that tore so fiercely at the inmost chords of his passionate, undisciplined heart.

In the hall Miss Southwell met Mrs. Harrington; but she passed with a brief answer to some question from her hostess, and went on up to her chamber.

When the next day came, and she knew that he was actually gone—by this time even started on his southern journey, to be absent for long months—a strange revulsion of feeling came over her.

She began to think that she had been cruel to let him go so coldly and carelessly; the time that she had known him looked so much longer in recalling it, and she seemed to know and understand him so much more thoroughly, and to see clearly that his errors and sins had been those of reckless youth, that there was still hope of amendment, and great capabilities in his earnest, impulsive nature.

Virginia Southwell was a very proud woman; she had always been called, and had believed herself a cold one, because no strong feeling had ever touched her heart. She found a great change in herself; and when another day and night had gone, and she forced herself to stand and look her soul in the face, she discovered that this man had grown to be more to her than any other had ever been. It was not that she told herself she loved him—but she missed him, and was sorry that she had let him go so utterly without hope.

She sat down at last and wrote him a brief letter—a frank, honest letter, such as few women would have had sufficient nobility of soul to write; yet, as far as words went, it was only an assurance of her friendship, and a desire to see him again, if possible, much sooner than he had intended to return.

That was all, as far as words went; but when she read it over, she saw that through the whole breathed something beyond what was written—the man would have a right to think that she had held out a hope.

Alone in her room, she felt the color come and go in her cheeks, and her hands trembled nervously; but she would not retract—she was not ashamed. Her shaking fingers folded up the sheet hastily, and thrust it into an envelope, and the letter was sent off without her giving herself more leisure to reflect.

The letter was gone, but Grace Harrington chanced to see it in the hands of the servant; and with a curiosity which was one of her great failings, she read the superscription, and the anger that had been smouldering in her mind for some time past flamed up at once.

She had drawn Clifford Vance into as serious a flirtation as she could manage to bring about. She was given to such flirtations; and as her husband never complained, of course, nobody else had the right; and, to tell the whole truth, that you may not think her worse than she really was, her tendernesses never went beyond idle talk, in spite of all the gossip about her.

But she was furious with Vance; he had rebelled against being the slave of her caprices; had not exhibited himself so freely, bound to the wheels of her triumphal chariot as she desired; and, to complete the heinousness of the offence, from the time Virginia Southwell dawned upon the horizon, he had neither eyes or ears, except for her.

So the pretty enchantress was horribly enraged at her failure, and longed to punish Vance and

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Virginia, too, for that matter; since it was evident from this letter that she had taken the liberty to interfere with one of Mrs. Harrington's victims.

It was not a deep-laid plot on the little Circe's part—she was not clever enough, or wicked enough for that; but she was very angry, and something outrageously spiteful she must do.

Up stairs she went, knocked at Virginia's door, and peeped into the room.

"How quiet and comfortable you look," she said; "I am coming in to rest. Oh! how tired I am of all those odious wretches down stairs!"

So she curled herself up on a footstool at Virginia's feet, and leaned her graceful head against Virginia's knee, and talked the pretty, amusing nonsense in which she excelled, interspersing her sarcasm about other people with neatly-expressed phrases of affection for Miss Southwell herself.

At last she got to Clifford Vance, and she became more angry than ever, because she could not make Virginia express her sentiments freely in regard to him; and before she knew it, or really meant it, she had entangled herself in the web of a very false romance; then to excuse herself she had to libel him still more.

"I never knew so bad a man," she said. "Oh, Virgy, I know I flirt, and say a thousand things I ought not; but never before did any man think wrong of me, or dared to speak a word that—that——"

She put her hands before her eyes, shivered a little, sobbed a little, and did it all very prettily; and Virginia Southwell began to believe her, and to feel a storm of wrath rising in her soul.

"Do you mean that Mr. Vance forgot the courtesy due you as a married woman?" she asked, sternly.

"Only that once—just the day before he went. Oh, Virgy! I was so frightened, so ashamed, so angry!"

"What did he say?" demanded her friend's severe voice.

"Oh! don't speak to me like that! Indeed, I don't deserve it; you know I never meant any harm!"

"I am not blaming you; only I hope this may be a warning. Tell me what Mr. Vance said?"

"It was that afternoon, while he and I were in the garden. Oh, Virgy!"

Then, in great haste, she wove a rather incoherent little melodrama. The amount of it was, Vance had gone on his knees, and cried out to her to have pity, for he loved her.

"He swore that he meant to kill himself, Virgy! At first I was frightened; then I got angry, and gave him a bit of my mind, and got up and ran into the house. That was the real reason he went away. I had threatened to tell my husband."

It was, unfortunately, in keeping with stories of Clifford Vance's past. Moreover, it never occurred to Miss Southwell, that any married woman would falsely accuse a man of having made love to her, when the fact that he dared do so, showed that at least she must have been rash and imprudent.

Grace sobbed, and made Virginia promise to love her, and be her good friend and guardian angel always, and help her to keep out of scrapes; and Miss Southwell believed in her penitence, and liked her better than she had ever before done.

"I know you never liked him, or I would not have told you, dear," Grace said, anxious, if possible, to find out on what terms Vance stood with her. "He is nothing to you?"

"Nothing," replied Miss Southwell, with quiet scorn; "he is too utterly indifferent to me even for contempt!"

She got rid of Grace as quickly as possible, and went down to see if she could recover her letter—it was already gone. While her anger and humiliation were hottest in her mind, she wrote a brief note, and sent it after her epistle.

"In my letter of this morning I promised to be your friend—I asked you to come back. I have learned that the man I believed you, does not exist. I have neither anger or contempt to bestow—you have passed out of my life forever; and remember that neither explanation or entreaty can change my resolve. If, by any chance, you should read this before you do my letter, at least have sufficient right feeling either to burn that, or send it back with the seal unbroken."

And it so happened that both missives reached Clifford Vance at the same time, and he chanced to open the note first.

What he felt, what he suffered, only the angels who watched and pitied his pain, would ever know.

In due course Virginia Southwell received this brief message.

"I did not read your letter. Be quite at rest, I shall never trouble you again in this world."

At first those words seemed to her a tacit confession of his guilt. She said to herself that he perceived by her note she had learned his treachery, and dared not deny it; and she warred against herself terribly for her blindness, her stupidity, in being for a time deceived by his specious words, and plausible manner.

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The months went by—winter passed, spring came and deepened into summer, and in turn the summer gave place to gorgeous autumn.

In spite of her faith in him being ruined, Virginia Southwell had never been able to blot Clifford's memory so utterly from her mind as she had resolved, and had believed would be easy to do.

Life never had been just the same—the freshness had worn off it; and though she never allowed herself to think how it had gone, she was forced to admit that it was lost. She was angry with herself because she could not put this man out of her thoughts; could not help recalling words and looks; comparing him with other men, and thinking how much better, and more generous he showed. Sometimes, though she believed Grace's story, she caught herself wondering if some explanation from him might not have been possible—if she had not written in too harsh, nay, even an unwomanly manner. Then she would rave against herself for her idiocy, in thinking such things; despise herself heartily; resume her *role* of resolutely forgetting him; and just when she fancied that she had succeeded, some passage in a book, some expression in a stranger—anything, nothing—would recall his image, and all her work would have to be done afresh.

She refused to visit Mrs. Harrington that summer—the woman had grown positively distasteful to her; but when autumn came, she received such pleading messages that she could not refuse to go.

Grace was down in her country retreat, and so ill, that she could not be moved; if darling Virgy had any love or pity for her she would come.

Virginia went, and found Grace exceedingly ill, and as it was the first time such discipline had befallen her, she was terribly frightened. Virginia nursed her for two weeks; and while she was at the worst, and mortally afraid of dying, Grace concluded she might better renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, and absolutely made open confession that she had exaggerated about Clifford Vance. Come to get at the bottom of the story, which Miss Southwell did at last, it appeared that he had gone on his knees, at her command, to button her glove, and the protestations she had told of had been the merest sentimental nonsense, which it was evident she had forced him to speak.

Virginia wasted no words—the creature was too ill then to be scolded; and after she began to get well, Miss Southwell preferred to let the matter drop into the oblivion to which Grace consigned it with a grace and ease that few women would have been able to display under the circumstances.

Mrs. Harrington was nearly recovered at last, and was able to return to town, the doctors said. She had worked herself up into such dreadful nervous excitements whenever Virginia talked of leaving her, that it had been impossible to do so; and, after all, the foolish little moth was not worth being angry with.

But, ah! in the solitude of her chamber—in every lonely moment, how Clifford Vance's image came back to the proud girl; and she was forced to admit to herself that life could never be what it might have been had she believed in him—had she even shown him ordinary justice. For she was powerless now; he would never come near her, and she could not send for him—she was a woman. She dared not even trust herself to write and ask his forgiveness, lest she should betray her secret. Before now he might have cast her from his thoughts—might love another; she could die, but she could not expose herself to such humiliation.

It was the evening before they were to go up to town, and Virginia walked down to the beach for a last look at the sea, whose ceaseless murmur had grown to sound in her ears like the requiem of all that was bright in her youth.

It had been windy all day; but as the sun set, instead of decreasing, it grew more violent, and presaged a tempestuous night.

Virginia stood there and saw the sun go down, a great, red, angry ball, and the gorgeous clouds floated up like triumphal banners: the wind surged by with a louder shriek, and the breakers dashed upon the shore with frantic violence.

Two or three old fishermen were near securing their skiffs, and watching the approach of the storm. Virginia's attention was suddenly attracted by their words. She looked in the direction to which they were pointing, and saw a sail-boat rounding the point, and could just distinguish that there was but a single occupant in it.

The frail barque was being tossed to and fro like a bubble. While they gazed, they saw the man haul down the sail and take to his oars, and a cry of dismay and commiseration went up.

"Oh! can't you help him?" exclaimed Virginia, turning to the men.

They shook their heads sadly.

"We should only lose our own lives, Miss," said the oldest of the group. "Only God

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Almighty, in his mercy, can help the poor fellow now!"

"But he may get in. See how he pulls! Oh, that wind! if it would only stop!"

"He may—it's a chance! The boat is being blown in shore fast enough; but it may go bottom side up any minute, and no mortal could live among them breakers."

They stood there almost in silence, watching the agonizing scene, and were utterly helpless—and there is no more horrible pain than that in all this life's round of tortures.

It was very brief! On swept the boat, dashed from one breaker to another: now seemingly almost perpendicular in the air, then settling back, while a fresh wave would fairly submerge it for an instant.

The doomed man had laid down his oars. He was near enough now so that they could see he was sitting quite still in the bottom of the boat. Once they saw him put his hands before his face; they knew that he was praying, and a simultaneous supplication went up from the white lips of those who watched.

It was a terrible sight, even to the men inured to scenes of danger and death; but it seemed to Virginia Southwell that she must go mad if she could not do something; must plunge into the water—as if her weakness could avail; could not stand there and watch a human being flung on to death before her very eyes.

Nearer and nearer the boat was dashed; louder shrieked the wind; fiercer and whiter rolled the breakers; and there the group stood, with strained eyes and hushed breath, watching—watching.

Another blast—a madder wave seized the boat on its upward heave, bore it high in air, and dashed it down, down. When it righted itself the man had disappeared.

A second's horrible stillness; a cry from every lip, "There! There!"

They had seen him—he was very near the shore; the next breaker would dash him almost on the sand. In silence the fishermen made their arrangements; two of the strongest, with long ropes tied about their waists, waded out into the surf.

Again Virginia saw the hapless wretch dashed forward; saw the fishermen spring toward him; was conscious that they had caught him—were bringing him in. She heard the acclamations from the men; she could not speak—could not support herself longer. She sank on the sand, perfectly in possession of her senses, but too weak to move.

She saw them bringing the motionless body up the beach; they came close to her on the way to the bathing-houses. The man's head lay over the shoulder of one of his supporters—his hat was off; the wind swept back the masses of wet hair, and Virginia looked full in the face of Clifford Vance—and it was the face of one dead.

She let them go—she could neither cry out or faint. She sat there alone on the sands, rigid, cold, trying to pray, trying to realize what had happened—to move, to feel; anything to break that horrible numbness and rigidity which was creeping over her.

She could not tell if she had sat there moments or hours; it seemed to her as if she had been suddenly flung out of time into the pulseless hush of eternity. She could only feel that he was dead—dead! and she could never hear him say that he forgave her!

She was roused by one of the men; she heard him whisper,

"We've done all we can; we'll get him up on the cart—it's Mr. Vance."

And Virginia's white lips parted to whisper only, "Is he dead!"

"There's no sign of life—we've tried brandy. We'll get him to the house. These were in his vest pocket. Just please take 'em, Miss."

She sat still and saw the cart drive off with its burden wrapped in a blanket. She could not move yet—as well wait there as anywhere; he was dead; she never could hear him say he forgave her.

She glanced down at the packet, wrapped in a handkerchief, which the man had laid by her; took it up with a great effort; saw a wet pocket-book; and a small, thin, metallic case. Without being conscious of what she was doing, she unscrewed the top of the case. Within was a paper. She drew it out, and saw the letter she had written—the letter with its seal unbroken.

All her life after, Virginia Southwell knew that she had passed through worse than the tortures of death, as she kept her vigil by the lonely sea-shore; but it was all strangely indistinct, in spite of its agony.

When she became really conscious, she found herself on the road home, near the gate of the house to which Vance had been carried. She stopped, went up the path, entered the hall—she must see his face once more; perhaps after that she could go mad, or die.

Just then one of the servants came into the passage; she recognized Virginia, and began to wring her hands and sob.

"They say he must have thought he'd sail over from Thompson's Point," she moaned; "he used to often. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

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Virginia could not ask any questions; she know that he was dead.

She went down the hall, opened the door, and passed into the dining-room. There was a group of people gathered about the half-undressed form that lay on the sofa. In the same blind fashion Virginia pushed her way among them and stood close by the couch; and as she did so, Clifford Vance opened his eyes, and with the first returning consciousness of life he recognized her, and tried to touch her hand.

Hours after, when he was out of danger, in bed, and had slept, he could remember and ask for her; and she came and watched beside him.

She could not bear the pleading of his eyes; she could not think of herself; she knew that he loved her. She held up the sealed letter.

"You may read it now," she whispered. "Oh, Clifford, forgive me! forgive me!"

The next instant, she was drawn close to his heart, and she felt upon her cheeks not only his kisses, but his tears of thankfulness, which he was not too proud to shed.

So their little romance ended, and the better, the higher, holier morning of life had dawned.

THE OLD RED-GATE.

BY DORA DAVIS.

Once more in the dying day,
By the old red-gate I stand;
The clover lies green at my feet,
Its blossoms are white in my hand;
While shadows the locusts are weaving,
With a dull, unacknowledged pain,
For Time to come back I am wishing,
With the gift of my youth again.

Oh! to stand in the amber-light,
With my beautiful, dark-eyed love,
When the clover lay green at our feet,
And the locusts were blooming above;
To hold a white hand at parting,
And touch the red lips of the girl,
When the moon rose over the lakelet,
Which shone like an Orient pearl.

She is lying asleep in the church-yard,
'Neath blossom, and bough, and vine;
My name is inscribed on the head-stone—
The name that was hers and mine;
And garlands of wild clematis
Are shrouding the dark-eyed Kate,
Whose lips met mine when we parted,
Way down by the old red-gate.

The daisies were whitening the hill-side,
And gemming like stars the heath,
When I stood with my pale-faced darling,
Close down by the waves of death;
So close that I heard, in fancy,
The rush of the fitful tide,
And the dripping oars of the boatman,
Who wafted away my bride.

Ah, well! the years that have lingered,
So freighted with sorrow and care,
For that saint-white face in the coffin,
Have silvered the brown of my hair.
I am looking from life's West windows,
The sky is cloudless and clear;
But I know by the lengthening shadows
The sunset of death is near.

When the bells which rang at my wedding
For joy, shall solemnly toll;
And the fortress, so frail and stricken,
No longer shall prison my soul;
In the light of that glad to-morrow
I'll go from the old red-gate
To find in the great hereafter,
My beautiful, dark-eyed Kate.

LOVE SONG.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Come, sit by my side, my darling,
While the sun goes down the West;
And sing me some quaint old ballad
That tells of love and rest.
Oh! sing of a land where Summer
Reigns queen the whole year round;
That land's in our heart, my darling—
There Summer is always found.

Oh! sing of a land where blossoms
Are always bright and fair;
Of a land where storms are never—
In our hearts—that land is there!

The land of a sweet, glad Summer—
The Summer of life and love,
Whose sky is as bright and pleasant
As the sky which bends above.

Sing to me, oh! my darling!
Sing sweetly, soft and low,
While the rosy troops of sunset
O'er the Western mountains go.
Sing some quaint, old, dreamy ballad,
While the echoes in our breast
Wake a melody of sweetness,
And a glad, strange sense of rest.

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HAD DELPHINE A HEART?

BY LILLIAN LOUISE GILBERT.

I.

"And Delphine?"

"Will not feel it."

"Why?"

"Because she has no heart."

"Why do you think that? Because you are skeptical of all our sex?"

"No; but because Delphine is a French woman."

"But French women have hearts!"

"Sometimes; believe me, she has none. She once admitted the fact to me, though in different terms."

"Well, I hope you are right, Harold; but I am glad it's not my lover who has deserted me for another woman. I think it would kill me."

"You don't know yourself, Margaret. But shall we go back? I hear the 'Sophia;' and you are promised to me for it. By-the-by, did you ever hear the romantic story of that waltz? No? Then let me tell you. As you know, it was composed by the elder Strauss, and for the court festivities on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Sophia. The evening after the wedding a grand ball was given, at which all the distinguished guests were present; and the music was furnished by Strauss' world-famous orchestra.

"The romance is this: Strauss himself was in love with the princess, but, of course, their positions separated them as far as seas could divide; so he stood grimly, and watched her dance with her new-made husband until the waltz began. Couple after couple whirled past him; but he saw only the bride as she swept round and round on her husband's arm. Faster and faster grew the notes, and madder and madder the dancers; still the great leader saw only that one couple. Worn-out, pair after pair dropped into their seats, till only the imperial couple were left. Then the music grew slower and slower, and in soft, passionate cadences, like the hidden agony of a broken-heart, almost died away; then swelled on the air; and still the composer never moved, never lifted his eye from the royal pair, who whirled on and on as if entranced. The lady's cheek grew like marble, her head drooped on her partner's shoulder. On, on, they swept, forced by a subtle but irresistible influence; and still the music fell and rose, and rose and fell; and still that one eye watched. The guests gazed spell-bound. On and on the dancers moved, till suddenly the vibrating tones ceased. The bride dropped from her husband's arms. A shiver ran through the crowd.

"'See to the princess there!'

"Her husband stooped and lifted her up. She knew him not—she was dead."

"Your story is very strange; awful, indeed, if it be true. Do you suppose it really happened?"

"No; but isn't it a fine romance to attach to a piece of music? That waltz has always had a double attraction for me since I heard it. Shall we go in?"

"In a moment, Harold. I can't get the thought of Delphine out of my mind. Somebody must tell her."

"Yes; and you are the one to do it."

"I cannot, indeed I cannot, Harold. I could not deal such a blow; and here too! Let me wait till all this is over. Hark! Hear the sea roar. If Delphine were I, she would drown herself this very night."

"Not being you, she will be exactly the same Delphine we have always known."

The lights shown brilliantly as ever; the flowers smelt as sweet; the throng of dancers was as gay; the music sparkled, and rolled, and whirled, and thrilled through the air as before. But to Margaret Worth it was all changed. She could see only one of the crowd that swept past her.

Delphine La Roche was waltzing; not like the mad company about her, but slowly sailing down the center, easy, careless, apparently, of all.

Many stared with curiosity to learn, if they could, how she bore the desertion of her lover. Some looked the tenderness and sympathy they dared not express. No one knew she had heard it yet. Still she sailed on, and on, and still they wondered, and pitied, and wondered again. At last, as they reached the door, she stopped, bowed good-night to her partner, and stepped lightly up stairs.

Margaret seized the opportunity, and as Delphine closed her door, tapped. The door swung back, and Delphine said, "Well?"

"Delphine," began Margaret, tenderly.

"You have come to tell me of Laurence Garth-

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waite. I know it from his own hand. There is the letter; read it, if you like," and she held it out.

No emotion, neither sadness, nor outraged love spoke in those tones.

So Margaret, with an unreturned pressure of the hand, went down stairs; but she heard a voice say, "I shall not need you to-night, Janet." Then a lock clicked, and Delphine's maid passed Margaret on the way.

Alone, the poor girl flung herself on the bed, and with one gasping sob buried her head in the pillow.

"Oh, Laurence, Laurence!" she cried. "I did love you, indeed, indeed I did! But I thought my power over you irresistible. You warned me not to try you too much, and I did not heed you. Oh, my darling! are you lost to me forever? Shall I never see you, never again be to you what I have been? I believed when you walked, and talked, and laughed, and danced, with that bad woman, who stole you from me, that you were trying to pique me into tenderness, and I resolved to be colder. Had I only known—had I only known!"

Deeper into the pillow her head sunk, and the wild sobs ended in moans.

Soon the fierce pride came back. With blazing eyes and heaving bosom she cried, "But you, Society, for whom I have sacrificed my heart's life, you shall never know my sorrow! You taught me that men were the rightful slaves of women; that they only wanted a word or look to make them happy. False teacher, you have broken the heart that believed you!"

The softer mood returned, and she sobbed again, "Laurence, my darling! come back to me; save me from myself! I shall die without you! She doesn't love you! She can't love you as I do! If you would only come back, I would be so gentle, dearest, and tender, you would love me as you never did before. And it is too late—too late!"

Worn-out, she lay for hours sleeping that dreamless, death-like sleep of utter exhaustion.

Casual observers noticed no change in her at breakfast; but Margaret saw that the dark lines under the eyes were a shade darker, and that the pale face had grown ashen. That was not indicative of a heart-break, certainly, but, at least, of a restless night. 'Twas all even Margaret could see; and Harold, behind his napkin, whispered, "*Sans colur.*"

II.

Delphine La Roche was born and bred in France. Madame La Roche, dying in Delphine's infancy, left her to the sole charge of her father, a man of a singularly reserved disposition, who, though fond of his daughter, knew not how to draw her out, and establish that most perfect of relations, the relation between parent and child. Under the care of a governess, and the superintendence of her father, the girl grew up to be as reserved, and, it seemed, colder than her parent. There was none of the exuberance of youth and health in her; apparently no enjoyment of life when she emerged from girlhood into womanhood.

In his early life Monsieur La Roche had had an intimate friend, a young American, named Garthwaite, who had been studying at the University with him. And as it began in a jest, so it was continued till it grew to be an understanding, that if they married and had children, the eldest boy and girl should marry, provided the boy was the elder.

The friends parted. In time the Frenchman heard of the marriage of the American, and in due season of the birth of a son. He himself remained single for a few years longer. When he, too, was married, and a daughter was given him, he said, "Now shall my friend and I be united in our children."

He wrote Mr. Garthwaite of the event, and added that, as soon as his wife was able to travel, they would come to America to pay him a visit.

Madame La Roche never recovered, and the journey was not taken till Delphine was fairly a woman. When her father proposed to Delphine to visit America, she assented as coldly as she would had he asked her to take a morning walk.

She knew of the tacit betrothal of herself and Laurence Garthwaite; but as he had never shown any desire to see her, she controlled all curiosity in regard to him.

After a time, they landed in New York to find Mr. Garthwaite an invalid, and Laurence in close attendance on him.

"La Roche," the elder Garthwaite had said, when they met, "I should have sent my boy long ago to see you and your beautiful child, only I couldn't spare him. Since his mother left us I have had no nurse but him."

The meeting of Laurence and Delphine was, of course, embarrassing to both; but as no reference was made by any one to the relation they bore, or would bear, it was less awkward than she had feared.

One evening as Delphine stood alone in the twilight, watching the passers in the street, Laurence came in, and placed himself beside her. For awhile neither spoke. He broke the silence.

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"Delphine, I suppose it is for me to broach the subject of our relation. Of course, as yet it could not be a question of liking or disliking on either side; but still I wish to have some understanding with you. I propose this: that for the present we allow the matter to rest as it is. It gives great pleasure to those who are nearest us; to me it is not an irksome bond, and I trust not to you. But if at any time either should desire to be free, that one shall frankly say so, and the tie be broken. Mademoiselle La Roche, I offer you my hand," and he held it toward her.

Delphine, who had been painfully anxious to end the interview which she knew must come, answered, "Laurence, I am glad that you see our position as it truly is, instead of making protestations it would be unnatural you should feel. I am content to abide by your decision. Mr. Garthwaite, I accept your hand," and she laid her own in it.

This was Delphine's first betrothal.

Soon after this Mr. Garthwaite died, and Monsieur La Roche, having no ties in France, decided to remain for a time, at least, in this country.

So he took a house, established Delphine as mistress of it, and settled down into his old ways. She went into society, and at once attracted attention. She was a belle par excellence; not the kind of belle who dances and flirts with every man she meets, but the one whose individuality makes her naturally the center of the circle in which she moves.

So time went on, and Laurence was Delphine's constant companion.

Once more Delphine stood alone in the twilight, and once more Laurence came and stood beside her. This time he said, "Delphine, I have offered you my hand, I now offer you my heart."

Laying his hand on her head, he turned it so the full light from the street-lamp fell upon her face; and he saw it flush, then pale, as she answered,

"And, Laurence, again I accept your offer."

This was Delphine's second betrothal.

For a few days they were happy, for she allowed nature to triumph over conventionality. Then she thought, woman-like, to try her power; a dangerous experiment, almost inevitably ending in misery to her who yields to the temptation.

Delphine became cold; would offer her lover only her hand when he came to her, rarely her cheek—never her lips. At first Laurence thought this a whim, and took no notice of it; but when the coldness lasted for weeks, unable longer to keep silent, he said,

"Delphine, why do you treat me so? Do you not love me? Was it all a wretched mistake, and have you wakened to the knowledge? If so, in heaven's name, tell me! Don't try to bind me by a tie which does not exist."

"Laurence, my feelings toward you are unchanged; but, remember, you must not exact too much from me."

"Delphine, I am willing to make concessions to you, more, perhaps, than I ought; but there is a limit beyond which I cannot, and will not go. Remember, my child, and do not press me too hard."

He believed that she loved him, and that after awhile she would accept his will.

She did love him; but it was pleasant to try how far she could go and still hold him—and she would not yield.

Soon they went to Long Branch; but there Delphine's mood did not change.

Among the people at the hotel was a woman whose life seemed made up of flirtations. Fashionably reared, rather intelligent, all that existence meant to her was the excitement of society.

Delphine's disregard of Ada Lane made Ada her enemy; and she determined to win young Garthwaite, in order to triumph over her rival.

At first Laurence thought to pique Delphine into some display of her feelings by apparent devotion to Ada. So he laughed, and talked, and rode with her, until he began to think there was danger in it. Still Delphine was immovable. He tried to believe she did not care; then to justify himself through her coldness. At last he drifted on, little thinking, little caring whither.

Delphine preserved her outward calmness, though her heart ached. But she could not stoop, she told herself, to call him back. He must come himself, or not at all.

One afternoon as Laurence and Ada were strolling on the bluff, she suddenly asked,

"Do you go to the hop to-night?"

"I suppose so."

"You go because you are tied to a woman's apron-string."

"I am not aware of being tied to any woman's apron-string."

"Oh! what could have given rise to all the reports on the subject?"

"What reports? I know of none that concern me at all."

"Why, what everybody is talking about. It is currently stated that the proud Laurence Garthwaite is so very much in love with a certain lady that he permits himself to be snubbed by her in public as well as private, and scarcely

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dares to call his name his own. They even call you the patient martyr. Isn't it pleasant to have such stories circulating about one?"

"Who says all this?"

"Every one. It's the talk of all our set."

"Is it, indeed? Our set must be made up of simpletons. The idea of my delicacy being so outrageously misunderstood! 'The patient martyr!' I like that. I shall disprove the absurd things said of me. As I feel now, all my affection is gone. I'd marry any one rather than her."

"Would you marry me?"

"If you wished me to."

"I do, dearest. I have always loved you. Take me!" and she held her arms toward him.

He looked at her, drew her hand within his own, and said,

"It shall be so."

In an hour they were gone. The rest is told.

III.

The weeks passed at the Branch, as all the weeks had passed before, and no alteration came in Delphine, save that one missed the glittering diamond which had always sparkled on her first finger. If anything, she was more self-possessed and haughty than ever; and yet so brilliant, that no one opposed her right to be queen of the set.

In time people ceased to gossip about her; and Laurence Garthwaite passed almost out of recollection.

One afternoon during a fierce storm, just before night-fall, Delphine went to the shore alone. How long she walked she could not tell. Suddenly she felt a slight touch, and a voice said, "It is too late for mademoiselle to be alone on the beach—may I offer my arm?"

"Ah! Monsieur Drusillon, is it you? Thank you, I will accept your escort. I see it is quite dark. But you know, to a lover of a storm like this, time and surroundings are nothing. If you please, we will go back to the hotel."

They walked on in silence, and Delphine felt that she was drenched, and was provoked to find she had been so absorbed. All at once her companion asked, "Mademoiselle La Roche, will you marry me?"

"No, Monsieur Drusillon, I shall never marry."

"Never is a long word, mademoiselle."

"I have weighed it."

"Then you did love Lau——"

"Monsieur, we are at home. I will go in. Good-night."

Margaret, catching a glimpse of her passing through the corridor, sprang to the door. "Oh, Delphine! I have been so anxious about you. Where have you been? You are as wet as you can be."

"I have been on the beach," was the answer.

"Not alone?"

"No, with Monsieur Drusillon."

"I was afraid something had happened to you, you were so long away. Was it he, or the ocean?"

"It was the ocean; and you need never be afraid anything will happen to me. I am destined to live—sometimes, I think, forever;" and with a light laugh she passed on.

IV.

The season was over, and they went back to the city to begin a new round of gayety. Through the fall and winter Delphine reigned supreme.

Rumors were current that Laurence Garthwaite and his wife lived unhappily together; again, that they had separated; and, finally, that she had died in Paris.

One evening, late in the spring, as Delphine was standing on the balcony to cool herself after a waltz, she heard a few words that changed the whole current of her life.

Two gentlemen, from whom she was concealed by the curtains, were talking inside the window. The first said, "Did you know Garthwaite? You remember, he married his wife rather hastily, though I guess he repented at leisure. By-the-way, I believe she has since died."

"Yes, I knew him."

"I had a letter to-day from New Orleans, which mentioned that Garthwaite was there in the hospital, very sick with yellow fever, and not a friend to take care of him. Chances are ten to one, I fancy, that he'll never see New York again."

"Hope not. I quite liked him."

"So did I. Trust he'll weather it; but I confess I shouldn't like to be in his shoes, or, rather in his bed, for I suppose that would hit his present position more nearly."

The speakers moved away.

Delphine almost fainted. A gust of wind, blowing straight up from the sea, revived her. The thought, "Dying alone; no one with him who cares for him. Only strangers to watch by him. Oh, no, no! It shall not be so."

She hastily crossed the crowded rooms, and slipping her hand through her father's arm, begged to be taken home. As they passed Margaret, who stood by Harold's side, she touched him; and they both saw that Delphine was startled out of her usual self-possession, and

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that she trembled visibly as she strove to gain the door.

Next day, when Margaret called to learn the cause of her friend's emotion, the house was closed; and all she could hear was that Mr. and Miss La Roche had left town for some time, and that Mr. La Roche had said he would write when they had decided about returning. The servants did not know where they had gone.

Had it been any one else the sudden departure would have excited unending comment; but Delphine had always done as she chose. Even as it was, society was for one night convulsed with curiosity. Only Margaret felt hurt at Delphine's silence; but she bore it patiently, for she believed that some time it would be explained.

V.

A SULTRY south wind just ruffled the turbid Mississippi, and the moonlight revealed a lady and gentleman pacing the deck of a steamer that had passed the quarantine, and was within sight of New Orleans. In the distance sparkled the lights of the city, which otherwise seemed to lie dead—for the pestilence was raging at its heart.

No sound was heard save the ripple of the water, and the steady foot-falls of the passengers on the deck. The lady broke the silence with, "How soon can we land?"

"Probably in an hour," was the answer; "though I think it would be better to stay on board to-night, and go to the hotel in the morning."

"Oh, no! Let us go to-night. I cannot waste a minute after we can get ashore."

So much entreaty in the tones, and two tearful eyes, won consent. An hour after they were at the St. Charles.

On a bed, in one of the fever-wards of the Charity Hospital, lay a patient. Long illness had wasted him almost to a skeleton. The crisis had passed; but he was still delirious. From sound sleep he would break into the wildest ravings; ever calling on some one to forgive him, till, in his extreme excitement, he would fall back exhausted, and rallying only to go over and over the same scene.

"Delphine! Delphine!" he cried.

A voice answered, "I am here, Laurence;" and two soft, firm arms held him back on his pillow.

The eyes closed, and soon the regular breathing showed that he slept.

"The first good sleep he has had in a week, poor fellow!" said the doctor.

Hour after hour he slept, and hour after hour Delphine watched. At last, just when the long shadows athwart the wall were deepening into twilight, the sick man stirred uneasily, and opened his eyes. In them shone the calm light of sanity, though they blazed again as he shrieked, "Delphine! Delphine! are you a vision?"

"No, Laurence," she replied. "I have come to take care of you."

"To take care of me, Delphine?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my darling! for I shall call you so, why did you come? I have too little merited this from you. I threw you away because I was stung by the taunts of a selfish woman."

"Hush, Laurence. There was fault on both sides; but you must not talk now. We can speak of the past when you are stronger."

"Ah, Delphine! what use for me to get stronger? I have nothing to live for."

"Live for me," whispered Delphine, and hid her face in the pillow.

The weeks went by, and Laurence Garthwaite grew in health under the tender nursing of Delphine and her father; though Monsieur La Roche often said he was shamefully neglected.

One morning Garthwaite asked, "Delphine, how happened you to forgive me?"

"Because I loved you, dear."

"Even after I left you?"

"Ah, Laurence! How little you know a woman's heart! It was feeling you could do without me, showed me that I couldn't do without you."

"I wonder it did not break your heart, sweet!"

"You gave it a severe blow, my dear boy."

"And still you can forgive me, and love me?"

"Yes. Perhaps, had you been perfectly happy with——" a kiss sealed her lips ere she could utter the name, "I should have been strong and proud enough to have cast you out of my heart. But when I heard of your trials—and I felt from the first you would be wretched—and at last of your sickness, what could I do but come to you, dearest?"

"My darling, perhaps we should be grateful to her who separated us, for through her means we have been united more closely than we might ever have been otherwise."

In tender peace Delphine's head lay on the heart which was to pillow it forevermore.

VI.

MID-SUMMER had come again, and "everybody" was down at Long Branch once more. The season was at its height, when one day Margaret received this note:

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"DEAR MARGARET—I know you have been pained by my silence, though you would never say so. I have a long story to tell of these past months, for they have been eventful ones to me. When we meet, (which will be soon, for I am coming to the Branch in a day or two,) I will tell you all but one fact, which I mention now. I am married; the why and wherefore you shall know then. It is needless to say that my husband accompanies me As ever,

"DELPHINE."

Married! Margaret's eyes gazed in fascination at the note in her hand. Could Delphine be in her senses? Was she herself in her senses? She hardly knew till a laughing voice cried, "Do you carry a Medusa's head in your hand, fair lady?" And Harold stood before her.

"Harold," answered Margaret, "just read that, and see if it isn't enough to turn any one into stone."

He ran over the note, and replied, "What next?"

As the arrivals are the grand feature of the day at all watering-places; so the advent of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Garthwaite was the grandest feature of the arrivals at the Stetson. Curiosity was on tip-toe, and many a fair face covertly watched Delphine as she stepped from the carriage.

At the hop, as Margaret was making her entrance, she encountered Harold; glancing to where Delphine stood, happy and triumphant, leaning on her husband's arm, she said, "And Delphine's heart, Harold?"

"She is like all her sex."

"And what is that?"

"A mystery."

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

BY ADDIE A. SEARLE.

As laborers, on the field of life we toil;
At morn we go forth to the daily strife;
At eve return to lay our burdens down—
How shall we meet Thee at the night of life,
Bearing no sheaves,
Nothing but leaves?
Oh! Master of the field—
How shout the Harvest Home?

Thou knowest we labor till the closing eve,
While others garner more in early morn;
Their sheaves are full of precious, golden grain,
We bear but empty chaff—no ripened corn;
No golden sheaves!
Nothing but leaves!
Oh! Master of the field—
What shall the record be?

Shall we not lay one treasure at thy feet?
Wilt even the loaned talent take away?
Brush from its face earth-gathered "moth and rust,"
And give to one victorious in the fray?
Nothing but leaves!
No golden sheaves!
Oh! Master of the field,
From all thy precious store?

Oh, Master! let us of thy bounty feed!
Even of the crumbs that from thy table fall;
We know Thou hearest our slightest call to Thee,
Thou who dost guide the sparrow in its fall.
Even withered leaves
Thy love makes sheaves!
Oh! Master of the field!
Welcome the Harvest Home!

MY DREAM.

BY SYLVIE A. SPERRY.

It was a tiny island, covered o'er
With fruit, and flowers of every kind and hue;
With music in the ocean's ceaseless roar,
And happiness in two hearts, tried and true.

A very Eden-world of all things good,
And only one I loved to share with me!
By him, my dearest, truest one, I stood,
And gazed across my home, from sea to sea.

We were so happy on that little isle!
Almost, it seemed, a different world from this;
A half-way place, where we might dwell awhile,
To fit ourselves for more exquisite bliss.

But then, a storm arose; the ocean roared;
The sky above us darkened, till the gloom
Veiled our fair home; the wild birds soared
On heavy wing, as though they knew their doom.

Shelter was not; we clasped each other close;
The lightning flashed o'er all the fearful scene;
Then darkness, and low, moaning sounds arose,
As of distress, the thunder roars between.

And then another flash! We felt the waves
Dash o'er our heads, and strove in vain to move.
Lightning again. Oh, God! who hears and cares,
Is death our portion in our youth and love?

Slowly the waves creep up, we feel their chill;
Slowly the island sinks beneath the sea;
Only our love in death is comfort still,
As fierce waves madly dash o'er him and me.

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MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158.

CHAPTER III.

ALL night long Madame Gosner lay awake, thinking of what she had suffered, and of what she had heard. She was a woman of powerful mind and corresponding physique; all her faculties were in vigorous harmony. In peaceful times she might have been a court dame, leading a throng of triflers into something like intelligent pleasures—for that woman could never have contented herself with mediocrity in anything. As it was, one great object had occupied her for years. The wrongs of a husband, whom she had loved with all the force and tenderness of a great soul, had fastened upon every idea of her life. Even when she believed him dead, this great love clung around him as a memory, which threw her whole being into mourning. The scrap of paper, which seemed to have come to her by a miracle, changed all this in an instant. Her husband lived. There was something for her to do. The sleeping energies of her nature awoke with a rebound. She would save her husband, or perish in the attempt.

Save her husband, and he in the Bastile, with walls twenty feet thick between him and daylight; with green mould forming itself out of the stagnant waters, which oozed through the very stones, and clung, like an unwholesome sweat, to the sides of his dungeon. Was it in the power of woman to free this really great man from the living grave that inclosed him?

Against all the despairing answers which came back to her from these questions, the indomitable spirit of the woman answered, "I will free him," and her action corresponded with the words. She took her only child, gathered up the fragments of property left to them, and came into France, her own native country, resolved on obtaining freedom for her husband. We have seen how she succeeded. Her money was all exhausted. She had used it unsparingly, but with no avail up to this time—nothing that she had done could win her even access to the king. Now she was suffering for food; want had sapped the foundations of her strength, and the energies of her soul were giving out.

That night, when she was ready to give up all hope and die, this man, half-demagogue, half-patriot; this singular being, who, born of the nobility, was and still the idol of the people, came suddenly into her life, and opened a broader and more sublime road by which her object might be obtained. From that moment the woman became, what soon became a common thing among the women of France—a patriot; more than that, love that burned in her bosom for the one man languishing in his dungeon, made her an enthusiast; and out of her very womanliness this woman was thinking how she might become a leader of that great element which, for a time, ruled the very mobs of Paris.

When it became day, Madame Gosner arose and dressed herself with more than usual care. The reflections of that night had resolved themselves into a vague plan of action. Other women suffered like herself; other husbands and fathers lay chained, like wild beasts, in those reeking dungeons. How narrow and selfish her efforts had hitherto been. No wonder God had not helped her when she asked his aid only for herself and the man she loved, forgetting thousands and thousands of sister women who suffered with her.

But little preparation for breakfast was needed in that poor room. Indeed, when she awoke, Madame Gosner knew that there was not a fragment of food at her command; but she was hardly dressed when a knock came to the door, which opened wide enough to admit a little basket, which the hand of Monsieur Jaque thrust forward, and his voice sounded from the passage, saying,

"Here, madame, is your breakfast."

Madame took the basket with thanks, and would have pressed the rough hand which had, a second time, brought her food; but it was hurriedly withdrawn, and she heard the door of Monsieur Jaque's room close softly, as if he wanted to steal away from her gratitude. This was a blessing, and it helped to kindle the new idea born to her in the night. Just as the grander design of helping others with herself was formed, God has sent the food necessary to

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her life, and she accepted it as a token and an encouragement.

In the basket she found a little milk, some eggs, and a sprig of green parsley, all promised to her the night before, with a loaf of white bread, and some charcoal for cooking. In a few moments she was on her knees, kindling the fire with her own breath. When the charcoal ignited and began to crackle, she went to the bed, and looked tenderly down upon her daughter, who slept soundly. How pale and delicate she was! Not a trace of color remained on those cheeks; and want had almost half-quenched it from the exquisitely-formed mouth, in which the white gleam of her teeth was just visible as she breathed. No wonder the mother thanked God for the food that had been brought to her when she saw all this; but she would not awake her child then, that delicious breakfast should give her a surprise. It would be, indeed, the beginning of a *fete* day with them.

So the now hopeful woman fell to beating her eggs and chopping up her parsley with as little noise as possible. At length, when her omelet was on the fire, she went to the bed and aroused Marguerite.

"Come, my daughter, breakfast is ready!"

"Breakfast!" It was a strange word in that room, where no regular meal had been served for a month. Marguerite started up in her bed, looked around in bewilderment, and murmured,

"Let me sleep—I was dreaming so sweetly."

"Dreaming of what, Marguerite?"

"Oh! it is you, mother! Nothing. Only it seemed as if you and I were eating such a delicious meal together."

"Indeed! Such as an omelet and white bread, perhaps."

"An omelet! Oh, yes! and—and—— Why, mamma, there is a smell of it in the room yet. I suppose it is Monsieur Jaque who is cooking. He said something about a *fete* day. Why, what is that? The table out, a cloth on; and, oh, mamma! an omelet—a real, plump omelet. Where did you get it? and parsley. Why, mamma, darling, have you been among the fairies?"

"Our fairy was Monsieur Jaque, who came with all these things in a basket early this morning."

"Monsieur Jaque! How good he is."

"Come, come, child, everything is ready."

Marguerite, who had been making a hasty toilet, twisted her hair in a coil around her head, and sat down to the table, where both mother and daughter made a delicious meal, thanking God for it in their hearts. In the midst of it, Marguerite started up full of compunction.

"Oh, mamma! we have forgotten the good Monsieur Jaque, who all this time has no breakfast."

"True, my child! and he so thoughtful of us!"

Marguerite went to Monsieur Jaque's room, and knocked eagerly.

"It is ready; we are eating the omelet, my friend. Come, come! there is enough for three!"

Jaque came to the door and opened it a little. His face was flushed, his eyes sparkled.

"Do you really invite me?" he questioned.

"Invite you! Why our little feast is yours."

"Wait a minute, then, while I wash my hands; perhaps madame will excuse the dress, as I have no other."

"Come in any dress. We are waiting, and the breakfast gets cold."

Marguerite came back to her mother, and they placed the omelet near the fire, that it might be kept warm for their guest. He came in soon after, with his face shining, and his hair smooth, as if he had spent some time in brushing it. His blouse was clean, and he looked more respectable than they saw him the night before. But the good man partook sparingly of madame's omelet, and sat gazing upon Marguerite when he should have been eating.

When they had done, madame began questioning Jaque very closely about the state of things in the city. She was earnest, clear, and searching in her interrogatories. He saw that some grand idea was in her brain, and answered her without comment. All this was not wonderful to him. Such mental excitements were sure to follow Mirabeau wherever he condescended to converse. Indeed, his most subtle power lay among the women of Paris. But eloquent as Mirabeau was, Jaque had more telling eloquence, for he had the merit of honest conviction. There was truth in all this man said, for he possessed that to which his foster-brother often pretended—a thorough knowledge of the people, of their wants and aspirations. Even in the chaotic state into which society was at this time thrown, Monsieur Jaque had wonderful influence, of which his foster-brother took the credit.

When madame and Marguerite were left alone, the mother began to pace the room to and fro in great excitement.

"Marguerite," she said, laying a firm hand on each of her daughter's shoulders, "up to this day we have been cold and selfish."

"Selfish! Oh, mamma!"

"Yes: cold, selfish, egotistical—and for this God has not prospered us."

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"Oh, mamma! have we not given up all? Have we saved anything, or spared anything to win liberty for him?"

"It is for this that I blush, Marguerite. Our poor martyr is but one of many. The Bastile is crowded full. You are not the only child who pines for her father's liberty."

"Alas, no!"

"Yet it is of him, and him alone, we have been thinking."

"But what else could we do?"

"Open our arms, and embrace all humanity."

"But we are only women—helpless and suffering women."

"So much the better; our sister sufferers will have faith in us."

"But what is it you intend? Something grand and strange—I can see it in your eyes."

"No, there is nothing grand in my object; it is simply to perform a duty to others as well as myself. To-day I am going among the market-people. I know some of them, from whom we have made our meagre purchases. They are brave and ardent, ready to act if they only had a leader."

"And that leader? Not my mother, surely! You scratch your eyebrows all at once. I see a power of command in your gestures. All this terrifies me—what does it mean?"

"It means that our poor prisoner shall yet feel the grim walls of the Bastile tremble around him like an earthquake. It means liberty for him and for all. It means that while a woman loves the husband of her youth, she should never forget the country of her birth."

"But how can you, a lonely woman, without money or friends, accomplish this?"

"I will make friends of my fellow-sufferers. I will make friends of famine and want. Starvation shall be made powerful. Elements of great strength are running to waste. I will gather them up, and hurl them against the walls of the Bastile—hurl them against the throne itself."

"Mother, you have been dreaming; the fatigue of yesterday has made you ill."

"No, I have not been dreaming. Last night I never closed my eyes; but I thought, while you slept; thought of him, thought of France, till my brain turned, and my heart grew large."

"Mother, dear mother! sit down, I pray you! Your want of food, and that long, long journey yesterday, have made you wild."

"No, my child, they have made me wise."

"But you will not go out?"

Madame had taken a bonnet and shawl in her hand, but Marguerite took them from her gently, but with firmness.

"It is the fever, which is said to rage when plenty of food is taken after a long fast," she said. "Let me put the things away."

Madame smiled, but held firmly to her garments."

"You cannot comprehend," she said; "but I will explain."

"Not now, mamma, but when you are better. The disappointment of not seeing the king, after so many efforts, is preying upon you; but do not despair—I am young and strong. This time I will go to the king, or to the queen. Perhaps I shall be more successful."

"Well, what then?"

"I will kneel to him, and beseech him to set my father free."

"And then, 'he is but one man!' "

"But he is all the world to us!" said Marguerite, clasping her hands with pathetic earnestness.

"I thought so once. God forgive me!"

"Mother, there is something on your mind that I cannot understand. Put it aside, I pray you; or wait till Monsieur Jaque, or his friend comes, that you may counsel with them."

Madame sat down and drew a hand wearily across her eyes. It was true; great fatigue, want of food, and intense wakefulness, were telling fearfully upon her system, vigorous as it was. It is, sometimes, out of such insanity, that great actions are wrought.

"Sit down and rest, mamma. Let me make one more effort to see our king, and if that fails, I will listen to all you can say."

"And help me?" asked the woman, fastening her large, eager eyes on the girl's face.

"With all my power and strength. Only rest awhile, and take full time for thought."

"Ah! if I rest, this resolve may pass from me. I have had such dreams before, but that was in my sleep; but now, but now——"

"Now you will lie down and sleep sweetly, while I take your place."

Madame sat down on the bed, releasing her hold on the shawl, which Marguerite put upon her own person.

"You are right, my child," she said, gently. "I must have rest and strength before this great work begins; then you will understand it better, and we both have our task, yours not less difficult than mine."

"But you will let me make this one effort first?" pleaded Marguerite, who looked upon this sudden outbreak as the result of over

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exertion, and was troubled by it. "Perhaps Our Lady will bless my poor efforts for your sake."

"Yes—go! I can wait," said the mother, sinking back upon the bed, and closing her eyes. "To-day for rest, to-morrow for action."

Marguerite sat down by her mother, took one of her hands and smoothed it tenderly between her own palms, striving her best to induce the sleep which would, she trusted, restore the tone of her mother's mind, which she believed to have been disturbed by great fatigue, and long fasting. But she had not the less resolved to assume some portion of the great work to which that mother had given up her life.

CHAPTER IV.

THOUGH France was one grand field of excitement, and had already begun to tremble with the moral earthquake that shook it to the very foundations, it seemed impossible to convince the court of the awful danger that threatened it. The very anxieties of her position drove the queen into the distractions of gayety, though years of anxiety, and the gloom that gathered around her, made even pleasure tiresome; and it was with an effort that she flung off the cares of state, which fell heavily, indeed, on a nature so light, so gay, and so womanly as hers.

Our readers have seen Marie Antoinette for one moment—the careless, beautiful, and lovely Dauphiness, burdened with no care heavier than that imposed by court etiquette, and anxious only about the dogs' amusement. They see her again escaping from the anxieties that beset St. Cloud and Versailles, and striving to bring back the light-hearted gayeties of her youth in the *Petite Trianon*, which of all places on earth seemed most likely to accomplish that object.

On the day that Marguerite presented herself at the gates of Versailles, Marie Antoinette was making one of her rustic sojourns at the little palace, while the king, glad to escape from cares equally burdensome, had retreated into the private chamber, in which an anvil and a chest of tools promised him at least amusement equal to any she could hope for. It is true that matters of state called for royal attention; that the cries of a suffering and impatient people ought to have been heard, even among the click of locks and noises; but it was the fault of this really good man, that he was always ready to put away troublesome cares, and permitted others to think for him, save where, with a stubborn sense of right, he would persist on a given point without understanding all its relations. Indeed, at this time, the burdens of state were so heavy, that a greater man might have willingly laid them down, even for the primitive employment which he loved so well.

That day Louis the Sixteenth was alone in his work-shop. A furnace was all aglow in the chimney, and a bench, scattered over with tools, was across one of the windows. To this a vice was attached, and a heavy man, somewhat awkward in his movements, was hard at work there. His velvet coat, heavy with gold-lace and embroidery, hung across the back of a chair, and a diamond star on the breast shot out gorgeous rays of light whenever a fitful flame from the furnace flashed up and quivered over it.

No one to have seen that man working so earnestly at the lock which was in the fast grip of that vice, would have believed him capable of exasperating a great nation into such crimes as soon left France lying, like a monster, saturated with the blood of its own children. His face was gentle and serious, a little full and heavy, perhaps, but neither wanting in dignity or character. The lace-ruffles had been loosened at his wrist, and with the garment to which they were attached rolled back to the elbows, revealing a strong, rounded arm, white as a woman's, but which was sprinkled with iron-filings. Indeed, this metallic dust had fallen upon the rich lace on his bosom, and glistened in dark specks among the powder of his hair. As he worked, the intricacies of the lock seemed to puzzle him; he unscrewed the vice, and examined the intricacies of the workmanship with great earnestness. Nothing could be more earnest or patient than his face, as he bent over the work-bench. Again and again he attempted to fit the parts together, but something was wrong about them, and each attempt was a failure.

At last he sat down and wiped the perspiration from his face, to all appearance resigned to his defeat. He was evidently a man to suffer, to endure, but not to trample obstacles under foot. As he sat pondering thoughtfully over the disjointed lock a servant knocked at the door. The king shook the iron-dust from his hands, and turned toward his coat, evidently a little ashamed of his undress.

"Sire," said the man, decorously looking downward, that he might not see what his master wished unobserved, "a man has just come in from Paris, who says that De Witt is taken ill, and sends him to ask your majesty's pleasure. He brings a written recommendation, which states that he is trustworthy, and master of his craft. Shall I send him back, or is it the royal pleasure that he should be received?"

The king looked at his disjointed lock, hesi-

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tated, and at last gave orders that the mechanic from Paris should be sent up.

When the door was closed, Louis began to arrange his dress with true pride. He would rather have been found at a disadvantage by a prince of the blood, than discovered wanting in any appendage of royalty by this strange mechanic. Directly the work-room door was opened again, and a short, stout, and almost uncouth man, presented himself before the king. He had evidently been conducted to the room by some private entrance, for his hat was left outside, and some attempt had, undoubtedly, been made to render his rude toilet presentable since he had entered the chateau.

Rude and strange as this man appeared, he was neither awkward nor shocked, but approached the work-bench, and leaning one hand upon it, waited to be addressed. There was something manly, and indicating strength, in this attitude, which took the king by surprise; for the moment he realized that he was in the presence of one of the people.

"De Witt sent you, and vouches for your faithfulness," said Louis, more embarrassed than his visitor; for at times he was rather ashamed of his passion for mechanics.

The locksmith bowed, and his eyes turned on the lock which had been taken apart, while all the genius of the king had failed to put it together again.

"You see that I have only the power to do mischief," said Louis, smiling pleasantly.

"So the people of France have been bold enough to say," was the prompt answer.

Louis frowned at this bold reply; but directly his brow cleared, and he looked earnestly into the man's face, as if questioning that instead of his words.

"The people of France know not their king," he said, gravely; "but let us to our work."

The man again bent his head, and took up the disjointed lock, which was, in fact, a new invention, full of complications.

"Yes," he said, "this is after De Witt's plan. I have seen it before; but here is something I do not understand."

"Ah!" said Louis, coloring a little, "that is my own improvement."

The locksmith smiled, examined the new complication well, and nodded his head in approval.

"This is really an improvement—but it fits ill; a free use of the file, and a screw here, will make the thing perfect."

The man reached out his hand for a file; but Louis had already flung off his coat again, and was fastening a bolt into the vice.

"Give me the file, I see what is lacking," he said, eagerly. "So you like the improvement. De Witt may not be of your opinion. He is not willing that the king even should be considered so good a craftsman as himself. This lock is for the queen's chamber. I shall present it to her myself when it is complete."

"It will be safe and strong," said the workman; "delicate, too, for the metal is of the best. I put one upon a dungeon of the Bastile, after the same pattern, lacking the royal improvement; but that was of ponderous iron, that is by this time thick with rust."

The king started as the Bastile was so suddenly mentioned, and, holding his file in suspense, looked steadily at his strange instructor.

"You have been in the Bastile, then?"

"Yes, sire; more than once."

"And you have been in the dungeons?"

"Almost every one of them."

"And what did you see there?"

"Souls in torment—some of them innocent."

"You are a bold man," said Louis, after a brief pause.

"Because I am a true one?"

"And so our commissioners should be; but they give no such report."

"There it is," cried the locksmith, with sudden warmth. "There is no one to report the wrongs of the people. The ministers are deaf to them; the king hears them when their cries have been smothered by commissioners—calmed by these men. Ah, sire! if you could once go among your subjects, see and hear them as I do, France might yet be saved."

The king drew back from his work as if a wiper had sprung out from the iron he was filing. Anger, astonishment, and something like consternation, rose to his face. Perhaps a King of France had never been addressed in such language before by a man of the people. The fact seemed incredible, even to the kindest and least exacting monarch of his race.

"Who is it that dares use words like these to the king?" he said, at length, drawing his heavy figure up with dignity.

"One who loves his king better than anything on earth, save France," was the reply given firmly, but with profound respect.

"Our grandfather used to say that the king was France," answered Louis; so impressed by the earnestness of the man that he forgot, for the moment, his low origin.

"A good king, who loves his people as fathers love their children, might say this, and ask God's blessing upon it. Ah, sire! it is in this spirit the people would recognize their sovereign; let

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him represent France in his own person; let him open his heart to their love, his mind to their great needs, his hand to help them; and no monarch ever lived who would be worshiped like Louis the Sixteenth. Oh! think of this when the proud men who surround you seek to crowd back the people from your presence."

The locksmith fell upon his knees as he spoke, and clasping his hard hands, held them up, shaking with emotion; for, brave as he was, this interview with the king, face to face, shook his stout frame from head to foot.

Louis stood up proudly above him—for that moment the man was striving nobly against all the traditions and prejudices of the monarch. He was angry that any human being should dare to address him with the manner and words used by this workman, whom he now thought had gained access to his presence by a strategem. But the humble position and absolute bravery of the man awoke more generous feelings in the really good heart of the monarch. After the first rush of angry surprise, he rested one hand on the work-bench, and said almost smiling,

"Stand upon your feet, my good friend, and for once let me hear from my people directly through one of their number. If you are, indeed, what your appearance indicates, a worker in iron, and nothing more, even though your craft has been used as a devise, I will forgive it. Speak the truth, and that fearlessly, as if this were your work-shop, and not mine."

This speech, so different to what the man expected, took all his presence of mind away. Anger he could have heard; danger he was prepared for; but this generous composure took him unawares. He began to tremble with a rush of strong emotions; once or twice the rough hand was drawn across his eyes. When he did speak, his voice was low and broken.

"My king, I thank you."

Louis smiled. He liked the generous homage betrayed in this rude man's emotion better than the position he had just left at his feet.

"Speak frankly. We will leave our work for awhile, and learn if you are as well skilled in state craft as in this other, of which you, indeed, seem to be master. Half an hour ago this lock was chaotic fragments of iron, which puzzled my poor brain sadly. Now it is almost compact, its bolts slide with a touch of the key—all its parts are in harmony. Now tell me, if you can, if my kingdom can be so arranged?"

"Not with its present workmen," answered the smith, resuming all his powers of mind; "never while the nobility hedge their king in from the common people as with a wall of granite. Sire, sire, old traditions are melting away, the people are losing their reverence for the greatness which has for generations set its heel upon them. They begin to understand that labor has its privileges, and should not forever be taxed that arrogance and idleness may become more powerful, and only use that power for oppression. They want the King of France to be the monarch of all the people of France, not of a privileged class."

"That is, they desire the king to commence a revolution, and begin it by despoiling himself of power, and his court of rights hereditary since the foundations of a monarchy. By what power must he wrest privileges from one class and distribute them to another?"

"By the right of humanity he should do it, and human progress will give him the power. Those vast privileges were secured to the nobility in the ignorance of the many and grasping ambition of the few. Then physical might ruled supreme; now mind, thought, energy, are at work through the masses. They begin to feel the great strength that lies in numbers; they clamor for a share of God's blessings. Yes, sire, a spirit of revolution is abroad among the people who love their king, and ask him to be at the head of a grand reform.

Louis listened gravely, while troubled shadows settled upon his face. He felt dimly all the truth that lay in his strange visitor's words, but still more clearly the formidable powers opposed against them. Nobility clinging to the rights which, in fact, upheld his throne; the clergy, which in no country ever loosened its grasp on wealth or power without a death-struggle—all were to be braved and despoiled in behalf of a people of whom he, personally, knew nothing, and for whom his sympathies had never been thoroughly enlisted, for they had, in fact, never approached him, save in clamorous multitudes, or in committees, that sometimes appealed to his reason, seldom to his sympathies.

The most difficult man to deal with in the world is one of just mind and kind heart, who, holding power, has not the mental force and stern will necessary to its vigorous execution. To such men half-measures are sure to present themselves, and as certain to prove inadequate to the occasion when great difficulties present themselves. Indeed, it is seldom that they thoroughly understand the danger until it is upon them.

This was true with regard to Louis the Sixteenth. It required a gigantic mind even to comprehend the dangers that had each year

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crowded closer and closer to his throne; and he had no ministers capable of giving him thorough enlightenment, because they did not themselves understand these terrible signs of the future.

Was it strange, then, that he received the suggestions of this singular man with astonishment; that, for a time, his kind heart swelled to his rude eloquence, and he felt, for the time, ready to lead his people on to the broader liberty they asked for?

Was it strange, either, that while the man was talking, the influences which had surrounded the king for life came back and stifled the generous impulse; for he felt that in order to benefit a class of which he knew little, he must first enter into a bitter contest with those who had been the friends and supporters of his house since it was royally planted on the throne?

"These are vast questions, and involve many things which my people do not understand," he said, a little impatiently; for if his reason had not been convinced, it certainly was disturbed. "I am not sorry, even in this way, to meet one of the people who dares to speak the truth. Had it been one of my courtiers, now, or even a minister, who had ventured so far, I am not sure that he would have been a stranger to our prison of the Bastile to-morrow morning."

The locksmith shuddered.

"Ah! that fearful prison, sire, planted in the very heart of Paris, it has become so hateful to the people, that they mutter curses on it in passing."

"That bespeaks them unreasoning and factious. Nations that build up thrones, at the same time lay the foundation of prisons; crime must be punished that the people may live. The palace in which I stand is not more an appendage of royalty than the prison of the Bastile."

Louis spoke the truth, despotism had no monument more closely allied to itself than the Bastile. It had so long been an appendage to royalty, that no king, not even the kind-hearted Louis, ever thought of its horrors, save as necessary to the punishment of those who were considered as his enemies.

"Sire," answered the locksmith, turning pale under the memories that crowded upon him, "I have been in the Bastile, and know all the horrors of its dungeons. Has any man ever told your highness of the deep, fetid caves and cells that are dug to a level with the common-sewers of the city, where men born, perhaps, to luxury, have to struggle with toads, rats, and every species of foul vermin, for the privilege of breathing the pestilential air? Have they told you of strong men chained by the wrist to walls reeking with slime, till they become little better than skeletons; when the rusty girdles was unclasped, and they were carried, in the dead of night, to the cemetery of St. Paul, and buried there without name and without record, save some rude inscription scratched upon the walls of a dungeon by the rusted nail, which some poor wretch had hoarded as a treasure?"

The king turned white as the man who addressed him with such passion and power, that the picture of the Bastile seemed to loom up and cast its gaunt shadows over them both.

"Have they told you of this cruel man, Latude, crawling back and forth, like some wild animal, on those ponderous rope-ladders, by which he descends those grim towers and swings himself to the earth? Do the dainty commissioners, who go once each year to examine this place of horrors, tell the king of these things, and does he still say that this monster pile is an appendage of the throne?"

The king made a gesture with his hands, and turned away, as if this description made him faint. But the locksmith had plunged into the subject with all the fierce energy of a man so in earnest, that he lost all sense of the rank and power of his auditor.

"And if these enormities exist now under a monarch that all men know to be good and merciful, what must it have been when men less gracious held sway over the palaces and prisons of France? How many centuries and generations of prisoners have moaned, and suffered, and perished, under those black towers? How many innocent hearts have broken in despair? What oceans of rageful tears have been spent in vain! How many heads have been dashed against those pitiless stones? It stands there yet. Ay, king, it stands there yet! Innocent men are even now buried within its walls, sent there in the wantonness or cruelty of your grandfather—not many, not many. They do not live so long in the Bastile; but that old man——"

"Silence, I command you!" broke forth the king, pale with agitation, trembling with anger.

The locksmith dropped his uplifted arm, the word upon his lip broke in an angry sob.

"Sire, forgive me! I was standing in the Bastile. I heard the moans of agonized men coming up from under my feet; I heard the clank of chains, and saw such sights. Sire, forgive, or punish me; I, who have no self-command, and should claim little mercy."

The king sat down and wiped away the beaded

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drops that had started to his forehead; his breath came unevenly, his white hands shook.

"Tell me, in one word—is what you have said the truth?"

The locksmith fell upon his knees, and again held up his clasped hands.

"As heaven sees me, sire, every word I have uttered is a terrible truth."

"And for this I am responsible!" said the king, as if speaking to himself. "It shall be remedied! It shall be remedied! Good man, I thank you! It is seldom that a monarch hears the truth, when it cuts him to the heart like this. I can listen to no more," he added, lifting his hand as the locksmith opened his lips to speak. "Some other time you shall come to me again, but not here. I had hoped in this place to escape from all cares of state; but I do not complain. You have performed the duty of a good citizen, and have the king's gratitude; and, mark me, when the people say that Louis is inaccessible to his subjects, tell them that he not only sees them, but listens to painful truths without anger, when they are honestly told. Some day hereafter I may need you as a medium between me and the people, for whom you plead so boldly."

The locksmith bent his head in deeper reverence than he had yet given to the monarch, and he answered with great feeling.

"When I entered the gates of Versailles, sire, my heart went out first to the people of France, then to the king. I go away with them united so firmly in my love, that death itself shall not tear them apart."

The locksmith laid one hand on his breast as he said this, bent low, and turned to quit the room. Louis recalled him.

"Your name, citizen?"

"They know me as 'Monsieur Jaque,' in the city."

"Leave that and your address with the guard as you go out. You may yet be wanted."

"At the gate!" These words seemed to arrest the man, and he turned suddenly. But the king had arisen, and was leaving the room by another door. Whatever Monsieur Jaque wished to say was thus rendered impossible; and he left the work-room with a baffled and dejected look. This was the second time he had represented De Witt, the locksmith, very successfully; but he could hardly hope to gain access to the king in that way again; and in the excitement of his patriotism, he had utterly forgotten the great object of his visit until it was too late.

"Heaven forgive me! It will break her heart! And he would have done it—I am sure that he would have done it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"PULL HIM DOWN!"

BY HORACE B. DURANT.

This phrase explains itself so well,
That all know what we mean;
So we shall only briefly dwell
On cases daily seen
Throughout the country, far and wide,
In city and in town;
When by the rabble crowd 'tis cried,
Of some one—"Pull him down!"

Within the field of politics,
This is a common cry,
Well known as some low, party trick—
And so goes harmless by;
For worth and talent sure will win,
At last, the victor's crown;
And laugh to scorn the idle din
That wrangles—"Pull him down!"

In other spheres of life we see
The same attempt is made;
And struggling genius still must be
With all its tortures paid;
Yet real worth is never known
Until it meets the frown,
And hears detraction's zealous tone
Growl forth to—"Pull him down!"

The lawyer makes his maiden speech
In some poor client's cause;
And runs the gauntlet, then, of each
One wise in "sees and saws;"
He must receive full many a stroke,
Ere he may wear his gown;
Each prattler in the law will croak,
And try to pull him down!

The author toils from year to year,
Neglected and unknown;
Alternate tossed with hope and fear,
Till strong his soul hath grown;
Yet when the world would link his name
With honor and renown,
Envenomed hate would blot his fame,
And clamor—"Pull him down!"

With honest heart the toiler goes
Forth to his weary round;
Each day from morn until its close,
You hear his busy sound;
Yet vulgar pride beholds, with scorn,
His face begrimmed and brown;
And sloth, not half so nobly born,
Still strives to pull him down!

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EINFACH—ONE-FOLD.

BY ANNE M. H. BREWSTER.

MAISON MALET? To be sure, I remember it; and so does any one who has walked as often as I have from Vevay to Clarens. A pedestrian cannot see the comfortable bourgeois house from the lake road-side, for a high bluff rises, hiding it and the pretty front lawn, which sweeps as boldly as any little mountaineer to the very edge of the bluff.

But you leave the lake road just out of La Tour, and take a narrower one, which passes the back part and main entrance to Maison Malet, on its way to the veritable Bosquet de Julie. Indeed, I think Maison Malet is about two-thirds of the way from La Tour to the Bosquet.

This narrow road is what they call in Suisse *un chemin creux*, for it is hollowed out, as it were, among the hills, on the summits of which are spread the rich Vaudois vineyards. The road is bordered on either side with high vineyard walls, and these walls are as grim as the earth-works of a fortification. After awhile, as the road mounts up, the walls grow lower, fruit-trees overhang them, telling of the orchard-grounds of a country home; and all sorts of pretty bind weeds and lichens drape the low stone walls of the grounds. Suddenly the road seems to come to an end; on one side are some barns and out-houses; on the other, nearly fronting the road, is the court-yard entrance to the cozy old Swiss stone mansion you call Maison Malet.

I used to like to go by this court-yard, and very frequently made this a diversion in my walk up to my friend's apartments at Clarens: for I could not only see Maison Malet, but visit the Bosquet, too, and loiter awhile among its famous old chestnuts, then strike into the lake road a little above the Bosquet.

This court-yard was always noisy with chickens, and clattering maids, and men, who went hobbling about on their *sabots*, or wooden shoes, over the cobble-stones. It was such a busy, cheerful, unostentatious home-like place; plenty was written on everything. Barn and store-house always full; sleek cattle, gay men and maids, and industry and thrift the key-note of the domestic harmony.

One autumn day I loitered along the road, waiting for my maid, who had gone back to our apartments at La Tour for an umbrella; for on entering the vineyard road we noticed some clouds, which looked as if, during the afternoon, they might give us a few rain-drops. We were hoping to see the sun set from Chatelard, and had started early for a good long walk.

Suddenly down came the expected rain quite unexpectedly, and in unlooked-for quantities. The road, overshadowed by vineyard walls and tree-branches, had quite deceived me. I had not seen how near the storm was coming, nor how heavily it had gathered. It burst out in full force just as the road opened on the court-yard of Maison Malet.

"Where is mademoiselle?" said a serving-man, who was hurrying from the grange to the court-yard. A brisk maid ran out of the house as I entered the court, saying,

"Mademoiselle is in the hall."

I followed the civil servants through the yard, over the cobble-stones, past the fine old stone fountain, in whose large basin the heavy rain-drops were splashing, hugging my dog, Beau, close to me; for, spaniel though he claimed to be, it was on the royal side; and on this occasion, like many another aristocrat in this bourgeois age, might have wished for the sturdy qualities of his vulgarer canine brethren, which would have given him independence and powers of self-defence. But the pampered, long, silken-eared pet, shivered in the most cowardly manner; and then, as soon as he got under cover, he leaped from my arms and showed his lordly blood by barking insolently at his new protectors, as if calling them to an account for his mishap. He trotted about, first on one leg, then on the other, shaking the rain from his shining black-and-tan coat, and then scampered impertinently through the stone passages of the *rez-de-chaussee*, or basement, making himself quite at home, growling and turning up his pug-nose at all the family, who crowded around him, admiring his small proportions and beautiful ears. Any awkwardness I might have felt at my sudden intrusion on a strange household, was done away with at once; and I also had to make myself at home by apologizing for my saucy little beast, and striving to call him to order. But all such

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efforts were vain, and my *enfant gate* disappeared up a stone stair-case, paying no attention to my call.

On entering the house, I had stepped into the first room near the door; it was evidently that of the *femme de charge*, or housekeeper. I had only a few moments to look around me, for the mistress of the house, who met me there with friendly courtesy, made me follow my dog up the stone stair-case to the drawing-room. But in these few moments I noticed that the room was filled with piles of linen-sheeting, all neatly folded, ready to be put in the large clothes-presses, the heavy oaken-doors of which stood open, showing on their well-filled shelves other piles of house linen. The autumn *lessive*, as the half-yearly wash is called, was just through, and Madame Malet had been counting over the house linen with her housekeeper.

We found Beau snuffing imperiously around the large drawing-room, and searching out the most comfortable resting-place, reminding me of a conceited old French marquis I had seen in a play, going about spying everything through an eye-glass.

The drawing-room was like everything about the house, unpretentious—spacious, without being palatial; and nothwithstanding its large size and height of ceiling, cozy and comfortable as possible. But, unpretending though it was, from its broad, western windows and huge glass doors, which opened on a covered gallery, running across the full front of the house, there lay spread out one of the lordliest, grandest views in the world, Lake Geneva and the glorious Savoy Alps. No palace and no king could command a finer view; it was as beautiful as from Blonay or Chatelard.

The house was built on the mounting hill overhanging the lake road; and while on the court-yard side it had its *rez de chaussee*, or basement, the drawing-room, which was on the second floor, as we should call it, stood equal with, and opened on the lawn, which ran out to the hedge-mounted bluff overhanging the lake road.

This lawn was very simple; smooth grass and fruit-trees—nothing more. The main walk separated in the center, to accommodate its only ornament, a large marble basin with a *jet d'eau;* no statue, not even the common stone-bird's beak for the water to spout up from. It darted up its brilliant height, breaking into spray, and tossing its gay prism drops into the basin, playing its merry pranks, as it were, boldly, here in the presence of this beautiful nature unabashed, just plain, simple, pure water, and nothing else; but as if with a perfect right to be there, if not in court suit of sculpture or fantastical form.

The salon was hardly a drawing-room, except in size; it was a home or family room, evidently, occupied daily and hourly. There was a large bit of unfinished worsted work in a standing embroidery-frame near the window; beside it was a gay-hued sea-grass basket, filled with zephyrs and crewels of rainbow variety. This basket was upset, and its contents tossed over on the dark, polished floor, telling me in an instant that Beau had been exploring it in the hope of finding in it a comfortable bed. An open work-box stood on an old-fashioned inlaid table, also near the window; in it was some delicate white linen lawn-embroidery, a thimble, and all the accessories of needle-work.

Some large, old-fashioned book-cases, well filled with books, stood in two niche-like alcoves. I was afterward told that the former master of the maison had been quite a *savant*. There was a fine stand full of music-books, too, and a slender-legged, Erard full grand piano. It was open, and while madame had kindly bustled off to order refreshments for me, I went to the open piano and looked at the sheet-music on it. It was a set of etudes, by Robert Schumann, sixteen Charakterstucke, dedicated to Walter Von Goethe, and it was open at the fifth one, "Einfach"—one-fold; under the German title of the etude was written, in a bold, strong hand, "*A nous deux.*" (For both of us.)

Presently the madame entered, followed by a smiling Vaudoise maid, carrying a tray of nice biscuit, and a bottle of light, golden native wine. Beau immediately declared himself the intimate acquaintance of both mistress and maid, and tripped amiably around, sniffing the cake, and wagging his diminutive tail; the egotistical little marquis considered himself now in good society, decidedly, and enchanted them with his charming familiarity.

By the time the shower had passed, and the setting sun poured down its gorgeous light on the Savoy Alps, the madame and Beau's mistress had become pleasant acquaintances. The madame was a gay little Suisse, as bourgeoise as her surroundings; communicative and social. She told me all her little family history; a pretty pastoral, with its minor strain of death in it.

She was a widow, and had only one grandchild, who lived with her. Madeleine Malet, the daughter of her only child, a son, who, like her *savant* husband, lay in the church-yard at Montreux. Madeleine was away visiting some friends in Geneva. The lawn-embroidery was here, and very dainty and pretty it was. The

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worsted work was madame's. Yes, her seventy-year-old eyes sunned themselves in those gorgeous-hued crewels, and took exceeding great delight in fashioning all those really pretty arabesques, and mythical flowers, which were shaping themselves into a taboret-cover.

And the music? That was Madeleine's. Just as she had left it that morning. The piano should have been shut, and the delicate *broderie* put out of the dust—but the negligent Madeleine had forgotten to be tidy and careful; and the fond grandmother let them stay as she had left them, feeling as if her child was still with her, when she saw the marks of her occupations around her.

"She is like a lap-dog, a spoiled child," said the dear old lady in her pretty French, laughing; "but she serves as an exercise for my patience," and the charming old madame shrugged her shoulders, looking, however, too happy to make any one believe that there was any exercise of patience in the matter. Mademoiselle Madeleine was evidently *une reine et maitresse chez elle*, queen and mistress of all around her.

I never saw the pretty Madeleine, nor did I ever see the agreeable, hospitable hostess of Maison Malet again. A few days after, I left Suisse for South Italy, and heard with real regret from Vevay, the following autumn, that the gay, happy old lady was dead, put to sleep beside her husband and son in the beautiful Montreux grave-yard.

"And as you seem so interested in your chance acquaintance, and the subject of your rainy afternoon gossip," wrote my kind Vevay correspondent, "I will, as you request, keep myself and you *au courant* of the future of Mademoiselle Madeleine, for you seem determined that the *a nous deux* note on the Schumann music shall turn out a romance."

And, strange to say, it did. I will gather together the bits out of my friend's letters, relating to the pretty Madeleine's life romance, and join them together into a whole, while you sit there looking at and admiring that lovely Dusseldorf picture, which you say the catalogue calls "Unconscious Beauty." It should be called "The Resolve," for so it was named when it was first sketched; and like the Einfach Schumann etude, has more to do with my story than you would think of. Reality is very strange, remember.

The Geneva friends, where Madeleine was visiting the day I was at Maison Malet, had an only grandson. He had been brought up with Madeleine; they were like brother and sister, their grand-parents thought, and were happy in thinking so. Oliver Giraud was his name. The grandfather was the chief one of the most flourishing watch-making establishments in Geneva. The prettiest and costliest articles of *bijouterie* could be found at Giraud's: enameled bracelets, exquisite musical-boxes, and watches small enough for Titania, supposing that her fairy queenship had wished for one to count the length of time her love-folly for Bottom lasted.

Oliver Giraud, though brought up for trade, had been nicely educated; and had a true gift for music. He had spent some few years in Germany, and had been well taught. He was a skillful organist, as one of the Genevese congregations could testify, for at the church his family attended, he played every Sunday *en amateur*. He composed nicely, too; and he and Mademoiselle Madeleine enjoyed music together, for she was no poor executante. The Einfach was one of their pet etudes, and his handwriting it was, that *a nous deux* on the music, of course.

When Madame Malet died suddenly, everything was changed for poor Madeleine. Unfortunately, she proved an heiress; and an aunt of her mother, a pretentious Parisian woman, who boasted of a *de* to her name, turned up to claim part guardianship. Old Mr. Giraud had to yield her up to this aunt; especially as Madeleine showed no positive objection to her aunt's claims.

"But I shall speak to her before she goes," said Oliver, to his grandfather, with imploring determination.

"As you please, my boy; but better not—better not."

Oliver took his own counsel, and did speak, there, on that sweet road through the Bosquet de Julie, the night before she left for Paris. They had walked up to the Montreux grave-yard, and she had wept bitter tears over her grandmother's grave. Oliver did not speak there—the moment was too sacred; but when they neared Clarens, he said,

"Lina, a sunset from the Bosquet for a memory."

And the two walked slowly up to the old chestnuts. There he told her his love, calmly and quietly—for Oliver was a true Swiss, not a Frenchman; he had nothing melodramatic in him. He was honest and honorable, too; and, therefore, would not let her give him yea or nay; for he had pity on the bewildered girl, as she sat, spell-bound, under the magnetic force of his love, which seemed to flow from his lips, and envelop her whole being.

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"Lina, do not distress yourself, my darling. I do not ask to know if you love me; I only wish you to know my deep affection for you. All I desire now, is, that you will sometimes think of me there, in your new, gay home; and if ever the wish comes to you to leave your aunt, and be the grandchild of your old friends, Pere and Mere Giraud, I shall be ready waiting for you, *cherie.* I shall never love any one but you, Lina; and never shall have any wife, if I have not you."

He took her trembling hand in his, kissed it with sweet, manly reverence, and then put it on his arm, and led the agitated, sobbing young girl from the Bosquet. They returned to Maison Malet in silence. At the court-yard gate he bade her good-by, kissing her forehead tenderly, as he had often done before, on parting, and walked on with sharp, quick steps to Vevay, where he waited for his grand-parents, whose carriage he had seen in the Malet court-yard.

Pere and Mere Giraud were in the salon with the frigid Madame de Colville, Madeleine's aunt. They staid only a few moments after her return, and after hearing that Oliver had walked on. At parting, each handed her a jewel-case, which contained their farewell-gifts; but the weeping, startled Madeleine was too confused to notice the presents; she did nothing more than accept them mechanically, and kiss her old friends again and again, sobbing with unrestrained sorrow.

When they left, she hurried up to her room, where she shut herself in, and for a long while wept bitterly. After her tears had spent their force, she examined her jewel-boxes. Pere Giraud's contained the smallest of all small watches, with an enameled chain, and *breloques* of exquisite delicacy and variety.

Mere Giraud's box had in it a soft, lovely pearl necklace, with a diamond and green enamel clasp and pendant. Beside the necklace lay a small morocco case, labeled, "*A nous deux.*" She opened it, and found in it a tiny musical-box, very small, encased in Malachite and gold. She wound it up with the gold key hanging by a chain from it. It played but one tune—Einfach!

We will not follow Madeleine through her Parisian life, day by day. The first year, as she was in mourning, could not be a very gay one to her; but Madame de Colville displayed her beautiful niece, whose satisfactory *dot*, or dowry, she took good care should be known at every suitable place.

The second year opened brilliantly to the lovely young heiress. Operas, dinners, balls, every gayety was enjoyed; and her aunt's ambitious hopes even dreamed of a marquis for her niece. To be sure, the marquis was no longer young, though well preserved; and his private life *a lui*, might tell some tales not pleasant to hear or know. But he was a marquis, and that was everything, as her aunt's nephew, Arthur Seigulet, would say, teazingly, in a low whisper to her sometimes.

Arthur Seigulet was a young artist of great merit and growing reputation. His aunt was proud of his success, and was well pleased to admit him to her house, especially as she new him to be the *verlobst*, or betrothed, of a pretty and wealthy Dusseldorf maiden, and therefore harmless as well as useful as an attendant.

One afternoon, in the height of this second season, Madeleine and her aunt were returning from a drive. They had been visiting a bride—a beautiful, ambitious creature, who had sold herself to an old bachelor-general, who had, however, *cinquante mille livres de rente*—about ten thousand dollars a year.

As they were *amies intimes*—the dearest of friends—they were shown the magnificent *trousseau* of the bride; it contained every imaginable luxury of dress; Cachemires song des Indes; square Persian shawls; robes of velvet and moire; flounces of *pointe de Hongrie;* veils of *pointe de Chantilly;* scarfs, and berthes, and laces, and handkerchiefs of *pointe d'Alençon; ecrins* of diamonds and rubies; and ropes of pearls with sapphire clasps.

"Your trousseau, madame la marquise, shall be finer than that," said her aunt, when they were alone in her smooth-rolling coach. "I had a note this morning from the marquis, asking for a final interview to-morrow. So make yourself divinely beautiful this evening at Madame Mercœurt's ball, that my bold requisitions for a settlement, etc., may be granted with rapture to-morrow morning."

A hot flush of anger and shame mounted to Madeleine's brow, as it always did when her aunt talked of the marquis in this cool bargain-and-sale tone. She tossed her head, and drew herself up in proud silence.

"Yes, look just as haughty and scornful as you do now," continued her aunt; "that is marvelously becoming to you. But keep silent," she added, as she saw Madeleine about giving her an answer.

The carriage just then, luckily, drew up at the entrance of their hotel, and the two ladies alighted. Madeleine went to her room and after sending her maid out, sat holding her

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throbbing temples, with her two hands buried in the most wildering, inextricable thoughts.

And what had these two years done for her? She felt almost frantic as the past and present, and her possible future, gathered like a whirlpool in her mind. She was like one who sees a violent death-blow coming on while in full health, too terrified to do anything but watch its fall; and, united to her terror and disgust, was a keen feeling of self-reproach. She had allowed her aunt to hunt down the marquis. She had not encouraged her by actual words; but still she had laughed and help her play the game out in numberless ways, pushed on by an unconscious spirit of rivalry, and a determination of showing her own gay world and aspiring young companions, that she could, if she pleased, command its best *parti*, or match.

But now that the gaining of the game lay in her own hands; now that she saw the brink of the precipice on which she was standing, she recoiled with loathing and disgust; for our pretty Madeleine, though she had been selfish, and vain, and worldly, was not wholly heartless; a warm little Vaudoise heart beat under all that glittering icy world-crust; and it was asserting at last its right to be consulted in the matter; and to help its cause, Oliver's face rose up in her memory.

This may seem unnatural—but reality never is what one calls natural; and then, moreover, it was true, that which her aunt would scornfully say of her at the conclusion of their frequent disputes, "It must be admitted that Miss Madeleine is a little countrified."

She had good old-fashioned feelings, and honest principles at the bottom. The seed had been planted in her youth; and though the tares of world-life had grown wildly, the good growth was struggling for mastery—did it gain? Let us see. Have patience.

She had not been ignorant of Oliver and his life all this time. Pere and Mere Giraud's letters, though they came only once a year, with a pretty New-Year's gift, had always contained news of him; but, added to these, she had another source of information; Arthur Seigulet had known Oliver in Germany—and they were dear friends. He had informed her always of Oliver's movements. The year before he had gone to Germany, and this year he had spent in Italy. That very morning Arthur had read her a part of a letter from Oliver, in which he alluded to a speedy return home to Geneva.

Now the scene of their parting at the Bosquet swept up before her, and the fresh mountain-breeze of such love tossed aside into fragments all the petty, frail fabric of worldly ambition. She dined with her aunt and Arthur, and listened, as in a dream, to her aunt's report of the morning visit. So preoccupied was she, that she hardly noticed her aunt's triumph, or Arthur's teazing congratulations when a superb bouquet came for her from the marquis. She took the flowers mechanically, and went to her room, where she submitted patiently to her maid's arrangement of the evening toilet. One thought filled her brain—how to extricate herself from this approaching crisis. When her evening dressing was nearly through, her maid had to go to Madame de Colville's room, in search of some little detail of the toilet.

"Leave the door open," said Madeleine, "it is so hot here I am stifled."

The apartments were *en suite*, and only an ante-room separated Madeleine's dressing-room from the morning-room, or library, in which they always took a cup of tea before going out for the evening. Arthur Seigulet was sitting there reading, waiting to accompany them to the ball. She did not know he was there; and thought, if she thought at all, that she was alone. From his seat he could look directly into her room. He was just rising to change his place, when his artist-eye was struck with the fine effect her position, costume, and expression of face was making.

She stood half turning from the dressing-glass, her eyes had evidently caught a glimpse of her form, and the *tout ensemble* of her dress; the image reflected in the mirror arrested her attention. She looked at herself with the haughtiest scorn. She was dressed in a rich robe of green silk, worked in arabesque figures of gold. It was a private costume ball to which she was going, and she was to be announced under the title of a "Lady a Century Ago."

Her crepe hair was a little *en toupet*, that is, rolled off and up from the brow on a small cushion; but its rich brown hue was left without powder. She held a withered rose in her hand, and that hand was falling from her heart, where she had been pressing it to quiet its fierce, sickening throbs.

A jewel-box stood open on a table behind her. She had just opened it to get out the pearl necklace of Mere Giraud; and with a sort of mechanical movement of her despair, had wound up the little music-box which lay beside it, and it was playing its one tune, Einfach.

The light streamed full on her brown, ruddy cheek, for her flesh-tint was, indeed, as Madame de Colville had often lamented, *un peu bourgeois* also. She was no brunette, that *chatain clair*,

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or rich golden brown of her hair, told that her skin should have been much fairer; but the brown tint was from exposure to Vaudois sun and air in her youth. Her aunt had often sorrowed over it; but the fact was so, and not even her two years of city life had whitened it.

Her eyes seemed to take in her whole form, and her short, upper lip curled with the proudest, willfulest expression.

"Some mighty resolve has been just made," said Arthur Seigulet, playfully, as he hastily added some pencil marks to the rich folds of drapery in the sketch he had managed to make during the short period of her maid's absence.

"She has either made up her mind to be a marquise, and is detesting herself for it, or she has resolved to make war to the knife with my aunt for her freedom. If the last, she shall have my most hearty help, and," he stopped, and smiled as he folded up his sketch and put it in his pocket; then, after a little pause, "and I will make a copy of this, my Dusseldorf exhibition picture, as a wedding present to my friend Oliver."

War to the knife, indeed, it was! And it was well that her aunt displayed so much fierce temper, for it helped to make dear old Madame Malet's *enfants gates* more firm in her resolve; for over the withered rose, gathered on that last evening with Oliver, from her grandmother's grave, and to the sweet, clear sounds of the Einfach, she had registered a vow to be true to herself, cost whatever mortification it might.

That night was but the commencement of her trial. Her beauty produced double and treble effect from the very indifference she showed. The marquis was full of *petits soins*, and open in his acknowledgment of his infatuation. It was a true society triumph to her aunt, but to Madeleine a keen mortification; for she knew if she had not actually sought the marquis, she had most certainly encouraged him; but even this shame did not move her resolution. The marquis was ready to double and quadruple every demand of her aunt, so completely was he overpowered with her haughty beauty, which was rendered more fascinating by the slight shadow of remorse and sorrow, which threw a tenderness into her abrupt words. As he helped them to their carriage, he whispered to Madame de Colville, as he put her gloved hand to his lips.

"To-morrow morning, my dear madame, at eleven o'clock."

Madeleine waited until they reached home; then, as they were parting for the night, she asked her aunt for a few moments conversation alone. No one ever knew the details of that interview. The startled maids, who were waiting up in the ante-room to help their ladies undress, said that the stately, quiet Madame de Colville was actually heard screaming with rage.

"She raged like any Dame du Halle," said Jacqueline to Arthur's man servant; "but Mademoiselle Madeleine was as quiet as a queen."

The next day Madame de Colville was too ill to receive the marquis; and she did not leave her room until after her niece had left Paris; for she positively refused to see her ever again unless she accepted the marquis. Arthur went from aunt to niece with attempts at reconciliation. His labors were in vain. Both remained inexorable, and Madeleine left Paris for Geneva; and Pere and Mere Giraud, under the escort of Arthur and her maid.

The sequel is plain enough, and can be told in a few words. She married Oliver a few months after, and Maison Malet is now Maison Giraud. The drawing-room has one new decoration, Arthur Seigulet's wedding-present, a copy of his great Dusseldorf exhibition triumph. This picture which you call "Unconscious Beauty," is it? He called it, however, "The Resolve." Oliver calls his copy Einfach—one-fold.

Madeleine gives a low laugh when she looks at it, and remembers how tragic she felt at the time Arthur sketched her, as she stood before the mirror on that memorable night. But the laugh is checked as her thoughts whirl on, and tell her on what a slender pivot her happiness rested at that moment.

The Einfach etude often steals on the night air from those large windows looking on the lake, and husband and wife are then ONE-FOLD.

THAT FACE.

BY CLARENCE FREDERICK BUHLER.

ONE day, where sunshine drank the dew
With golden lips, I chanced to view,
Amid the passing crowd, the face
Of one, with such bewitching grace,
That, after she had vanished, I
Still gazed entranced on vacancy;
So like Camilla she passed by,
I knew not hue of hair or eye;
But this I know, I've many days
Like that seen since—but no such face.

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VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

The spring fashions promise to be of unusual beauty. In the front of the number we give, in addition to the colored plate, a variety of things, such as head-dresses, hats, bonnets, walking-dresses, etc., etc. We have also had engraved, and give above, two very pretty costumes, one a walking-dress, quite novel in style, which may be made of dark-blue cloth, poplin, or even a summer worsted material. The under-skirt is quite plain, just touching the ground, without any train. All the widths of the second skirt, with the exception of the front one, which is straight, are gored and fastened one to the other by buttons and button-holes; these buttons are of metal. Casaque, with a full basquine, forming a puff at the back. Basque falling loose in front, with buttons; high bodice, and small pelerine. Tight sleeves. Fanchonnette bonnet of black velvet and lace, with cross-strips and bows of satin. The other is a costume for the house. It is of shot glace silk, green and gray, with a trimming of pleated flounces of the same material, headed with cross-strips of green satin. This dress has three skirts trimmed in the same way: the first is train-shaped a little; the second, of the same shape, is draped at the sides; the third one forms a basquine, looped up into a puff at the back and open at the sides; it is ornamented with silk rosettes. Bodice gathered at the bottom, with a small pelerine, simulated by a fluting headed with a cross-strip; rosettes on the shoulders. Tight sleeves, with a fluting and rosettes at the wrists. Round waistband fastened with a rosette. Coiffure of green satin ribbon. Both of these costumes are of the newest and suited for spring.

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COSTUME FOR LITTLE BOY

OF THREE OR FOUR YEARS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

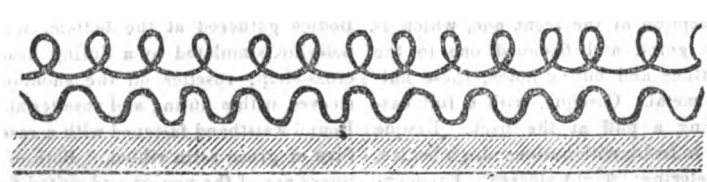
THIS costume consists, first, of a skirt, which must be perfectly straight, and must hang in full pleats. It is ornamented down the middle of the front breadth with a piece six inches broad, that is braided with black silk braid, and bordered with a quarter-inch black velvet ribbon, or twilled silk binding. We give an engraving of the braiding pattern, (full size,) the better to help out the maker.

The jacket is slashed up three inches in depth, and ornamented in the same manner as seen in the full figure. The vest is simply bordered with the wide braid or velvet; and in the vest is placed the pocket, which is also piece braided. A small pointed cuff for the sleeve also braided, completes the costume.

We give diagrams by which to cut this dress out. There are five pieces it will be seen.

A. HALF OF FRONT OF JACKET.
B. HALF OF FRONT OF BACK.
C. HALF OF FRONT OF UNDER-VEST.
D. HALF OF BACK OF UNDER-VEST.
E. SLEEVE.

The size of each piece is marked in inches in the diagrams. It is best to make paper patterns of the proper size from these diagrams, and then to cut out the several pieces for the dress from such paper patterns.



DETAIL OF BRAIDING, FULL SIZE.

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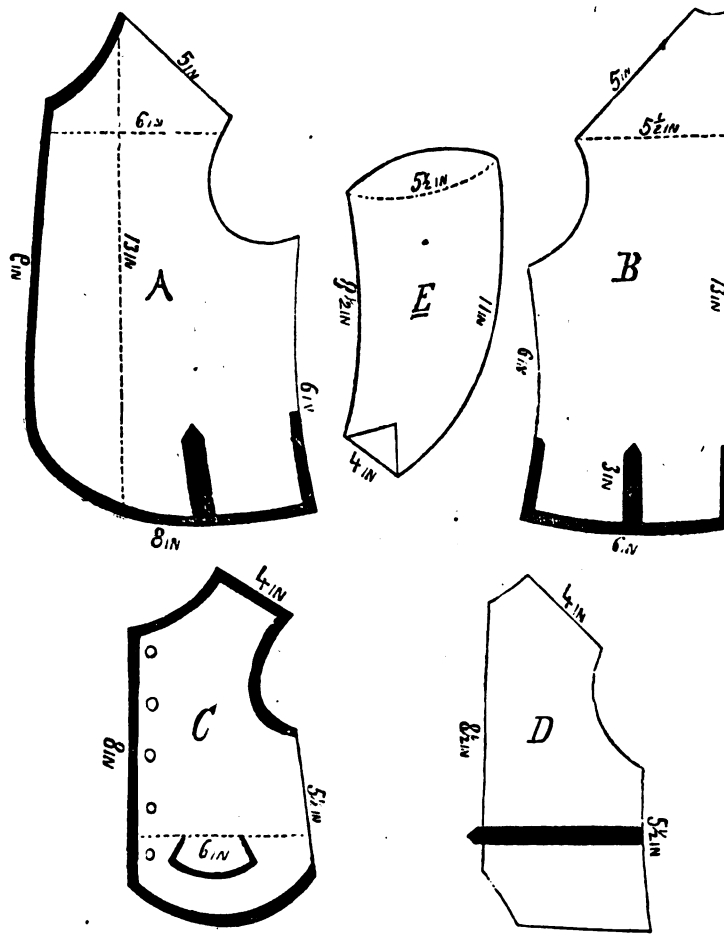

DIAGRAM OF COSTUME FOR LITTLE BOY.

BORDERS FOR FOOT-CUSHIONS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

No. 1 is of white cloth, with an applique of black velvet, with little holes stamped out, which form a kind of rosette round the colored middle rounds. The latter are alternately in blue, green, and cerise. The smallest embroidered round is medium blue. The velvet is fastened on with pale yellow button-hole stitch, surrounded with a line of stalk-stitch of a paler yellow. The under part of the border is ornamented with a tassel-like pattern in a twisted chain-stitch of violet and silver-gray silk of a very light shade, and a few steel beads. The scalloped lines over the applique stripes consist of two rows of stalk-stitch, worked close together, in two shades of violet, on a line of twisted chain-stitch in silver-gray, and a simple stalk-stitch line in dark violet. The little rounds are in a variety of bright colors, and steel beads are also added, as shown in the design.

No. 2 has a red cloth foundation. The white applique is ornamented at the edge with scallops of green stitches, and in the middle with

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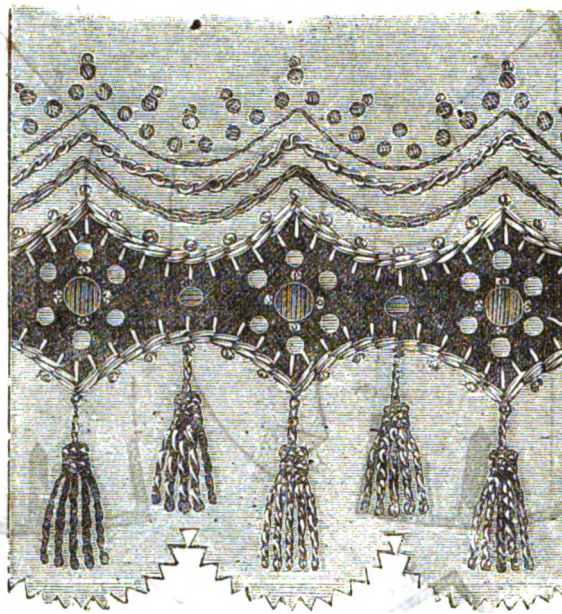
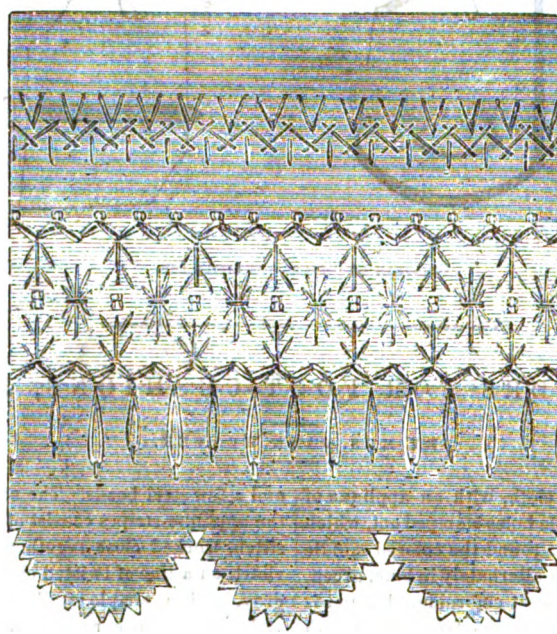


yellow silk stitches lying over each other, and fastened together in the middle with a violet design. At the under part are long, loose leaves of yellow and black alternately. Over the ap-



silk stitch (see design.) The ornamental part on each side consists of three black silk stitches, with always two separate red stitches between them; gold beads are also placed according to plique is a stripe of cross-stitches in black, and over them green forked stitches; underneath are separate stitches of white silk. Both of these patterns are very new.

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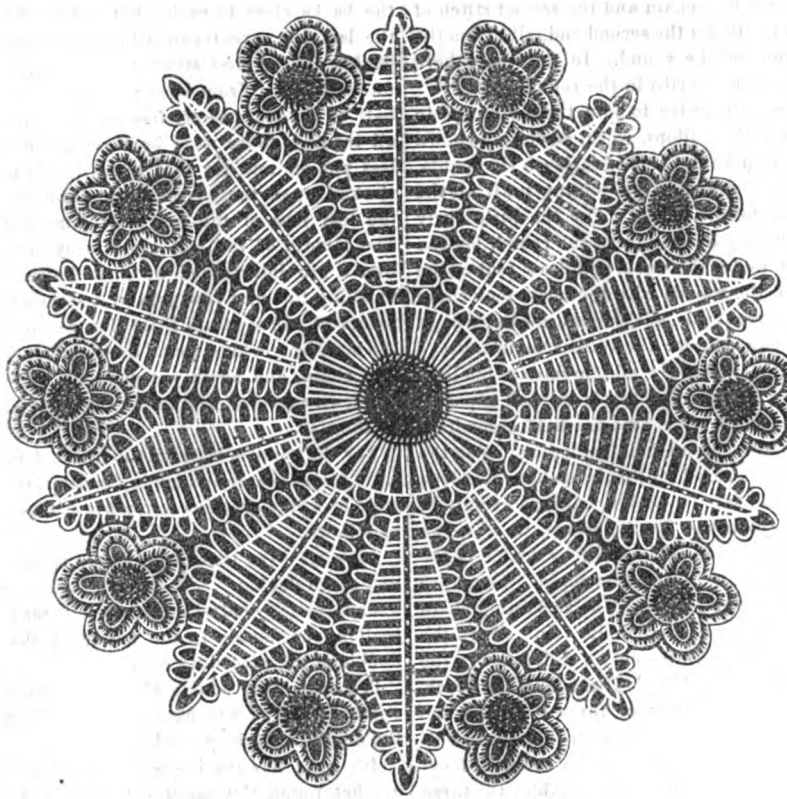
CROCHET TIDY.

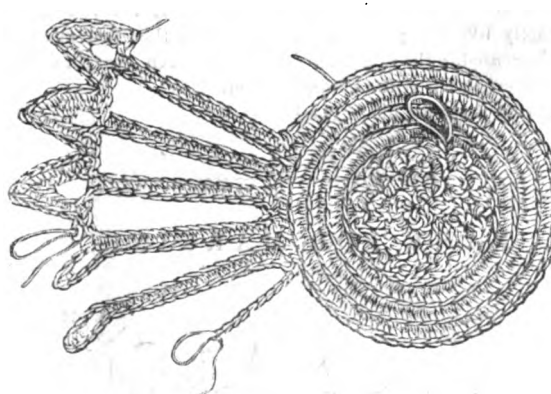
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Crochet cotton No. 10, steel hook.

This Tidy is worked in separate parts, which are afterward sewn together.

Close three chain in a ring, and work double round these until the outer circle numbers sixty stitches. From the last stitch of the round work the ends terminating in scallops.



Begin with the inner star, the mode of working, which is clearly shown in our small cut, given here, and which is of the proper size.

1st row: Twenty-one chain; upon these, back, passing over the last, work two double in the two following stitches of the first chain, then three

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chain passing over with these three stitches of the first chain, then again fifteen double. The last double must be carried through the first stitch of the first chain and the second stitch of the round. Begin the second end (rib) from the third stitch of the round. In the whole there are thirty of these ribs in the round.

2nd row: In order to join these ribs and to form the little scallops, work, as clearly shown in No. 2, round the point of each rib six double, two chain, six double, all joining until all the little bars form a circle. For the little curly loops, covering the middle of the round, lay the thread on under the work, and draw (out of the middle of the round) with the hook, four chain toward the right side, sticking the needle through between two double; the third remains always underneath. Round the middle star are ten leaf-like parts. Each of these is worked separate from the under edge, first one half ascending, and then the second half returning. For the first (the undermost rib) make a chain of eleven stitches, and crochet back upon them exactly in the same manner as for the ribs of the star, two double, then three chain and four double in the last five stitches of the first chain. These are required for the length. The remaining chain is the beginning of the middle vein. Work the following ribs, making only a difference in the length (of the double.) There must, however, always remain a space of three chain for the middle vein to be filled up with the second half leaf. The second rib requires a chain of fourteen stitches, and contains five double; the three last remain for the middle vein.

Afterward the number of chain put on is increased always two, consequently each rib is two stitches longer, so that the seventh rib at the twenty-fourth chain contains fifty-one double. The eighth rib is exactly like the preceding. The next six ribs are decreased in the same proportion, so that the fourteenth rib at the chain of twelve stitches contains three double. The three next ribs, which form the point of the leaf, are without the three vein stitches, and are worked with nine chain and three double, with the backs close to each other. After finishing the last, the seventeenth rib, crochet again one double in the first stitch of the chain of the fifteenth rib. From here work out the second half of the leaf exactly like the first; however, all through there must be three chain-stitches less put on, and for that three double must be worked upon the three chain, through which the leaf ribs of the first half hang together. The middle of the leaf appears by this means like a rib interrupted by little holes. After finishing this first row, join by a second row the points of the separate little ribs, as the ribs on the star, by working round one point six double, two chain, and again six double. The leaves are sewn together, and under the outer scallops of the star.

For the rosettes between the leaves, forming a little round nearly an inch in diameter, the outer edge of which contains thirty-five stitches, work as follows:

1st row: Five times alternately twelve chain and seven double.

2nd row: Twenty-three treble in each chain scallop, one double in the middle of the seven double of the preceding row.

3rd row: One double always on the hinder stitch thread of a treble of the preceding row; the double must be passed over.

4th row: Always inclosing the whole stitch, crochet round the rosete with double, between which work always two chain, which form a little picot. By this means the first and last stitch of two leaves lying close together remain untouched. The inner round of the rosette is like the star, covered with little loops; the rosettes are then fastened to the corresponding points between every two leaves, according to design.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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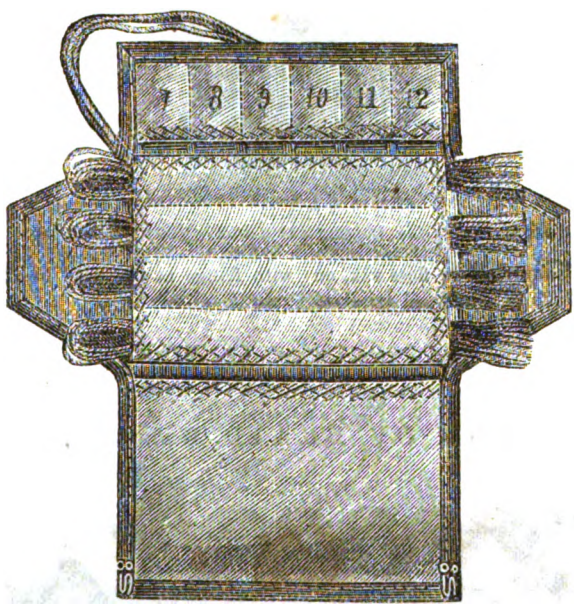
THREAD AND NEEDLE-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Eight inches of Java canvas, two shades of green zephyr, green silk cord, white cloth, coarse red sewing-silk, green silk or worted tassels, also some silk for lining.

For the outside, cut the Java canvas eight inches in breadth by twelve long. This is to be ornamented with the green zephyr, (or floss silk, if preferred,) following the design seen in our cut above, where the case is complete. The side-flaps, cut as seen in the annexed cut, are



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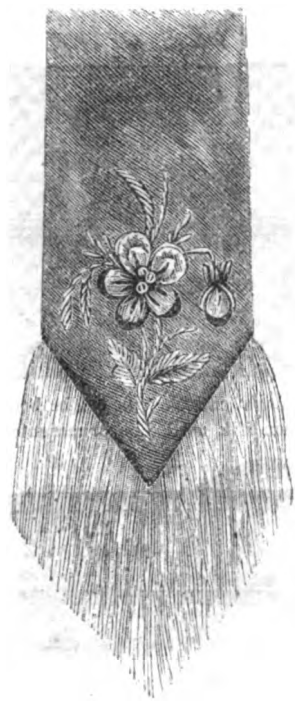
added to the first piece. Then line the whole with silk, either green or any other contrasting color, binding the case all around with narrow galloon, stitched with white or red silk upon the sewing-machine. The inside pockets are made of the white cloth, ornamented with herring-bone stitch in red silk. Fold the case, adding the cord for handles, the tassels at the sides, buttons and elastic at each end of the flap.

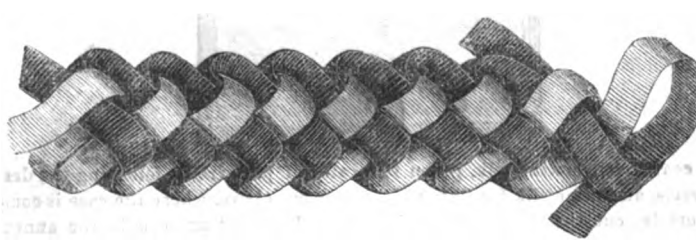
RIBBON CRAVAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design may be worked in floss silk, on ribbon or velvet, which is afterward trimmed with fringe at the ends, and lined with sarcenet.

TRIMMING OF BRAID OR RIBBON.



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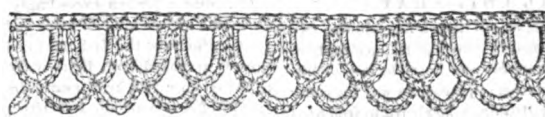
CROCHET EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



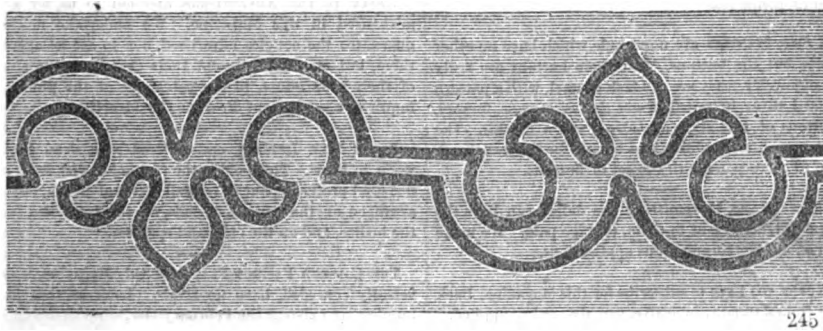
MAKE a chain of thirteen stitches; returning, loop the last on to the first, and over the scallop thus formed crochet sixteen double closely; there must then be three chain remaining in a straight line; * thirteen chain; returning, loop the last stitch on to the first, close to the double-stitch scallop; crochet eight double round the just-finished scallop, working seven chain, loop the last, returning, in the middle of the preceding double-stitch scallop, and crochet eleven double into the seven chain, and work in the scallop of thirteen chain eight double, so that three of them remain free for carrying on the chain line. Repeat from * until the edging is the required length. Finish with a line of double along the chain line, and crochet one double at the places where the scallop is, and three double at the spaces of three chain.

GALLOON TRIMMINGS, ORNAMENTED WITH BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE design gives the width of the galloon, also the exact size of the beads they should be ornamented with. These are rich trimmings for paletots, and all descriptions of walking-jackets.

BRAIDED BORDER FOR PIQUE SKIRT.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

PERIL OF LIFE IN TRAVELING.—Within a few months, two continents have been horrified by two frightful accidents in traveling, attended with unusual and horrible loss of life. In both cases the transportation of petroleum was the cause of the disaster. In Great Britain, a goods-train, freighted with petroleum, broke loose, and ran into a passenger-train. There was a shock, a flash of fire, and then all was over: the unhappy victims being literally roasted alive. On the Ohio river, two steamboats came into collision, with a similar awful result. In neither case would there have been much, if any loss of life, but for the presence of petroleum. Now do not let us be misunderstood. We are not advocating the exclusion of this highly inflammable material altogether from steamboats and railroads. But we would have its transportation properly regulated. Petroleum is too dangerous ever to be carried on passenger trains, or on steamboats devoted to passenger travel. The law ought to protect human life better than that: and we hope public sentiment will soon compel our legislators to see that it does.

In such a matter as this, women might properly lead. For who is the principal sufferer by these frightful disasters? The sufferer is the wife who is widowed, the mother who is left with orphans to support. Even at the time of the accident itself, it is woman who is most helpless; and this from the very character of her organization as well as from her social surroundings. On that awful night, in the Ohio, men were saved, while women were hopelessly lost. In every aspect, therefore, it is the duty of woman to pioneer in this movement. She can influence her fathers, sons, brothers, and acquaintances; she can appeal to Legislatures; many also can wield eloquent pens. It is a mistake to suppose that woman can do but little in emergencies like this. As civilization advances, her influence widens and deepens. She is a power in the United States, even if she is one nowhere else; but she is a power everywhere, only more of a power where communities are most free. If the wives, and mothers, and daughters of America would take up this one reform, every Legislature, in less than a year, would be on their side.

FOR BALL-DRESSES, tulle of the fashionable claret color, delicately embroidered with straw, and trimmed with straw fringe, (the strands of which are as fine as silk,) is much used. It is worn over satin of the same color. Straw is again in vogue for trimming silk dinner-dresses that are made with high, square-cut bodices. The straw is worked on net, and either blue or black seed-beads are used for filling in the spaces. The blue beads look exceedingly well; they are sometimes clustered together as stars, and have all the effect of turquoises.

BLACK SILK MANTLES are now made which have no other ornaments but the buttons. But these buttons are truly marvels of jewelry; they are of black enamel, with a pattern in oxydized silver in relief—*fleurs de lys*, crowns, flowers, etc. Buttons of this style are also put on dresses. The ear-rings, brooch, sleeve-links, and buckle for the waistband, are worn to correspond with the set of buttons.

CLUB SUBSCRIBERS, by remitting one dollar, can have the "Star of Bethlehem" sent to them, postage paid. We make this offer in answer to numerous applications.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to subscribe for this Magazine. Back numbers from January, inclusive, can always be supplied.

CHIGNONS are worn exceedingly high at the back of the head, and are made up of loops and curls. The French Empress, who sets the fashion in all things, has her head-dresses arranged with light sprays of foliage. Lately she appeared in a rich brown satin dress, and among her curls, sprays of leaves of the sensitive plant, and tufts of buckthorn-berries. The leaves were interwoven carelessly round the ringlets of the chignon, and here and there in front tufts of berries were studded. Her majesty seldom wears a head-dress without precious stones being introduced in some part of it. Sometimes there are diamond stars, sometimes diamond leaves, and sometimes *agrafes* of either rubies or emeralds. During the imperial sojourn at Compiegne, lately, her majesty wore several head-dresses, in which either gold or silver braid has been introduced. Many of the lady guests have imitated the style, consequently gold and silver braids are the fashion, and not an unbecoming one either. The braids are of peculiar make—very wide and very brilliant. They are made up into knots and bows, which are studded about the head, and occasionally they form a part of the head-dresses that are composed of velvet and flowers. A correspondent, at Paris, writes: "I have seen a very charming head-dress in this latter style—it consisted of light-blue velvet, small black grapes, dark leaves, and gold braid. At the back the gold braid formed *spirales*, which were intended to intermingle with the curls. It was destined to be worn by a *brune*. At the same milliner's I saw two of these novel head-dresses destined for a blonde. One was a chaplet of forget-me-nots, with silver braid twisted in and out among the flowers; the other was a wreath of small vine-leaves, made of green velvet and silver tendrils, large bunches of grapes, imitated in dead silver, and double sprays of green velvet leaves."

WHEN CUT FLOWERS have faded, either by being worn a whole evening in one's dress, or as a bouquet, by cutting half an inch from the end of the stem in the morning, and putting the freshly-trimmed stalks instantly into quite boiling water, the petals may be seen to come smooth and resume their beauty, often in a few minutes. Colored flowers, carnations, azaleas, roses, and geraniums, may be treated in this way. White flowers turn yellow. The thickest textured flowers come up the best, although azaleas revive wonderfully. Another very good mode of renovating cut-flowers is to place them in water under a glass shade. For keeping flowers in water, finely-powdered charcoal, in which the stalks can be stuck at the bottom of the vase, is excellent; it preserves them surprisingly, and renders the water free from any obnoxious qualities.

APPLY TO THE ADVERTISERS, and not to us, for articles advertised in this Magazine. We undertake neither to guarantee the articles advertised, nor to act as agents for them, but merely to present their claims, on the showing of their proprietors, to the patronage of the public. All inquiries must be sent direct to the advertisers.

BLACK SILK DRESSES, embroidered with dead gold, are worn in Paris. This gold is the real gold twist from India, not used profusely, but in a small classical design, tastefully arranged on the wide sash ends, on the front and back of the bodice, and on the cuffs and epaulets.

THE COLORED FASHION-PLATES of this Magazine, it is universally conceded, have no rivals. Look at that in this number, and also at the February one!

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ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE TO CLUBS at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough names have thus been added to make a second club, the sender will be entitled to a second premium, or premiums, as the case may be. Thus, for five subscribers, at $1.60, we send an extra copy, and also a "Star of Bethlehem," as premiums. Now the person sending us such a club, may add subscribers at $1.60 each, at any time during the year, and when enough have been sent to make five additional ones, then the sender will be entitled to another extra copy, and a choice of either of our premium engravings. And so of all our clubs. But club subscribers must invariably begin with the January number.

EMBROIDERY ON TICKING is the newest thing. We gave some patterns in this work last year. It is either worked in stripes or covering the ground-work with small flowers. Sometimes there is a line of flowerets embroidered on one of the stripes of the ticking; but when the pattern of the ticking itself represent flowers, then flowers are worked all over the ground-work, and geometrical designs are not used. This kind of work has been popular in England for some time past. It is very elegant, besides being most useful for covering the furniture of a sitting-room in a country-house. We have seen it arranged as table-cloths, for vallances for a chimney-piece, for curtain-bands, etc.

LONG GLOVES, which cover a part of the arm, and a bracelet on the glove, are quite the fashion. Bracelets are also worn on the upper part of the arm, leaving the wrist free. We think this latter quite an improvement. The joining on of the arm to the hand is certainly the part which it would be best to show; while on the contrary, the bracelet on the upper arm sets off to advantage the shape of the whole. It is thus, indeed, that it was worn by Athenian and Roman ladies; and we are very fond, now-a-days, of taking our fashions from those queens of the ancient world.

BRETON EMBROIDERY, in which we have given so many designs, continues the rage in Paris. The favorite ground-work is either black, purple, or crimson cashmere. Embroidery on leather, or rather kid, is also a very popular work. Metternich green is the fashionable color for the leather; it is bright and cheerful-looking. Purses and bags are all the style in this peculiar shade, which has quite superseded the dark-red, which every one affected for purse, pocket-book, and bag last year.

FOR TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF we will send a copy of "Peterson" for one year, and also a "Star of Bethlehem." We make this statemant in answer to numerous inquiries.

CONTRIBUTORS must keep copies of articles they wish to preserve. We really cannot be responsible for manuscripts sent to us.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sketches Abroad With Pen and Pencil. By Felix O. C. Darley. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Hurd & Houghton.*—We remember Darley when he made some of his first essays in designing. Among other efforts, we recall his illustrations of "Neal's Charcoal Sketches," which, at that time, were the very best of their kind which had been done by any American artist. Since then, Darley has steadily improved; his drawing, his composition, everything has advanced. His illustrations of Dr. Judd's remarkable novel, "Margaret," are in the noblest style, and entitle him to rank among the very best designers here or in England. The present volume is a record of travel in Europe, and is full of descriptions of art and scenery abroad. Originally written in the shape of letters to friends at home, the book is not, perhaps, as finished in a literary point of view as it might be; but its English is good, its matter excellent, and the criticisms generally very superior. About eighty sketches, many of them full-page, embellish and explain the text, and add greatly to the value of the book. The volume is beautifully printed.

The Old World in its New Face. By Henry W. Bellows. 2nd vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We have here the second and concluding volume of the Rev. Dr. Bellows' European travel, the first volume of which we noticed, with praise, a few months ago. Having lately been over much the same route of travel ourselves, we can testify to the fidelity of the descriptions, and the general accuracy of the judgments on men and things. The book is full of an individuality, which, while it sometimes challenges one's own special tastes and opinions, nevertheless adds greatly to the flavor of the volumes.

Great Britain. By Charles Wentworth Wilke. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a narrative of travel, during 1866 and 1867, in the United States, Canada, Australia, India, and other parts of the globe which have been colonized by Great Britain. The author calls it a record of travel in English-speaking countries. It is written with unusual candor and fairness; but the best parts of it are those which relate to Australia and India. Maps and illustrations elucidate the text.

Jesus of Nazareth: His Life and Teachings. By Lyman Abbott. 1 vol., crown 8 vo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A popularly written life of Christ. It is addressed, in consequence, rather to the heart and imagination, than to the critical judgment of the reader. The narrative is illustrated by references to the manners, customs, religious beliefs, and political institutions of the times. The volume is very handsomely printed, and is illustrated with designs by Dore, De la Roche, Fenn, and others.

Watchwords for the Warfare of Life. From Dr. Martin Luther. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: M. W. Dodd.*—This is a volume of selections from the writings of Luther, principally from his letters and the Tischreden. The articles have been translated afresh from the German or Latin, in which they were first written. The compiler is the author of the "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." The volume is beautifully printed.

Fair Play. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is the novel which the author contends was copied by Charles Reade, in "Foul Play," to an extent to warrant the charge of plagarism. The story is full of rapid and exciting interest. Mrs. Southworth's great merit, as a story-teller, indeed, is the briskness of her incidents. She never fails to arouse and keep alive the curiosity and attention of the reader.

Words of Hope. 1 vol., small 4 to. *Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is by the compiler of "Golden Truths." It has for its motto, "that ye sorow not, even as others which have no hope." The book will carry consolation to many a stricken heart. "God Chasteneth in Love," "The Fruit of Sorrow," "Children in Heaven," and "The Eternal Home," are the titles of some of the chapters. The volume is very beautifully printed.

Nature's Nobleman. By the author of "Rachel's Secret." 1 vol., 8 vo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A very interesting novel, full of good character-drawing, and not without many charming bits of descriptive writing.

Gloverson and His Silent Partners. By Ralph Keeler. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A very pleasantly told story, by a comparatively new writer. Some of the scenes are quite graphic.

Charlie Bell. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. 1 vol., 16 mo. *Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Another of the popular series, "Elm Island Stories." We commend it to young people.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—The Sunday Dispatch (New York) says:—"The Japan and Oolong Teas, which are being sold by the Great American Tea Company, at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey street, have received the unqualified approval of our citizens who drain the 'cup which cheers but not inebriates.' As the Company purchases its teas direct from the Asiatic factors, without paying a profit to middlemen, it can afford to sell the genuine, unadulterated article cheaper than other dealers do drugged and doctored trash. To buy cheaply and surely, go to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey street." For further particulars, however, see the advertisement on the cover of this Magazine.

THE WORKS OF DICKENS.—The Philadelphia City Item says: "It would not be inappropriate here to mention that Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., publish Dickens' Complete Illustrated Works in twenty-three different editions. Among the best and cheapest editions published in the world. In fact, 'Petersons' Editions' are the only uniform ones published, containing all the original illustrations by Cruikshank, Phiz, Leech, Browne, Maclise, Marcus Stone, McLenan, and other noted artists. The Illustrated Edition contains near six hundred illustrations, bound in every conceivable style, from the plain cover volume to the gorgeous full-bound calf volume."

THE BEST DOCTOR.—A lady writes as follows to Wheeler & Wilson:

This is to certify that I bought a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine, March 7th, 1859, and it has been used with entire satisfaction by my daughter, who was afflicted with spine disease. It proved the best doctor I ever employed, for she not only regained her health, but has earned a living with it for herself and me ever since. MRS. M. B. BALL.

New York, Nov. 29, 1868.

ADVERTISEMENTS, not unsuitable in character, inserted on the cover of this periodical at reasonable rates. "Peterson's Magazine" is the most valuable vehicle in the United States for advertising many things, for it has a larger circulation than any other lady's book, and goes to every town, village and cross-roads in the Nation. For terms, etc., address the publisher, PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut St., Philada.

OUR GARDENS.—NO. I.

HINTS ON PLANNING AND PLANTING THEM.—There was an opinion once, and it was very cleverly advocated, that mere labor would improve the soil without any addition. The idea was that industrious digging between growing crops, and when they were out of the ground, would let in sun, air, and rain, and that with them would come all that the earth needed, and that earth, pulverized and subjected to the action of such agents, would be suited to a succession of crops, the refuse only of those crops being given to the soil. There is much practical wisdom in this when applied to the garden, where, with proper regard to the roots of the plants, the soil, as a general rule, can hardly be moved too much.

Let us look at a garden under two or three aspects. There is the old idea of a garden—one which, I am happy to say, is less scouted than it used to be—the garden formed by beds of herbaceous plants, before so many "bedding plants" were thought of, with flowering annuals to make variety in summer. In such gardens there was never any barren ground nor hungry nakedness through all the winter and spring, in order that our eyes might be dazzled in August and September. These short glories are always bought very dear. We recommend you not to be too ambitious of them. Time, patience, and money, to a great amount, must be expended on these glittering shows, and our object is to put you in a way of having flowers all the year round without any such danger either to your purse or your temper.

The wide borders and beds of perennials were, then, the old idea, lighted up with annuals for summer gayety. There is another idea, consisting of beds cut out of green turf, and having each bed filled with one, two, or at most with three sorts of plants. This is a very good arrangement, and we highly recommend it. And a third idea is that of filling beds with plants risen under glass, and made to flower all at once—the bedding-out idea.

We need not speak of any other plans; these three will do for our purpose.

We shall suppose that you have a garden in which a part of the space is turf, with beds cut out in it; where wide flower-borders are backed by shrubs, and in front of which, perhaps, runs a gravel-walk. We shall also suppose that you have a piece of wall, and, somewhere, a rough bank which it is very difficult to keep tidy, and a corner where nothing grows, and the sun never comes. Some, or all of these things, we think we shall be sure to find in your garden. Then your requirements are flowers, beauty, and neatness; and your difficulties are that you have no regular gardener—often a great happiness, by-the-by—and that you have other things to do with your silver and gold than to spend them in "bedding plants." You do, of course, spend time and thought, and a certain quantity of labor, on your ground; and your desire is to get, under those conditions, the brightest possible result. We hope to help you. Let us first lecture on your wide border backed by shrubs.

Your shrubs must be hardy. We are not going to advise you to make your garden a battle-ground against nature, nor even a tolerably successful hospital. It is time, feeling, and money wasted to go upon that plan. What you want is a happy success. Choose, then, hardy shrubs, whose times of flowering belong to different seasons of the year. You must have among them a proper quantity of evergreens; and the most successful of these wide banks of shrubs behind and flowers in front are made high at the back, both by making the ground rise, and by there planting the highest-growing shrubs, and so increasing the effect. But be sure to remember in planting not to plant close. Endure the distress of a rather thin distribution of shrubs for a year or two; though really you may get rid of this discomfort by planting some of the gay double-flowering furze, which you will not grieve to cut away, or some of the many beautiful reeds, which are so exquisitely graceful, and can be safely transplanted when you want their space.

Having planted on the higher part of your bank such evergreens as like exposure, sprinkle your remaining space with those of a lesser growth toward the middle, and put the dwarf sorts at the front, leaving a border immediately before them for flowers.

Plant but few. The mischief done by crowding is not to be got over; free air is necessary to success.

Plant also the colored-leaved trees and shrubs, such as the copper-beech; red-maple; variegated, liquid-amber, so exquisitely orange and purple toward the end of the year; quercus, (oak,) which is scarlet in autumn; and the sumach cotinus, which, at the close of the season, actually blazes with crimson.

We are supposing you to be planting some large space, to be seen from your windows, on which you do not wish to expend much labor, but from which you wish to obtain color, foliage, flowers, and berries, as far as can be, without ceasing.

Remember, among your large evergreens, all the varieties of holly and laurustinus; then the aucuba, covered with very large scarlet berries, lately got from Japan, with other varieties of this exquisite hardy evergreen. Plant also the snowberry, very gay, though leafless, in winter; the variegated, scarlet-berried elder, which are among our first friends in the spring, as welcome as the good-tempered

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weigilia, which flowers in May, the Andromeda in February, the Japanese quince in April and the Forsythea in April.

The immense increase in the number of our ornamental shrubs and trees of late years enables the careful planter to get color all the year round. It is a result well worth consideration. And such things as have been named begin to be beautiful directly. We have not to wait years for them to flower and fruit; they are never more beautiful than when they are in their first youth, and the second year after planting they will be a gratification to the eye and taste, though they will not have attained to perfection of size or abundance of foliage.

Of course, old deciduous friends are not to be forgotten; the beautiful lilacs, laburnums, acacias, flowering peach and cherry-trees, syringas, jasmine, brooms; hibiscus, guelder rose, spirea, and deutzia; but so great have been the improvements in old friends by importation and cultivation, that even among them we must pick and choose.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Arrest of Consumption.—There is no malady which causes so large a mortality as consumption. Statistics show that, throughout the civilized world, an average of one death in six, every six in the lists of mortality, may be attributed to its agency. Though our own city shows a smaller average from this scourge, yet it is computed that even here it is the cause of one death in every seven or eight. It was formerly considered an incurable disease, and was often left hopelessly to run its fatal course unchecked; but modern investigation and science have proved that the tubercular deposit, to which all its dread results may be traced, will frequently diminish under suitable treatment. This is further proved by post mortem examinations, where death has occurred from other causes, in which the lungs, scarred and puckered, attested the healthy closing of two and even three large tubercular cavities. Few are aware how much the prevention and even cure of this dread disease depends upon their own efforts. An eminent American physician has recently declared that, with proper precautions, by any one now in health, consumption will be well nigh an impossibility, even though hereditary influences may predispose him to it; and that even those who are already under its grasp may have hope of arresting its ravages. The plain and simple principle which, in this case, is the essence of all-wise treatment, is to raise the physical system to the highest possible vigor. In company with this one of the best curatives and preventives is to expand and strengthen the lungs themselves by deep inspirations or breathing in of pure air. These inspirations should be made as slowly as possible through a small tube, or with the mouth nearly closed, and with the shoulders thrown back and downward. When the lungs or chest are filled, the air should be as slowly and gradually breathed out. By continual practice it will be found easy to take long and deep inspirations, and the chest itself will become permanently expanded, so as to give the lungs fuller play. Where strength has begun to decline, of course, the efforts must be proportionably milder. As the air at first enters the lower part of the lungs, it only fills the apex after a long and sustained effort; and hence the necessity of making the inspiration as slow as possible. Six times a day in the open air is not too much for this exercise. Indeed, the great advantage of mild or dry climates to consumptives is the possibility of passing so much of the time out-of-doors. Much is justly said of the pure and bracing air of Minnesota; but those who go there for lung disease should remember that only as they breathe the pure outside air habitually can it prove beneficial. A lady with tubercular deposits and severe cough, went there some time since, and a month spent in the ordinary way brought her no improvement. She then joined a camping party of ladies and gentlemen, who started in an open wagon, and slept in tents at night. After three days' exposure to this open air she manifestly improved, and, though frequently exposed in the evening, took no cold. The continuance of this mode of life restored her health, and so strengthened her constitution, that in two months she could sleep with impunity while the air was blowing freely across her. Many similar, and even more remarkable instances took place among the young men of our army in the late war, many of whom enlisted against the advice of their friends, and returned with greatly improved physical constitutions. The exercise thus induced is most essential to the desired end.

Abundance of nutritious and wholesome food, including fatty articles, is essential in the arrest of consumption. Most of those who have such tendencies reject fat meat; but its place may be supplied with butter, milk, or cream. Restriction in diet in these cases is highly injurious. The dress is also a matter bearing strongly on the health of the lungs. Woolen fabrics worn next the skin, and warm covering for the extremities, are all important. So, also, in the shape of the garment, which should allow full play to the muscles. Relief from care and anxiety, as far as it can be secured, is important; but even where this is impossible, attention to the other requisites, so simple as to be within the power of every intelligent person, will, in many cases prevent, and in most incipient cases arrest, the progress of this most distressing malady.

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Chuck-ribs of Beef with Vegetables.—There is hardly a greater error, for modest households, than preferring the best pieces of inferior animals to the cheap bits of excellent beeves, calves, or sheep. Any one who can and will follow my prescription to-day, will be abundantly convinced of this. Try to buy the chuck-ribs of a fine beef, and prepare as follows: Chuck-ribs and vegetables; divide the piece of beef, if too large. Place the whole in a pot or earthen jar, surrounded and covered with coarse salt; cover the pot, and leave it for five or six days. To cook, relieve it of the salt, when slightly in soft water and set it to cook in a large kettle or earthenware pot, without too much water; when the foam has risen, season with a little onion stuck over with cloves, and with a bay-leaf; let it boil an hour, then stir in plenty of (blanched) cabbage, carrots, turnips, potatoes, etc., and allow them to cook gently until done. At the time of serving, make a butter-sauce without browning it too much, mixing it with the remains of the water in which the beef and vegetables were cooked; season with salt and pepper; if necessary, let it simmer down, and serve in a large dish, the vegetables beneath, the meat upon them, a part of the sauce poured over, and the rest in a boat.

Dutch Style of Serving Cod-Fish—Fresh.—After having cleaned the fish, or a portion of it, wash, tie, and cover it with coarse salt, and let it pickle some hours. To cook, take it from the brine, place the fish in a sauce-pan; pour on enough boiling water to cover it, and leave it on the fire until the water bubbles, without fairly boiling. When the scum has risen, draw the sauce-pan to a corner of the range and leave it at least an hour, taking care to keep it at a uniform degree of heat. During this time take out a part of the water and boil in it some potatoes. To serve, drain off the fish, place it in a dish on a napkin, surround it with the potatoes deprived of their skin, and present it along with a boat of butter just melted over hot ashes and slightly salted. The leavings of the cod may be heated up with crumbs, or eaten cold with sauce *mayonnaise*.

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Tripe a la Mode de Caen.—Take three and a half pounds of tripe, composed of the flap, honey-comb, and tripe proper, half a beef's-foot, and upon no pretext admit any liver, heart, or sweetbread. Wash all in warm water until perfectly clean; then, an indispensable matter, freshen it in water as cold as possible; take it out, cut it in pieces of half an inch square, and dispose them in an earthen pot, which has been used several times, in the following order: in the bottom put the pieces of beef or calf's-foot, pile above it one half of the tripe, upon that eight or ten middle-sized onions, then the rest of the tripe, and above it a layer of eight or ten onions, all covered entirely with thick slices of fat pork. The pot being thus prepared, make a gravy, slightly browned with half a pound of butter, and the necessary flour, moisten it with water, and at the first boil pour it into the pot and add simple water until it is all covered; season with salt and pepper, pot-herbs, and from ten to fifteen juniper-berries, which give to tripe a delicate perfume. Tripe should be eaten as it comes from the fire; it is spoiled by being warmed up. The best way is to serve it at table, in the vessel in which it was cooked.

Dish Made of the Trimmings of Poultry.—A real feast may be made out of the neck, wings, legs, gizzard, and other leavings of poultry, that is, if nothing is omitted from the following receipt: Slightly fry the fragments in butter until they are of a light mahogany color: then dredge them with flour and stir them with a moistening, half water and half soup-stock, together with a small wineglass of brandy, and let them go on cooking. Fry in butter in a sauce-pan bacon cut into small squares, take up the bacon and replace it by ornamental figures of turnips and carrots, three-quarters cooked, and a sliced onion; let them brown, and then take the pan from the fire. When the fragments of poultry shall have cooked by a slow fire for half an hour, add the bacon, the carrots, and a bunch of aromatic pot-herbs; then, half an hour before serving, add the turnips, small sausages, and a few large chestnuts, roasted and shelled; skim and serve. By using the sausages as allies, you make the trimmings of one turkey serve for a dinner for several.

Fodrilla a la Creole.—Put some nice red, French beans to soak in some warm water the evening before they are wanted; then drain the beans, and put them in a sauce-pan over the fire, with enough water to cook the sauce thoroughly, however long it may take; add a piece of fat pork, cut in dice; season with pepper and pot-herbs, and let it cook. During this time blanche and soften some rice in hot water; stir in some lard; season with salt and pepper, then form a border of it all around a dish, and pour the beans in the middle, well cooked, and without the pot-herbs. There, really, you have a homely, substantial dish, which eats well, and costs almost nothing, and comes in capitally after some little ragout or hash.

Clams a la Vallori.—Mix over the fire some butter in a little flour; moisten with water, season with salt and pepper; add some slices of onions, one or two heads of cloves, some shreds of mushrooms, and a bunch of pot-herbs; let it stew, then pass through a fine colander, thicken with yolks of eggs mixed with cream and a lump of butter, and take this sauce from the fire when sufficiently thick. Open the clams, take them from their shells and dry on a linen cloth; then dip them, one after another, in the warm sauce, and place them separately on a table. When the sauce becomes completely cold, dip them, one by one, into fine bread-crumbs, and fry them of a good color. Pile them up, and serve with fried parsley.

Garnish of Cabbage for Boiled Beef.—Cut the cabbage, wash it carefully, then cook it with salt in water. Drain the pieces, then press them between the hands to extract as much water as possible. Put them in a sauce-pan with dripping and a little lard; moisten with a few spoonfuls of soup, season with salt and pepper, and let them simmer in a corner until wanted.

Panned Veal or Mutton-Liver.—Cut the liver in little slices, with an equal quantity of finely-chopped onions; brown the onion over a slow fire in a little sauce-pan, with some butter; when thoroughly done, add a pinch of flour, stir, then moisten with boiling water; season with salt and pepper, and let the sauce absorb the flavor for some minutes, then set the sauce-pan in the corner of the range. Brown the pieces of liver with butter, in a frying-pan, season with salt and pepper; when done to a turn, stir in the contents of the sauce-pan; fry all together for an instant, thicken with the yolks of one or two eggs acidulated with vinegar, and serve.

Soup of Dried Haricots.—Dry haricot or French beans, to make good soup, ought to have the water changed when about half cooked. It is only then that they should be seasoned with salt. When they are done, take out the portion destined for a separate dish, and only leave in those to be used for soup. Fill their place in the pot with boiling water, add salt, if needed, a peeled onion, a clove of garlic, and at last a good lump of butter. After boiling up several times, pour the soup on slices of bread.

Haricots a la Bretonne.—Chop an onion, fry it in a sauce-pan with butter; when the onion begins to brown, add a little flour; let it come to a good color, moisten with the above soup, let it cook thoroughly, season with pepper and salt, if required; add the cooked haricots, and after they have simmered twenty minutes, serve them.

Potatoes a la Pelerine.—Cut slices of onion and brown them in butter, then mix in dices of potato boiled in water. When well stirred together, though without bruising, moisten with milk; allow to boil five or six minutes, and serve. A little powdered sugar will improve the dish to some tastes.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

Oranges Filled with Jelly.—This is one of the fanciful dishes which make a pretty appearance on a supper-table, and are acceptable when much variety is desired. Take some very fine oranges, and with the point of a small knife cut from the top of each a round hole about the size of a shilling; then, with the small end of a tea or egg-spoon, empty them entirely, taking great care not to break the rinds. Throw these into cold water, and make jelly of the juice, which must be well pressed from the pulp, and strained as clear as possible. Color one half a fine rose-color with prepared cochineal, and leave the other very pale; when it is nearly ready, drain and wipe the orange-rinds, and fill them with alternate stripes of the two jellies; when they are perfectly cold, cut them in quarters, and dispose them tastefully in a dish, with a few light branches of myrtle between them. Calf's-foot or any other variety of jelly or blanc-manges, may be used at choice to fill the rinds; the colors, however, should contrast as much as possible.

Toasted Cheese.—Cut a slice of bread about half an inch thick; pare off the crust, and toast it very slightly on one side, so as just to brown it without making it hard, or burning it. Cut a slice of good, fat, mellow cheese, a quarter of an inch thick, not so big as the bread by half an inch on each side; pare off the rind, cut out all the specks and rotten parts, and lay it on the toasted bread in a cheese-toaster; carefully watch it that it does not burn, and stir it with a spoon to prevent a pellicle forming on the surface. Have ready good mustard, pepper, and salt. If you observe the directions here given, the cheese will eat mellow, and will be uniformly done, and the bread crisp and soft, and will well deserve its ancient appellation of a "rare bit."

Omelette with Cheese.—Beat six eggs very light; add two tablespoonfuls of cream, butter the size of a walnut, a little chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and two ounces of grated cheese. Beat all well together, and pour into a pan in which a small piece of butter is melting; let it cook until a light brown, then fold it over and dish for the table. Shake the pan while the omelette is cooking.

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Hardbrake, or Everton Toffee.—Into a brass skillet put a quarter of a pound of fresh butter; as soon as it is melted add one pound of brown sugar; keep these stirred very gently over a clear fire till a little of the mixture, dropped into cold water, breaks between the teeth without sticking to them. When it has boiled to this point, it must be poured out immediately; or it will burn. The grated rind of a lemon added when the toffee is half done, improves it; or else a teaspoonful of powdered ginger, moistened with a little of the other ingredients, so soon as the sugar is dissolved, and then stirred to the whole. If dropped upon a buttered dish, the toffee can, when cold, be raised from it easily. Almonds can be mixed with it, if liked, during the process of stirring.

Bread Sauce.—Cut in slices the crumb of a French roll, to which add a few peppercorns, one whole onion, a little salt, and boiling milk enough to cover it: let it simmer gently by the side of the fire till the bread soaks up the milk; add a little thick cream, take out the onion, and rub the whole through a sieve; make it very hot, and serve with game or fowls.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS.—The skirt is of white and currant-colored striped silk; the upper-skirt is of corn-colored foulard, trimmed with a quilling of currant-colored silk; the revers in front form a small cape.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF CLARET OR BLUE SILK.—The skirt is made with a deep ruffle headed by two puffings; the casaque opens square in front, is trimmed with black lace, and looped up with ribbon. Black lace hat, with dark-red flowers.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, with a black lace over-dress, trimmed with bands and rosettes of poppy-colored satin. Black satin shoes, with poppy-colored bows.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF MAUVE POPLIN AND BLACK SILK.—The upper-skirt is short and puffed lengthwise; the sleeves are made to correspond. Small sailor hat of black velvet, trimmed with a mauve ribbon.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GREEN AND BLACK CHECKED SILK.—The skirt is moderately long and without ornament, except the wide sash; body plain and opening in front; long, puffed sleeves.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with two lilac ruffles; the upper-skirt is trimmed with one ruffle, and looped up with a large lilac bow; and the basque, which has a deep skirt, is looped up like the upper-skirt. Small, square cape, trimmed with a lilac ruffle, and lilac sash.

FIG. VII.—CARRIAGE-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of green and white striped silk, with one deep bias flounce; the upper-skirt is of ordinary home length, trimmed with a plaiting of silk, and looped high up at the sides with a bow of silk. Large cape, trimmed with a deep ruffle of black lace and silk plaiting, and looped up in the back with a rosette.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Our springs are so cold and frequently so wet, that the changes in costume are not made with the seasons. Even in Paris, the place of all others for variety and innovation, the dress-makers show nothing new till the warm weather tempts their customers to buy.

That short dresses will be worn as much in the street as heretofore, there is no doubt; and, as we said in our February number, the modes of making are innumerable. The fashions are so charming that it is not easy to criticize them. Nevertheless, we still see women who have the talent to destroy what is good by excessive exaggeration; such persons are evidently deserving of severe censure.

To keep our readers from falling into extravagancies, we will recommend them, for instance, to keep strict watch over their coiffures and tournures. Under the pretext that the fashionable bonnets require an immense mass of hair, some persons think it very pretty to overload their heads with vast bundles of crispings and cascades of curls of all size, which, seen from behind, look somewhat like the gigantic wigs of the times of Louis XIV.; but is there anything smarter or more becoming than a reasonable amount of light curls skillfully arranged in a simple coiffure? We may, therefore, conclude that the cultivation of taste is not so easy a matter as might be imagined.

The same reflection is equally applicable to all the varieties of aids to shape which have succeeded the defunct crinoline. That costumes and dresses must no longer fall straight as formerly is admitted; but between that point and the astounding extravagancies which we so frequently see, there is a limit which ought not to be passed; and real ladies will scrupulously avoid following the example of many of their sex, who, in their eagerness to be dressed in the very latest style, present the most grotesque appearance that can be imagined.

A novel style of trimming was introduced at the French court by the famous Princess de Metternich, who is certainly very original, if not always very elegant, in her costumes. On a white tulle dress, studded with gold stars, she wore two partridge wings at the top of the short sleeves.

BONNETS are as small as ever, and are quite high in front.

MANTLES AND SACQUES are of all varieties of shape; and but one thing is imperative in the fashion, they must be made wide enough around the skirt or basque to admit of setting easily over the full *tournure*, which is now indispensable.

IN HEAD-DRESSES curls are now also added frequently, so that there is but little room left for other ornament. One large rose, placed far up on the head, is the most stylish thing. It is probable that gold and silver braid twisted through the hair will become fashionable, as it is a good deal worn by the French Empress, mingled with flowers. A late letter from Paris describes a new and pretty style of head-dress. It consisted of an enormous rose placed in the center of the forehead; in the heart of the rose there was either a single large diamond, or else a cluster of smaller stones; some white lace, either *point d'Angleterre*, *Alençon*, or *point a l'aiguille*, commenced under the rose, formed a small lappet at the sides, was joined together again with a smaller rose placed almost in the center of the chignon, and in the heart of this latter flower there also glittered a diamond. Sometimes the lace lappets escape from this second rose, and fall over the chignon; sometimes they terminate there, and long curls form the head-dress at the back. The style is exceedingly pretty—a mere written description scarcely does it justice.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN.—The skirt is made with one ruffle at the bottom. The upper-skirt, which also answers for a coat, is trimmed with a blue fringe headed by a quilling of ribbon; this coat is made with a pannier at the back, caught up by a bow of ribbon.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF GRAY CASHMERE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is made very full and laid in deep plaits; it is bound on the bottom with crimson silk; the casaque has a small, square cape, with a hood at the back, and is turned back in front and faced with crimson silk; the cuffs, sash, lining of the hood, etc., are all of crimson silk.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED POPLIN FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The under-skirt is trimmed with two bands cut in scallops and bound with blue; the upper-skirt is trimmed in the same manner and looped up slightly. The sash and waist correspond in trimming with the skirt.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The dress proper is of poppy-colored cashmere, made plain and trimmed with black velvet; the upper-skirt is of black silk looped up by two poppy-colored silk rosettes on the hips, with a small black silk cape over the high body.

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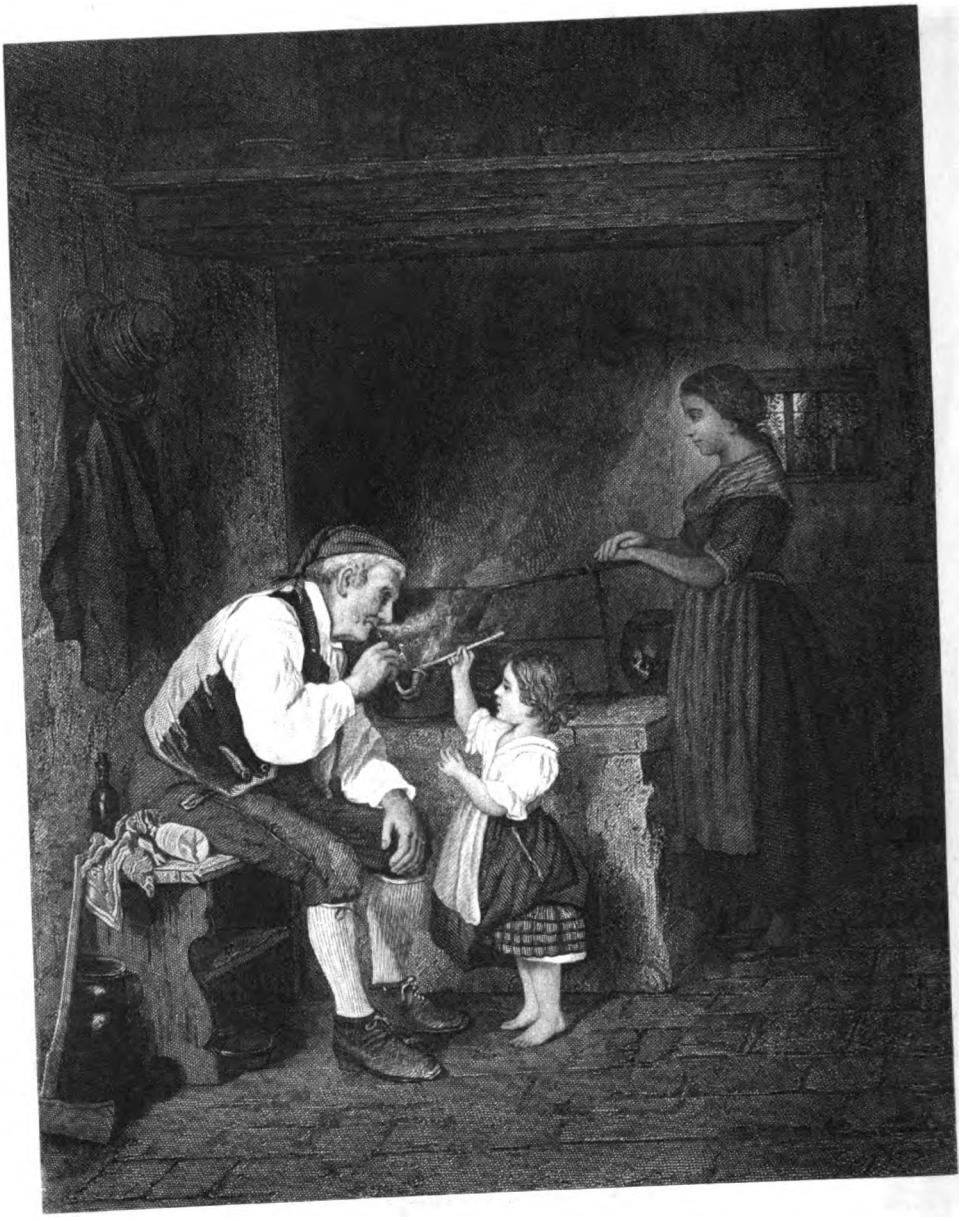

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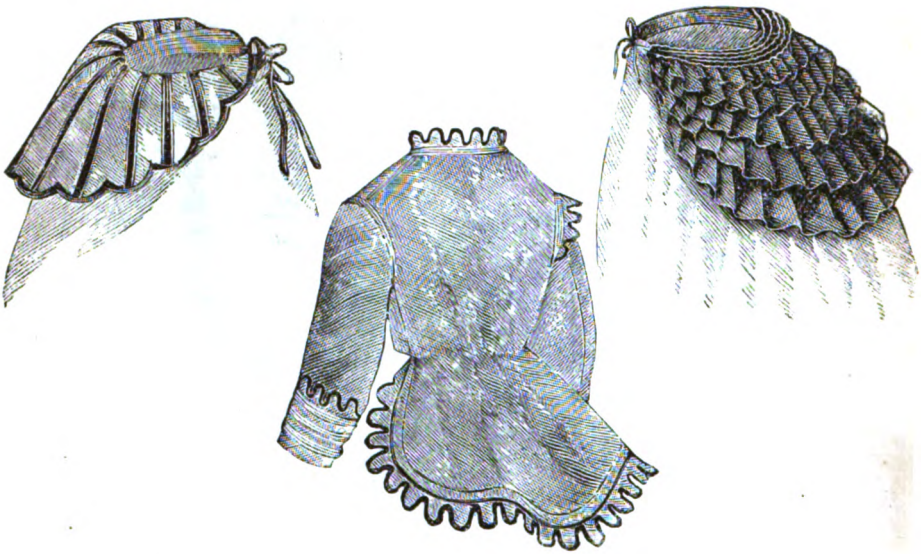

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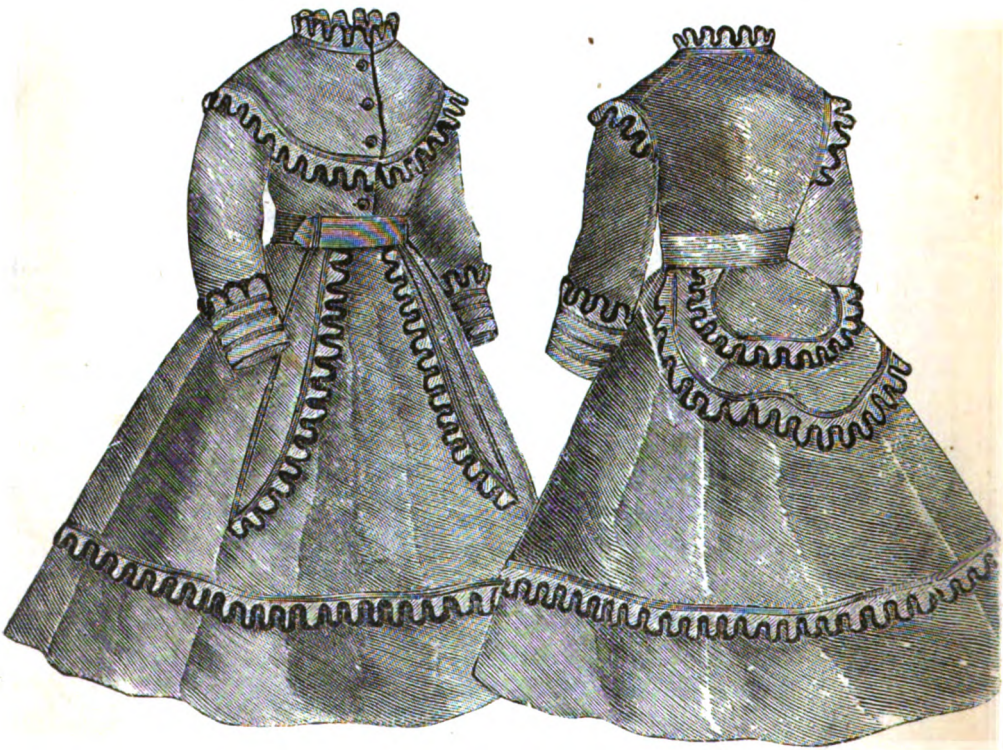

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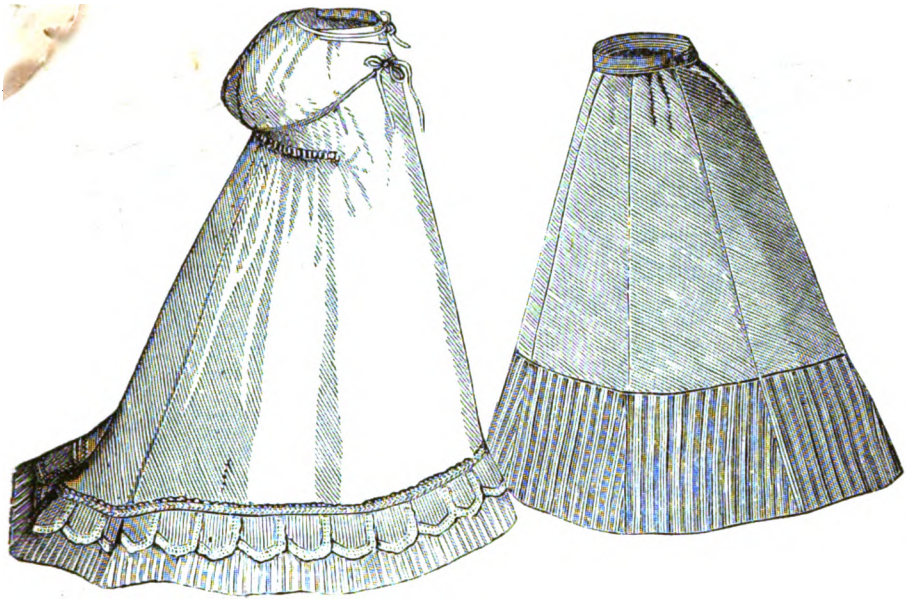

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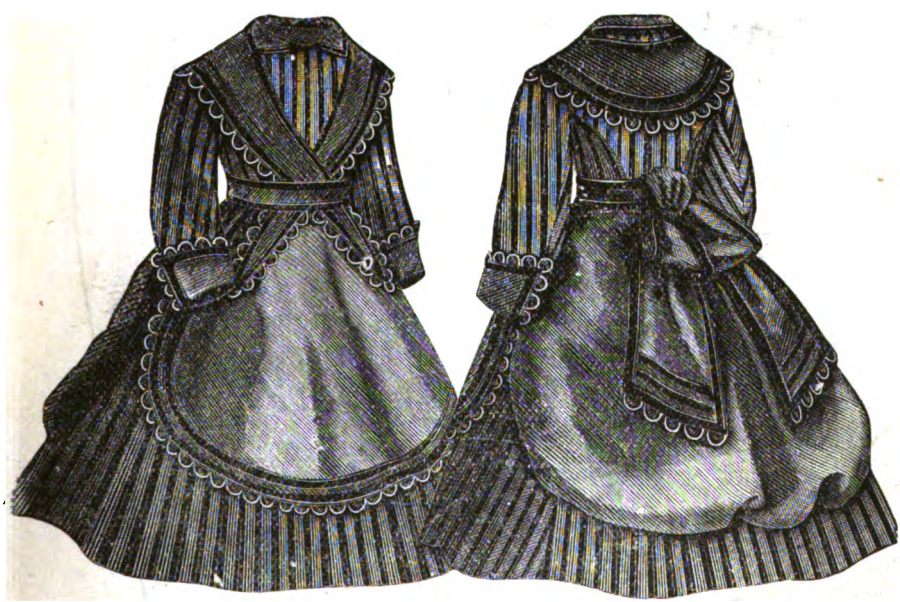

STRIPED POPLIN DRESS—FRONT AND BACK.

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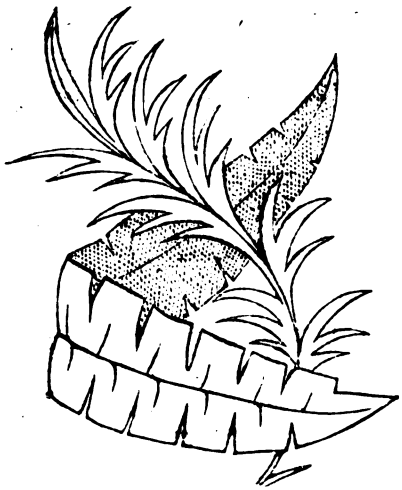

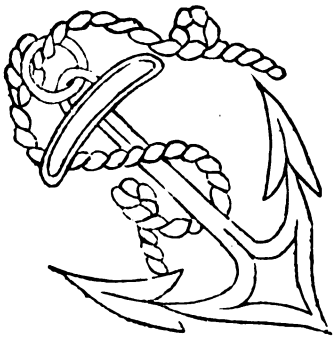

NAMES FOR MARKING. HANDKERCHIEF CORNERS.

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"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS."

BALLAD.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CLARIBEL.

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Slowly.

mp

1. I can - not sing the old songs I sung long years a - go, For heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For

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"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS."

by - gone hours come o'er my heart With each fa - mil - iar strain,— I

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain, I

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain .....

2 I cannot sing the old songs,
Their charm is sad and deep
Their melodies would waken
Old sorrows from their sleep
And though all unforgotten still,
And sadly sweet they be,
‖: I cannot sing the old songs,
They are too dear to me. :‖

3 I cannot sing the old songs,
For visions come again,
Of golden dreams departed,
And years of weary pain;
Perhaps when earthly fetters
Have set my spirit free,
‖: My voice may know the old songs
For all eternity. :‖

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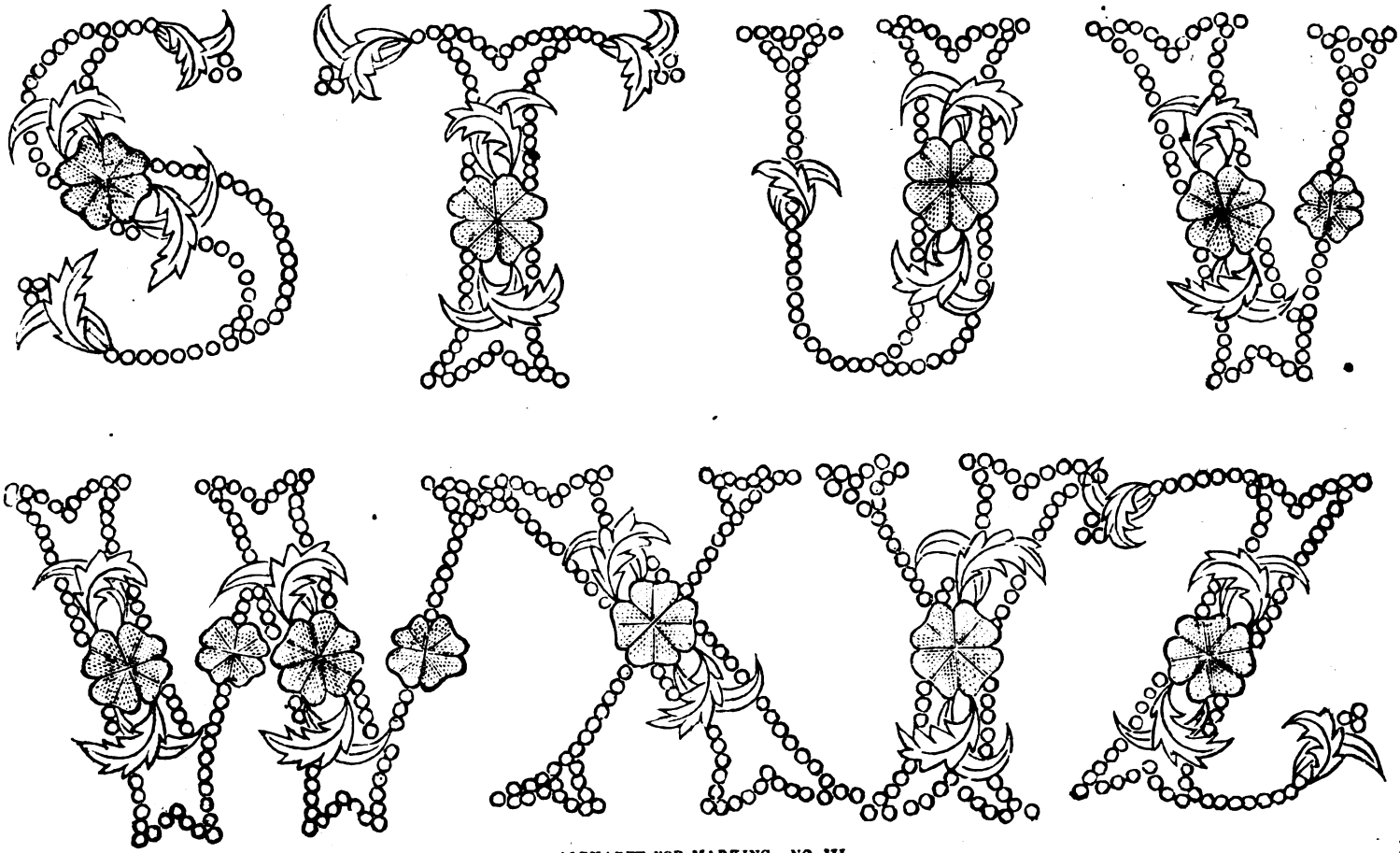

ALPHABET FOR MARKING. NO. III.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LV. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1869. No. 4.

HOW HARRY POPPED THE QUESTION.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

AT Mrs. Clement's ball, where was the greatest rush and crush of the season. Where the music was so heavenly that it would have made a dancing dervish of St. Augustine. Where there were more pretty women and gorgeous toilets than had been gathered together in an age, and more flirtations begun, and serious affairs consummated, than had happened since anybody's remembrance.

Harry Doane had only known Emily Ritchie six weeks. But when a man falls in love with a woman the moment he sets eyes on hers, that brief space counts for a long season, as, perhaps, some of you may know from experience. And Emily Ritchie was a girl so beautiful that any man might have been excusable for indulging that weakness the first instant he looked into that pale, earnest face, which depended for its beauty principally upon expression, as a truly lovely face must; and her noble qualities of soul and mind were such as to make the fascination more perfect as he knew her better, and she permitted him to see the real nature under the veil of pride and reticence, which she kept between herself and the world, gay, brilliant, and admired as she was.

She and Harry had grown into an acquaintance so rapid, that I think even Harry did not realize how far matters had gone until a few days before Mrs. Clement's ball, when Albert Marsh returned to town, and suddenly there crept forth a whisper that Emily was engaged to him.

Harry did not even hear the report at first. It was only that he saw Marsh in Emily's company—saw him assume that peculiar manner which tells of rights and privileges that only belong to an engagement; and in the passion of fear and doubt, which stormed over his soul, he learned what the girl had grown to him.

So he came to the ball, and found Emily more lovely than ever in a dress that must have been designed by Worth himself, or some other French angel of a milliner. She had a certain absent, preoccupied look in her eyes that night, which he had never noticed before, and which added a new charm to her face, though it filled him with fresh uneasiness, all the more uncomfortable, perhaps, because it was vague and undefined.

She was surrounded by men as usual, dancing a great deal, laughing, talking, doing her best, Harry knew, to appear as usual; but he saw what nobody else did, the effort it cost her to keep up her part in the comedy; and his heart went down, down with a sudden thrill of pain.

Worst of all, wherever she moved, whatever she was doing, Albert Marsh made his presence felt. If he did not absolutely follow her, he was watching her with that furtive, secretive way he had, which Harry hated him for. What did it mean? Know the whole truth he must. Believe the story which had that evening reached his ears he would not. But one thing was certain, he could not be silent any longer.

I don't think he meant to make love to her—he could have told even less easily what his intentions were; but bear his suspense and misery an hour more was impossible.

He had secured her hand for a dance at last—rather for the end of a waltz. By the time they had taken two or three turns round the room the music ceased—people were taking their places for a quadrille; there was nobody near them when they were standing at the end of the room. In the first group, taking places for the quadrille, Harry saw Albert Marsh; he was looking toward them, but too far off for any word spoken to be audible.

Both Emily and Doane had been rattling on with all sorts of brilliant nonsense. Harry had been afraid to give way in the least, even to conversation approaching seriousness, lest he should break down utterly.

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I said that he had not known what he meant to do or say; but in such states of mind as his, some power outside of one's own will seems to force one on.

A careless jest he had uttered in reply to some laughing remark of hers made her suddenly shiver and grow white; then it was that he completely lost control of himself.

She turned quickly, said something in a confused way. When he saw that she meant to leave him he could not bear it, and fairly gasped,

"Wait, one moment, for mercy's sake!"

He had been standing, leaning his right hand on a table in a careless attitude. Excited as he was, he had sense enough not to stir, lest some curious gaze should be upon him.

Emily stood half turned to go, her face toward him; her fan was in her hand—she had been fluttering it languidly to and fro while they talked. It stopped suddenly, resting just against her cheek, as she stood looking at him with a strange trouble coming into her face across the surprise that his agitated voice and words had caused.

So now Harry knew that he was in for it—not that he shrunk. All he had sense enough to remember was the fact that there were people about; that they two could not stand there and do the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet for the benefit of the general public. But speak he must at all hazards; he should go utterly mad if she left him like this.

"You were not angry?" he asked, not well knowing what he said. "You were not hurt by my foolish words?"

"No," she answered; "don't fear it. I believe I am silly and nervous to-night. I really think I shall be better off at home; so I shall go beg papa to take me."

"You have not seemed like yourself all the evening——"

"Don't tell me that," she interrupted, impatiently; "don't prove to me that I am such a miserable creature that I allow my face to show everything I feel and endure."

"Then there is something that troubles you?" he asked, eagerly.

"No, no—what nonsense!" she exclaimed, trying to speak playfully.

"But you said endure."

"Did I? What absurd exaggerations everybody indulges in now-a-days."

"Oh, Miss Ritchie!" he said, almost under a breath, but in a tone so passionate that she started like a person roused to sudden fear, "don't play with me—don't try for idle words! I can't keep silent—I have no right to speak; the brief time—everything; but my heart will burst if I keep its secret—I love you! I know that you are suffering—I cannot bear it! Emily, Emily, I love you!"

He had spoken so rapidly that she could have had no opportunity to interrupt his insane words, even if she could have found voice to do so. She was standing like a statue—her attitude not even changed; the edge of her fan still resting against her cheek—not a show of emotion to an ordinary observer; but Harry Doane saw her cheeks grow white, the proud mouth tremble, and the heavy pain that gathered like a shadow in her eyes—he read his doom before she could utter a syllable.

"Don't—don't say it," she faltered. "Oh! forgive me—forgive me!"

"Hush," he said, almost sternly. "Whatever the answer that you must give me, you know there is no possibility of such words being necessary."

He offered her his arm. She took it mechanically, and he led her away into an empty room on the opposite side of the entrance-hall.

He made her sit down, for she was trembling violently; and as his hand chanced to brush hers, the slender fingers struck a chill to his touch, even through her glove.

"Now speak to me," he said. "Let me know the worst—I can bear it."

"You did not mean it—you cannot mean it," she began, in a dazed sort of way; but he interrupted her in a slow, deep voice, that carried his whole heart and soul upon its tone.

"It is too late to try to make yourself believe that," he said. "I love you—with no passing admiration, no light fancy—with the love that comes to every man but once in his life——"

"So short a time," she broke in; "so short."

"I know it—useless to urge that! It seems very long to me, for from the first moment I looked into your eyes I loved you."

"Oh, stop!" she fairly groaned, covering her face with her hands. "It is so wicked of me even to hear. Go away!"

"You cannot care for me. I have frightened you—given you no time."

"Oh! Mr. Doane, forgive me! I am engaged to another!"

For a few seconds it seemed to Harry Doane, strong, powerful man though he was, that every sense left him—he did not move nor even tremble. When he could hear and see again, she was pleading with him to forgive this trouble that she had brought upon him.

"You have not been to blame," he said. "Do not reproach yourself for one instant—that I could not bear."

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"I must have been so wrong," she said. "I don't know what I have done."

"Nothing! I beg you not to speak like that—nothing in the world could pain me so much."

"I seem to have been living in a dream," she went on. "I cannot understand; but, oh, Mr. Doane! do believe that I did not expect this—did not think for one moment."

"I believe you," he said; "I know that you did not."

"It is very recent, too," she hurried on; "I feel that I ought to tell you this. Nobody has known, not even papa. I did not make up my mind—I only wrote my letter the first week I met you."

"Will you think me impertinent if I ask the name?" he asked.

"No—no!"

"Is it Mr. Marsh?"

She bowed her head.

There was a brief silence; then Harry Doane reached out his hand and took hers.

"God bless you!" he said, softly, "and make you a happy woman."

He went away from the room without another word, and out of the house, feeling as if he walked through some hideous nightmare, conscious that he met people, and spoke and answered, and heard the gay music, and saw the varied couples whirling to and fro to a swift waltz; but he realized nothing—felt nothing but that keen pain eating always deeper and deeper into his heart.

To Emily fell the harder part of being forced to return to meet the careless eyes of the world, the keen, scrutinizing glance of her newly-betrothed husband, while the whirl and confusion were fresh in her brain; hardest to bear, the feeling of treachery and guilt; the idea that she must, in some way, have dealt unfairly by both men; but she bore it bravely, and made no sign, being a true woman.

It was not an uncommon case, that in which Emily Ritchie found herself, as she sat alone in her chamber when the morning dawned, trying to see clearly where she stood; but to my mind it was one of the saddest chances that can befall any human being.

She had lived to be over twenty years old without meeting any man toward whom her heart went out, glad to recognize him as its master. She had been called cold and incapable of passionate, impulsive love, even by those who knew her best, until she came really to believe it herself, and to agree with her wise advisers, that if she could meet any man, and feel for him respect and admiration, be willing to trust him as her best friend, she would be perfectly safe and right in becoming his wife—she could hope for nothing beyond.

So, almost a year before this night on which my story began, she had met Albert Marsh, and from the first he had made his admiration for her quite evident to everybody who chose to look; and everybody who had any right to express an opinion assured Emily that, at last, the very man whom she ought to marry had approached.

He was past thirty, handsome, rich, an enviable position every way; plenty of talent, and with great hopes of political advancement before him; and Emily was an ambitious woman, though she preferred to gratify it in the way most delightful to a real woman, through the honors showered upon some one whom she esteemed and cared for.

Before the summer was over he made his plea, and he did it well. Emily tried to be perfectly honest with herself and him. She told him exactly what her feelings were, and he seemed quite satisfied; the man was sufficiently weary of passion and its vagaries to make such quiet feelings very acceptable to him.

In his apparent self-abnegation he appeared at his noblest in her eyes; and his best had so much glitter about it that it showed for far more than it was really worth. He was so chivalrous, and self-sacrificing, and devoted, that Emily fairly reproached herself for a statue in not being able to receive it all more warmly, and grew the more convinced that there were no capabilities in her nature for feeling the love such as she had dreamed of and read of in romances. She was very lovely, too, as a woman at that age must be who has not a little world of her own wherewith to fill her heart; and it was very pleasant to think there was one person interested in her every thought and wish.

But she was determined to be honest—she would give him no answer. She would not send him away hopeless; she frankly told him that he was more to her than any man in the world—but she could not promise to be his wife; not because she was unable to trust him, but because she was so miserable, frozen a creature, that she could not have confidence in herself.

Even that drawback Marsh accepted in the nicest possible way. She should not be hurried—she should have all the time she wanted; and he waited with a thrill of triumph in his heart, for he knew that he should succeed. He never had failed in anything that he had undertaken—he should not now.

When autumn came he had brought his ques-

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tion anew; but she saw her way no more clearly, and he still had patience with her. He was obliged to go to the West Indies. It was understood that when he reached New Orleans, where he was to stop on his way home, he should find a letter containing her final decision; and in spite of his disappointment at not being able to take her with him, he felt confident what her answer would be.

So the weeks had gone on, and when the time was drawing near for Emily to send her reply. she suddenly discovered that, instead of having been engaged in thought upon the subject, as she had promised, she had been unconsciously avoiding it, and allowing herself to float along like a person in a dream, occasionally conscious, with a shudder, that something hovered near to disturb its pleasantness.

It was about this time that she had met Harry Doane; and without the slightest perception in regard to her own feelings, she had drifted into an intimacy with him such as she had never felt even toward Marsh.

The end of it had been that at last there had come a letter from Marsh, stating at what time he should be in New Orleans, begging for her answer.

Just then she had been otherwise wakened. She had learned that Harry Doane had been for some time in love with a woman whom his family had so far prevented his marrying, as there were particulars connected with her antecedents not at all agreeable to the coterie of relatives.

Emily Ritchie had written her letter, and promised to become the wife of Mr. Marsh. She asked herself no questions; she did not know what ailed her. Life seemed suddenly to have grown more dull and cold—perhaps that was the placid content her friends had promised her. Without warning, at times she found herself chafing and raging like a wild animal caught and bound by a heavy chain. She convinced herself that was only the result of her ill-regulated mind. It would pass, and she was heartily ashamed, for she knew that if she had the slightest particle of reason in her composition she ought to be happy, and was unable to convince herself that such was the case.

It is a very charming and proper thing to have one's reason satisfied that it is all right; and a little uncomfortable to have one's feelings, and that troublesome organ, the heart, fail to be quiet and placid as the superior intelligence dictates. But such things will happen to us in these odd lives of ours; and I suppose there is nothing for it only to admit that reason is correct and praiseworthy, and let the heart ache. I have never found any other way out of the difficulty, and I doubt if you have.

Emily Ritchie certainly had not; and there came little hope of her ever being able to do so, to make the present more tolerable by a gleam of daylight spreading over the future.

Albert Marsh had returned. She had seen the joy and triumph in his face; listened to his rapturous words; felt his lips upon her forehead, and could only reproach herself for a miserable, ungrateful wretch; and all the while feel something away down in her soul shiver at his kiss, as if it had been the seal set upon her bondage, which no later time could break.

Only two days after his return had come Mrs. Clement's ball. No one except her father had been informed of the engagement—Emily had pleaded that it might be kept secret until after that evening. She had no reason to offer—none even to give to herself; but she must have it so, and Marsh had yielded.

Then, without warning, Harry Doane had come with that question from his soul to hers; and her mind was in such confusion that only one thought started up, clear and distinct, in the midst of the chaos, how wrong she had been—how wickedly she had acted. She ought not to have permitted herself to glide into that intimacy without telling him the truth. Now she had brought this suffering upon him, and, somehow, the idea of his pain was harder to bear than any misery that could have befallen herself.

She suffered cruelly, but there was only one thing to be done. She must accept the fate she had chosen for herself; she must learn to be content, patient, submissive; to be a devoted and faithful wife, even if she could not be a loving one.

Albert Marsh's wife! How the words made her shiver and grow cold; then came the feeling of self-reproach and guilt; and she crept away to her bed, sick and faint, and abhoring herself most of all.

A day or two of indecision and doubt, then she learned that Harry Doane was gone. She did not admit to herself that she loved him—she could not believe it possible. A hasty attachment like that was so opposed to all the rules she had set down for her own guidance; and theoretically Emily had been very wise.

At least, she must be perfectly frank with Mr. Marsh. She told him how uncertain and depressed she felt—how doubtful of herself; but he, like so many men, could not believe that a woman willing to marry him could fail to love

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him, so he clung fast to his prize, and never dreamed of letting her go.

So it was settled, settled, Emily kept saying to herself; and she shut and barred the door against her past, and accepted her life as cheerfully as she could—for she meant to do right, and was trying so to do; and consequently she found the help she needed.

The weeks went by; spring came—summer. Emily was out in the country with her father. Marsh paid them frequent visits, and it was definitely arranged that their marriage was to take place the first week in October.

Matters had not always gone so smooth as could have been desired; and though Emily was always ready enough to blame herself, she was too clear-sighted not to see the prominent faults in Marsh's character; and they were such as chanced to be the hardest for her, with her peculiar disposition, to bear.

He was exacting, almost tyrannical, somewhat given to jealousy; and, worst of all, with that peculiar and ever present dread of the world, which only belongs to a weak nature.

When I tell you that she had ceased to think of Harry Doane, and that she had never admitted to herself that she loved him, I am telling you the truth. Something seemed to have gone out of her life. In thinking of those brief, beautiful weeks, she felt a pang of sorrow and regret, as if at their expiration she had lost and buried some precious treasure that could never again be found in this world; but that was all.

She knew that Albert Marsh loved her to the full limit of his powers. She trusted and believed in him; and as she grew more accustomed to her new destiny, she persuaded herself that the calm and tranquillity which she had been promised were gradually overtaking her.

It was autumn. Only three weeks before the time appointed for their marriage, when the quiet that reigned about Emily was broken by one of those terrible and unexpected earthquakes, which are liable to desolate the most carefully-guarded lives.

She had a half-brother, a man some three years older than herself, who had been from early boyhood a constant grief and anxiety to her father. Of late, there had been a quarrel of his making, and he had scarcely been on speaking terms with them for months. During that time he had gone on from bad to worse; and suddenly, without the least warning, that most horrible calamity, disgrace, came into their home through his means.

He was a forger to a large amount; and the matter was made so public, that the newspapers through the length and breadth of the land were teeming with the dreadful story. Mr. Ritchie, then in very wretched health, was completely prostrated by the shock; there was nobody but Emily to act.

Her father's affairs were in such a state that, in a pecuniary way, he could do nothing; Emily's private fortune would cover the amount. She softened the heart of the prosecutors—how it was all managed none but those directly interested ever knew; but the affair was settled, the money paid, and the miserable man allowed to escape to South America.

It was only the affair of a few days. Emily had not taken a moment to sit down and be crushed by her trouble—she acted promptly, and so saved him.

Marsh was in Washington; and as she was detained several days in New York, if he wrote, she did not receive his letters.

When all was over she wrote to him.

"I cannot ask you to bear this shame with me," she said, toward the close. "I offer you your liberty, and no one can blame you for accepting the boon."

She smiled as she wrote those words, for she believed that all that was best and noblest in his nature would have the ascendency then; and never in her life had a feeling so near tenderness for him risen in her heart, as she thought that the rest of her trial need not be borne alone.

She was at home again before his answer came—he accepted her resignation of him. It was a flowery, prettily-worded letter, but the elegant phrases could not hide his baseness. He could not bear shame for her sake; he could better afford to lose what he knew to be the purest and deepest love his heart could feel, than be sneered at by the world

If I said that Emily did not suffer I should lie; and coming while her own sense of humiliation was at its height she could not blame him, could not feel his miserable weakness, as she would have done at a later season.

It was a terrible ordeal; friends stood aloof. To make matters worse, Mr. Ritchie met with misfortunes in his business; they were threatened with poverty in addition to their other ills.

Time passed on into late November—the softest golden Indian summer days, when winter seemed loath to approach and trouble the beautiful, melancholy season.

Emily had been watching by her father's sick bed, when they came and told her that an old friend, who would give no name, was waiting to see her.

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She went down stairs, opened the door of the library, and in an instant the common world, with its pain and wretchedness, rolled quite out of sight—for Harry Doane was holding fast her hands, and his voice crying,

"At last—at last! Say that you love me, Emily! I know everything—you are free now. Oh! it cannot be that I have deceived myself!"

It was long before she could think at all—not until she had allowed him to look deep into the heart that she had so carefully shut against her own eyes, that she remembered what stood between her and any man's love.

"Hush!" was all he said; "your griefs are mine—your cares mine! Darling, it is too late now—you have let me see the truth; there is no possibility of parting for you and me."

"So it was; and Emily Ritchie was able to thank God for the discipline, horrible as it was, which had kept her from the sin of marrying a man, because reason and logic counseled it, when her heart was a whole world out of his reach.

And to make Marsh's discomfiture complete, that ne'er-do-well of a brother absolutely got over to Europe, and so distinguished himself under Garibaldi that people lauded him to the skies, and either called his wickedness youthful indiscretions, or absolutely disbelieved the story altogether.

SIGNS.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

The Indian Summer days are bright;
The stars shine out with a crystal light;
The harvest moon, like a queen in white,
Holds court in a cloudless sky.
But the drum of the partridge heard to-day,
And the flocks loud bleating seem to say,
The Wintry days will come for ay—
E'en now are drawing nigh.

The scarlet leaves on the maple bough,
To a soberer hue have faded now;
They rustle and glide on the brown hill's brow,
Where the cattle graze in the sun.
The fields of all their treasures shorn,
No longer boast their yellow corn;
To the farmer's store-house all has gone,
And nothing is left undone.

We open wide the granary-door,
And heaped up high the golden store
Glitters and gleams, from roof to floor,
When the sunbeams fall thereon.

The fowls in the farm-yard loudly prate,
With ne'er a dream of the fearful fate,
That all the feathered broods await,
Ere the holidays have gone.

Last night I saw in the Northern sky,
The flaming torches gliding by,
That light the fairies, while they fly,
To the far-off frozen zone.
They have gone to bring a mantle fair
For the mourning earth, now brown and bare
Summer hath fled, with its balmy air,
And the wild winds wail and moan.

We know by the signs on every hand,
The wizard Frost, with magic wand,
Hath scattered broadcast o'er the land
That Summer's reign is o'er.
Ere long the path adown the glen,
A line in the snow o'er heather and fen,
Will tell us that Winter has come again,
That the Storm-King reigns once more.

THE WIND'S MISSION.

BY LYDIA D. THOMSON.

The trembling stars their vigils keep,
While shadows veil the light of day;
And scenes of night break on my view;
And 'round my brow her cool winds play,
That seem to whisper, love, of you
Far o'er the deep.

Go back, ye winds, where he doth rove,
Beyond the broad and restless sea,
And bid his listening ear to greet
The thoughts ye bear from home and me;
Go chant in accents, low and sweet,
The song of love.

Go, gentle zephyrs, tarry not;
Tell him the love he told to me
Long years ago, gone quickly by;
Forever in my heart shall be,
'Till in the coffined house I lie
To be forgot.

Whisper, the Spring bird far has flown,
To seek a sunnier clime than ours;
The Summer day has faded, too,
And lies among her withered flowers,
And leaflets wear the russet hue—
And I'm alone.

Go seek him 'neath those sunlit skies,
And bid him tread his native shore,
Before the October's sun shall wane,
And Winter's winds howl 'round my door;
And o'er each hill and grassy plain
His white robe lies.

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APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

BY FRANCES LEE.

He was large, and she was little; he was slow, and she was swift; he was pink, and she was pale; his name was Peter, and hers was Philomela.

And these were the least of their diversities; for Philomela was alive with the warm, demonstrative nature that came down to her from Irish ancestors; and Peter had the sluggish German blood of some past generation. Yet they were as fond of each other, and as happy together as people often are. For eleven years they had lived in the same high, stone house, standing far back in the center of wide grounds that sloped down behind to a gorge and dingle, and were bounded in front by the principal street of the village.

Just before dark, one dripping day, the railway-coach rattled along the street and stopped at the gate.

"Peter! Somebody has come! Hadn't you better go out with an umbrella?" cried Philomela, dropping her sewing, and running to the door.

Peter was lying on a sofa by the western window, reading a newspaper.

"What?" said he, rustling his paper.

Philomela did not wait to repeat her remark, but threw on a water-proof cloak, and by the time Peter roused himself and shuffled to the piazza, she was at the gate with the umbrella, and her arms already full of shawls and bags that somebody from within the coach was passing out.

"It is enough for one to get wet feet," said Peter, looking at his slippers.

So he just stood there till Philomela had come so near with the guest that he could see she was a lovely-faced little lady, with curls and dimples. And then he forgot all about his slippered feet, and went out to help at the baggage with a great deal of hospitality.

"This is cousin Alice, Peter," said Philomela.

"I am very happy to make cousin Alice's acquaintance," said Peter, with much sincerity.

And, indeed, he might be, for she was delightful enough to be own cousin to the queen.

"I am so glad to get here!" said cousin Alice, as soon as she had come through the door; and then, sitting upon the first chair, she suddenly began to cry.

Peter stepped awkwardly back, feeling as much out of place as an ox in a lark's nest, while Philomela came still nearer.

"And *I* am so glad you are here! Aren't you well, cousin Alice?" she said, in a flutter of sympathy and affection.

But Alice, by way of answer, laid her face on Philomela's shoulder, and, crying the more, only repeated, "I am so glad to be here."

Peter picked up his newspaper, which was always a tent of retreat to him. Once behind that he might be social or silent, he might be moody and indifferent to any degree; for, like charity, it covered a multitude of sins. If the level of interest in the talk around him rose above that in the paper, he could join in the talk; but he felt no personal responsibility in making it worth hearing, for a man must keep up with his newspapers.

So now he read with his eyes and listened with his ears—but he heard nothing; for Philomela carried cousin Alice directly up stairs, and when they came back, it was in the prettiest spirits in the world. Peter's newspaper went down, at this sight, like the walls of Jericho at the sound of the shouting, and did not go up again all the evening through.

"Isn't cousin Alice charming?" said Philomela, after she and Peter had gone to their room for the night. "I always knew you would like her," she added, injudiciously.

"Well, yes, she is fair to middling. Quite a decent sort of person, I should say," returned Peter, with a great show of indifference.

His manner was more offensive than his words, and Philomela resented both. So she began to untie her hair without another word.

Presently Peter, who had been full of curiosity as any two women all the evening through, asked, with labored carelessness, "What was all that hullullidudom about, when your cousin first came?"

"I do not know of any *hullullidudom*," replied Philomela, with severe dignity. "There! I wonder if Bridget set her bowl of yeast in a pan! She never thinks of it if I don't look after her; and it will make a pretty mess if she didn't, running all over everything," she added, going down stairs without her shoes.

Whether she was looking at her yeast all the

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time, or indulging in a confidential scold to herself about the Dutch blood with which she was allied; she staid so long that Peter, lying on his face, deep among the pillows, was asleep, or ought to have been, long before she came back. She waked in the morning still somewhat stiff and silent, which was as near to a quarrel as she ever came with her husband.

But by dinner-time a little solid man-sense was needed; and before that need, formality melted like icecream in the sun.

When Peter came home to dinner, he perceived at once something had happened. The very air showed it somehow, as well as the little look of excitement in the faces of the women; and he had hardly opened the door when Philomela went directly to him.

"Oh, Peter! Come and tell us what to do!" she cried, trying to lead him to his favorite chair, which was the largest and softest in the room.

"Let me wash my hands first," replied Peter, stamping into the bath-room.

"Washed his hands the last thing before he left the office, probably; he is as particular about these ceremonials as any old Israelite," said Philomela, gayly.

It was the business of Philomela's life to cover the ark of her husband's phlegm with the ivy of her own sprightly enthusiasm; but when he came back, turning down his wristbands as he came, a little sense of pique, at his apparent want of interest, made her begin a frivolous conversation with cousin Alice on the subject of uncle Barker's hair.

"I always thought," said she, without paying the least attention to Peter, "that red hair never turned; but uncle Barker is a pillar of testimony against any such a compensating theory. You know, cousin Alice, how crapy and stiff his hair always stood up on his head. It does the same way now, only being snow-white, it looks like a halo instead of a burning-bush. Do you suppose it is in token of aunt Betty making such a martyr of him?"

Peter took out his newspaper and began to unfold it.

"I thought you had something to tell me. I am all ears," said he.

"We prefer you to be part tongue," replied cousin Alice.

Peter smiled at this, and began to trot his foot, which was an excellent sign.

Then Philomela looked at cousin Alice, and cousin Alice looked back to Philomela with a consenting expression: so Philomela began.

"The first of it was, more than a year ago, about an apple-blossom," said she. "Alice was changing cars at Pidgeon, on her way to Boston, with a great bouquet in her hand, and a gentleman said, 'You have dropped some of your flowers, Miss, though I don't know as you care for them.' She looked around and saw, quite under the car, a spray of two or three apple-buds, and a blossom or so. Of course, she didn't go under the car for that, but on to the ladies' room; and pretty soon the young man came in with the very same flowers in his mouth. He looked at her, and she smiled—she couldn't help it; and then she looked away, and he went off. But it seemed he took the same train, for at the next station he came into the car with the flower in his button-hole; and, as it happened, she had one like it pinned on her sacque—so they smiled again; and every time she looked up, he was just looking away from her, which was rather awkward, of course. He was quite a nice-looking young man."

"Not so very young, though," put in Alice.

"Wasn't? Well; and he wore a diamond pin, and a puffed shirt-front, and a blue neck-tye," she said. "After she left the cars at Boston, she saw him again, looking after her, with the flower still in his button-hole. She staid in Boston several weeks; and she met the same man fifteen times, always with a flower in his button-hole."

"The *same* flower?" interposed Peter, with an insultingly, credulous air.

Philomela took no notice of his question.

"And every journey she has taken since she has come across him in just the same way," she continued; "and every time he sort of smiles with his eyes, but gives no other sign of recognition. What do you think of it?" said she, bringing up suddenly.

"I don't think anything of it in particular; only an unusually pretty girl, and a usually susceptible man. What is there to it?" replied Peter.

"Well," said Philomela, impatiently, "why doesn't he try to make her acquaintance somehow, or else why does he follow her so?"

"How should I know? Is that all?" returned Peter, picking up his paper.

It was enough to make Moses himself speak out; and Philomela, being not meeker than he, exclaimed,

"Cousin Alice, when we have another story to tell, we will address ourselves to the sofa-cushions, and then we shall get all the advice we expect!"

"Advice! Why, I don't see anything for cousin Alice to do but keep along in her own way. The fellow does nothing to annoy her, as

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I understand; and you can't enter a complaint against a man for riding in the cars with a flower in his mouth," protested Peter. "Some men *are* just so sappy."

"He has done something more than that," said Philomela. "At least, somebody has; and we suppose it to be he. She continues to have anonymous presents sent her. First, of a book-mark, with a painted apple-blossom on it; another time, a bouquet of wax apple-flowers; and still another time, a chromo picture of them in a frame made of apple-seeds. Yesterday he was in the car again, and kept such a watch of her that cousin Alice became real nervous; and to-day, what do you think, Peter? but the letter-carrier brought this."

Philomela held up, as she spoke, an exquisite ivory breast-pin, so delicately carved, in the form of a cluster of apple-buds, that even Peter's quiet blood beat a calm approval of its beauty.

"What can I do, cousin Peter?" said Alice, in a nervous flutter. "I don't wish, of course, to keep these things, and I can't return them to anybody."

"Lay them aside; that won't be keeping them," replied Peter.

"Sometimes a man seems to be a real comfort in the way of clearing up and setting straight, and sometimes he is no better than a tow-string," remarked Philomela, who had a way of making her charges against men as a body, and not Peter as an individual.

And then the dinner-bell opportunely rang.

Not many days after, Philomela and cousin Alice went down behind the house for some of the azaleas that made the sloping hillside one bed of fragrant bloom.

"There are plenty of young wintergreens further along—let's go for them, and gather our flowers when we come back," said Philomela.

So they kept on quite to the brook that picked its troubled way along the bottom of the dell, when at a turn around a huge rock they came suddenly upon a man with fishing-tackle, and a string of trout.

"Why, Osborne Gray!" exclaimed Philomela, running forward in delighted surprise, and holding out both hands, which only made the appropriate number, as both his were full. "How came you here? I didn't know you were in town! Why haven't you been to see us?" she continued.

To her surprise Osborne Gray blushed and bowed awkwardly, and forgot his usual ready flow of words. And then, still more to her surprise, on looking around to introduce cousin Alice, she found the latter's face the color of the azalea-blossoms she had stuck in her belt; and a general desire impressed all over her to pinch her left ear, and go invisible, like the old conjurer, in the story. But just at that spot of the dell there was not so much as a whortleberry-bush to hide behind; and with a strange shyness, cousin Alice returned Mr. Gray's embarrassed salutation.

"How queerly they behave!" thought Philomela. But at that point she noticed the gentleman's puffed shirt-front, diamond-pin, and blue neck-tye, with a bunch of azaleas in his button-hole, answering precisely as it happened in place, to those in Alice's belt. And then her eyes were suddenly opened, and she saw that cousin Alice's mysterious car-acquaintance was nobody but Osborne Gray, after all. Osborne Gray! Why she had known him ever since she was born. A bachelor of some years standing at this time, rich and agreeable, and polite to everybody; but so odd, and as hard to bring under bit and rein as a wild colt of the prairies.

Every new girl who came to town was sure to mistake his pleasing civilities to her, as a stranger and a woman, to be symptoms of softening of the heart; each one believing she was the discoverer of himself for whom Osborne had been waiting all the lost years. And each one, as soon as she showed the beginnings of tender interest, had been dropped by him as though she had been a hot chestnut.

"And now she has turned out to be somebody whom somebody knows, it is all over between him and cousin Alice; and I could see she was really interested as well as he," mused Philomela, with real regret; for though she was no match-maker, she knew what was appropriate. "The enchantment will all be gone for him; and, besides, he won't ever dare look at her again for fear he will be encouraging false hopes. I could shake him," said she, to herself.

But she was mistaken. Something like enchantment still seemed to hang about cousin Alice's curls and dimples; or else—who could tell?—it might be, Osborne Gray felt obliged by his code of courtliness to be somewhat polite to Philomela's guest. Whichever it was, he helped pick their flowers, and walked with the ladies to their door, saying little, and looking more.

"Come in, won't you!" asked Philomela.

"Not now, thank you. I will call this evening. I have a little business with Peter," he replied.

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The business was imperative, and he came promptly. He came, and he kept coming, evening after evening, and morning after morning; while cousin Alice, too shy and quiet to frighten a feeding fawn, gave no sign of snares and traps, until, before the wary bachelor knew it, a whole Red Sea of infatuated love was flowing over his doomed head.

Still Philomela doubted as much as she hoped, remembering the long procession of girls who had, one by one, gone into the Blue Chamber of Osborne Gray's heart. And so did Peter.

"Why don't you tell cousin Alice what a flirt Osborne is, Philomela? First, you know she will be thinking his intentions are serious, and buy her wedding-gown, or something. You ought to warn her," said he.

"Uzziah is always a lesson for me," replied Philomela, shaking her head. "I believe meddlers generally make out no better than he did; and, I suppose, he put out his hand to steady the ark with the best intentions in the world. Things do better to be let alone, according to my creed. But then," she continued, breaking out suddenly on the defensive, "I don't call Osborne Gray a flirt; he is only exceedingly kind-hearted and hospitable. For my part, I don't know what we should do if every man thought only of sitting still and being entertained. And, besides, I think it will amount to something this time."

Peter laughed a derisive man-laugh.

"I don't see what there is about Osborne Gray that turns all the women's heads, even the married ones. He is what would be called a desperate flirt in my country. And as for the flirtation amounting to something this time, so you have thought a dozen times before, to my certain knowledge."

"Then there must be the thirteenth; and you know there is said to be luck in odd numbers," answered Philomela, hopefully.

And most certainly there was, for at the very moment she spoke, Osborne Gray, driving with cousin Alice on an appropriately lonely and romantic road, was asking the young lady to wear upon her engagement-finger, a ring with a tiny ruby-apple set in emeralds; while cousin Alice was blushing and dimpling, looking shy and sweet, and putting it on.

Thus, after the flowers came the fruit; so in good time they went to live in the garden of Eden together, the bride wearing apple instead of orange-flowers.

LADY MARGUERITE.

BY MISS ADDIE WHEELER.

THE gleam of the flickering fire-light fades,
And the waning moon goes down;
Chill blows the wind 'gainst the lattice-shades,
Then hushes to silence, ashamed of the raids
It had made through the dreary town.
In the gathering gloom of the dim fire-light,
So proudly, so queenly, sits fair Marguerite;
She heeds not the Frost-king's breezy breath,
Whirling without o'er the snow-clad earth;
She heeds not the waning of moon nor star,
Her thoughts are happier, holier far—
For she is betrothed to-night!

Betrothed! but the choice of her heart is gone—
He bade her adieu to-day;
To-day, as the sound of the clansmen's horn,
On the whispering breeze was gently borne,
He rode from her presence away.
So the stately Marguerite sits in grief,
Although one thought gives unbounded relief;
"He is mine! He is mine!" she murmurs low,
While with crimson blushes her fair cheeks glow;
And gently her red lips press the ring—
The shining solitaire—glittering thing!
His heartfelt friendship gave.

The gleaming coals glow red in the grate—
Lady Marguerite still is dreaming;
The town-clock strikes—there is one vibrate;
Again, there are two—it is very late,
Yet the hours with bliss are teeming.
Well-a-day! why is it this charm is given,
O'erflowing with rapturous thoughts of Heaven?
It comes alike to the rich and the poor,
A visitant welcome to castle and moor;
An enchanter, endowed with wonderful tact,
Hiding faults, and beauty we also may lack—
A Heaven-sent Elysian.

Ever in beauty my lady is peerless,
None in the land can compare!
As fair as her chivalrous knight is fearless—
Oh! may her dark eyes forever be tearless,
Nor dimmed be their lustre rare.
She seemed like a radiant, glorious queen,
The spark of the fire-light's glimmering sheen,
Glowing on tresses of soft chestnut-brown;
Often the wind, as it swept through the town,
Had lifted the curls from her pure, white brow;
It must be the reason 'tis so angry now,
Shaking the shutters so rude.

She heeds not the wind, nor the waning light,
Dreaming her happiness over to night.
By the ring encircling her tiny, white hand,
By the knight gone forth to another land,
Lady Marguerite is betrothed!

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THE MYSTERY AT BLACKWOOD GRANGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR NOEL'S HEIR."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 203.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELLEN ROSSITER'S LETTER.

FACING the falling snow, and the bitter blast, with the sturdy defiance of strong, young manhood, Dr. John Sterling plunged his homeward way through the drifts, whistling cheerily a Christmas anthem. The red light from the curtained windows of his home flared out brightly athwart the fluttering flakes.

"No place like home," thought Dr. John, "particularly on a stormy winter night, and after a hard day's work. I hope none of my patients will be so unreasonable as to call me out again in this tempest. My good mother has about given me up for lost, I dare say."

He opened the door with his latch-key, and stamped the snow off his boots and overcoat. The parlor door opened, and his mother's pale and anxious face looked out.

"You, John? How late you are! You must be nearly frozen and nearly famished."

"Both, mother; and ready to do wonders among your Christmas dainties. But what's the matter? Have you seen a ghost, that you wear that scared face?"

"Something very like it, John," his mother said, gravely; "come in. Oh! you will do as you are! Sit down here and get warm. Did you meet any one, on your way, coming home?"

"Did I meet any one? And this Christmas-eve! There's a question! Did I meet whom, mother?"

"Amy Earle."

"Mrs. Dupree? My dear mother, what would fetch an invalid out on such a night?"

"Misery—madness, perhaps. She has been here."

"Mother!"

"It is quite true; she left not a quarter of an hour ago. She came like a ghost, and vanished like one."

"Alone?"

"Alone, and on foot. Was ever such madness heard of? The tyrant was away, for a wonder, dining at Major Mallory's, and the imprisoned slave broke her bars, and came here."

"Good heaven! on such a night! It is enough, with her constitution, to give her her death."

"I don't know that we need lament *that*, if it be so. Death is sometimes a merciful relief. I would rather see her at rest in her coffin, than that villain's miserable wife."

"Mother, you exaggerate, I think. What brought her here? What did she say?"

"Nothing that I can repeat—all was incoherent and wild. She wished she was dead—it was too late for mutual help, she was not his wife; she had sworn to keep his secret, and dare not break her oath. And then she broke out with a wild storm of hysterical sobbing, and said she would betray herself if she lingered longer, and rushed out of the house like a mad thing! I followed, but she was already out of sight. John, I think misery is turning her brain."

"God forbid!" said her son. He had turned very pale, and sat looking into the glowing coals. "Mother, I must go over to Blackwood Grange to-night."

"Impossible, John, in this storm."

"The storm will not hurt me, mother; and I would brave ten thousand such storms for poor Amy's sake. How do we know what may have befallen her on such a night? I will go at once."

"Not until after supper," said his mother, resolutely. "I will not hear of it, John. Here, draw up your chair; it is quite ready, and quite spoiled waiting."

Dr. Sterling obeyed. He had been hungry enough a moment before; but now he munched his toast, and drank his tea mechanically. Pale and moody he sat. What if that little, frail creature had never reached home? What if they should find her, white and cold, among the pitiless snow-drifts? He pushed away his cup and plate, and arose.

"Already," said Mrs. Sterling, reproachfully; "and you said you were hungry."

"I cannot eat, mother. Good heavens! she may be lying frozen to death by the wayside, whilst I loiter here. Poor child! Poor Amy! I wish Gaston Dupree had frozen to an icicle in the winter's storm the night I first brought him to Blackwood Grange."

He seized his overcoat savagely and put it on. Thrusting his hands into the pockets,

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in search of his fur gloves, he brought forth a letter.

"Hallo! I quite forgot this! An epistle for you, mother, from the far North."

He threw the letter in her lap. Mrs. Sterling eyed the superscription in surprise.

"A woman's hand, and an unknown one to me. Post-marked Hollisville. Why, John, that is the New England village where Dorothy Hardenbrook died! Who can it be from?"

"You had better open it and see."

Mrs. Sterling opened the envelope, and drew forth a closely-written sheet. As she unfolded it, a card fell out upon the carpet. Her son stooped and picked it up.

"*A carte de visite!* It can't be a love-letter, with the gentleman's picture inclosed. Why—"

He stopped short, and stood staring. The picture was not a gentleman's. It was a vignette: the dark face of a young girl of more than common beauty. Two great, dark eyes lit up a handsome gipsy face—a bold, bright, dauntless face, that could not fail to impress.

But it was not the beauty of that pictured face that held Dr. John spell-bound. It was its unaccountable familiarity. It was as familiar to him, that gipsy face, as his own in the glass, and yet he could not place it.

"Where have I seen this woman?" he thought. "It is a face not easily forgotten. Those big, black eyes; that determined chin; that square, bold brow; that compressed mouth. My God! it is the face of Gaston Dupree!"

John Sterling absolutely recoiled from the picture and his own discovery. But in an instant he had recovered.

"It cannot be Gaston Dupree, of course. But if Gaston Dupree has a twin sister on earth, this is her portrait."

He turned the picture over. On the back was written, in a bold, decided hand,

"Truly yours, ISABEL VANCE,
Hollisville, May 4th, 18—."

"Isabel Vance! Isabel Vance!" repeated the young doctor. "I have heard that name before, too. Ah! I recollect! Isabel Vance was the young lady Miss Hardenbrook disinherited. What does Isabel Vance mean by sending her picture here; and what does she mean, also, by being the living image of Amy's villainous husband?"

He was interrupted by his mother. Mrs. Sterling rose up very pale, and placed the letter in his hands.

"Read that, John! It is a dying woman's warning, but I fear it comes too late."

John took the letter, and looked just at the signature. It was not "Isabel Vance," but "Ellen Rossiter," and the letter ran thus:

"MRS. STERLING—MADAM—Although personally a stranger to you, I know that you are the guardian and nearest female friend of Miss Amy Earle, of Blackwood Grange, the young lady to whom Dorothy Hardenbrook left her fortune. It is on Miss Amy Earle's account I take the liberty of writing this letter.

"I am a woman lying on her death-bed. Before you receive this I shall be in my grave. Accept it as a voice from the grave—a voice raised to warn your ward. Pray God the warning come not too late!

"Dorothy Hardenbrook had adopted a young relative, a Miss Isabel Vance, with the resolution of making her her heiress some years before she died. She took this Isabel Vance off the stage, for she was a play-actor, and shut her up in the house at Hollisville. She was very severe with her, and the girl needed it, for she was bold, and bad, and headstrong, and unscrupulous. She was engaged to a young man she had known in the city, Mr. George Wildair, and he used to follow her secretly and meet her in the village. Miss Hardenbrook hated him, and forbade Isabel seeing him on pain of disinheritance. Isabel promised, and disobeyed—lying came natural to her. She met him again and again, by night and by stealth. Miss Hardenbrook discovered it, and the result was she disinherited Isabel, and left her fortune to Miss Amy Earle.

"Isabel's troubles came all at once, as troubles do come. Mr. Wildair jilted her immediately—it was her fortune he wanted, not herself. He jilted her, and she left the village and disappeared. If ever woman looked possessed of a demon, Isabel Vance did the last time I saw her. I knew then she would do something desperate, and I know now she has done it.

"The next I heard of George Wildair he was engaged to Miss Earle; the next I heard he had been foully murdered the night before his wedding. Madam, Isabel Vance did that deed. I am dying, and I say it—Isabel Vance shot her false lover as surely as I shall be judged.

"I have never set eyes on her since. I don't know what has become of her; but I *do* know that that is not likely to be her first and last crime. She will wreak her vengeance on Miss Earle, too, if you do not take care. She is subtle as a serpent, cunning as a fox, and unscrupulous enough, and daring enough for any deed under heaven. I send you her picture that you may recognize her, if you ever meet;

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and there is a specimen of her handwriting on the reverse. Beware of her! I say it solemnly and warningly—a dying woman—beware of Isabel Vance! ELLEN ROSSITER."

Abruptly and startlingly the letter closed. Dr. John looked up from it to behold his mother staring at the picture much as he had stared.

"Who is it?" she said, with a bewildered look. "Surely, I have seen that face before! John, who is it?"

"Try again, mother—think over the people you know in this vicinity. Imagine that splendid crop of hair, cut short; imagine a mustache on that dainty upper lip, and I think you will have it."

Mrs. Sterling dropped the picture as if it burnt her, and staggered back with a shrill cry,

"It is Gaston Dupree. Isabel Vance is Gaston Dupree!"

"Good gracious, mother!" exclaimed the doctor, startled by a supposition that had never struck him, "what a preposterous idea! For Gaston Dupree and Isabel Vance to be one and the same is the wildest of wild impossibilities."

"I don't care!" cried Mrs. Sterling, hysterically; "it may be impossible, but it is true! Oh! my poor, little dove! in the claws of that hawk! I understand all now; she said she was not his wife. That is the secret he made her swear to keep; he had to tell her, and made her swear never to betray him. Oh, John Sterling! he will murder that child!"

Dr. John stood gazing at his mother with an awfully blank face. It seemed such a mad supposition, such an utterly incredible idea—and yet——

"I don't know what to do, mother," he said "I never thought of this."

"Go up to Blackwood Grange at once!" exclaimed his mother, frantically, "and tear the mask off that horrible wretch's face. Have Isabel Vance, *alias* Gaston Dupree, lodged in jail before morning, for the willful murder of George Wildair. Go!"

"No, no, no!" said Dr. John, "not so fast! There is no hurry—we will do nothing rash. I couldn't get Gaston Dupree arrested for murder on the baseless supposition of a dead woman. We will be slow—we will match strategy with strategy, cunning with cunning. Trust me, mother, I will save Amy yet."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Give me this picture. I will go at once to Blackwood and endeavor to see Amy. God grant she may have reached home in safety! Once there, I will know what to do. Don't sit up for me, mother, I may return late."

"As if I could sleep. And John, for heaven's sake! take care of that wretch. If Gaston Dupree, or Isabel Vance, suspects you know the secret of her life, your life will not be worth an hour's purchase. You will be found as they found poor George Wildair."

"I am not afraid of Gaston Dupree," said Dr. John, coolly; "forewarned is forearmed. Good-by, mother; I beg you'll not sit up for me."

Dr. Sterling mounted his nag, and set off. An hour's disagreeable riding brought him to the Grange. A sable major-domo answered his thundering knock.

"Is your mistress at home, Pompey?"

"Yes, Marse John; jest arriv out 'n de storm. Walk right in, Marse John, Miss Amy's in de winter drawing-room."

He threw open the door of the cozy, crimson-draped room—unutterably cozy after the wild, white tempest without. Carpet, curtains, sofas, chairs, all were of rich glowing crimson, upon which the firelight and lamplight glowed with flashing brightness.

Seated on a low footstool, crouched over the fire, in a strange, distorted attitude of misery, was the little mistress of all this splendor. Her hood had fallen back, her pale yellow hair hung loose and disheveled, and the face turned to the fire was colorless as the winter snow.

She started up, at sight of her visitor, with a faint cry,

"Dr. Sterling! I thought it was Mr. Dupree."

She laid her hand on her heart, as if to still its tumultuous beating. Dr. John advanced, and took both her hands in his, and looked down, with infinite tenderness and compassion, in that poor, thin face.

"My pale, little Amy! You are whiter than the drifts outside, this stormy night. Thank heaven, I find you here safe! What madness, Amy, for you to face this bitter storm."

She covered her face with her hands, and tearless sobs shook her from head to foot.

"I was so miserable, so lonely, so desolate, so forsaken, so heart-broken! Oh, John! You don't know! You can't know! I am the most wretched creature in all this wide earth."

"Gaston Dupree is a villain, a cold-blooded tyrant and villain; but it is not too late to save you from him yet. Amy, I think I know the secret of his life—the secret he made you swear to keep."

She looked up at him in blank, speechless terror.

"It is impossible," she said, slowly. "No

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creature on this earth knows it but himself and me; and I have not broken my oath."

"We will see," said Dr. John. "You would be glad to have your chains broken, would you not? To be freed from this horrible union?"

"Glad!" Her whole face lit up at the thought. "It would be new life—it would be heaven on earth. But it is impossible—I am his wife; I cannot desert him for what is his misfortune, not his fault. No human law would give me a divorce for an infirmity he cannot help."

Dr. John stared at her bewildered. What did she mean? "His wife!" "Infirmity he could not help!" Surely, they were at cross purposes; the secret he knew, or thought he knew, was not the secret she had sworn to keep. Was his wild supposition only a wild delusion, after all?"

"Where is Mr. Dupree?" he asked, presently.

"At Major Mallory's; he has not yet returned. I expect him every moment; and John, don't be angry, please—but I had rather he did not find you here."

"I shall not remain long," replied the doctor, quietly; "but before I go, Amy, have you any letters or notes of Mr. Dupree's in the house? I have a particular reason for wishing to identify his writing."

Amy looked at him in surprise.

"Gaston's writing? Why, John?"

"I will tell you presently. Oblige me in this matter, if you can."

"I can, easily—wait a moment."

She opened a volume on a table near, and produced a copy of manuscript verses. It was Tennyson's "Break, Break," beautifully written; and Dr. John started at sight of the faultless chirography, as if it had been a death's-head. It was the handwriting of Isabel Vance.

"You will permit me to retain this, Amy? Thank God! Your freedom is near at hand."

He folded the paper and put it in his pocket. Amy gazed at him in wonder—he was pale even to the lips. He stood up to go, holding out his hand.

"Good-by, Amy, and good-night! Keep up a good heart, I think your troubles are almost over."

Amy's answer was a low cry of terror. Her eyes were fixed upon the door-way in a wild, dilated stare. Dr. John wheeled round and confronted Gaston Dupree.

CHAPTER IX.

ILL UNTO DEATH.

THERE was an instant's dead silence, during which the two gazed steadfastly at each other. Dr. John's pale face and fearless gray eyes met the wolfish glare in the black orbs of Gaston Dupree unflinchingly.

"So," cried the latter, hissing his words, and turning suddenly upon Amy, "so, madam, this is how you amuse yourself in my absence, is it? You send word to your old lovers, and they face the howling tempests, and spend the long winter evening cozily by your side. A thousand pities, is it not, that I should happen in at this early hour, and spoil your *tete-a-tete?* My dear Dr. Sterling, pray don't hurry on my account; conduct yourself precisely as though I were still at Major Mallory's."

"I intend to," said Dr. John, coolly. "I was taking my departure when you appeared so unceremoniously—I shall take it now. Good-night, Amy; my mother will be relieved to know you are so well."

He bowed to trembling Amy, and walked past Gaston Dupree, towering above him by a head. An instant later, and the house-door closed heavily behind him. Mr. and Mrs. Dupree were alone.

An artist, wishing to paint a living embodiment of terror, might well have taken Amy for his subject at that moment. She stood clinging to the back of a chair, her face utterly colorless; the blue eyes dilated until they looked almost black; the lips quivering; the slender form trembling from head to foot. Those wild, wide eyes were fixed upon the face of Gaston Dupree as if fascinated; the white lips strove to speak, but no sound came. *He* stood confronting her, dark as doom. Only for a second! Then, with one stride, he was beside her, grasping her slender arm in a cruel grip.

"Traitress!" he hissed, "perjured traitress! And this is how you keep your oath?"

"I have kept it, Gaston—truly, faithfully, so help me heaven! Oh! don't, don't! As truly as I live, I have not betrayed you."

"Then what brings that meddling interloper here to-night? How came he to know I was absent from home? You, madam, sent him word."

"No, no, no! I knew nothing of his coming—I never sent him word. He was the last person I expected to see, to-night."

"Or wished to see? Eh, Mrs. Dupree?" with a sneer. "He was a lover of yours, you know, in the days gone by."

"He never was," Amy cried, with spirit. "John Sterling was always like a brother to me, always my good, kind friend. Never more."

"Indeed! And pray what brought your good, kind friend all the way from St. Jude's this

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stormy night? Tell me the truth, mistress, or it will be worse for you! He had some purpose in coming. What was that purpose?"

"Let go my arm, Gaston. You hurt me."

"I will hurt you still more, if you do not answer me at once, and truthfully. What brought John Sterling to Blackwood Grange to-night?"

"No earthly harm, Gaston—I am sure of it. He came to see me, and—a specimen of your handwriting."

"My handwriting!" He dropped her arm, and stood staring at her aghast. "My handwriting! What could Dr. Sterling want with that?"

"He did not say. Some question of identity, I think, he mentioned; but there could have been no particular purpose?"

"Couldn't there? Much you know about it! Did you gratify his whim?"

"Certainly, Gaston; I never dreamed you would object. There was a copy of verses in a book on the table. I gave him that."

"And he kept it, I'll be sworn?"

"He kept it, I think—yes. If I had thought you would object, Gaston, indeed, indeed I never would have shown it."

"You're a fool, Amy, and John Sterling is a meddlesome knave! But let him take care; I have risked too much to lose lightly now. If I find him prying into my private affairs, by heaven! I'll treat him as I treated——"

He stopped short. His face was livid, his eyes blazing. In that moment he looked like a madman.

"Don't stand there gaping like an idiot!" he cried, turning with sudden rage upon the affrighted Amy; "don't you see I'm wet to the skin! Ring the bell, and summon your servants; let them fetch me my clothes. Do you want me to get my death? But, of course, you do, you little, white-faced hypocrite; *that* is the dearest desire of your heart; and then you might marry the big, hulking doctor—'John Anderson, my jo, John'—your 'brother!' your 'good, kind friend!' But I'll baffle you yet. I'll baffle you both."

Surely Gaston Dupree was mad. His voice rose to a shrill cry—his eyes flamed like living coals. He strode toward her—then stopped. His white face turned dark-red. He put his hand composedly to his head, staggered blindly, and fell prostrate at her feet like a log.

Dr. Sterling and his mother were seated at their three o'clock dinner on Christmas-day, when a sleigh from Blackwood came over the frozen snow, and stopped at their door. A moment after and the little maid-servant ushered in the mistress of Blackwood Grange.

"Amy, what has happened?"

Both started up with the simultaneous question, for Amy was deadly pale, and the frightened expression that had grown habitual to her of late was wild alarm now.

"Oh, John! Oh, Mrs. Sterling! Gaston is ill—dying, I am afraid!"

And then tender-hearted little Amy sunk into a chair, and burst out into hysterical weeping, and told them incoherently how he had fallen in a fit last night; how they had got him to bed; how they had brought him to after infinite trouble; and how his first act had been to turn every one of them out of the room and double-lock his door; how they had listened in fear and trembling all night, outside his chamber, and heard him raving in wild delirium, and walking to and fro, talking insanely to himself. How he had raved, and walked, all this long day, until at last he had fallen upon the bed from sheer exhaustion, and lay there like a dead man. How, frightened almost to death, she, Amy, had fled hither for succor from Dr. John.

"And, oh, please come!" Amy cried, piteously, clasping her hands, "and force the door, and see what you can do for him. I know you are not a friend of his, John, and that he dislikes you; but, oh! he is dying; and you must try and forget the past, for my sake."

"My poor, little Amy," John Sterling said, with infinite love and compassion, "I would do far more than that for your sake. I will go at once, and my mother shall come, too. You will need her services as nurse. I think I understand why Gaston Dupree locked the chamber-door. Mother, put on your bonnet and come; I am certain you will be needed."

Half an hour later, and the trio were back at the lonely old house, its western windows all ablaze with the yellow wintry sunshine. Aunt Carry met them in the hall.

"He hain't opened his door yet, Miss Amy," she said. "He lies there like dead. Fore de Lord, I tink he's gone mad."

John called upon the colored major-domo, and, obtaining the necessary tools, forced the door.

"Stay here an instant, Amy," he said, "I will call you and my mother directly."

He entered, and closed the door. Gaston Dupree lay upon the bed, still wearing the clothes he had worn at Major Mallory's dinner-party. The dark face was flushed burning red, but the false mustache was gone, and the face was the very face of Isabel Vance.

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Dr. Sterling opened the door a moment later, and called his mother in.

"It is as we suspected," he said, gravely. "Gaston Dupree is Isabel Vance. You will remove his masquerade, and replace it with suitable garments. The unfortunate woman is on the verge of a raging brain-fever, brought on partly by wetting and exposure, partly by mental excitement. It is ten to one if she ever rises from that bed."

"Better so," responded his mother, sternly. "And Amy? But Amy knows?"

"No," said Dr. John, "that is the strangest part of the story; I don't believe she does. Whatever the secret was she swore to keep, it was not the secret of this trickster's sex. You will break the horrible deception that has been practiced upon her as gently as you can. I will go now, and return with the necessary medicines in an hour or two."

He quitted the room. Amy stood waiting on the landing outside. He took both her hands in his, and looked down lovingly into her troubled face.

"My own Amy!" he said. "My pale little girl! All will soon be well with you now. There is a shock in store for you—bear it like the little heroine you are. *My* Amy! to think that paper walls should have held us apart so long. Go in; my mother has something to tell you."

She looked after him wonderingly; then she opened the chamber-door, and went in.

CHAPTER X.

SUNLIGHT AT LAST.

THE January day had been hopelessly bad and wintry. All the morning the low-lying clouds, and complaining wind whistling shrilly through the bare trees, had foretold the coming storm. At noon the storm burst. The wind rose to a wild, piercing gale, and the snow fell, fast and faster, and in wild, whirling drifts, until all around Blackwood Grange lay buried in its mid-winter winding-sheet.

The old house was very still—the stillness of death surely, for death stood grim on their threshold. The sable servants bated their breath, and hushed their voices, and muffled their tread, for the master they had never liked lay sick unto death in one of the upper rooms. They had never liked him; but the dread majesty of the grave was around him now, and they forgot their old aversion.

In that spacious chamber, hung with satin damask, carpeted in mossy green, adorned with exquisite pictures and statuettes, the mystery of Blackwood Grange was a mystery no longer. Lying in the low, French bed, whiter than the snowy pillows, lay Isabel Vance. Gaston Dupree, the mockery of man, was no more. Isabel Vance, in the white robes of her sex, lay tossing there, raving in delirium, or sleeping the heavy, unnatural sleep produced by drugs.

Amy knew all. The unutterable wonder with which she had first heard, her wild incredulity, her absolute inability to convince herself of the truth, are not to be described. It proved the truth of Dr. Sterling's assertion—whatever the secret she had sworn to keep, *that* was not it. Slowly the truth forced itself upon her, day by day, until she could realize it at last. She clasped her hands in indescribable thanksgiving, her whole face alight with joy.

"Thank God!" she cried. "Oh, thank God! thank God! Better anything than be what I thought I was—a madman's wife!"

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Sterling.

But Amy, with a frightened cry, covered her face with her hands.

"I have broken my oath—I swore not to—— Oh! don't ask me any questions, Mrs. Sterling—I dare not tell you!"

Mrs. Sterling smiled. She could guess pretty nearly the truth now.

They did not tell Amy that other horrible suspicion, that Isabel Vance was the murderess of George Wildair. Such ghastly horrors were not for her innocent ears; they would spare her that, if they could.

Mrs. Sterling, Amy, aunt Carry, and the doctor, were all who were allowed to set foot inside that sick-room. The amaze of aunt Carry was something ludicrous in its intensity; but there was no help for it; they were forced to take her into their confidence. And by day and by night, for two long weeks, those three women watched by the bedside of that guilty woman, who had wronged one of them so deeply.

This wild January afternoon Mrs. Sterling sat by the bedside, watching her patient with a very grave face. The crisis of the fever had arrived; there was little chance of the sick woman's recovery, and they did not even hope it. Better for them, better for her, that death should release her, than that she should live to end her days in a mad-house, or a prison.

Amy sat by the window, gazing dreamily out at the fast-falling snow. An infinite calm had settled upon her, a deep content, a stronger, truer, more fervent love than any wild fantasy she had ever known, was slowly dawning in her heart. Her sorrows had been heavy, her

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disappointments bitter; but new hope blooms so soon in the heart of young persons of nineteen or twenty.

As the short winter day faded into early dusk the snow ceased; but the ground was heaped high, and the bitter wind shrieked icily. Amy arose to draw the curtains and light the lamp.

"I am afraid the roads are impassable," she said. "The snow is higher than the fences; and John will persist in coming the most tempestuous nights. How is she?"

She stopped short, with a thrill of terror.

For two great, dark eyes looked up at her wierdly from the bed—two eyes in which the light of delirium shone no longer.

"Where am I?" said a low, faint voice. "What is it? What has happened?"

"You have been very ill," answered Mrs. Sterling, "ill of brain-fever. Don't ask questions; drink this, and go to sleep."

But Isabel Vance pushed away the cup with her weak hand, and fixed the great, dark eyes on the matron's face.

"What is it?" still in that faint whisper. "Something happened? What was it? Tell me—tell me!"

She looked at Amy—memory seemed struggling fiercely in her dulled brain; she looked at Mrs. Sterling; she looked around the familiar room, at her own dress—and all burst upon her like a flash. She sprang up in bed with a cry those who heard might never forget.

"Lost!" she shrieked, "lost! lost! lost!" And then there was a fierce convulsion, that seemed rending soul and body apart, and she fell back upon the pillows like one dead.

The midnight hour had struck. Through the bitter wind, and high-piled snow, Dr. John had bravely made his way, and reached the house as the mystic hour struck. Amy met him with a white, scared face.

"She is dying, John! Oh! if you could only have come sooner! Nothing can save her now."

"Nothing could have saved her at any time. My coming sooner would have been of little use. My mother is with her? Has she spoken?"

Still with that white, frightened face, Amy told of that dreadful awakening. She trembled with nervous terror from head to foot as she recalled it.

"My poor little girl!" Dr. Sterling said, "these death-bed horrors are too much for your tender heart. Go to your own room, my Amy, and lie down; you look worn-out. I don't want my precious little treasure—lost so long—to wear herself to a shadow. Go and try to sleep."

"But, John——"

"Miss Earle, I insist upon being obeyed. If my patient expresses a wish to see you, you shall be called. Meantime, go to bed, and go to sleep. I am not accustomed to be disobeyed; and don't you begin, mademoiselle. Go!"

He turned her toward her own room, led her to the door, and left her there with a parting threat if she dared disobey. Amy smiled to herself as she went in; it was very sweet to be taken possession of in this way by Dr. John.

In the sick-room, Isabel Vance lay fluttering between life and death. Nothing could save her now. She lay whiter than snow, still as marble, but entirely conscious, entirely calm; the great, black eyes looking blankly before her at the wall.

The dark eyes turned upon the young doctor as he entered, but the old light of hate was there no more.

"Shall we send for a clergyman, Miss Vance?" he said, bending over her, "your hours on earth are numbered."

She shook her head.

"No clergyman can help me—I am long past that."

"'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall become white as wool.' The infinite mercy of God is beyond our poor comprehension, Isabel."

She shook her head again.

"You don't know! You don't know! I have committed a greater crime than deceiving and making wretched the life of an innocent girl. John Sterling, I am a *murderess!*"

"I know it!"

She stared at him with wild, wide eyes.

"You shot your false lover, George Wildair, the night before he was to have married Amy Earle. You deceived her to possess yourself of the fortune Dorothy Hardenbrook should have left to you. You see I know all."

"And yet you talk of forgiveness."

"Because there is forgiveness for all who repent."

"But I don't repent! I would do it again, if it were to be done. George Wildair deserved his fate; and yet I was mad the night I shot him—mad with my wrongs. I don't think my brain has ever been right since. What I told Amy, the day I married her, was truth, after all."

"What did you tell her?"

"Do you not know? But I suppose she kept her oath. I told her I was a monomaniac—possessed of a desire to murder her. I told her the intensity of my love had begot that mad desire—that I dare not remain an instant with her alone, lest I should plunge the fatal knife

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into her heart. She fainted, poor little girl! and *that* secret kept my other secret. A babe could impose on that insipid little nonentity."

"Poor Amy! You have been merciless to her, Isabel Vance!"

"Well, *you* can console her when I am gone. I am beyond your power and hers. You would like to have me hanged for murder, I dare say. Death will save you that trouble."

Amy slept long and soundly. The sun shining brilliantly on the snow, the entrance of aunt Carry with the breakfast-tray aroused her. She ate, refreshed by her deep sleep, and hurried to the sick-room.

It was very, very still. The blinds were still closed, the curtains still drawn. Mrs. Sterling moved softly about; Dr. John met her on the threshold.

"All is over," he said. "She died at dawn this morning, almost without a struggle."

He led her to the bed. Still, and rigid, and white, in the solemn majesty of death, lay Isabel Vance. More beautiful, perhaps, than she had ever been in life, the cold face looking like an exquisite face carved in marble.

"It was given out that Gaston Dupree was dead, and, on the third day, a stately procession left the gates of Blackwood. But in some way the story leaked out, got whispered abroad, crept into the newspapers, warped and distorted, until John Sterling, for Amy's sake, felt compelled to come out with the truth. Far and wide people talked of the wonderful tale, and doubted, and were amazed. It was the most unheard-of occurrence that had ever transpired.

Amy Earle left Blackwood, and Mrs. Sterling with her. They took up their abode in New York until spring, living very retired, and preparing for a marriage and a long tour abroad.

Early in May, Dr. John Sterling left his patients in St. Jude's for a very prolonged holiday, and joined his mother in New York. And a week after, there was a quiet wedding; and Amy, for the third time, wore the starry veil and orange wreath of a virgin bride, and became a blessed wife at last.

They went abroad. Three years they spent in Europe; then with a baby, and a Swiss nurse, they returned home, and Blackwood Grange became the happiest home in the State.

Dr. John is a model, and a paragon of married perfection; and Amy Sterling is the happiest little wife, and blessedest little mother in wide America.

THE STRICKEN HEART.

BY ROBERT E. RYAN.

The troubles of departed years
Bring joys unknown before;
And soul-refreshing are the tears
O'er wounds that bled of yore.

In this dark world of sin and strife
The days and years depart;
But with them scenes are ever rife
To wound the stricken heart.

"Deal gently with the erring ones,"
As God hath dealt with thee;
Their journey, like thine, was begun
On life's tempestuous sea.

The voice that finds its gentle way
A wounded heart to cheer,
Has oft the fewest words to say—
But, oh! those few how dear.

'Neath stormy skies their bark was launched,
'Mid the world's cold, bitter blast;
On earth they trod the thorny path
That leads to Heaven at last.

MOONLIGHT.

BY ROSA HARTWICK.

Moonlight, moonlight, glimmering through
Heaven's broad curtain of endless blue,
Shining down with a trembling light,
On the still breast of the lake to-night.

Decking the archway of Heaven's vast dome;
Pointing the way to the Christian's home;
Gemming the brow of the silent night
With a tender, beautiful, silvery light.

Beautiful moonlight, ripple the wave,
Gleam in the depths of the coral grave;
Silver the waters with trembling light,
Cold and beautiful, still and white.

Tender, glimmering, silvery light,
Go kiss the brow of my darling to-night;
Go on the wings of the midnight air,
Twine in the braids of her dark brown hair.

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QUEST.

BY ITHIEL DACRE.

I.

OUT ON THE PRAIRIE.

An afternoon in October, three years ago.

The storm-clouds are hurrying up from the west, joining forces rapidly, and the low mutterings of the distant thunder, with now and then a faint flash of lightning, warn me that, if I would escape a thorough drenching, I must speedily gain some place of shelter.

I am out upon the open prairie, over which, since early morning, I have been riding. It is now, as I find by consulting my watch, nearly five o'clock; two hours at least before I can hope to complete my journey. Directly ahead I can distinguish, very plainly, the forest at which the prairie terminates, but whose friendly covert there is not the slightest possibility of my reaching before the storm shall burst; to the right, nothing but the line where earth and sky seem to meet; on my left, a white object, distinctly outlined against the foliage of the forest beyond. It is a house—the only one in sight. I do not stop long to deliberate; but, upon the first discovery of this stray habitation, alter my course and drive toward it at a quick pace. Not more than a mile distant the house appears; but experience teaches me that it cannot be less than three, perhaps five. The distance lessens—I near the house. It is a long, low-roofed structure, with a broad veranda upon every side in view. Considerable space is left in front and on either hand for lawn, and this is dotted here and there with pieces of statuary, antique vases of trailing flowers, and little clumps of blossoming shrubs. It is a beautiful place. All this I observe as, dismounting, I throw the bridle over the paling, open the gate, and pass up the broad, well-kept gravel-walk to the entrance. The large drops of rain are pattering merrily around me as I gain the veranda and pull the bell. The door is opened by a little bright-eyed darkie, who, holding the knob tightly, and placing his sturdy figure in the opening, "ducks" his woolly pate in obeisance and awaits, with a broad grin upon his oily phiz, what I shall say.

"Is your master at home?" I inquire.

"No, sar. Went to town dis yere mornin'."

"Your mistress, then; can I see her?"

"Ole mis' or young mis'." And the eyes of the little rascal twinkle.

"Either."

He examines me from head to foot, perhaps trying to determine whether it will be entirely safe to leave the door open.

"Come, come!" I say impatiently, and relaxing his grasp upon the knob, he darts down the hall, and enters a room upon the right. The wind is blowing a perfect hurricane, and the heavy door begins slowly to swing back. I step forward hastily to catch it, miss my footing, and fall sprawling upon the floor; the hand which would detain the door accelerates its motion, and, with a terrific slam, it comes in contact with the wall.

"Well, sir?" The voice is low and sweet, with just the faintest imaginable quaver, which, I am sure, indicates suppressed laughter. I am on my feet instantly. The lady who stands before me is a comely matron of, perhaps, forty years.

"Madam," I say, with a desperate effort to appear perfectly at ease and failing lamentably, "madam, I have been overtaken by the storm, and would request the privilege of remaining beneath your roof until it is passed?"

"Certainly, sir. Will you please step this way?"

I close the door and follow. We enter the room from which the lady had come upon the scene of my mishap. Bidding me be seated, she rings the bell, and orders for me some refreshment. This being brought, she gives instructions for the care of my horse; and then, seating herself by the window, resumes the reading of a book which my advent has, doubtless, interrupted.

While regaling myself with the delicious little luncheon which has been so hospitably set before me, I have opportunity to observe my surroundings. The apartment is large, comfortably and well-furnished, but plainly. It is lighted by five windows. Upon the side three, of the French style, opening upon the veranda; at the back are two of the description denominated "bay." The walls are literally covered with pictures, the subjects chosen being, for the most part, scenes of the chase. Seated in one of the bay-windows are a lady and gentleman engaged at a game of chess. As I look the single monosyllable "check" comes from the lady's lips. I am not near enough to distinguish the "situation;" but that it is not advantageous to the

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gentleman I am induced to believe from the expression of the lady's face. The countenance of the gentleman I cannot see. He appears to deliberate a moment, and then says,

"Again you triumph, Miss Dora. I shall be checkmated in two moves."

The lady bows, and they both arise from the table, the gentleman advances toward my hostess, the lady stepping up to a book-case and drawing forth a volume. There is something familiar in the easy grace of the gentleman as he advances, and I glance at his face. Our eyes meet. I arise instantly.

"Why, Guy Dalton! Can it be?" he exclaims, stepping briskly forward.

"As certainly as you are Clarence Lawton," I reply; and we shake hands warmly. Then I am presented, in due form, to my hostess, Mrs. Wheaton, and the late antagonist of my friend, Miss Graham.

The storm continues without abatement far into the night; but the day dawns clear and beautiful. This morning, as usual, I arise early. As I stand looking from the window, it occurs to me that a seat upon the veranda will not be unpleasant; so, taking the nearest chair, I open the window and pass out, ensconce myself comfortably, and light a segar. The birds are singing merrily in the wood beyond, and the soft morning air is sweet with the odors of the forest. My enjoyment of such a scene is always keen; but to-day I am in an unusually happy mood; not in exuberant spirits, but in a very quiet, peaceful frame of mind. And so I sit smoking, with pleasant and varied fancies drifting idly through my brain.

Presently, the soft, low tones of a song fall upon my ear, "'Tis but a little faded flower." You remember that pretty ballad of J. R. Thomas', which M'me. Anna Bishop sings so well? The singer is evidently a lady. The voice is sweet, powerful, well-cultivated. I listen intently; a sweeter voice I have never heard. The song is finished, sung again, and then another is begun. The first was beautiful; but this makes my heart stand still. Strangely familiar the voice seems, and the song! Seven years have passed since I heard it; but the first line of the melody carries me back to that time; and the beautiful girl who sang it I see again as upon that night. The song is done, the last faint echo dies away; but the train of associations which it has awakened does not fade so soon.

II.

A REVERY OF THE PAST.

Let me go back a few years. In 1857 I was in my native village of Chichester—a ruined man. The great financial crisis of that year had suddenly swept away my inheritance. The grand old mansion, the broad acres, which had been in the family for generations, must be sold. My college course, upon which I am about to enter, must be given up. All the bright dreams of a successful career, in the path which I would have chosen, relinquished. The struggle must be for bread now—for subsistence, not fame. It is very hard, but I strive to stifle the murmurs of my heart, and, listening to my mother's kindly advice and hopeful expression for the future, think that I am resigned. Am I?

As I sit looking into the fire a beautiful face seems to rise from the flames; the deep, trusting blue eyes look into mine. "Mary," I whisper, softly. Gradually the face grows indistinct and fades away, and the fire leaps brightly where before it seemed. Now, for the first time, I realize the full extent of my loss.

"A beggar!" I exclaim, bitterly; "a poor, penniless wretch, such as I now am, cannot, of course, aspire to the hand of Leonidas Wilton's daughter!"

"It will make no difference with Mary," my mother says, soothingly.

"With Mary? No! But Judge Wilton is a proud old man, mother, and a very worldly one!"

"I cannot think, my son, that he will be at all influenced by your loss of fortune."

"I do, mother; you don't know the man so well as I do. But I may as well put the matter to the test!" and, snatching up my hat from the floor beside me, I pass from the house. It is a fine, starlight November night; but, scarcely noticing its loveliness in my purturbed state of mind, I pass through the village and ascend the hill upon which is situated the residence of Judge Wilton. Reaching the entrance, I walk round to the left, for I hear Mary singing, and will enter by the door which opens from the music-room into the garden. The door is ajar, and I enter unobserved. She is playing the prelude of a song, and presently sings:

"When other lips and other hearts
  Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
  The power they feel so well,
In such a scene, there may, perhaps,
  Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been—
  Then you'll remember me!"

Involuntarily I draw near the piano as the clear notes of this sweetest of songs rise and fall. My shadow rests upon the music, and, with a start, Mary turns around.

"Why, Guy! How you startled me!" And then, noticing the expression of my face, "Oh, Guy! what has happened?"

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Gently I lead her to the sofa and tell her of my misfortune. Pale, with one little hand resting upon my shoulder, and the other clasped in mine, she listens to the end.

"Oh, Guy! I am sorry for you! It will be hard for you to bear—you are so proud, so ambitious."

"Nay, Mary, those are the least of the troubles which this misfortune brings me. The loss of this money annuls our engagement. It is but right that I should release you from it. I am a beggar now; you an heiress!"

"Guy!"

Only that little word, only my name; but the tone speaks more than language can convey.

"But your father, Mary?"

She is silent a moment, and then says, shaking her head sadly,

"I don't know how he will look upon it, Guy. Go and see him—he is in the library—and then come back to me."

The conference with old Judge Wilton is not a pleasant one, and terminates as I have but too good reason to anticipate. I return to Mary. She is awaiting me anxiously.

"It is as I feared, Mary." I can scarcely articulate the words, for my heart is nearly broken.

"*I* will go to him, Guy!" she exclaims, but I detain her.

"No, Mary, it can do no good. He has given me one chance."

"And that is?"

"Three years are given me in which to repair my fortune. In case of success, I am to have your hand. In the interim there is to be no communication of any kind between us—we are to be as strangers."

"As strangers? Never, Guy!"

"It is your father's decree, Mary, and we may not set it aside. It is hard, my darling, I know, but I do not think we shall forget. I will try to accomplish the task which your father has imposed. You will wait for me, Mary?"

"Forever, Guy!"

"God bless you, my darling!"

A moment I clasp her in my arms, then hurry from the room.

Judge Wilton has, doubtless, deemed the conditions which he has imposed so difficult that their fulfillment will be impossible; but I determine, with God's help, to accomplish what I can. If I fail it shall be from no lack of effort.

After the sale, I purchased a little cottage on the outskirts of my native village for my mother, and leaving her as well provided for as I can, start for California.

Two years slip by; but I have not grown rich. Then comes a telegram of my mother's sudden illness. I hasten to Chichester; but reach it only a day before my mother dies. This is a severe blow. I am alone in the world now.

Leonidas Wilton is no longer a resident of Chichester. His noble mansion is burned to the ground. I am not surprised, for my mother has written me of it. Only a few days I remain in my native town—for there is nothing to keep me now, or make me wish to tarry; besides, my fortune is yet to be earned. One year left in which to gain it—that is all. I go to New York. The steamer does not sail until next day—for I shall return to my old field of labor. That night I attend the opera. Mary is there—I see her in the box opposite my friend's. There is an old gentleman with her, a tall, fine-looking man I turn to my friend, and inquire his name.

"Gen. B——, I am told."

"A fine-looking man."

"Yes; but don't you think the lady beautiful?"

"Very," I return; and my friend continues,

"That is Miss Wilton, daughter of Leonidas Wilton, a bold and successful speculator. He is immensely wealthy, and has a princely establishment just out of town. The man's daring is wonderful; but I think he'll venture too far yet, and go to 'everlasting smash!' I am not personally acquainted with the daughter; but they say she is very cold—a perfect iceberg! She is waiting, I presume, for some prince to fall down and worship her."

Mary sees and recognizes me. How hard that I cannot pass round to the box and speak with her. A few words would cheer and strengthen me how much! Yet it must not be, for I cannot then say that I have fulfilled my agreement. Fool that I was to have subscribed to such conditions! Bitterly I repent it for the moment—but not after.

The next day I sail. The year passes by, and the three years have sped; but no fortune has blessed my unwearying exertions. The time of my probation is expired, and I possess but ten thousand dollars. That is hard-earned money! Three years more of labor such as I have passed through would place me beyond the need of wealth—I should be in my grave. Heart-sick and weary, broken down in health, I go to the only place on earth which I can call home—the little cottage at Chichester, to rest. Slowly and sadly the summer goes by, but my health improves. In the autumn, my inspiration comes to me. I can scarcely regard it as less than heaven sent. I work at my idea steadily, hardly stopping for sleep, and at last it is perfected—

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I am rich! A simple mechanical contrivance has gained for me the wealth which years of toil had failed to procure.

Then I seek my darling; but, alas, too late. The prediction of my friend has proved true. Leonidas Wilton had ventured all, and lost. His is the grave of a suicide. Where is Mary? Years have not revealed. I still look for her. A restless man I wander from place to place, hoping some day to gain a clue.

My revery is ended. I have followed the thread of the Past until it brings me to the Present. The end is not yet.

III.

"Good-Morning, Guy."

I look up and return the greeting of Clarence, who stands leaning against one of the veranda columns a few feet from me, like myself, burning incense to the gods. He is the picture of idle enjoyment.

"Day dreaming?" He smiles quizzically.

"Well, yes, I suppose so; I was thinking of old times."

"A rather sad theme for revery. Hear what Tennyson says:

> "'Dear as remembered kisses after death,
> And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
> On lips that are for others; deep as love;
> Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
> Oh, Death in Life! the days that are no more.'"

"'The days that are no more.' There's a mournful sweetness in the words, Clarence."

"There is. But to descend to the practical, Guy; suppose we have a game of chess. It lacks an hour of breakfast-time. What say you?"

"I should like nothing better."

"This way, then."

I arise and follow.

About ten o'clock I resume my journey. My friend is to accompany me to D——, the nearest town. We are both inclined to silence, and for some distance nothing is said by either. Clarence is the first to speak.

"Why, Guy, man, what is the matter with you? I never knew you to be in such low spirits! You are not ill?"

"Oh, no!"

"Any objection to being amused?"

"Not a particle," I reply, laughing. "Why?"

"I've a little story to tell you, if you are inclined to listen."

"Proceed."

"First a question. Do you believe in supernatural visitations?"

"No!"

"In other words, you think that ghosts are humbugs, hallucinations, and so forth?"

"Most emphatically!"

"Well, Teddy O'Regan entertains a different opinion."

"Who, pray, is Teddy O'Regan?"

"An Irish lad—a perfect gem of an uncut emerald, that my uncle picked up at D——. He has not been long in America. The night of his arrival at my uncle's, he was given the large room over the stable in which to sleep, and that first night Teddy saw a ghost; so he declared, with great earnestness, in the richest of brogue, to me the following morning.

"'What was it like, Teddy,' I inquired.

"'Loike, yer honor? Och! an it was just loike nothing at all, at all!'

"'That is what I had supposed, Teddy,' I said; 'you were dreaming!'

"'Draming, is it? Don't be afther pokin' fun at me, yer honor; I tell ye's but the thruth.'

"Then he told me about his vision.

"He had awakened in the night, and found the moon shining full in his face. He changed his position, but could not get to sleep again. As he lay thinking, a strange sound struck his ear—like a rocking-chair in motion upon a bare floor. Teddy started up in consternation, and gazed in the direction from which the sound seemed to proceed. There, at the other end of the room, was a large, old-fashioned, high-backed rocking-chair, rocking away as if possessed, and that with no visible motive power. According to his own account, Teddy was frightened half out of his wits. His first impulse was to yell as loud as he could for help. He made the attempt, but scream he could not; so he covered himself up, and lay shaking with fear until morning.

"It was useless to argue with the boy, nothing short of ocular proof would convince him that he had not been visited by a ghost. I determined to sift the matter thoroughly, thinking that, perhaps, some of the servants had been playing upon his superstition; and so I told him to go to bed as usual the following night, promising to sit beside him, and to 'lay' any ghosts that might appear. I had not long to wait for a demonstration. I reckon I had been there five minutes, not more, when the chair began to rock. I was in the dark, for the moon was not yet up—and you know it is entirely contrary to ghostly habits to appear in any light save that of Luna. However, I could distinctly hear the rocking, and caught occasional glimpses of the high back as it passed to and fro in front of a portion of the window. It was at first violent, gradually decreasing in rapidity of motion until it stopped. This was repeated three times. I

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struck a light, quickly stepped to the chair, and Teddy's ghost appeared."

"Appeared?"

"Yes!"

"How?"

"Close beside the chair stood a barrel half-full of seed corn, and out of this, as I flashed the light over it, jumped three of the largest rats I ever saw."

"Well, did you convince Teddy?"

"In this particular instance, yes; but he is still a firm believer in ghosts. He is a smart boy, and will soon astonish his parents in the old country with a letter in his own 'hand-write.'"

"Are you teaching him to write?"

"I? Oh, no! My aunt's governess has voluntarily undertaken his instruction. Miss Wilton appears to take considerable interest in the lad."

"Who?" I exclaim, reining in my horse.

"Miss Wilton," looking at me inquiringly, and also drawing rein.

"Her Christian name?"

"I do not know. She is one of those persons with whom you may come in contact every day for ten years, and know little more of her the last day than the first."

"Come," I say, wheeling my horse. "I am going back."

"Do you think the lady a friend of yours?"

"Yes; but I may be mistaken."

I am so occupied with my own thoughts that I pay but little attention to the few remarks of my friend on my way back.

"Step into the library, Guy, and I will send my aunt to you," Clarence says, as we enter the house, and I pass into the library. Presently Mrs. Wheaton comes in. My inquiries are brief.

"Have you, Mrs. Wheaton, a young lady in your employ by the name of Wilton?"

"As governess? Yes, sir."

"Can you tell me her Christian name? I think she may be an old friend."

"Mary, I believe—M. W."

"It is the person I had supposed. May I speak with her?"

"Certainly; I will send her to you," and, with a bow, she withdraws. I walk to the window and try to calm myself; all this is so sudden, so unexpected.

"You wished to see me, sir?" The tone is very cool. I turn quickly. Mary is near me.

"My darling!"

"Oh, Guy! Guy! at last!"

SECOND SIGHT.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

What wonder I am desolate,
And 'mid the happy sigh?
I hear the coming step of Fate,
I see the shadows nigh.
No peace is mine, for, everywhere,
I meet the phantoms, Grief and Care;
Their threatening faces rise
When tuneful joy-bells peal on earth,
And glad hearts throb with love and mirth;
Oh! sad, far-seeing eyes,

'Tis mournful when this mortal gaze
Beholds those secrets vast
That lie concealed in future days,
With dread and gloom o'ercast.
Strange visions haunt me full of woe;
Alas! for all who dwell below.
In tears, and groans, and sighs;
For joy has but a transient reign.
And then comes sorrow, want, and pain;
Oh! sad, far-seeing eyes!

AUTUMN.

BY ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

A dainty maiden, sad and fair,
With dew-drops frozen in her hair,
That falls in many a wavy fold,
To shield the fair form from the cold.

Gay, brilliant flowers she holds within
Her shapely hand, blue-veined and thin,
And now a crown the fair queen weaves
Of the bright-tinted forest leaves.

Alas! 'tis naught but mockery, now,
The crown rests on a throbbing brow.
Through scarlet lips, the scented breath
Whispers unconsciously of death!

Her destiny she shuns to know,
A still form hidden by the snow;
Proudly she sits upon her throne,
Her minstrelsy the wind's sad moan,
And watches from her lone retreat,
Her subjects dying at her feet.

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TWO WOMEN AND A HORSE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

MIRABEL and I were bent on an excursion.

She was a small personage, with a resolute will of her own, and an expression of most engaging innocence.

I was three years older, two inches taller, and a great coward.

The horse really deserves superlative. He conducted himself with great dignity and gentleness under very trying circumstances, and neither frightened us by running away, nor aggravated us by standing still.

It was October—beautiful, mellow, and golden; the air was perfumed with dying leaves; the landscape was bathed in a purple light; and every day seemed more lovely than the rest. For at least a week we had experienced a longing desire to take to the woods and have a day of it—a day free from all conventionality and rational conduct; but one day it rained—another day Mirabel had a headache; and then the horse went lame. At last, however, this queen of days came just before our departure; and as all the necessary materials seemed in proper working order, we lost no time in taking advantage of it.

Four or five miles off there was a spot that was a perfect dream of beauty—and wild enough, in some parts, for us to have been the first discoverers. There were cascades, and rustic bridges, and dense woods; and the beauty of it was that no one from a distance seemed to know anything about it; and a painted Indian would have been as likely to cross our path as any representative of extreme civilization. We were to take the buggy—Mirabel was to drive; and of our two unaided selves, we would accomplish the feat of getting the horse and vehicle to Silver Falls and back in safety.

In the country, an hallucination prevails that a small boy, in driving, takes up no room; but whoever is disposed to accept this theory, is respectfully advised to try it in a narrow buggy already occupied by two "females," who are, moreover, women. We had become utterly disgusted with it; and hence the bold resolve that promised just enough of danger and adventure to make it spicy.

The house where we boarded stood on a hill that shelved down to the road; and on the morning of our expedition, Mr. Breers, our landlord, or host, or whatever he is to be called, who was extremely fat and extremely lazy, stood struggling to back the vehicle into a suitable spot for us to effect an entrance; calling, "Hiram!" with every effort, in a most ferocious tone of voice.

Hiram was a small boy of evil propensities, who was supposed to help about the farm, and whose principal article of attire was a torn, straw hat, that looked as though the edges had been eaten off. Of course, it was much too large for him—as country boys' hats invariably are, and gave him a jammed down appearance, that was quite contradicted by the expression of the keen, gray eyes. It was a pitched battle between him and his employer which of them should do the least work; and Hiram, by virtue of his talent for "dodging," usually came off victor. As there was nothing more to be done, he now appeared at the top of the hill, and watched our departure, which was quite an event in the quiet place.

Hiram had the enviable appearance of never being ruffled, and presented quite a dignified contrast to red-faced, fussy Mr. Breers, who saluted him with a menacing shake of his fist. The delinquent did not notice the compliment in any way, but leisurely descended to hand us our basket of luncheon. This was stowed under the seat; and promising to attend to Mr. Breers' parting injunction to "give the horse six quarts of oats, if we stayed until night-fall," we found ourselves in the road, and fairly started.

I think this was rather a surprise to both of us; but the horse evidently knew what he was about. How deliciously invigorating the autumn air was! And this, added to the consciousness that we were doing something quite out of the common way, was decidedly exhilarating.

It seemed to me that we were going on very well; when Mirabel suddenly leaned forward, and with apparent care in selecting a spot to strike, administered a cut of the whip.

It was not severe, but it was followed by a sudden prance that nearly threw me off my seat. "Mercy on me!" I ejaculated, under my breath.

Mirabel looked triumphant; and I could see by the way she gathered up the reins, and by the flash in her eye, that she considered herself to have gained the upper hand of the huge

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quadruped, who could have gobbled her up at a mouthful.

"What did he do?" I ventured to ask.

"Twisted his tail in the lines—there, he is at it again! Oh, Flo'! do get it out, won't you?"

Now began a struggle, on my part, with that perverse caudal appendage, that would go where it did not belong; and I think we were both impressed with the idea that, unless that tail could be induced to remain in one spot, our safety was materially endangered.

Mirabel now confided to me the fact that her experience in driving had been confined to horseback riding; a confession that did not tend to put me at all at my ease on that uncertain road—beautiful in a picture, with its ascents and descents, but characterized by the term "hard" when viewed practically by travelers. However, there was no help for it now—perhaps we would get along; and as the alternative was Hiram, it was pleasanter to run the risk.

Just as these thoughts reached their climax, we came to a stand-still. Two or three roads met, and we deliberated which to take.

"I thought I knew the way," said Mirabel, doubtfully. "You remember, Flo', the day that Hiram drove us to Silver Falls—didn't he take this road?"

I gazed searchingly over the landscape from my side of the buggy; and it seemed to me that a certain lemon-colored house had a friendly expression of countenance, as though we had met before.

"This is certainly it," I replied, confidently; and although our steed seemed to remonstrate, and required considerable tugging, a touch of the whip, and much coaxing, to persuade him to "turn in." He finally did it with a jerk, as though he were saying, "Very well, take your own way, then, and see what you will come to!"

We came presently to three men, who were lawfully at work in their own private barn, the doors of which stood wide open, and into which we were driving with a directness that must have been something of a surprise.

We had "switched off" into a private lane; and our faces now burned painfully as those brawny arms suspended their labor, and their owners came up to see "what was wanted." But those hard-working men were true gentlemen, and did not hint by word or look the ridiculousness of our position.

"We are very sorry," I began, in a culprit-like tone; "we have taken the wrong road. Will you be kind enough to show us the way to Silver Falls?"

With a pleasant smile, one of the men immediately took the bridle, and turned us around—surprising us by the perfect ease with which he did it, as the exploit had caused Mirabel to make a circuit of a mile or so before she could be convinced that it might be achieved with safety—and then all three undertook to direct us in the right way.

We were profuse with thanks; but once out of hearing distance, we looked at each other and laughed; nor would we at all have blamed the men if they had refreshed themselves in the same way.

"We are really having adventures," said Mirabel; "how kind those men were!"

"Yes," I replied, a little doubtfully; "but it may be as well not to indulge in any more of the same sort. Are you quite sure that we are right now?"

"Don't you remember this?" asked Mirabel, pointing to a breakneck declivity, one side of which was bounded by nothing, and that by water; the other side was a natural wall of rock and woodland, that rose to a great height.

"Steady, Kitty, that's a good fellow!" said Mirabel, encouragingly. But Kitty had views of his own on the proper way of going down dangerous hills, and getting his head in rather close proximity to the ground, he took it, like a disagreeable dose, at one swallow, and with such breakneck speed, that we scarcely breathed until we were at the bottom.

"I do believe that was dangerous!" I ejaculated, when I had found my voice again.

"Well," said Mirabel, philosophically, "we are through with it, at any rate. I thought that horses always walked down hill. If I had not held him as tightly as I did——"

The speaker paused—for unutterable results would have been the consequence, in her opinion; but as I glanced at those mites of hands, with their two-mouse power, I sent a smile over the water out of Mirabel's reach—for as long as she had made great exertions, I would not disturb her illusion.

This style of going down hill seemed to be one of Kitty's peculiarities—a slight flaw in an otherwise perfect character. I may as well observe here that, although the horse's name was Kitty, and, by all the rules of logic, the feminine pronoun should have been used, we could not bring ourselves to regard the animal in any but a masculine light; and it would make sad confusion in this narrative were I to attempt to set matters right now.

"There are the Falls!" we exclaimed, as glimpses of sparkling, leaping water came to us through the trees.

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Yes, there were the Falls—but we could not drive over them, nor, indeed, very close to them; and there were various practical matters to attend to before we could give ourselves up to enjoyment. Kitty was to be tied somewhere in safety; our luncheon was to be eaten, and a programme decided on.

After a little consultation, we drove on over a wildly-romantic road, until we reached some beautiful grounds, where we decided to picnic. The place had been described to us, and we thought we had some idea of its appearance; but it proved so entirely different from anything we had ever seen before, that we sat in delighted admiration—quite forgetting to leave the buggy for a nearer view.

The house was not magnificent in architecture; but it was charming in verandas, above and below, and in all sorts of unexpected places; in delightfully-irregular windows, here a mullion, there a bay; in little porches, in vines and creepers; but, above all, in that glorious view. It fronted on the prettiest of the Falls, over which a rainbow hovered continually, and lost itself in the wooded cliffs beyond; the water fell in sprays of liquid diamonds about eighty feet, to the beautiful winding river below; the road, like a strip of green ribbon, wound up past the house, protected, on the water side, by a thick, stone wall; and separated from the grounds by another wall, over which the velvety lawn rose like a terrace, dotted with rustic seats that were placed to catch every view of land and water.

The house was rather low, and built of pale gray stone, over which a Virginia creeper now flung rich masses of crimson and scarlet, that caught the rays of sunshine, and fairly seemed to live in that splendid blaze of color. The gateway was of rough wood, just as it came from the tree, built in a high arch; the seats, the bridges, and all the wooden belongings, were an exact match.

The place was beautiful, but still as a picture; no sign of life about it; windows and doors were all tightly closed, although the air was soft and balmy; and this gave us courage to follow Mrs. Breers' directions, and take the hospitality of the outside of the house to our hearts' content.

The owner of all this beauty was a single man, of whom no one seemed to know much, except that he was rarely at home; some said that he had been "crossed in love;" others, that he had a crazy wife stowed away in some room, *a la* Rochester; others, again, that he was a dissipated millionaire, who could not exist out of the city; but all agreed in praising the kindness shown to strangers in allowing them to wander over his grounds at will. People whispered mysteriously of fabulous splendors and curiosities to be seen within—but the charmed threshold was not to be crossed; and the housekeeper, who guarded the premises, was represented as a sort of gorgon and mastiff combined.

We felt thankful for the privilege of eating our luncheon on one of those rustic sofas; but first, the appalling feat of tying our horse was to be accomplished. How did men manage such things with such perfect ease?

"To be sure," observed Mirabel, as she made some ineffectual jumps at Kitty, "they are usually a few feet taller; (don't kick me now, there's a good fellow! Flo', are you holding the reins as hard as ever you can?) and they have rather more strength. I almost got it that time! What does make him look at me so queerly over his shoulder? Do you think he is going to jump, or do anything? Now be good, Kitty, and you shall have some oats."

The horse was finally tied—I think as much to his own surprise as ours, for he evidently had not expected anything so sensible of us; and he indulged in various experimental twists, as though trying to find some flaw in our arrangements. However, he seemed to come to the conclusion that we had really stumbled upon the right thing; and he stood quite still while we walked around him, (at a respectful distance,) and surveyed our work from all points of view.

Scarcely had we completed this ceremony, when a man, with a tin kettle on his arm, appeared over the hill; and as he approached, his eyes were fixed upon us and our equipage with much interest and curiosity. Had he arrived sooner, he might have enjoyed the pleasure of tying the horse himself.

He gazed back at us lingeringly as he passed; and presently, as by an irresistible impulse, he retraced his steps, and inquired, "Is that ere hoss tied right?"

He was an elderly man, with an honest face, and the tin kettle gave him an air of respectability—so we invited him to satisfy his doubts by an examination.

He put down his kettle with great alacrity, and gave a good tug at the reins.

"You're a right smart couple of gals," said he, approvingly, "for you don't look much used to hosses. Anything I can do for ye?"

We thanked him for his offer; and having answered his question as to our destination, he took up his kettle, and resumed his journey with an evident unwillingness to leave us to our own devices.

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"How very good every one is to us!" said I, gratefully. "We seem to be an illustration of the old saying that 'the lame and the lazy are always provided for.'"

"I do not think we come under either of those heads to-day," replied Mirabel, laughing. "But, really, Flo', I don't quite like that man's watching us so closely—he is looking back at us again; let us get to Mr. Bridgewood's gate as fast as possible!"

We had tied the horse some distance below the gate, where there was a convenient post; but just as we were entering the grounds arose the dilemma, suppose the man should run away with the horse and buggy while we were eating our luncheon?

"Let him run!" said I, in despair, seeing that Mirabel stood irresolute. "If he does his worst, it is only a matter of a few hundred dollars paid to Mr. Breers."

"Yes; but how are we to get back?"

"Oh! hire another vehicle of some one on the road."

Women are shamefully suspicious creatures, sometimes; and the event proved that we had wronged the honest son of toil who had shown so kind an interest in our welfare.

With a resolve to fling care to the winds, we disposed ourselves comfortably on one of the sofas, and arranged our repast on another in front of us. There was quite a variety; pumpkin and apple-pie, two or three kinds of cake, bread, and biscuits, apples, pears, and grapes. But we knew before we began that the fruit was all we could rely upon; for Mrs. Breers was not one of those demented women whom Gail Hamilton represents as frying, baking, and boiling, body and soul into something less than their own commodities. Not she; at stated times she took a certain number of ingredients, and threw them together after a fashion of her own; put them into the oven, and took them out when she got ready, or when she happened to think of them. If they were passable, well and good; if not, well and good also, in her opinion. More than passable they could never be; and we esteemed ourselves fortunate if they were that—for Mrs. Breers was bent upon "cultivating her mind," which she did by reading all the novels and magazines that came in her way. We had presented her with various good receipts, for which she thanked us; but she seemed to regard them in the light of keepsakes, as they were put away and never used.

We soon found that our pumpkin-pie was pumpkin, "and it was nothing more"—no other taste whatever entered into its composition; and not being half-cooked, a fraction of the article in its native state would have answered our purpose quite as well. The apple-pie was a mass of half-baked dough and hard apples; the cake was unmitigated saw-dust; bread and biscuits sour. We feasted on the fruit and the scenery; and felt grateful to an unprepossessing-looking little dog, who rushed out from some unknown corner of the premises, and relieved us of a large portion of our unsavory viands.

The remainder we reserved for Kitty, in case the oats proved *non est;* and where to get them we could not imagine, as there was no present prospect of their dropping from the clouds.

"How strange it seems," said Mirabel, as we sat drinking in the beauty of the scene, "that all this should belong to one man—and one, too, who evidently cares very little about it!"

"I wonder what he looks like?" said I, thinking aloud.

"Short and fussy, I dare say," was the reply, "with gray hair and spectacles."

"And a dressing-gown," I suggested. "Do not, I beg of you, forget my favorite abomination for a man—it just completes the fascinating picture."

"Well," said Mirabel, laughing at my vehemence, "to please you, then, I will attire him in a dressing-gown. But does it not strike you, Flo', that we are rather a couple of ingrates to come and enjoy ourselves on the poor man's premises, and then abuse him after this fashion? Really, my conscience will not allow it any longer; and it appears to me that it is our plain duty to go and refresh Kitty with the debris of this delectable feast."

We gathered up the provisions; and, on approaching our patient quadruped, found him gazing wistfully toward us, and showing all the signs of delight at our appearance of which he was capable.

"Poor fellow!" said Mirabel, sympathizingly, "is he hungry? Have a piece of pie? Oh! h!!—h!!!"

This prolonged squeal was the result of Kitty's frantic acceptance of these delicate attentions, to the imminent danger of the hand that held the pie; and coming to the frightened damsel's rescue, I threw one article after another into the spacious mouth—finishing off with our grape-skins and apple-cores.

"That animal is hungry," observed Mirabel, with an air of great wisdom. "Flo', where in the world are we to get those oats?"

"Where did Mr. Breers say that we could get them?"

"He said anywhere," was the bewildered

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reply, "which, in this case, seems to mean nowhere. Do try to think of something!"

"People in the country," said I, sagely, "as a general thing, keep horses—and horses, as a general thing, eat oats; therefore, I propose that we stop at some house, where they look likely to have a horse, and ask them to sell us some oats."

"Stop at strange houses that are not hotels!" exclaimed Mirabel, much shocked. "I could never do that, Flo'!"

"Well, you need not," was my rejoinder, "as you will be fully occupied with the horse. I intend getting out, and 'doing the deportment' so successfully, as to bewitch that six quarts of oats from some strange barn into Kitty's mouth. See if I don't do it, too!"

Mirabel gazed at me half doubtfully, half admiringly.

"You never mean it, Flo'? I don't believe they will like it!"

"Kitty will," I replied, laughing at her perplexity, "and that is more to the purpose. Now, drive slowly, Miss Coachman, that I may select a domicil on which to commence my designs."

I really believe that horse knew exactly what we were after. He pricked up his ears in such a delighted way, and gave us all the aid in his power.

"There is a nice, motherly-looking woman," said I, as we approached a small, red house, at the side of which an elderly personage, whose figure was not unlike a large bolster, was hanging up clothes. "Suppose we try her?"

Kitty seemed to stop of his own accord; and, carefully closing the gate behind me, in order to produce the favorable first impression which is so important, I called up a pleasing smile, and proceeded to open my errand.

As I approached closer to the stout lady, she did not strike me as particularly benevolent-looking; and the glance with which she favored me had a strange dash of suspicion in it.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me," said I, bravely, "where I can get some oats?"

She eyed me all over very critically.

"My friend and I have driven to the Falls from ——," I continued, confidentially; "and we were told to give the horse six quarts of oats. We expect, of course, to pay for them; and if it is not inconvenient——"

"Oh!—yes—well—you see, my man, he's haulin' to-day, and I'm washin'; and, any way, I shouldn't care to take the trouble."

As I was leaving rather hastily, she called out, as though by way of compensation, "Pleasant mornin'!"

"Do you know where I could get the oats?" I asked, desperately.

"Next house, I guess."

Mirabel leaned anxiously forward as I appeared; and Kitty seemed to say, "Well, where are they?"

"You didn't get the oats?" as I climbed gravely into the buggy.

"No; but I got a valuable piece of information that was well worth the trouble. Mirabel, do you know that this is a 'pleasant morning,' and that we are having an uncommonly good time of it—oats, or no oats? Just listen to that delicious October music among the trees,

> "'And hear the wind through the wild wood aisles,
> Like the Lord's own organ, blow.'"

But Mirabel's groveling soul fell again to "oats" with disgusting rapidity; and the horse gave a disdainful fling, that seemed to express, "All very fine, I dare say—but where am I to get my dinner?"

"'Next house,'" I repeated, with a sense of being unappreciated; "there it is, Mirabel, that little, tumbling-down affair, smothered in trees. Now, Kitty, you greedy creature! look out for oats!"

The door was closed, and I knocked timidly on the upper part. No response; and I opened it—fighting hard with visions of fierce dogs and virago-ish women—and found myself in a clean-looking room, where a mother and daughter were taking their mid-day meal, and had evidently resolved to be "not at home" to all intruders.

They gazed at me as though I had come to scalp them, or burn the house down; and I felt painfully embarrassed. All that I could articulate was "oats;" and the women exchanged looks. If there had been a lunatic asylum handy, I am afraid that I would have been taken there.

"My friend and I——" I began, by way of explanation; but I was unceremoniously cut short by the older woman,

"Next house; plenty of hired men there; don't keep a barn—couldn't possibly do it."

The daughter continued to gaze at me with an expression of vague terror; and with an admiring glance at the tea-pot, and the consciousness of a new want, I retired.

Mirabel made room for me with a stony look of despair; and if ever contempt was expressed in a horse's eye, it was in Kitty's at that moment.

"I have done with women!" said I, emphatically. "Mungo Park may tell all the stories he likes about their indefatigable kindness and

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hospitality to the weary traveler—I prefer dealing with men. I am assured that those noble beings, the only ones who have reached us a helping hand in this day's troubles, are to be found at the 'next house'—let us throw ourselves on their magnanimity, and I feel quite sure that we shall not appeal in vain."

"Is that one of our noble deliverers?" asked Mirabel, presently, pointing to a sheepish-looking youth who was driving oxen into a lane.

"Yes," I rejoined, quickly. "Please come here a moment!" with great energy, to the astonished individual, who regarded us wonderingly.

I had gotten as far as, "My friend and I——," when the sensation of "speaking a piece" came over me, and I could get no further.

Mirabel dashed in splendidly to the rescue, and came to the point at once. "Can we get oats here for the horse?" she asked.

He "Guessed we could—wait a minute, and he'd go and see."

Mirabel's head was stretched out of the right side of the buggy, mine out of the left, to watch the movements of our champion.

"One, two, three!" I exclaimed, in an ecstasy.

"'One, two, three' what?" asked my companion.

"Men," I replied; "just look at them! We cannot fail now."

Yes, there were three red shirts, and three pairs of faded, blue pantaloons in the far distance, as hard at work as a colony of ants.

The house looked very funny to us—it seemed to be on rockers, or something of that sort; or, possibly, an earthquake had made havoc with the foundations.

"I do believe he has forgotten all about us!" said Mirabel, impatiently, as time passed, and the youth did not return.

"Very well," said I, determinedly; "then we will just remind him that we are here. This is the *ultima thule* of our searches; so, drive right through the gate, Mirabel, dear, which he has obligingly left open for us."

In we went—Kitty being with some difficulty kept from making for the barn; and presently, a nice-looking man, with black whiskers, came toward us, carrying a tin pail.

"Do you see any oats?" asked Mirabel, in great excitement.

Yes, I did see oats; and so did the horse, who made various demonstrations expressive of his desire to get at them immediately.

Made bold by success, I ventured to ask our friend if we could get a cup of tea in the house.

He scratched his head thoughtfully. "Well, we could ask the women-folks; a little upside down now—been movin'."

I immediately descended, and Mirabel followed somewhat timidly. The black-whiskered man walked Kitty and the buggy toward the watering-trough.

A stout, pleasant-looking woman, in a sunbonnet, now came to see what this was all about.

"Well, she guessed mebbe we might get some tea. Come along in and rest, anyhow."

The doorstep seemed to have run away; and we were informed that "this moving houses wasn't so handy for some things as it might be."

"Moving houses!" Could she be in earnest?

"La! yes," continued our guide, in answer to our astonished looks. "This place stood a quarter of a mile, or so, down the road; and husband had a good offer in land—so, we just picked up the house and fetched it along. Seems strange to city folks, I s'pose; but 'taint no ways strange in these parts. Walk right in—there you be!"

We were half-lifted by her strong arm from the ground into what seemed to be the kitchen; for a large, tin boiler full of clothes was on the stove, and there was no carpet on the floor. A very pleasant-looking old woman, and a very sulky-looking young one, appeared through different doors; and the latter frowned severely on the tea question.

"La, me! Jane Elizy," remonstrated our first acquaintance, in answer to what seemed a whispered reproof from the other, "how long does it take to clap on a kittle and set it to bilin', I'd like to know? The gals look real beat out—and 'taint much to give the poor things a cup of tea. Do ask 'em into the settin'-room, if you ain't too cross to live!"

"You can walk in here," was the ungracious invitation—and in we walked.

"Jane Elizy" picked up some tailoring-work with a twitch, as though angry at the interruption; and the pleasant old woman, who had followed us in, asked us how far we had come, where we belonged, etc., etc.

We answered her respectfully; and when we spoke of the fine view from the house, she told us cheerfully that she was blind—had been so for twenty years. As soon as we heard this, we exerted ourselves to tell the dear old lady everything we could think of that would be at all likely to interest her; and she, at least, seemed to enjoy the visit, judging from her expressions of admiring wonder.

There was a work of art hanging on the wall that puzzled us not a little, being an immense

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half-wreath of flowers, made of hair of all colors, from black to gray—a novelty that brought up visions of Indians and scalping, for all these trophies must have left several heads in rather a bare condition. The wreath was under glass, and in the centre was a daguerreotype of the female who achieved this monument of patience and bad taste—no other than "Jane Elizy," who was now jerking her waxed thread in and out with quick stabs of her needle.

"Jane Elizy Tibbets, aged twenty-one years," said the grandmother, proudly, as though she had been reading her tombstone; "she done that three years ago."

"I never saw anything like it before," said I, after casting about in my own mind for some truthful form of expression suited to the occasion.

The artist glanced at her work with evident affection, and observed, with a sigh, that she got no chance for anything like that now.

"You see they've been nigh about druv to death here," said the old lady, confidentially, "gittin' to rights after the movin'. And then they took some boarders to pull out stumps; and they do eat like all possessed, and it all falls on the women, as 'most everythin' does, except the credit of doin' things; and I'm laid on the shelf, and am only a bother."

"I wish we had a few more such 'bothers,'" observed 'Jane Elizy;' and I figuratively took her to my heart for this evidence of good feeling.

"'Boarders to pull out stumps,'" repeated Mirabel, in great perplexity, as we stood gazing from a side porch on which the room opened. "What, in the name of common sense, can the old lady mean?"

"I have it!" I exclaimed, in delight, as my eyes roved over the premises, that had the look of a western clearing. "Look at those great holes; then at the fence before you, made of stumps of trees; then at the men yonder who are putting up a piece exactly like this."

It was quite a triumph to have guessed it out; and a view of Kitty in the distance, with his nose in a pail of oats, added to our satisfaction.

Presently our friend in the sun-bonnet appeared with a small tray, on which were two cups of light-colored liquid, smoking hot, flanked by the cream-pitcher and sugar-bowl. We had protested against anything to eat; but we sat down to tea with an expectation of refreshment.

Truth compels me to say that we were disappointed. It was neither cheering nor inebriating; and I felt thankful for two stray tea-leaves that floated on the surface, which I swallowed to persuade myself that I was not imbibing hot water. Mirabel made a wry face over it privately; and then devoted herself in 'Jane Elizy,' with such success that the latter actually smiled.

When we asked the amount of our indebtedness, the stout lady assured us that it "wasn't worth anythin'." I quite agreed with her; but, appreciating her kind intentions, we placed a "stamp" in her hand that seemed to overwhelm her.

Our black-whiskered friend, after much urging, guessed that "the oats would be somewheres about a shillin'." Even our inexperience, however, knew that six quarts of oats could never be had for this price; but we had considerable trouble to make him take what seemed to us a fair remuneration.

We departed with a hospitable invitation to call again; and, pleased and triumphant, we drove to the woods that were all around us, and loaded ourselves with trophies of autumn leaves and berries.

It still wanted some hours to night-fall; and, by common consent, we turned Kitty again toward Mr. Bridgewood's, and resolved to explore the grounds more thoroughly. We might never be in that region again; and it was not at all probable that there was such another place on the face of the earth. We tied Kitty to the same old post, and left him to ruminate on his various adventures, while we again wandered in those beautiful grounds, and fell more in love than ever with the mingling of wildness and cultivation that made them so attractive.

One spot, in particular, allured us to linger—it was a miniature valley, with an emerald green carpet, behind which rose a little wood; and, resting against a huge tree, we sat here, and sorted the treasures we had gathered. I adorned Mirabel's hat with glowing leaves; and she made a wreath of scarlet berries and twisted it in my hair, with an extravagant compliment on the splendor of my appearance.

We were enjoying ourselves thoroughly, in a lazy, dreamy fashion, when a melancholy sound, that seemed to come from behind us, vibrated and died upon the air, and then was renewed again and again.

"What can it be?" said Mirabel, looking frightened.

"Owls make fearful noises," I suggested.

"Yes; but that is not an owl. Suppose that there should be a crazy woman on the premises, as people say, and she should have broken loose?"

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"Or, suppose that the place should be haunted?" I returned.

Peering intently into the wood, I caught a glimpse of a great, shaggy, black animal, on its hind legs, whose open mouth was evidently producing the strange noises. Mirabel saw it at the same moment; and, with one prolonged shriek, she was off like the hunted deer, throwing me the parting injunction, "Run, Flo'! run for your life!"

I seemed rooted to the spot; but the discovery that the shaggy figure was moving loosened the spell, and I rushed headlong toward an open door, with the animal in full pursuit; had a vague consciousness of entering a room, in which a gentleman in a dressing-gown sat writing, with his back to the door; considerately selected a sofa, and fainted dead away upon it.

After rather an unreasonably long interval of oblivion, I opened my eyes upon the frightened faces of Mirabel and a funny-looking little woman, the latter of whom smiled delightedly at me, as I met her anxious gaze, and continued smiling ever after.

The animal, and the gentleman in the dressing-gown, had vanished like the figures in a dream; and I had not the most distant idea whether the man was young or old, black or white.

"What was it?" said I to Mirabel.

"Only a bear," with that French shrug of the shoulders which she delights in. "It seems to me we were great cowards to mind him," and she shook all over.

"Why, he wouldn't hurt a fly!" remonstrated the smiling female, in evident surprise at our squeamishness. "Bruno's as gentle as a lamb," she continued, "and I don't believe he knows to this day that he ain't a dog. You see, he felt a kind of lonely, tied up there; and when he saw you ladies, he wanted to scrape acquaintance."

"'Tied up!'" we ejaculated. "Why, he ran after us, and came into this very room!"

"Well, he broke his chain, trying to get at you," said our new acquaintance, who was Mrs. Spike, the housekeeper, "for he's wonderful affectionate; but he's meant to be tied up. If you hadn't run away, he'd licked your faces, and had his paws on your shoulders in less than no time!"

We both experienced a cold shudder at the bare mention of it; but Mrs. Spike really seemed to commiserate us for what we had lost.

"What became of the wretch?" I was going to say; but, in conside[illegible] keeper's feelings, I subst[illegible]

"Why, la!" said the g[illegible] as he saw his master he f[illegible] and wriggled up to him as t[illegible] [illegible]e; but Mr. Bridgewood was pr[illegible] [illegible]at him for frightening you so, and disturbing him—and he spoke to him as cross as could be, and marched him out of the room. Poor fellow! he was quite cut up."

I wished that he had been literally into beefsteaks before we ever saw him, and got ourselves into this predicament.

"Wouldn't you feel more comfortable about the head, Miss, if I should take them things off?"

"What things?" said I, putting up my hand involuntarily. It came in contact with the berries; and the whole ridiculous picture of our startling raid upon that quiet man, whom we seemed to have fairly turned out of his castle, rose up before me. What must he have thought of the sudden appearance of two such crazy-looking damsels as Mirabel and myself, in our fantastic adornments?

I laughed hysterically as Mrs. Spike left the room for a moment.

"Mirabel," said I, "I shall never get over this. Do let us leave the place immediately, and hide our diminished heads in the buggy!"

"You do not look much like leaving just now," was the reply. "If you could only see yourself, with your face like a ghost—and, as for me, I believe I have the ague. You did the thing in true heroine style, and fainted away as gracefully as possible; while I just sat and shook like a fool! I had no idea that you could make so pretty a picture, Flo'—you really looked lovely."

"Nonsense!" I interrupted. "You say so because I have inky locks, while yours are auburn. But what did the man, whom we seem to have routed, do, or say. He happens to be Mr. Bridgewood, it seems—what does he look like?"

"I was too much frightened to notice him," replied Mirabel; "but he sprang up and seized the bear's chain, and the creature became as meek as possible. He (the man, not the bear) gazed at you in a very admiring way, and screamed, "Mrs. Spike!" as loud as he could. When that estimable female appeared, he departed with his charming pet. I think he has white eyes and hair; and I do not believe I should ever know him again."

"I feel really humiliated," said I, "that we should have prowled around his premises, and intruded upon him in this fashion."

"I don't feel a bit humiliated!" rejoined Mirabel, vindictively. "Any man who keeps a

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r, out of a menagerie, deserves to be plagued within an inch of his life; and I am only sorry that we can't worry him a great deal more."

I put up my finger warningly, as Mrs. Spike appeared with a beautiful silver salver containing wine, biscuits, white and purple grapes, and luscious peaches.

"Mr. Bridgewood's compliments, and would the ladies excuse him, as he was quite an invalid? Everything that his house contained was at their service."

"Not a word about his being sorry that we were frightened by that wretched bear!" whispered Mirabel, resentfully.

"My dear child," I replied in the same tone, "what can you expect of a man in a dressing-gown? Take the goods the gods provide, and be thankful for them."

Mrs. Spike was engaged in throwing open a large window, that we might see the view. No description could do it justice; and I was as much fascinated with the inside of the place as the outside. "The man in the dressing-gown" certainly had exquisite taste, if the credit of furnishing were due to him; and the blending of luxury and simplicity was admirable.

I had never seen such beautiful Indian matting before; and the soft, scarlet rugs at the doors, before the sofas and fire, and wherever rugs could be, gave an air of warmth and richness. No two chairs seemed to be alike; but all were perfect Sleepy Hollows of comfort. Such an Afghan as rested on the foot of one of the sofas! Mirabel rather viciously observed, "Think of it's being wasted on a man!"

The few pictures on the walls were exquisite; and two or three figures of the purest marble were almost warm with life. The mantle was of richly-carved oak; and the fire that burned beneath it threw a cheerful blaze over the room.

"He likes it," said Mrs. Spike, in answer to our rhapsodies; "and he's really quite a home body, when he's here. It does me good to smell his segar, for I know then that there's somebody round; and being a relic, I get dreadfully lonely here by myself."

We wondered for some time what "being a relic" was; but finally decided that there was no Mr. Spike.

"Mr. Bridgewood is not married, then?" I asked, to see what she would say.

"'Married?' Bless you! No," she replied, smiling afresh at the absurdity of the thing; "and ladies are mostly afeard to come here."

"Except when they are chased by bears," I suggested. "But, really, Mirabel, we must tear ourselves away from this fascinating place, and turn our faces homeward. Be kind enough, Mrs. Spike, to tell Mr. Bridgewood that we are very much obliged for his kindness, and very sorry to have intruded upon him."

"Well, I ain't sorry a mite!" exclaimed Mrs. Spike, warmly, with a smile that displayed the two side teeth, with which her upper jaw was furnished, to great advantage. "I really think it's done me good to see you—and I wish things was fixed so that you could stay awhile."

She watched us as long as she could see us; and we rather suspected that another pair of eyes watched us from a shaded window—but of the latter fact we could not be certain.

"What next?" queried Mirabel, as she grasped the reins.

"Home, I hope," was my rejoinder, "for I am pretty well tired out. But, Mirabel, we really have had a most delightful and uncommon day—a day to be remembered; and this storming of the ogre in his castle is certainly a grand finale. I do wish that I had had a good look at him, though?"

"What! a man in a dressing-gown?" said Mirabel, significantly. "For shame, Flo', to be so inconsistent!"

"But, you see," I persisted, "I look upon this Mr. Bridgewood as a sort of curiosity, with his romantic place, his pet bear, and all his mysterious belongings—and I should really like to identify him if ever I meet him again."

"I think there is no doubt about his identifying you," was the response; "the bear would have eaten me up, if he had been hungry, while his master was staring at you—and some half-uttered words, that sounded like, 'Beautiful creature!' came from that direction."

"Now, Mirabel, you are laughing at me; and when you consider that I have fainted quite away within the last hour, I do not see how you can justify such unfeeling conduct."

We quite enjoyed the retrospect; but it had evidently not been any great fun for poor Kitty to wait our motions; and he now tossed his head, and stepped off at a rate that gave us plainly to understand that there was to be no more trifling.

We reached our starting point without any further adventures; and were warmly welcomed by Mr. Breers, more for the horse's sake, I fancied, than for our own.

At the tea-table, while giving an account of our struggles for oats, Mr. Breers suddenly asked, "Did you think to take the bit out of Kitty's mouth when you gave her the oats?"

"'Did we think?'" quite indignantly. "No, we had nothing to do with giving the oats—we supposed the man attended to that. Kitty did

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seem, though, to have rather hard work with the oats—could the bit have been forgotten?"

A sort of explosion, called in boy phrase a snicker, issued from the quarter where Hiram had just made his appearance; but as his countenance was quite composed, when he met our gaze, it seemed almost like wronging innocence to attribute it to him.

"It's more economical to feed horses with the bits in their mouths," said Mrs. Breers, with a peculiar smile; and for two or three days afterward, this smile flitted across the faces of the family at intervals.

We kept our own counsel about the bear adventure; and when we returned to the city, there was so much to see and do that the whole affair almost faded from our minds.

Just before Christmas, I went to spend a quiet evening with a married friend, who had a delightful home, and knew how to enjoy it.

"I am so glad you are looking your best," said she, as she shook out the folds of my currant-colored silk. "I expect one of my pet lions here this evening."

"Do you?" said I, carelessly, for one gets so used to "pet lions" in the city. "Who may this one be?"

"Some one who is quite anxious to know you, and whom I want you to know," was the reply; "but nothing more until you see him."

It was not long before a magnificent specimen of Anglo-Saxon beauty, six feet high, stood before me; and so dazzling was the vision, that I seemed to have lost all power but that of staring. Hair, whiskers, and mustache, of the deepest gold, and eyes of steel-like blue, a great deal of intellect in the handsome features, and an indescribable air of elegance, formed the nearest approach to manly perfection, in externals, it had ever been my lot to encounter. It really seemed that so magnificent a personage should be put on exhibition, for the benefit of the public generally.

Did my ears deceive me when he was introduced? "Her friend, Mr. Bridgewood!" But how supremely ridiculous when I thought of "the man in the dressing-gown!" There were, of course, other Bridgewoods in the world.

The burning blush that overspread my face, at the mention of his name, only deepened in tone when I ventured to raise my eyes to those laughing orbs, and read there the confirmation of my worst suspicions. He was evidently enjoying a vision of a half-crazed girl, crowned with ash-berries, rushing, unbidden, upon his privacy, and fainting away on his sofa. But how, in the name of all that was wonderful, could a man in a dressing-gown ever have developed into anything like this?

My new acquaintance did not remind me that we had met before, but glided into conversation upon indifferent subjects with the greatest ease. I finally managed to shake off my very uncomfortable embarrassment; I was charmed fairly out of myself by Mr. Bridgewood's powers of entertaining, and I really began to believe in the fairy-tales that delighted my childhood, in which handsome and worthy young princes were bewitched under some dreadful shape.

"Did you ever meet so handsome a man who could talk so well?" asked my friend, delightedly.

"Never," I replied, with fervor.

"In addition to his other charms, he is immensely rich," she added, "and has a beautiful country-place in some wild, romantic region, left him by an uncle, I believe. He says it's dreadfully lonely, and he doesn't go there very often. I was just thinking, Flo', that it must be near where you were staying this autumn."

"Yes," said I, composedly; "I remember a lovely place, said to be owned by a Mr. Bridgewood—this is the same place, then?"

"Yes," was the reply; "and what a pity that you did not meet him there! It would have been so much more romantic——"

"My dear Sarah," said I, with my hand on the speaker's mouth, "don't be absurd. Your 'pet lion' is a remarkably fine animal, but I have no desire to become his keeper. *Au revoir.*"

It seemed to be my fate to meet Mr. Bridgewood quite frequently, and he soon fell into a very regular way of visiting at the paternal mansion. It was on one of these visits that he brought a portfolio, for my inspection, containing views that he had taken of celebrated places abroad—for he was an amateur artist of no mean capacity. Looking over these sketches, I encountered a woman's head that seemed familiar, and a closer inspection convinced me that it was myself, with a wreath of berries in my hair.

I turned indignantly upon the bold painter, whose intensely-aroused expression added to my disturbance.

"I wonder," said he, presently, as though we had just met for the first time after that adventure, "which of us owes the other an apology?"

"I think that you certainly owe me one," I replied, laughing at the recollection, in spite of my discomfort; "first, for having such beautiful grounds to entice people, and then, for keeping a bear to frighten them out of all rational behavior."

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"What about my fright?" asked the gentleman. "I was just recovering from a severe fit of illness—not able, in fact, to be sitting up—when two of the wildest-looking young ladies I ever saw, attired in autumn leaves and scarlet berries, burst in upon me with frantic screams, followed closely by poor Bruno, who evidently enjoyed the race. One of these flying nymphs threw herself into a picturesque attitude, and fainted away on my sofa. If I had been afflicted with nerves, the consequences would have been serious."

This, then, explained the dressing-gown, to my great satisfaction; and Mr. Bridgewood also informed me that Mrs. Spike still rang my praises in his ears, and even reproached him for not being married, so that I might have stayed and made a visit. I was given to understand that, with very little trouble, the gentleman discovered my name and whereabouts, and laid the valuable information carefully away, until his plans for a second interview could be matured. Fate, however, did not seem to favor him, until my friend Sarah's mention of me excited his hopes, and so on, indefinitely.

If professed not to receive all this quite literally, and hinted at the vague stories respecting the owner of Silver Falls; but I was vehemently assured that he had not a crazy wife, and that he had not been "crossed in love;" that pleasant experience was yet in store for him, unless—

"I cannot share a divided heart," was my firm reply; "and unless that bear is sent back to the Rocky Mountains, or wherever he properly belongs, I must positively decline taking possession of your castle."

The bear was immediately set adrift (it is to be hoped with a keeper;) and, having satisfied myself that there were no other bears about, I married the ogre. Mirabel was my bridemaid, and we roam over the grounds now without fear or hindrance.

Mrs. Spike seemed to be under the impression that I had taken up my quarters at the castle out of pity for her loneliness, and her smiles of appreciation were so frequent, that I was driven, in self-defence, to supply her with an entire set of teeth. These she was disposed to lay away with her best dress for grand occasions, until I explained to her that they were intended for every-day wear, when she said that "she'd admire to know!" and beamed upon me unspeakable gratitude.

Kitty was obtained, at a fabulous price, from Mr. Breers, and revels in oats to his heart's content.

My friend Sarah was rather shocked at my want of candor; but, on the whole, she enjoyed the affair as heartily as any of us. I am under the impression that Mrs. Bridgewood is really very happy, and Mr. Bridgewood has never appeared in a dressing-gown since that memorable day.

CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY

The Christmas angels, is their mission ended?
They are not seen by mortal eyes, as when,
O'er Bethlehem's plain, their shining troops descended,
And chanted, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

The voices that once joined the Heavenly chorus—
That mighty "Gloria," echoing far and wide—
Are floating in the Wintry starlight o'er us,
And singing sweetly every Christmas-tide.

Far over snow-clad hills and moorlands dreary
Is heard the rushing of each silver wing;
Wherever homes are sad, or hearts are weary,
The blessed Christmas angels come and sing.

In the dim alleys of the crowded city
They enter where the sunbeams never came;
Unbidden guests, yet full of tender pity
For all earth's bitter misery and shame.

And then despairing hearts look up and wonder,
Whence came that sudden hope they feel within;
Bidding them rise and break their bonds asunder—
Those heavy fetters forged by want and sin.

The angels sing of holy aspirations,
Of pure and happy things, of better times;
Until the soul is stirred by strange vibrations,
That seem as if they came from Christmas chimes.

And new desires to resolutions growing,
Are slowly shaped and fashioned into form;
Till frozen hearts become all warm and glowing,
And gain fresh strength to battle with the storm.

In the vast minster, where the anthems olden,
In glorious waves of music ebb and flow—
Those voices from "Jerusalem the Golden,"
Are singing ever with the Church below.

And in the rustic church that rises lowly,
Amid encircling hills or woodlands dim,
The simple song of gratitude is holy,
For angels join the poor man's Christmas hymn.

Those humble walls can boast no sculptured splendor,
Yet is the hallelujah just as sweet;
For angels and archangels sing, and render
The feeble notes all perfect and complete.

And we of them their gentle tones may borrow,
While this old world is full of grief and wrong;
The word of sympathy in time of sorrow,
Is pure and precious as an angel's song.

And loving lips which faithfully endeavor,
To speak their Lord's glad tidings far and near—
The old, old story, that is new forever—
Oh! these are breathing Heaven's own music here.

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KATE'S FIRST TWO YEARS OF MARRIAGE

BY HELEN R. THORNTON.

KATE VERNON had been scarcely two years wedded, when her aunt, with whom she had formerly lived, and from whose house she had married, came to spend the winter with her.

Mrs. Beverly had not been long with her niece before she saw, or thought she saw, that things were not going right with the young couple. Kate often looked as if she had been crying. Her happy expression and fresh color had disappeared. On his part, Mr. Vernon was strangely silent and moody. After the few first evenings, too, he began to absent himself.

It was on one of these occasions that the wife broached the subject that had often been on her lips since her aunt's arrival.

"I suppose I ought to apologize, aunty!" she began, with some confusion.

"Apologize, my child! What for?"

"For Edward's going out and leaving us alone so much. I know you think it strange. It isn't a bit like he used to be."

Here the young wife burst into tears.

"My dear," said Mrs. Beverly, soothingly, "I have always been in the place of a mother to you. I took you from her arms when she was dying, and I did the best I could for you till you left my house, a happy bride."

"Yes! I was happy, then; I was happy then," cried Kate. "But now no one cares for me but baby."

It was a relief to her to have made her confession. She had been miserably unhappy for a long while; and now she flung herself on her aunt's bosom and wept as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Beverly drew the poor child to her heart, and kissed her again and again.

"I have seen you have been unhappy ever since I came here," she said, after a pause. "But I have seen, also, that the cause is one easily corrected——"

"Oh! no, no!" interrupted the young wife. "Edward doesn't care for me any more. He goes out almost every evening, as he has done to-night: he who never could stay one evening away before we were married."

"Kate, my child," said her aunt, seriously, "I want you to listen to me. Don't be angry if I say things you dislike, but reflect on them, and in a day or two give me an answer. Your case is not an exceptional one. Many young married people make the mistake that both you and Edward have made, for I believe you and your husband to be equally to blame: but it is a mistake that, generally, their own good sense corrects, though not till they have suffered much. Now I wish, as your mother, if she had lived, would have wished, to save you some part of this suffering. May I go on?"

Kate did not reply. Her face was buried in her aunt's lap, and she was sobbing hopelessly, sobbing like a child. Mrs. Beverly took the silence for consent.

"You say your husband does not love you," she continued. "You quote his going out of evenings as a proof of it. I admit the neglect." Kate winced. "But is there no cause for it? You used to be, my dear, scrupulously neat in your attire. I do not say you are now untidy. But there is a very great difference, as I plainly see, between the way in which you come down to breakfast now, and that in which you used to at my house. There, your face was always fresh, your hair nicely arranged, your collar unwrinkled, your gown spotless as snow. Now, I grieve to say, my darling, things are very different; and what is worse than carelessness in dress even, your countenance is, sometimes, the least bit sour."

Kate, during this plain speech, had gradually ceased sobbing; and now, with her hands holding back her hair, was staring up into her aunt's face, half in anger, half in astonishment and dismay.

"Sour! I didn't know it. Are you sure? Oh! it's when Edward has been scolding me."

"Scolding you, my dear? Edward don't look like a man who would scold."

"Well, he's jealous of baby; he looks it often; and he as good as says it sometimes. He has even hinted, once or twice, that, since baby was born, I don't care as much about my—my good looks—as I used to do. That's the way of them all, I suppose—they marry us for our beauty, and when our health fails—then they blame—blame us for it——," she said, brokenly.

"My daughter," answered Mrs. Beverly, kindly, too much in earnest to smile, as she would have done if it had been anybody else, "I think you are unfair to Edward. Certainly

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there is nothing in your state of health to spoil your looks. You are, or might be, far prettier than when you married. A very little more attention to your dress would render you more attractive than ever."

Kate was blushing crimson, in secret pleasure at this flattering speech. She hid her face again in Mrs. Beverly's lap. At last, as her aunt appeared to be waiting for some reply, she stammered, though without looking up,

"I cannot be always freshly dressed, now that I have to look after baby. If that is what Edward expects, he is unreasonable and cruel."

"Men are often unreasonable and cruel, my child; but that is no justification for wives being so also. It would be very easy, however, for you to be just to baby, and yet to be nicely dressed when Edward came to breakfast or returned to tea. All husbands like their wives to look neat, but Edward is even fastidious. On the other hand, young mothers are too apt to neglect their husbands for the sake of baby. They forget that, until baby was born, their husbands were everything to them. It would be too much to expect of a man; he would have to be more than mortal, if he did not notice, and occasionally feel, the change, and sometimes think it neglect."

"But I'm sure I love Edward just as much as ever," said Kate, looking up, her large eyes dilated with surprise and a little indignation. "And it's very unjust of him to think I don't, because of baby." And then she burst into tears again.

"Perhaps he is a little to blame, my dear," said her aunt, kissing her. "What I say is, that it is not so very strange he should feel hurt. Consider! Love is to be judged, like everything else, by its works. If Edward finds you no longer paying any attention to your personal appearance; if he sees that you take offence when he hints he would like you to dress as you used to, is it absolutely cruel, or even unnatural, on his part, that he should think you hardly can love him as you used to love him? He reasons, remember, that, if you did, you would have some regard for his comfort. And further, if baby is made the excuse for this, he becomes, not exactly jealous of baby, but occasionally the least bit cross. You must not forget, darling," and she fondly stroked Kate's hair, "that I have had a husband and children myself, though God saw fit long ago," she added, with a sigh, "to take them to Himself."

She waited for a moment; and then, as the wife made no reply, she went on,

"I think I see how it is. I love both Edward and you. I believe I can judge fairly between you. Your husband has seen this untidiness in you; has hinted what he felt; and you have resented it. This has been, perhaps, in the morning. Instead of forgetting all about it before night, and meeting him, when he came home to tea, with smiles and in your nicest dress, you have been reserved, and, perhaps, and on purpose, just the least bit careless in your toilet. Few words have been spoken between you; the constraint has grown more and more painful; Edward has sought refuge in the newspaper; you have said you must go to baby, and have left him without the usual kiss; and then he has lost his temper, and gone out to spend the evening. When these scenes happen often, the wife becomes soured in heart, if not in looks, and things, as a natural result, go from bad to worse.

"A wife," continued Mrs. Beverly, "should try to look at these matters, not only from her own point of view, but also from that of her husband. There are very few questions to which there are not two sides. In so important an affair as domestic happiness, it is more desirable than ever to be right; and this we can never be if one looks at every subject of difference solely through one's own eyes. We sometimes think others selfish, when we are quite as selfish ourselves."

Much of this had its effect on Kate, who, after all, was a sensible, kind-hearted woman. She replied by pressing the speaker's hand.

"If I am right," said her aunt, "as to the origin of this misunderstanding, there is no reason why the neglect of your husband should continue longer than your coldness. Be the first to make advances. I do not say you are the most to blame: I do not ask you, on that account, to take the initiative. But it is always more womanly, nay! more Christian-like, for a wife to be the first to relent."

"What must I do?" whispered Kate, her face still hidden in her aunt's lap.

"Come down to breakfast, to-morrow, in your neatest dress and with your hair nicely combed. Do not be late, as you have been. Get up in time to have baby off your hands before the hour comes for your husband's coffee, so that you may be at the urn yourself, and ready to give him his first cup. Be as cheerful and pleasant to him as if nothing had ever happened. Let the past few weeks be ignored entirely. Meet him at night in your freshest attire, and have everything about the room cheerful; if you can, let there be something for the evening meal to show you remember

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his likings, and are thoughtful for his comfort and happiness. Why, my dear, it is the easiest thing for a wife to retain a husband's love. If she will only show the same interest in him that she exhibited for the lover, all will be well."

"But what of baby the meantime?"

"You have the whole day, darling, to devote to baby: and surely that is enough. The little fellow is a dear, sweet child; but you must not let him monopolize all your time. You must think of your health, and, yes! of your good looks, as involved in your health; and of your husband, and of your future happiness. which depends, in so great a degree, on your husband. Be assured, my daughter, if you will act in this way, Edward will love even baby better. Only be your old self for one week, and your truant will be won back again."

Kate took her aunt's advice. The next morning she was down even before her husband; had seen that the breakfast-table was perfect in all its arrangements; and had even ordered the cook to prepare Edward's favorite dish, as a little surprise to him. Edward saw, with half-concealed astonishment, the brighter look of things; gave one quick glance at his wife; flushed with gratification; and fell at once into something of his old lover-like manner. Certainly, Kate had never seemed lovelier. "You are as fresh-looking as a June rose, my dear," said her aunt, kissing her, when Edward had left for his office. "The battle is half won already, I see."

That evening was quite like old times. Kate welcomed her husband in the hall with a kiss. The fire had been newly made, and the hearth freshly swept up; there was a little vase of flowers on the reading-table; and Edward's favorite magazine, which had come that day, was ready cut for him. There was no going out. Part of the time was spent in cheerful talk, and part in reading aloud. The husband could not keep his eyes off his pretty wife. In the loveliest of blue dresses, and with her color heightened by many emotions, Kate looked more beautiful, he thought, than even in the days of their courtship.

What commenced so favorably, went on happily ever after. Edward, no longer finding "baby" thrust into the foreground forever, but rather kept back, began to wish for the presence of the little fellow himself occasionally. It was a happy, happy evening, when Kate heard her husband, for the first time, plead that "baby" should not always be put to bed so soon, but be allowed, sometimes, to make his appearance, for half an hour or so, after "pa" came home. That was the crowning act. After that Kate's felicity was perfect.

"I can never thank you enough, aunty, for your advice," said Kate, kissing Mrs. Beverly enthusiastically, when the latter was leaving, at the end of her visit. "Your coming was a real blessing. How long Edward and I would have gone on, at cross-purposes, loving each other in spite of all, perhaps, but still getting more and more unhappy, I cannot tell: probably all our lives; and if so," and here she burst into tears, the prospect her fancy had conjured up being too much for her.

Mrs. Beverly kissed the tears away, and said, "Go on as you are going now, my dear. It is too often a wife's fault, if a husband ceases to be a lover."

OVER THE THRESHOLD.

BY T. W. MATTHEWS.

Over the threshold, worn and bare,
The infants takes its trial step;
Tottering, feeble, yet safe and sure,
By the loving arm of a mother kept.
Innocent darling, knowing not
Of the thousands of steps in life's weary way;
May you never want for a mother's hand
To keep and guard you in childhood's day.

Over the threshold of childhood hours,
Into the days of youth we go,
Little dreaming of snares around,
Or dangers set by a cruel foe.
Let us hope that ever, when danger near,
We may find a friend who will warning give;
For without a smile, or a friendly word,
This life were a wearisome life to live.

Over the threshold of youth again
We step into manhood's troublous years;
And find though in life there is much of joy,
There is plenty of room for grief and tears.
When our golden visions are melting away
Before the cold, stern reality,
May we be prepared for a better life
Of peaceful immortality!

Over the threshold of manhood now,
Into the years of age we stray;
And our brows are furrowed with lines of care,
Our once dark locks are silvery gray.
But one more step we have to take;
And when the threshold of life is passed,
May the angels wait, with songs of joy,
To welcome us home to Heaven at last.

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MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 230

CHAPTER V.

All that morning a young girl sat in the parlor of a little public house in the town of Versailles, waiting with such impatience as can only be felt by youth, for the appearance of Monsieur Jaque.

"Have no fear," he had said, in going out with a box of tools in his hand. "I shall see the king, and so plead with him that you will see good news on my face at the first sight, or I shall have managed to get an interview for yourself; so keep a brave heart, and watch for me at the little window yonder."

She had watched, poor child, until the minutes seemed turning into hours, until her eyes grew dim, and her heart faint; for one moment hope grew strong in her bosom, and the next a pang of dread would seize upon it, and she longed to flee away and hide herself from the disappointment which seemed sure of coming. As she sat looking wearily through the window, the landlady came into the room once or twice, and, standing close by her, looked through the upper panes into the street, as if in expectation of some one. Marguerite lifted her eyes to this woman's face with something like sympathy. It was a sort of companionship to see any one anxious like herself.

"Ah! here he comes a third time, and all for nothing!" exclaimed the woman, excitedly. "As if little hens, with wings and bosoms like snow, could be picked up in a minute. I dare say the queen thinks such things are hatched full-grown. Good-morning, monsieur. Good-morning once again! No better news!"

"What, nothing yet, and her majesty so impatient?"

"Ah! you know it sometimes happens that nature will have her own way in spite of the queen."

"Then nature is full of rank treason," answered the man, who that moment stepped across the threshold, and threw himself into a seat where he could stare at Marguerite more conveniently. "Your daughter, dame, I suppose, and a demoiselle worth looking at Where have you kept her till now?"

"We were talking about hens, monsieur, not about daughters; but you are mistaken, I have no child—though this pretty creature does remind me of one who is in her grave. Do not blush, child, for she was good as well as beautiful, was my Madelene."

"And this one is beautiful, let her be good or not," muttered the man, who wore a royal livery, and seemed to assume great authority thereon.

Marguerite turned her face away, and looked out of the window more earnestly than ever; for she heard the remark, and those bold, searching eyes annoyed her.

"Well, monsieur, step this way," said the woman.

"No, I will wait here," answered the man, crossing his feet on the floor, and stretching himself into an easy position.

"But it is of no use to wait; the thing you want cannot be found in the whole town. I have sent to the market in Paris, and among the farmers in the country. Perhaps one may come in, but it may not be for a week," answered the woman, half angrily.

The man changed his position a little and laughed.

"Oh! I prefer to wait awhile," he answered.

"Then mademoiselle will, perhaps, walk up stairs?" said the woman. "Other windows than this overlook the street."

Marguerite arose, blushing deeply, and cast a grateful look on the woman who was so kindly attempting to shield her from this man's impertinent admiration.

"Pardon. I would not incommode any one for the world, so will take myself off at once. But you have not yet divined my whole business. I was ordered to summon the good dame herself to the little palace."

"What, me? No, no! There is some mistake."

"Not at all. Her majesty is in a dilemma."

"That is not unlikely," muttered the landlady. "It seems to me that all France is in a dilemma."

"She has discovered that none of her ladies know how to make butter."

"To make butter?"

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"Exactly. Thus you can understand all the choice cows that live so daintly around the Swiss cottages are a sad reproach. Her majesty knows how to set the cream; but when it comes to churning butter, that is beyond her. Not even the Princess Lambella or Madame Campan can aid her."

The landlady laughed, holding her side with both hands.

"I should think not—I should think not," she said, at length, rocking herself to and fro in jovial enjoyment of this absurd idea. "What have court ladies to do with useful things like that?"

"So this is one reason that I am sent here. You are wanted, dame, quite as much as the white hen."

"Me! Wanted for what?"

"This is it. Her highness, the queen, desires a perfect dress, and sends for a *modiste* to superintend her toilet. In the same way she wants golden butter from a herd of the most beautiful cows in the world—butter of her own making, remember; but is compelled to send for the mistress of The Two Swans, who will put on her shawl and proceed to one of the Swiss cottages, to which I shall have the honor of conducting her, near the *Petite Trianon*. It is her majesty's order."

Still the landlady laughed; she was half flattered, half incredulous. The idea that she was summoned to teach the queen was too astonishing for belief.

"Monsieur has had his little joke," she said, doubtfully.

"But it is no joke. I come by the queen's order to demand your attendance."

"Monsieur, if you trifle with me, I shall be angry."

"And with good cause. But I do not trifle."

"And you wish me to go?"

"At once."

"But it is a long walk."

"Look out, and you will see that her majesty has made provision for this difficulty."

The landlady leaned over Marguerite and saw that a calashe, drawn by a pair of fine horses, stood outside. Her eyes brightened; she nodded her head and began to untie her apron.

"Monsieur shall not be made to wait," she said. "It is not every woman who can say that the queen has sent for her."

Just as the delighted woman went out of one door, Monsieur Jaque came in at the other, stooping forward dejectedly, and turning his eyes away from Marguerite, as if afraid to look her in the face.

Marguerite started as he came in and suddenly clasped her hands; but when she saw his face her fingers fell slowly apart, and she sunk back in her chair moaning unconsciously.

"Do not punish me with that look!" exclaimed the unhappy man, drawing close to her in deep humiliation; "I have betrayed you, and left my errand unfulfilled, but it came out of my love of France. In my insane enthusiasm I forgot you, and everything else, when a little moderation would have won all. Can you forgive me?"

Marguerite lifted her great blue eyes to his face, and he felt their mournful reproach tremble through his heart.

"And you did not see him?" she said.

"Yes, I saw him, and forgot you—everything else but France and its saviours."

"Ah, me! and I had hoped so much."

"It is I—your best friend—who has betrayed you."

"But is the opportunity entirely lost? We may never again be so near the king. He is in the palace; oh! if I could obtain entrance! Tell me, sir, is it impossible?"

Marguerite addressed the queen's messenger, who sat with his legs crossed, regarding her with smiling interest.

"Is what impossible, mademoiselle?"

"That I can gain one minutes speech with the king?"

"Utterly impossible, I should say!"

Marguerite dropped into her chair with a look of broken-hearted disappointment, which cut Monsieur Jaque to the soul.

"It is I that have done it," he said desperately. "I who would rather have perished."

"Are you her father?" inquired the queen's messenger, with interest.

"Her father? No!"

"Her friend, then?"

"No, I am her worst enemy. Ask her."

"Indeed he is not," cried Marguerite. We expected him to accomplish impossible things, and he could not—for this he condemns himself."

"Is it that you so much desire an interview with the king?"

"No," answered Monsieur Jaque. "It is I who have thrown an interview away—wasted it in complaints and invectives, when I should have been pleading for mercy."

"That is a misfortune!" said the messenger, striding up and down the floor, "a great misfortune, but not, perhaps, without its remedy."

Marguerite turned her eyes upon him. He met the look of wild entreaty, and paused in his walk.

"To get an interview with the king is beyond

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my managing; but her majesty keeps no state just now. I could almost venture to——"

Marguerite started up, her sweet face on fire with sudden hope.

"Take me to the queen—take me to the queen, and I will bless you forever," she pleaded.

"What is this? Who is it that is begging and praying to see her majesty? My young friend here, with the mournful eyes? Why not? If I had a daughter now, she should follow me into her presence, and look on while I give her majesty a lesson. Not having the daughter, why not take this pretty pigeon under my wing? What say you, monsieur? They could only refuse to let her in, and no great harm done?"

"I was about to propose as much," answered the queen's messenger, upon whom the landlady had borne down with this burst of eloquence as she entered the room, equipped for an excursion.

"And you will consent," cried Marguerite, turning from one to the other in breathless anxiety; "you will let me go?"

"Look in her face now, and say if she is not enough like me to pass for my own child. Blue eyes, hair with a dash of gold in it—that is before mine turned to silver; a nice trim waist, such as mine was not so very long ago—in fact, the girl is patterned after me, and I have a mind to run some risk for her, especially as monsieur seems willing."

Marguerite clasped her hands and turned her beaming face on Monsieur Jaque.

"You will not leave me? Wait till I come back. It is best that we appeal to the queen. Had it been otherwise you would never have forgotten."

Monsieur Jaque came out of his dejection. The thoughtfulness and hope in that sweet face inspired him.

"Go," he said, "I will follow you. When fate closes one door, she opens another."

"It is not fate, Monsieur Jaque, but our Lady; I was praying to her all the time you were out."

A curt smile died on Monsieur Jaque's lips. He was beginning to have very little reverence for "our Lady" or any other being, human or divine; but the most irreligious men prefers to find devotion in the woman he loves; so this stout democrat stifled the sneer that had almost curved his lip, and bent his massive head in homage to the simple piety in which he did not believe.

"Now," said the dame, taking Marguerite by the arm in cordial good-humor, and marching toward the carriage with a stir and bustle, which would have drawn the attention of passers-by, had the royal livery been insufficient to produce that effect, "you shall see what power the mistress of the Swan has at court. There, climb up over the front wheel, while some one brings me a stool. Thank you, monsieur; it is not that I am unable to mount the wheel as she does, but my shoe is a little tight. There, let me rest my hand on your shoulder—it helps famously. Oh! here we are, comfortable as birds in a nest. Now for a swinging ride through the town."

They had a swinging ride, and a handsome man, in royal livery, attending them on horseback. More than that—a stout, hardy man tramped after on foot, resolved to keep his charge in sight, if vigorous walking would do it. But the queen's horses were full of fire, and soon left Monsieur Jaque toiling in the mud, far behind, while they dashed toward the *Petite Trianon*, fairly taking Marguerite's heart away.

The carriage stopped, the attendant dismounted and opened the door. Directly the portly person of our hostess of the Swan was safely planted in front of a rustic gate which led to a *bijou* of a Swiss cottage, fanciful as a fairie dwelling in its construction, sheltered by the green old trees that spread out from the Park, and surrounded by grass that grew longer and thicker than could be found elsewhere, upon which a drove of choice white cows were feeding luxuriously.

The landlady turned as she touched the earth, and held out her two stout arms, as if Marguerite had been an infant who claimed her help. But the young girl scarcely touched the kindly offered arms. She sprang to the earth in breathless haste, white to the lips, trembling in every limb. Her friend gave a nod of encouragement, over her shoulder, and led the way toward the cottage.

A beautiful woman came to the door and looked out; a merry laugh was on her lips; her large eyes were bright as sunshine. A dress of brown stuff, looped up from a blue under-skirt of the same material, gave piquancy and grace to a figure, which had just matured into perfect womanhood. A dainty little cap was tied over an abundance of rich brown hair, in which there seemed to be a slight gray tinge; but, on a closer view, this tinge was produced by traces of powder, which could not be entirely brushed from tresses so habitually accustomed to its use. The lady spoke a few words, still laughing; then two or three other faces crowded into the background, fair and bright eyes glowed out upon the portly figure of Dame Tillery, as she came up the walk, almost concealing the slight figure of Marguerite, who trembled behind her.

The women of France were a brave, outspoken

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class, even when they came in contact with all the exclusiveness of a court. When the people and the nobility met, face to face, honest truths were often spoken, which could not have been palatable to king or courtier. Of this fearless class, Dame Tillery was a superior specimen. She walked, with something like dignity, toward the cottage; the heavy shawl folded over her ample bosom neither rose nor fell with a quickened breath; a bland smile was on her face. She was pleased to be summoned, but in no way embarrassed.

"My queen!" said Dame Tillery, addressing the lady in the door-way, "you have sent for me, and I have come."

Dame Tillery looked at the white hand, which lay in beautiful relief against the brown dress, as if she longed to kiss it.

Marie Antoinette smiled, and held out her hand, about which the sweet smell of milk still lingered.

"Ah, dame! we are in sad trouble," she said, laughing pleasantly. "The cream is obstinate to-day, or we are sadly ignorant. It is delightful to see how helpless we all are. Here is Madame Campan breaking her heart."

"If your highness permit——"

"Nay, dame, there is no highness here, remember. All that is left behind, at Versailles. It is only a company of dairy-women, more ignorant of their business than is proper. As a woman of experience we have sent for you."

"Yes, your—— That is, certainly; I have some experience."

"And discretion," rejoined Marie Antoinette, looking anxious for the moment, and scanning Dame Tillery's face with her clear, keen eyes, with which the queen sometimes examined those who approached her.

"And discretion, if that means silence," answered the dame.

Once more the careless light came back to the queen's face; and throwing off the thoughtfulness which had made her appear ten years older, she turned and entered the cottage.

"Madame, your highness, can my companion come in also?"

Marie Antoinette frowned and reproved the step she had taken. She was evidently annoyed by this constant appeal to her royalty.

"Ah! your daughter. Yes, yes, let her come in. She, too, may be able to teach us something."

Marguerite, in a wonderful way, knew that she was in the presence of the queen. She would have spoken, but the words died on her lips, for the frank, smiling woman who met them so cordially, had been in an instant transformed into a creature of evident power; her frown was forbidding as her smile was bright; but Marie Antoinette was a creature of wonderful variability, and almost on the instant took up her *role* of dairy-maid.

So Marguerite followed Dame Tillery into the cottage. A confused sound of voices, and low bursts of laughter met them at the threshold, and with this was mingled the tinkling sound of metal-pans jarring against each other, and the patter of high-heeled shoes upon the wooden floor of a room beyond.

"Put aside your hood and shawl, dame," said the queen; "you are wanted at once."

Dame Tillery flung aside her outer garments, and taking an apron of white linen from her pocket, tied it around her stout waist with the air of a woman about to perform some important duty, and entered the room which seemed so full of merriment, as if it had been her own parlor in the Swan Hotel.

The room which she entered was a singular one; the floor was of dark walnut, and entirely uncarpeted. Along one end ran a range of shelves, cut from thin slabs of marble, on which pans, some silver, some of white porcelain, were arranged in rows. These pans were full of milk, on which the cream was mantling richly. Pails of almost snow-white wood, hooped and mounted with silver, hung on brackets against the opposite wall. At a long, marble table, which occupied the center of the room, stood two or three pans of milk, with a long, porcelain dish half full of thick cream; two or three ladies were by the table busy at work, but laughing, chatting, and making merry over their labor, as if they had been accustomed to it all their lives.

One, a little, plump woman, with blue eyes, and a round, pleasant face, had rolled her sleeves to the elbows, and drawn the skirt of her dress through the pocket-holes, while she skimmed the cream from one of the pans, and dropped it into the long, porcelain dish preparatory for churning. A fair, young girl, habited in like rustic fashion, but with a good deal of blue in her dress, was washing milk-pans at a marble sink in one corner of the room; while a piquant little lady, with red ribbons in her cap, stood ready with a long, white towel, with which she polished the pans into brightness. The person who washed these pans was Elizabeth, the king's sister; the lady who received them was the Princess Lambella—but all titles were ignored in this rustic retreat, and everybody went by her simple name.

"See, Dame Campan, I have brought a person

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here who will set us all right," cried the queen, introducing Dame Tillery, with mischievous laughter in her eyes.

The lady, who was skimming milk, dropped her hand to the edge of the pan, and turned her pleasant eyes on the landlady.

"Ah! I dare not go on with my work," she said, laughing merrily; "that is, with any one who understands it better than I do standing by."

"No wonder," answered Dame Tillery, going up to the table and taking the skimmer from the plump, little hand that held it. "Why, you are ladling out more cream than milk; and that makes sour butter."

With a subtle turn of her wrist, the landlady glided the skimmer between the strata of golden cream and impoverished milk with a dexterity that separated them entirely.

"There," she said, allowing the rich mass to glide into the dish, "that is the way to skim a pan of milk."

"Ah! what a bungler I have been!" exclaimed Madame Campan, clasping her hands in mimic humiliation; "but I can never do it like that."

The landlady laughed, and stood with a hand resting on either hip, while Campan made an effort to imitate her dexterity; but that moment the queen called her away. She stood by a tall churn of spotless wood, mounted with silver, and with the dasher grasped in both hands, called out,

"Come hither, landlady—come hither! Dame Capet stands in more need of help than any one. This churn is obstinate as a mule. See how it has bespattered my dress."

Certainly, there did seem to be cause for the queen's complaint, for little rivulets of cream were running down the side of the churn, and a shower of drops hung like pearls upon her white arms and her dress; while she worked so vigorously with the dasher that her cheeks were one glow of roses, and her eyes sparkled brighter than all the diamonds she had ever worn. "What is it that makes the cream grow thinner and thinner the more I beat it?"

Dame Tillery took the dasher from those beautiful hands, lifted the lid of the churn, and examined its contents with wistful interest. Then she drew a fancy milking-stool toward her, sat down upon it, and holding the churn between her knees, began to agitate the cream with a slow rise and fall of the dasher, which would have irritated Marie Antoinette with its dull monotony.

"There, there! let me try!" she exclaimed, all impatience. "It is easy enough."

She took the dasher, while Dame Tillery moved her stool back and looked on. A few moments the rise and fall of the dasher was slow and cautious; but after a little, the impulsive character of the queen broke into action. A shower of snowy drops flashed upward, the lid was knocked one side and then the other, frothing cream dashed tumultuously against the sides of the churn, and everything was in commotion again.

"There, you see! You see nothing can be more obstinate. I have been following your method perfectly, but it comes to nothing."

"Nay," answered the dame, resting an elbow on each knee, as a broad, genial smile swept over her face, "it is because you try too much. Slow and sure—slow and sure is a good maxim, both on the farm and at court."

"Hush! we have no such thing as court here, good woman," whispered a tall, dark lady, who had just come in. She was in a rustic dress, like the rest; but Dame Tillery instantly recognized her as a lady of the royal household. "Dame Capet has no knowledge of the queen, remember that."

Marie Antoinette had relinquished her hold of the dasher.

"It takes away my breath," she said, moving toward a window and looking out. Dame Tillery drew the churn between her knees again, and went on with her monotonous work. Marguerite came and leaned upon her chair; she was very pale, and her eyes shone with suppressed anxiety.

"Tell me," she whispered, "is this lady, in truth, the queen?"

"In truth she is," answered the dame, suspending the motion of her dasher a moment.

"And if I speak to her?"

"Speak to her! Ah! now I remember, it was something more than a wish to see how royal ladies can amuse themselves that made you so anxious to come."

"It was life or death—nothing less."

"So serious as that? I am sorry for it. Of all places in the world, this is the last for such things. The queen and her ladies came here to escape them."

"I see. It is almost hopeless; but I must speak."

"Not yet—wait a little. I will watch for an opportunity. Go to the other window yonder, and tell me what they are all looking at."

Marguerite went quietly to the window, and saw a drove of cows coming up from their pasture in the Park, beautiful creatures, with coats like velvet, and coal-black horns curving inward like cimeters.

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A group of young men, wearing blouses and ribbons upon their hats, were driving the cows, all laughing, chatting, and making the air riotous with mirth. Marguerite saw one or two of these young men go up to the window, around which the inmates of the room were grouped.

"It is of no use inviting us out," said Marie Antoinette, to a young man who came up to the window, and protested, with grave earnestness, that the cows suffered for want of milking. "We have our own duties to perform first; so, my Lord de ——, I beg ten thousand pardons, my gentle herdsman; you must watch and wait a little longer."

"But how long, Dame Capet? My companions are getting impatient of their idleness."

The Princess Elizabeth ran out of the room, and returned with a sickle in each hand, which she held out of the window with a demure smile.

"Let them cut grass for the cows," she said, "while we go on with our butter-making."

The young Duke de Richelieu, for it was no less a person, took the sickles, kissed the fair hand that presented them; and tossing one to the feet of a companion, fell upon his knees beneath the window, and made an awkward attempt to cut the grass.

The ladies at the window burst into shouts of mellow laughter, and smoothing their aprons, went to work again like so many dairy-maids.

"Now," said Marie Antoinette, approaching the churn, "I will be more obedient."

She took the dasher between her hands, and continued the slow, steady motion, which seemed so easy to Dame Tillery. The work had almost been done to her hands. Directly she saw the ridges of cream that gathered in a circle about the dasher divide off into particles, while the rejected milk flowed off in their bluish drops back to the churn.

"It has come!" exclaimed Dame Tillery, with mild triumph.

"What has come?" demanded her pupil, astonished to hear a liquid splash come up from the churn, instead of a mellow sound, half-smothered in the richness of the cream, which her dasher had all the time produced.

"What has come? Your, your—— My pretty dame! why, the butter, of course. You can hear it floating in lumps against the dasher."

"Butter! and I have really made it! Oh! how delicious, Campan. Elizabeth Polignac, come and see your Capet in her glory. Butter of her own churning—golden butter, sweet as violets, and such quantities. Look! look!"

The queen lifted the lid of her churn, and a swarm of pretty women crowded around it.

"Oh! this is something like!" exclaimed one.

"Superb!" cried another. "But how are we to get it out?"

"Bring a dish," said Dame Tillery, whose portly figure seemed to swell and broaden under a consciousness of superior knowledge. "Bring a dish, little one."

Marguerite sprang from her place at the window, and taking a long, porcelain dish from the table, brought it to the churn, and kneeling on the floor, held it up to be filled. Dame Tillery arose, slipped the lid of the churn over the handle of the dasher, and gave the whole group a view of the golden treasure floating within. Then she gave the dasher a dexterous twirl, and drew it up gently, laden with fragrant butter, from which a white rain of milk dripped back in showers. Easily and daintily she deposited this first relay upon the dish, and dropped the dasher for another deposit. But here the queen broke in,

"No, no! I must gather it with my own hands. I promised the ki—— that is, my good man, that he should breakfast on butter of my own making, and so he shall. This is the way you gather it from the milk?"

She gave the dasher a vigorous twist, which produced a tumult in the churn, but accomplished nothing.

"Softly, softly," urged Dame Tillery, rubbing her fat palms together. "There, sink the dasher so, give it one turn under the milk, then lift it daintily. Oh! what butter! it makes my mouth water! Oh! you are an apt scholar. If the people could only teach you other things as easily."

"Hush, woman! You will offend the queen!"

Dame Tillery lifted her eyes to the haughty woman who gave her this warning, and answered gravely,

"Be careful, madame, that you and your mates do not offend the people."

The lady's eyes flashed, and her red lip curved ominously. She turned to the queen.

"Madame, do you know whom we have here?"

"A kind woman, who has taught me how to make the most beautiful butter," answered Marie Antoinette, laughing gleefully. "Why, Polignac, I am delighted! It is a triumph over the—over my good man, who disputed my power to accomplish anything of the kind. You shall all see my success astonish him. It will be delicious! Now what are we to do next, dame? This is to be made into little pats, somehow, with pretty devices on the top."

"But first, the milk must be worked out."

"Ah! I see; but how?"

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Dame Tillery placed a hand on each knee, and lifted herself slowly from the stool. Taking the dish of butter from Marguerite, with a deep, long breath, she carried it to the table, where a butter-stick had been lying all the morning with its uses quite unknown. With this in one hand, the dame tilted the dish a little that the milk might drain off, and began patting, pressing, and moulding the butter with a dexterity that excited even the queen to rival her in a work so delightfully pleasant. Directly her own white fingers closed on the butter-stick, and with much laughter and infinite grace, she managed to press out the few drops of milk Dame Tillery had left, and sent them rolling out of the dish like waste pearls, that broke as they fell.

When the fragrant mass lay on the dish, pure and golden, the queen was at a loss once more. How were the delicate little pats and balls, which sometimes graced her table, produced? In order to make her triumph complete, the precious contents of that dish must take this last artistic form. Again Dame Tillery chuckled, and this time her hand plunged deeply into her pocket, and brought forth a little wooden mould carved daintily in the inside. This she dipped into water and thrust into the butter, closing it like a pair of scissors. When it was drawn forth, a large, golden strawberry dropped from its clasp, which so delighted and surprised the group of ladies looking on, that their soft murmurs of wonderment filled the room.

"Oh! the enchantress! the beautiful, beautiful, golden strawberry. I shall not only supply delicious butter to my friend over yonder, but it will come to him as from the hands of an artist. Isn't the idea charming?"

"Beautiful!"

"Charming!"

"Exquisite!"

Each cherry lip had some epithet of praise to bestow on Dame Tillery's pretty device, except that of the Duchess de Polignac. She swept haughtily toward the window, jealous even of this woman of the people, as she had been for years of any one who approached the queen.

"Shall we never be admitted to take our share in the work?" cried one of the young men who had been making a vain effort to cut grass.

"In the folly, you mean," answered the duchess, angrily; "for my part, this practice, which brings one on a level with women of the city, becomes repelling."

"Ah! that is because you have no taste for simple pleasures like her majesty, who evidently finds them charming."

"And you?" questioned the duchess.

"I," answered the young man, with a thrill of deep feeling in his voice, "I shall never have the audacity to condemn anything that gives relief to the existence our royal lady must find so full of care."

The duchess gave him a keen look, which brought the blood to his face; but that moment Marie Antoinette lifted up the wooden mould, and bade them all look on while her first strawberry was forming. When it fell, round and perfect, into the silver dish, a little shout rang up from the crowd; and thus, with a group of admirers watching each graceful movement, she proceeded to fill her dish, and thus accomplished what seemed to her a great triumph.

By this time the day was drawing to a close; a tinge of gold melted into the atmosphere from the coming sunset, and gleams of crimson shot in and out through the great elms in the Park. The cows, which had been driven up to the cottage ready for milking, began to low, as if they were getting weary of standing there, hoof deep, in the velvet grass. While others, still wandering in the Park, answered back with something like general dissatisfaction.

"Now for the milking," cried the queen, taking a pail from one of the brackets. "Each one find a stool for herself, and this good dame shall teach us how to be less awkward."

Obeying this suggestion, each lady took her pail in one hand, with a stool in the other, and went forth into the soft grass, where a dozen cows were waiting to be milked. Here the gentlemen came into active service, and made laughable attempts at milking in company with the ladies. Dame Tillery had placed her ample proportions on the broadest stool she could find, and was sending double streams of liquid whiteness into the pail lodged against her knees, while the queen and Elizabeth looked on, when a shout started the animal she was milking. It made a leap, struck the pail with its foot, and overturned that and Dame Tillery into the grass, where she lay clutching at her stool, and crying lustily for help. But no help came. The cause of alarm was too serious. Some newly-purchased cow, selected for the wildness of her beauty, suddenly darted from its covert in the Park, and careering like a mad creature across the lawn, bore furiously down upon the group of fancy workers. With her eyes on fire, and her head tossing savagely, she plunged through the group of milkers, scattering them as she went—turned suddenly, leveled her sharp horns, and made a leap at the queen, whose shrieks of terror increased the animal's fury.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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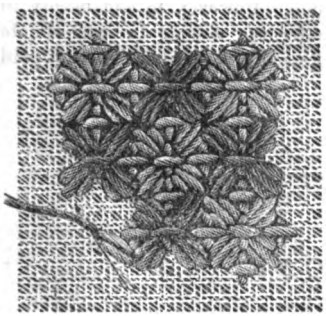
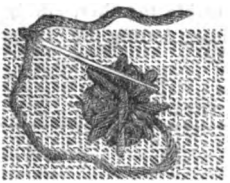
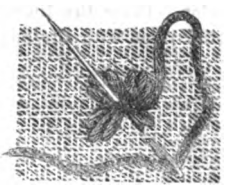
STAR-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



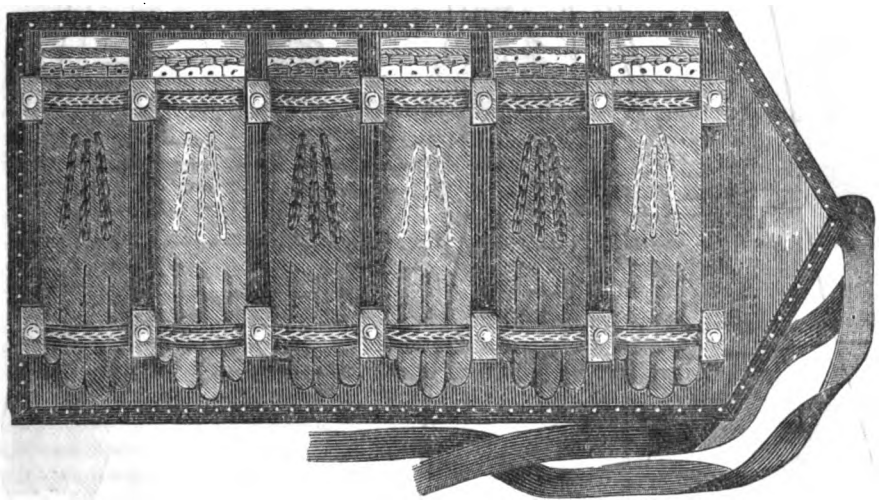




Use two contrasting colors, or two shades of the same color. No. 1 is the design complete. Nos. 2 and 3 show how the stitch is worked. It is both new and beautiful, and just the thing for sofa-pillows, foot-stools, etc., so that it can be used in a variety of ways.

GLOVE-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials.—Silk or velvet for the outside, some soft, oiled silk for inside lining, three yards of velvet ribbon, one inch and a quarter in width, two yards of velvet ribbon, three-quarters of an inch in width. Narrow ribbon for strings and binding. Red or maize-colored sewing-silk.

Cut out of the silk or velvet a piece shaped as

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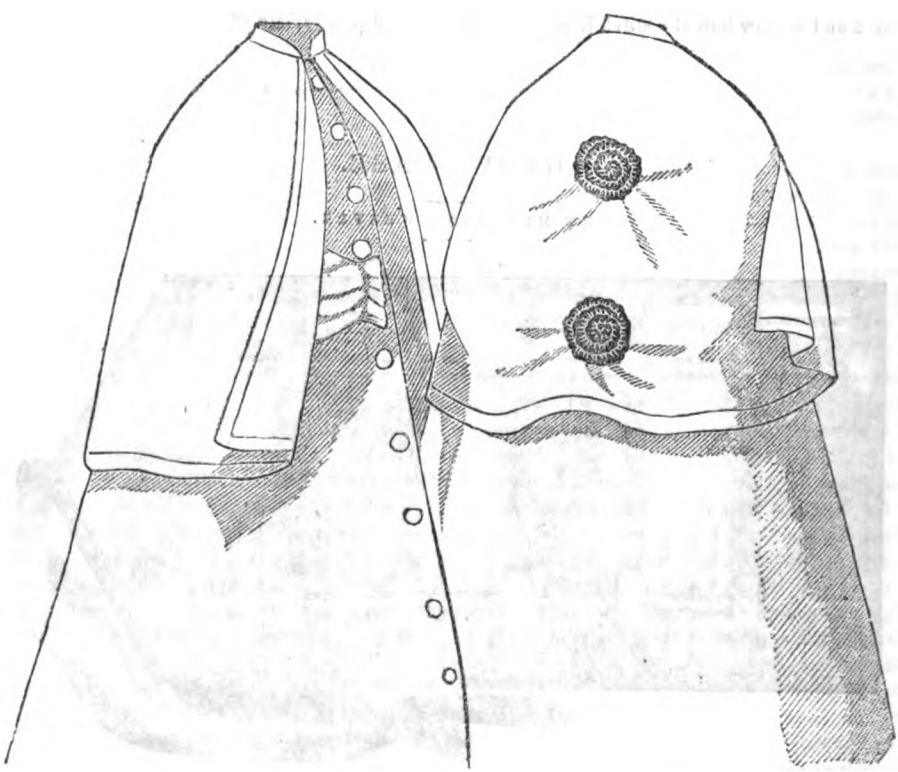
seen in the design, of length and width sufficient to hold six pairs of gloves. On the oiled silk lining place the straps to hold the gloves, which are to be made of the velvet ribbon; first arranging the widest with a box-pleat between each place for the glove; under which pleat must be cut two slits, through which to pass the narrow velvet, (which is to be ornamented in herring-bone stitch and lined.) Fasten the pleats down with flat buttons of a contrasting color. Place the lining and outside together, bind them with the narrow ribbon, dotting the same with tiny beads or knots of embroidery. Finish with strings.

We give no special directions for color, as this case is only a useful arrangement for preserving the gloves, and may be made of bits of silk or velvet always on hand; the oiled silk lining being the best article to keep the gloves soft and pliable. Kept in the ordinary way the kid is apt to harden. However, to add beauty to utility, embroider the outside in some simple design, with floss silk, with braid, or with gold thread.

WATER-PROOF CLOAK.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, an engraving (front and back) for a water-proof cloak, which will be found particularly useful in the wet weather of spring. We also give a diagram, on the next page, by aid of which the cloak may be cut out. It is in four pieces, viz:—

A. Half of Front.
B. Half of Back.

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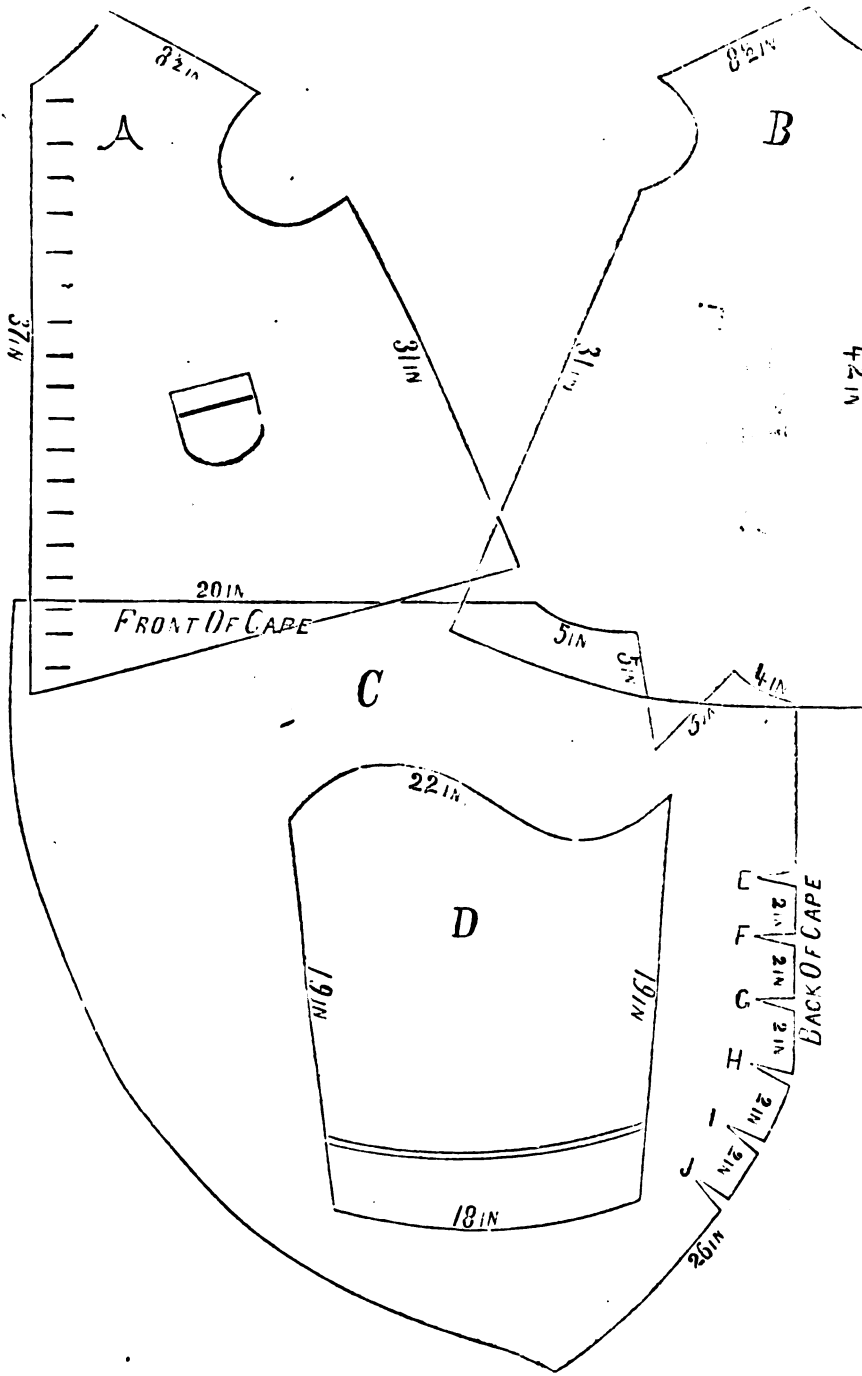

C. Half of Cape.
D. Whole of Sleeve.
The back of the cape is to be gathered up at *E. F. G. H. I. J.* When the cloak is made up, finish it by ornamenting it with rosettes of cloth, as seen in the engraving.

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WORK-BAG IN PLAITED STRAW.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

PROCURE some of the coarse, common, flat straw, plait it in and out, as shown in the design, for the lower part of the bag. The bottom is to be made of heavy pasteboard, neatly lined on both sides. Make the upper portion of the bag of bright blue silk, and let it extend to the bottom of the bag, to serve as a lining to the straw. The handles consist of four rouleux of satin, stuffed with lampwick and plaited; also the same trimming finishes the place where the straw and silk meet. Cords to draw the bag, and two large buttons are added where the handles join. When straw cannot be procured,

use black and white velvet ribbon in its place, plaiting it as the straw, only observing to place it upon a firm foundation of cardboard; or substitute maize-colored Java canvas, with some little design, in two or three shades of blue wool, worked upon it. Either will make a pretty bag.

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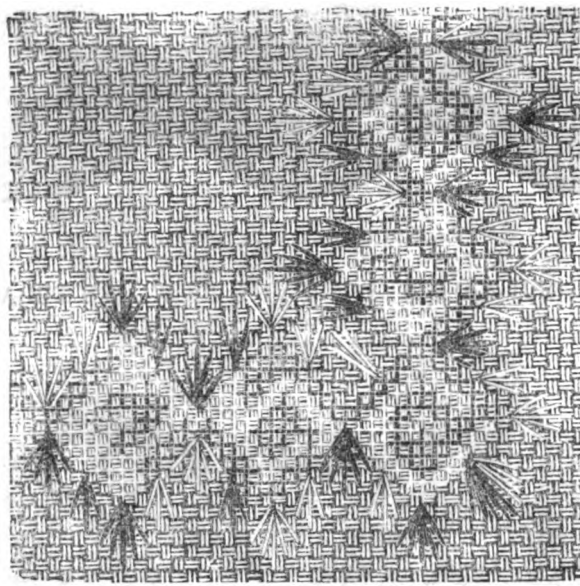
TIDY ON JAVA CANVAS.

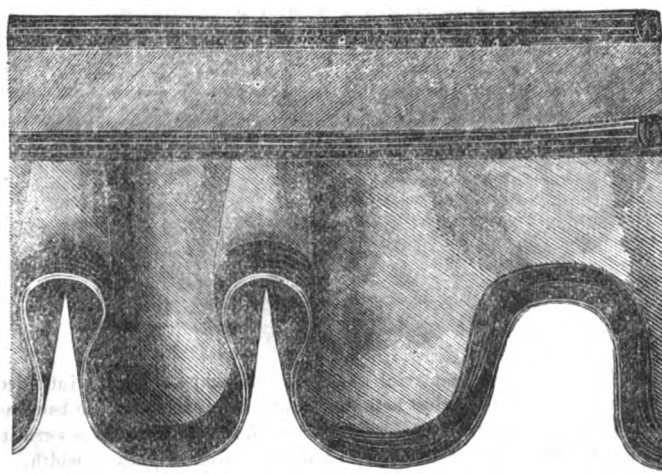
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A SQUARE of maize-colored Java canvas, on split zephyr, or floselle silk. The wool is quite which work out the design in black and white as effective, less expensive, and washes better.

TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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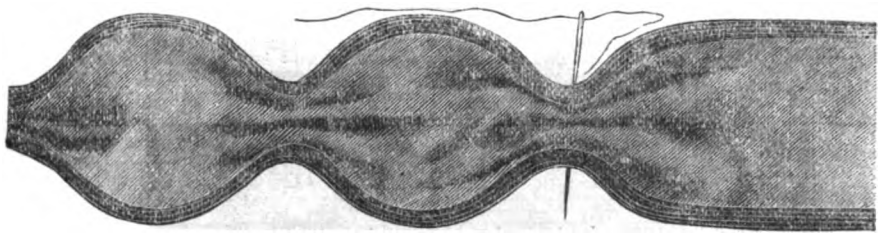
As dresses are now trimmed with the same material as that of which they are made, with the addition of satin of the same color, we add to the designs given in former numbers, two others, both of which will be found useful, either for heading flounces or for forming the sole trimming. They are made of the same material as the dress. No. 1 consists of a straight band, with a satin *rouleau* at each edge, and a scalloped frill to match, mounted with a box-pleat. No. 2 consists of a straight piece. gathered at intervals, as indicated in the engraving.



FAN-SHAPED BOW FOR WAISTBAND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS bow is to be of the same material of which the dress is trimmed—the prettiest being satin. Edge with a velvet ribbon one inch in width. Line with crinoline, the better to keep the fan in shape. This is intended to be worn in front, but if used for the back, add sash-ends to match, three-eighths of a yard in length, and a little over one-eighth in width.

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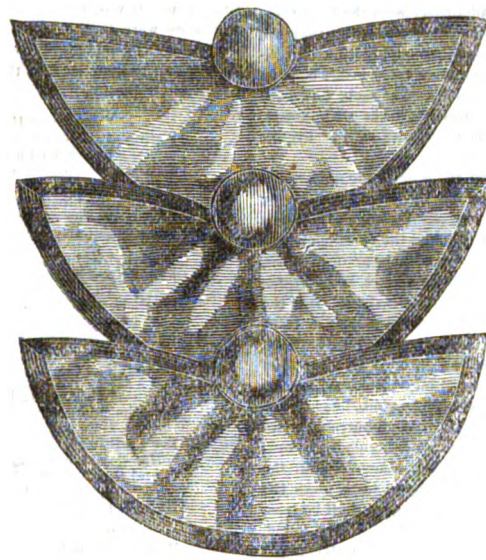
SATIN TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



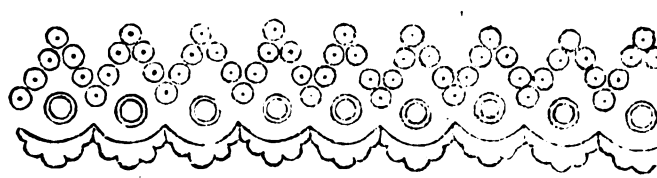
Cut out the half circles of satin, line them with black crinoline, and bind the edge with satin or velvet, cut on the bias. Gather each piece in the center; arrange and ornament with a flat velvet or satin button. The button should be of the same material as the binding.

BORDER FOR SOFA-CUSHION, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a colored pattern for the border of a Sofa-Cushion. It is intended to represent coral, is unusually pretty, and may be used for other purposes besides a sofa-cushion. Cashmere or cloth may be chosen for the ground-work. This border is to be worked in satin-stitch, either in floss-silk, common embroidery silk, or it may be done in wool—work precisely in the same manner as on linen embroidery. Enlarge the design, of course, sufficiently to make it in proportion to the size of the cushion to be ornamented.

EDGING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

USING MOSSES FOR DECORATION.—For a table or a room, mosses form the best ground-work for flowers or ferns; and their lovely green depths and softness give rest to the eye. Their dull surface contrasts admirably with the brightness of glass and silver, and they cool the air, while they are produced in such abundance that their supply is inexhaustible. We speak of the mosses found on every hedge bank in fleeces and mats, not of those cultivated as such, which are lycopodiums, and more nearly allied to ferns than mosses, nor of the saxifrage, which is sometimes called "French moss."

When blocks of ice are used to decorate the center of a dinner-table, as is now the fashion in many houses, especially when the dinner-party is given in summer, the moss may be used as a border for them, and the effect is exceedingly pretty. A few hints on the arrangement of moss, when employed in this, or any other way, are, however, necessary. And first, the stands to contain it should be of the depth of a soup-plate, and have a margin of two or three inches wide, turning out flat, not turned down. If of tin, the border may be covered with fern or ivy-leaves; if of glass, a beautiful edge would be crystal or looking-glass. In silver, the moss would be best set off by a plain, bright edge.

Suppose a heap of moss to be brought in for arrangement. The first thing to be done is to shake thoroughly every tuft, to get rid of the insects with which it abounds. Fill the stand half with water; then, according to taste, place the tufts so closely that no ragged edges or gaps shall be seen. There will be plenty of room for flowers, it will be found. Now a thorough sprinkling from a fine-nosed watering-pot is to be given. The use of the margin will be apparent, for if a spray of moss is allowed to hang over the edge, it will drip, drip, until it makes a pool. And now, the moss being arranged to satisfaction, the flowers may be placed.

Plants in pots may, for any temporary purpose, be made to rise from a mossy bank by the pots being plunged in moss, and tufts of moss arranged on their surface; but a permanent arrangement of this kind would be bad for the plants, keeping the roots damp, and not allowing of proper drainage. Any tub or bucket may, however, be converted into an elegant receptacle for plants by being covered with moss in this fashion. Stand it upright on a table, put tufts of moss round the base, then tie a strong twine tightly round the whole, and so proceed with row after row till the whole is covered. A sprinkling every two or three days will keep it fresh.

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN EVER.—The Skaneateles (N. Y.) Democrat says:—"Peterson's Magazine is more attractive than ever. Its engravings are better, its colored fashion-plates larger and more beautiful, its wood-cuts more numerous, and its staff of contributors the most popular writers of the day. Every department, in fact, is so ably conducted that the Magazine has become a necessity among American women."

ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL COLORED PATTERN in this number. "Peterson" is the only Magazine that gives those costly embellishments every month.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to make up clubs for "Peterson" Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be supplied.

WHERE NO PREMIUM IS ASKED we will send three copies for $4.50, as we did last year.

AN OLD FRIEND AGAIN.—The recent publication, in a handsome volume, of Lucy Larcom's poems, brings back to our memory one of her earliest productions, and certainly her best. We allude to "Hannah Binding Shoes," the authorship of which was, for a time, generally unknown, but of which we were in the secret almost from the beginning. Few things as good of its kind have ever been written. We believe our readers, even if they have seen it before, will thank us for quoting it.

"Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;
Spring and Winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

"Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
'Is there from the fishers any news?'
Oh! her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

"Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

"May is passing;
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild Southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

"'Tis November;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, 'Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?'
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

"Twenty Winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea;
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes."

ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE TO CLUBS at the price paid by the rest of the club. But all such subscriptions must begin with the January number, like the original club. Nor will any club subscription be taken for less than a year. When enough additions have been made, at the club price, to amount to another club, a second premium will be sent.

WE GUARANTEE NO ARTICLES advertised on our cover or other advertising pages. We only present the claims of the advertisers, *on their own showing*, to the patronage of the public. If you wish additional information, write to the advertisers, and not to us. We assume no responsibility.

MANUSCRIPTS, from new contributors, should be accompanied by sufficient postage-stamps to pay for their return, in case they are rejected.

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HOUSEHOLD EDITION OF READE.—We have received from Turner Brothers & Co., No. 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, a handsome and cheap edition of Charles Reade's novels. The books are published by Fields, Osgood & Co., in eight volumes, at a dollar a volume; each volume is in double-column duodecimo, and is neatly bound in cloth. Reade understands the art of putting a story together better than any cotemporary; and hence his popularity, which is only rivaled by that of Dickens.

SOME DELAY has occurred, this year, to some of our subscribers, in receiving their February and March numbers. This was owing to the great increase in our circulation, which compelled us to reprint the earlier numbers. We had also to increase the force in our mailing department. We may promise, we think, that, after this, there will be no more delay.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly.) With a Biographical Sketch and Explanatory Notes. Edited by Robert B. Roosevelt. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of these poems was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, belonging to the Established Church of Ireland, and was born near Oldcastle, county of Meath, in the year 1829. After having graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, he spent some years in London, as a writer for the press; but finally concluded to emigrate to the United States. Here he became connected, in succession, with the Boston Post, the New York Times, and the New York Leader, of which last he was one of the proprietors. His versatile abilities and varied acquirements soon made him popular; he wrote political articles, sketches, stories, and verse in every vein. In 1861 he entered the army as a lieutenant. He left it, from ill-heath, before the close of the war, but not till he had attained the rank of brevet brigadier-general. He first became known to the American public at large, in 1862, when he began to write verses about the war under the assumed name of "Miles O'Reilly." In this character, that of a private soldier, an ignorant, but well-meaning Irishman, he fairly took the popular heart by storm. The satirical power of this new writer, his jollity, and his racy idioms, set everybody to talking about him. Even to this day there are thousands of persons who believe Miles O'Reilly to have been a real individual. These war verses were rather crude, but very effective: we regret so few of them are reprinted in this volume. The best things here are the amatory poems, many of which exhibit quite a high finish. Some of the poems in memory of the dead who fell in battle are also unusually fine. It was the versatility of Halpine, however, that was his chief claim to literary mention: nothing he has written is first-rate; but he did many things, in various veins, and did all passably well. A likeness of him accompanies the volume. The portrait is that of a genial, sympathetic man, with a brain of more than average capacity. The book is neatly printed.

Cast Up by the Sea. By Sir Samuel Baker, M. A., F. R. G. S. With Ten Illustrations by Huard. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a fictitious story, partly founded on facts, and written by the great Abyssinian explorer, Sir Samuel Baker. It originated, the author says, in the numerous letters he received from boys to whom he was entirely unknown; and he dedicates the book accordingly, with some humor, to "all boys, from eight years old to eighty." The story is full of action. The scene is laid, partly in England, but principally in Africa.

Better Views of Living; or, Life According to the Doctrine, "Whatever Is, is Right." By A. B. Child, M. D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Adams & Co.*—Vigorously and tersely written; the thoughts excellent; the moral of the very highest. The volume is neatly printed.

The Letters of Madame de Sevigne to her Daughter and Friends. Edited by Mrs. Hale. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—It is a common saying that the epistolary art is dying out. When there were few newspapers, and no railroads, much less electric telegraphs, people had news to impart, and, if they were witty and cultivated, took pains to tell their story in an interesting way. But now, we are told, there is nothing left for a letter-writer to say. We hardly coincide in this opinion. Persons usually write about private affairs, and these, it seems to us, can be made as interesting now as when a Walpole, a Lady Mary, a Byron, or a Sevigne took them in hand. What can be more charming, for example, than some of the letters in "A Sister's Story," though they were written in our own generation, and on a subject so threadbare as the loves of two young persons? We have ourselves seen letters, written by women still living, that were absolutely charming. It is not every one, however, who is so fortunate. Most people must go to our printed literature for really good letters. At the head of all epistolary writers, Madame de Sevigne, by common consent, is placed. Those who would study style, as applied to letter-writing, should read her, even in preference to Walpole, or Lady Mary Montague. We recommend, therefore, this edition of Madame de Sevigne to our subscribers. It contains the best of her letters, is well translated, and has been carefully revised by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Edited by Mrs. Hale. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—A revised edition of the letters of one of the most remarkable women of her time. The wit of Lady Mary Wortley Montague has passed into a proverb, and this wit showed itself even more in her letters than in her conversation. These letters should be read by every woman, not only for their wit, not only for the information they convey, but also as models of epistolary style. Mrs. Sarah J. Hale has edited this collection, and we know no person more fit for the task.

China and the Chinese. By the Rev. John L. Nevius. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this volume was, for ten years, a missionary in China. He gives a very interesting account of the country and its inhabitants; its civilization and form of government; its social and religious institutions; its intercourse with other nations; and its present condition and prospects. A map and other illustrations increase the value of the text.

Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska. By Frederick Whymper. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A book that will be eagerly sought for, we should think, now that Alaska has become part of the United States. We have found the volume very interesting. It is written quite spiritedly. A map and illustrations add greatly to the interest of the work.

The Amazon. By Franz Dingelstedt Translated from the German by J. M. Hart. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.*—A very remarkable novel. It is written with great art, and in this respect is a model for some of our own authors. The story, too, is not without humor. The translation is good. The type, paper, printing and binding of the volume are excellent.

Twelve Months of Matrimony. By Emilie Carlen. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This Swedish authoress is far more popular, in her native land, than even Miss Bremer. Her stories are always full of life and movement. This is one of her best. A cheap edition.

Col. Thorpe's Scenes in Arkansaw. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—One of the most humorous books we have ever read. The volume has sixteen illustrations by Darley, all of them in his very best style.

How He Won Her. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a sequel to "Fair Play," which we noticed in our March number. It has the same fertility of incident.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

CABINET ORGANS.—The success of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company, now the largest manufacturers of instruments of this class in the world, producing and finding a demand for an average of one hundred and twenty-five Organs *per week*, illustrates what can be done by energetic and persevering pursuit of right principles in business. The following are what may be said to be *Articles of their Constitution*, kept always in view, and never deviated from.

1. Excellence in the manufactured article must never be sacrificed to economy and cost. *The best* only and always.

2. No degree of superiority shall be considered satisfactory as long as improvement is possible.

3. The use of every valuable invention and real improvement must be obtained at whatever cost.

4. Productions to be sold at lowest possible prices; these to be printed and offered to all alike, thus dealing fairly and impartially with the public.

This Company have expended an immense amount in experiments for improvements, in which they have been greatly successful, developing, enlarging, improving, and adding to the well-known Melodeons of former times, until they have become the magnificent MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS of the present, to which was awarded the Paris Exposition Medal for superiority in 1867.

They have just introduced an important improvement, the MASON & HAMLIN IMPROVED VOX HUMANA; a beautiful invention, which is said to be as great an advance upon the *Vox Humana* already used, as this Cabinet Organ is upon the Melodeon.

They also announce important reduction in prices. Offering their unequaled Organs at prices which are even less than those commonly demanded for inferior workmanship.

This is the natural result of their greatly increased facilities for manufacture, and fixed rule to sell at smallest profit.

THE AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—The New York Day-Book says:—"Our readers will see in our advertising columns, a novel suggestion in relation to getting Tea at cheap rates. The Great American Tea Company offers great inducements to purchasers, and we know the articles it sells are of superior quality. The clubs are now all the rage, as they get Tea into the consumers' hands for about one-third off the usual price."

FOURTEEN YEARS.—Mr. W. A. Hawley, of Syracuse, N. Y., writes:—"My Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine, (No. 3277,) has done the sewing of my family, and a good deal for neighbors, for *fourteen years and three months* without any repairs. One needle served to do all the sewing for more than four years."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this periodical at reasonable rates. "Peterson" is the most valuable vehicle in the United States for advertising, for it has a larger circulation than any other Magazine, and goes to every town, village, and cross-roads in the Nation. For terms, etc., address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"HOW HE WON HER" is the sequel to Mrs. Southworth's "Fair Play," a novel which is creating a sensation all over the country. Price, $1.75 in cloth, or $1.50 in paper. Address, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

A HOUSEHOLD WORD.—The Methodist Home Journal says: "Colgate & Co., in the manufacture of Toilet Soaps, have attained a national celebrity. Their name is a household word."

THE BEST CATALOGUE OF CHEAP BOOKS is that of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Catalogues sent free. Write for one, and make out an order.

OUR GARDENS.—NO. II.

BUT to return to bank and border: the front may be planted with any perennials. They will be sure to prosper, for they like nothing better than the digging in of the fallen leaves and grass edging, by which they will benefit, after you have worked at the necessary cutting and pruning in the autumn. Little shrubs may be planted, such as the cytisus, with its loads of yellow, white, and purple flowers; hardy flowering heaths; the Barbary, and the meadow sweet, which no garden should be without, so useful are its feathery flowers for the decoration of dinner-tables, drooping from the upper dishes of the high-stemmed flower-glasses, most charmingly mingling with grapes and red currants, if you please, but no other flower will it bear by its side. All the varieties of box look well in the front row, but the plant loves shade better than sun, and will grow under trees flourishingly.

I am not going to forbid your joining, in a wise way, in the mania for bedding plants. In this very border you may sweep back empty spaces, going back in a semicircle as far as you dare under the shrubs; and in these cleared places, which must come among the perennials at regular intervals, you may have thick blazing masses of bedding plants, and so not be quite out of fashion, and yet not pay too dear for your fancy. Here, just as your summer flowers are going, you will have, if you are rich, verbenas, lobelias, petunias, geraniums, calceolarias, fuchsias, to your heart's content; but if you are something less than rich, at least, in reference to your gardening purse, you will have sown in these spaces—and carefully weeded out the unnecessary plants—masses of the portulaca, the dwarf nasturtium, the darkest pansies, which you may transplant, to prevent their flowering away their strength before you want them, the white stock, the German aster, the dark pinks, and the clove carnations, and again pansies, but this time white or yellow.

Very little genius will secure the flowering of all these things, and many more, together. To get things of this sort really prosperous, you should sow sand and powdered charcoal with the seed, and be sure that the earth is very fine. You will have as good blazes of color as you can wish and plenty of things to pick from.

But as soon as these things get shabby, pull all up; dig your ground, and sow mignonette and German and English wall-flower. You will have, perhaps, stray plants of the common white alisum on rocks and borders. Plant some of them at intervals among the seed, and you will have an early brilliant show of white and color, which you can pull up when done with, and enjoy your mignonette till the space is wanted again.

Now, if we come closer to the house, we must be very dainty there. Beds look very well with some stiff plant like the bantam in the center, and bright flowering things, such as the scarlet and white Brompton stock, planted round in threes or fours between the perennials. If you look down on your garden, the best sorts of sweet-williams, closely enough planted in good fine soil to give a perfect surface of flower, are beautiful. They are the better for being cut judiciously; and if so treated, and not allowed to wear themselves out, they will last till September. The general effect is, however, always increased by some upstanding green in the center, and the beds should always be round or oval. They may be edged with any of the variegated, low-foliaged plants now in use, or with the charming cerastian, the foliage of which looks like moonlight. Inside this, which should always be at the edge, you might have a ring of snow-drops, or of Dutch tulips, or crocuses. By this plan you get one thing in flower at a time, and plenty of it, and you never have the shabbiness of an empty bed.

As an example of what may be done in mixed beds, we may give these: center, yucca; border, cerastian; bunches all round of gladioli or tuberoses; a chain round the gladioli of pansies. You can use your scissors freely to keep things

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within bounds. Again: center, the small thuia; border, the large white double daisy; plants of dwarf scarlet geranium; chain round of white alisum. This last will have been in flower in the spring, and by cutting off the seed-pods, and using your trimming scissors, you can make a chain, very beautiful for its powdered gray-green, and its perfect stiffness and regularity.

We have purposely spoken of the commonest things, easily got, easily grown, not difficult of cultivation, generally hardy, and costing little.

We have ventured to protest against the dreariness of empty garden-beds; but not to be thought too much of an innovator against a fashion which, nevertheless, we think ought to be confined to terrace-gardens before mansions of stately architecture, commanding hot-houses and a regiment of garden men, we will make one exception. Your ornamental basket-beds may remain empty, if you please. And we will venture to tell you, with certainty, the best way to make them. But, first, what are they? They are round or oval inclosures, made by fastening lengths of unbarked oak branches together into the form of huge baskets. They stand on the turf; inside, earth is placed up to the rim, and these baskets are then filled with bedding plants. They are a variety of the picturesque hollow stump of an old tree, which is often used very successfully. The ground inside the basket should be dug three spades deep, first; and then drainage put in, such as broken earthenware, cinders, bones, bits of stick; then the earth should go in. Up the outside of these baskets, which can, when the ground is thus prepared, be made very low—that is, ten inches from the turf—you can then train ivy, and they may remain for years where they are. The ivy keeps the sun from drying the earth inside, and the plants will flourish excellently. When you water these baskets, drive a stick a little way into the mould, and pour the water into these holes. You may pour down surprising quantities, for the drainage below takes it, and the plants, through a dry summer, are thus fed when other things are parched up. The surface of the earth should never be wetted. These baskets are beautiful things. When you have done with one set of spring or summer plants, take them out and plant them, pots and all, in that shady place under the wall, where nothing will grow—that place of despair to the ignorant, which no good gardener can do without. There is a general idea prevalent that all plants that grow like the sun. They could not do in a sunless world, but shade is the home of many; such as the early flowering rhodera, and all the hardy ferns. Choose, then, the plants that meet your desires for color, fruit, flowers, foliage, and plenty. Plant them so as to please the eye. Prune carefully. Don't despise the commonest thing, if its time of flowering, its growth, or the shade of its foliage suits your purpose, and fulfill it. Cultivate masses of the hardy perennials, and do not forget that flowers are to be cut and used, and that those persons fail as gardeners who have only flowers to be looked at.

You must always remember that a garden—your garden—is not intended to be made up of scraps and corners out of a nurseryman's plantation. Our gardens are a piece of our homes; they are to give richness, comfort, and luxurious shade; they are places for rest, meditation, and gladness. Plan and plant in recollection of such truths, and less than a quarter of an acre of ground will give you these genuine home delights, including that resting spot for the eye to dwell upon, the piece of flat, green turf, where you may place your chairs and your croquet-hoops, if you please.

If you have a wall, remember the grand magnolia; the pyracanthus, that "joy forever," beautiful in flower and fruit; and the beautiful Virginia creeper, so gorgeous in the autumn.

And now we come to the rough bank, hard, dry, never tidy, and we tell you to rejoice in it. There you must have your double brambles, your wild clematis, your common branching fern, shrubby horse-tail—many sorts of heath, the holy-leaved eurya, the beautiful flowering rasp, and the myrtle-leaved box. Here, too, wild plants may be cultivated—the white foxglove, for instance, golden-rod and asters—and by the help of a few friendly poles, the delightful hop. A wild garden, with a mixture of such strangers as flourish in poor soil, is a thing to rejoice in, where new grasses may be cultivated in corners of better soil, and in some deep-moulded nook, the Chinese sugar-cane.

We warn those who are laying out a new garden, or improving an old one this autumn, not to consent to have the whole surface dug and made smooth to begin with. It is simply laying the foundation of a lifelong repentance. Let us be as smooth as we please close to the house; but even in as small a garden as we have written about there ought to be space for all the variety that we have gossiped over.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Scarlet Fever.—The unusual prevalence of scarlet fever, this year, induces us to publish the following hints, written by the resident medical officer of one of the most famous hospitals in England.

"Once this disease," he says, "has shown itself in a house, the further one keeps away from it the better. The infecting distance is, however, very short, being about a yard; but the contagion is readily and usually conveyed by its clinging to materials of all sorts. The first step to adopt is rigidly to isolate the sick and attendant from the healthy, and especially from those who have not had the disease. From the patient's chamber remove at once the carpet, curtains, and all articles of furniture and clothing not absolutely required, and that which cannot be washed or baked hang out in the open air for some days. The earlier this is done, the more likely it is to prevent the spread of the disease, as at that time it is not so infectious. The patient's linen, bed-clothes, etc., as used, ought to be thrown into water, and so conveyed to the wash, where they should be well boiled to render inert any contagious matters. Another and more certain method is to expose the articles in an oven to a dry heat of two hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The sick-room ought to be kept well ventilated, remembering, however, that greater care to avoid a draught requires to be taken in the course of this disease than in almost any other. The windows and door may be thrown wide open for a few minutes several times a day, at the same time temporarily covering over the patient's head. A solution of chloride of lime (of the strength of one pound to eight gallons of water) ought to be kept in the room in plates, basins, or in cloths hung on a screen, so as to disinfect the apartment. When the sick-room is vacated it is not a needless expense to whitewash and repaper it, and the wood-work ought to be thoroughly washed with the above solution. Carbolic acid soap is also an excellent thing for that purpose, and so is carbolic acid in water. Rare instances have been known where, through these and other preventive measures have been adopted, the disease has broken out again in the same house. The chance of contagion diminishes daily with the lapse of time, but the end of that time is not definitely known. What the minds of the general public urgently require to be disabused of is, that scarlatina and scarlet fever are different diseases. They are one and the same. 'Scarlatina' is a bland, genteel word; but which throws people off their guard, tends to prevent them adopting useful precautions against the spread of the disease, and, by treating it as trivial, to augment the dire results. Sometimes a sore throat is all that is complained of; yet, with only that symptom showing, this person may give scarlet fever to another of the most virulent form. The sore throats that people talk of as 'catching' are chiefly none other than those occuring in scarlet fever of a mild type. Scarlet fever is not a dangerous disease in itself usually, as

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compared with some eruptive fevers. The mortality at the London Fever Hospital is, according to Dr. Murchison, in scarlet fever, only six or seven per cent, and the cases sent there are the worst from out of all London. There, too, rarely is seen any of those dreaded consequences of the fever which are ushered in about the third week, and serve to mount up the mortality of cases in private life, or injure the health of many others. How are these avoided there? By keeping the patients strictly in bed for three weeks, however slight their case may seem. During the course of the disease, the kidneys are more or less affected. After the rash of scarlet fever has subsided, and about the seventh day from the date of the attack, the skin begins to peel more or less off, and takes about a fortnight thus to shed. This new skin is delicate, and its action easily suppressed. If the patient with it in that condition receive a chill, that is just what happens. The functions which ought to be carried on by the skin are thus thrust inward to be performed by the kidneys, a work they are unable to fulfill from their already impaired condition, and hence follows acute inflammation of those organs, and death, after that, is often rapid. If not, then dropsy, rheumatism, swollen glands, diseased joints, and other serious complications, supervene, which all tend, in ordinary life, to raise either the mortality to an undue height, or permanently to injure the constitution of numbers. Speaking generally, these are not the results of the fever, for they are unavoidable, They are grave complications, most common after slight cases, in those very cases of so-called 'scarlatina' which people wrongly think is not scarlet fever."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

We give this month a few more of *Baron Brisse's* good receipts.

Fricasseed Chicken a la Brissane.—Choose, if possible, a good, white chicken; divide it with a knife, as for an ordinary fricassee, and put the pieces on the range, with an equal quantity of fresh water. Take them off in a few minutes; drain and wipe them dry with a napkin. Put a lump of good butter in a frying-pan; let it melt; add to it the pieces of chicken, seasoned with parsley, onions, and a little garlic, finely chopped, salt and pepper, and stir while cooking. When done, beat three or four yolks of eggs in a bowl of rich cream, previously warmed, withdraw the skillet from the fire, pour the cream over the chicken, stirring with a wooden spoon, and serve hot.

Abattis of Turkey, with Vegetables.—Singe, pick, and neatly trim the pinions, gizzard, feet, neck, and head of the turkey, avoiding the eyes and beak. Place in a sauce-pan over a lively fire, some butter and flour; let it brown a little at bottom, and put the fragments to cook in this gravy; after seven or eight minutes, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon, pour hot broth gently over it, and season with pot-herbs, a good onion stuck with one or two heads of cloves, salt and pepper.

Mutton Hash a la Pagsanne.—Mince the cold mutton; mince likewise a little ham; cook the latter in a sauce-pan at a very gentle fire; moisten with soup-stock; let it boil, and when the sauce has taken some consistence add a pinch of pepper; then warm in the sauce-pan, without letting it boil, the hash of mutton, which must be served hot.

A Nice Dish of Vegetables.—Put a Savoy cabbage, six carrots, eight potatoes, three turnips, a pound of lean pork, all seasoned with salt and pepper, into a pot; seal this hermetically; put it over a slow fire for two hours and a half, and serve it straight from the fire. It is not a costly dish; is easily made, and good.

Breast of Veal a la Marengo.—Cut neatly into three-inch squares the breast of veal; rinse the pieces in cold water; take them out and drain on a white cloth. Place on the fire a frying-pan with a piece of butter, (the chicken fricassee should be made with oil,) let the butter fry, then add the pieces of veal, a few very thin slices of onion, a little minced ham, a little soup-stock, salt and pepper. Fry the whole together, and when the veal and onions are cooked and of a fine color, add a little vinegar, and serve. Those who wish a sauce may, when the pieces of veal are nearly cooked, dredge them with a little flour, fry a few moments longer, then add more soup, and serve after a short extra cooking.

Pumpkin-Sauce.—Pare the pumpkin and cut it in large squares; set it to cook with very little water; stir and bruise it until it forms a paste, rather firm, and let the mass evaporate until it ceases to have a watery consistency. Melt some butter in a sauce-pan; turn the pumpkin into it; salt it a little, and add plenty of sugar; let it simmer some time, and put it in a dish, cover with powdered sugar, and with a red-hot shovel make a crust over the surface. The pumpkin diminishing a great deal in cooking, considerable quantity is needed to make a presentable plate.

Fricassee of Veal.—Take the pieces of meat left from the roast, shape them with a knife, and cut away the hard parts. Fry a small piece of butter and some flour in a sauce-pan; stir in a little broth; let it boil up an instant, then throw in the pieces, and let them heat without coming to a boil; form the sauce with yolks of eggs beaten, with a dash of vinegar and a little fresh butter. You can, if you choose, add to this fricassee, which ought to be pretty thick, a little parsley and green onion, chopped fine.

SOUPS.

Brown Chicken-Soup.—Cut up a nicely-dressed chicken; put it in the pot with water to cover it, which must be measured, and half as much more added to it before the soup is dished. Keep it covered tight, boiling slowly, and take off the fat as fast as it rises. When the chicken is tender, take it from the pot and mince it very fine; season it to the taste, and brown it with butter in a dripping-pan. When brown, put it back in the pot. Brown together butter and flour, and make rich gravy by adding a pint of the soup; stir this in the soup, and season with a little pepper, salt and butter. Be careful the chopped chicken does not settle, and burn on the pot. It will be well to turn a small plate on the bottom of the kettle to prevent this. Toast bread quite brown and dry, but do not burn it, and lay the toast in the tureen, and serve it with the soup; stir the chicken into it, and pour it in the tureen.

Parisian Soup.—Ingredients: Leeks, potatoes, butter, salt, pepper, and beef-broth or water. Cut the leeks up in strips, and fry them in butter; then pour water or beef-broth over them, adding potatoes, cut in slices. Let them cook well; if you have boiled them in water, add butter, salt, pepper, and serve it on some fried bread already laid in the tureen.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Sweetbreads.—Scald them in salt and water, and take out the stringy parts. Then put them in cold water for a few moments. Dry them in a towel, dip in egg and crumbs and fry brown in butter. When they are done, take them on a dish, pour into the frying-pan a large cup of sweet cream, a little pepper and salt, and a little green parsley, chopped fine. Dust in a very little flour, and when it boils up, pour it over the breads, and send to the table hot.

A Good Mince for Patties.—Two ounces of ham, four ounces of chicken or veal, one egg, boiled hard, three cloves, a blade of mace, pepper and salt, in fine powder. Just before you serve, warm the above with four spoonfuls of rich gravy, the same of cream, and one ounce of butter. Fill the paste as usual.

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Stewed Beef-Steaks.—Stew the steaks in three parts of a pint of water, to which has been added a bunch of sweet herbs, two blades of mace, an onion stuck with cloves—say three—and a lump of butter soaked in flour; pour over a glass of sherry or Madeira. Stew with the pan covered down until the steaks are tender, but not too much so; then place them in a frying-pan with enough of fresh butter, hissing hot, to cover them; fry them brown; pour off the fat, and in its place pour into the pan the gravy in which the steaks were stewed; when the gravy is thoroughly heated, and is of a rich consistency, place the steaks in a hot dish, and pour the sauce over them. The steaks should be large, the finest from the rump, and have a due proportion of fat with them.

Oyster Mince.—Take off the beards of the oysters, cut the other parts in small bits, put them in a small tosser with a grate of nutmeg, a little white pepper and salt, a morsel of lemon-peel, cut very small, a little cream, and a small quantity of the oyster liquor. Simmer a few minutes before you fill.

Tongue, after it has been boiled, cut into thick slices, and stewed in a rich brown gravy, makes a very nice corner dish.

VEGETABLES.

To Boil Rice.—This is a vegetable that is very seldom prepared properly. Pick over the rice carefully, rinse it well in cold water till it is thoroughly cleansed; drain off the water, then put it in a pot of boiling water, with a little salt. Allow as much as a quart of water to a teacup of rice, as it absorbs the water very much while boiling. Boil it seventeen minutes; then turn the water off very close; set the pot over a few coals, and let it steam fifteen minutes with the lid of the pot off. The beauty of the rice boiled in this way is, that each kernel stands out by itself, while it is quite tender.

Stewed Celery.—Cut five or six fine roots of celery to the length of the inside of the dish in which they are to be served; free them from all the coarser leaves and from the green tops; trim the root-ends neatly, and wash the vegetables in several waters, until it is as clean as possible; then either boil it tender with a little salt and a bit of fresh butter the size of a walnut, in just sufficient water to cover it quite; drain it well; arrange it in a very hot dish, and pour a thick bechamel or white sauce over it; or stew it in broth or common stock, and serve it with very rich-thickened espagnole, or brown gravy. It has a higher flavor when partially stewed in the sauce, after being drained thoroughly from the broth.

Parsnip Fritters.—Boil the parsnips in salted water so as to flavor them through; make a light batter, cut them round and dip them in the batter. Have ready hot lard; take them up with a tablespoon, and drop them in while the lard is boiling: when they rise to the surface turn them; when browned on both sides take them out; let them drain, and set them in the oven to keep hot. Serve with broiled, fried, or roast meats or fowls.

Stuffed-Potatoes.—Take five large potatoes, wash and peel them, and scoop them out, so as to have them hollow from end to end; fill the holes with sausage or forcemeat; dip the potatoes into dissolved butter, and arrange them in a baking-dish; put them into a moderately hot oven for about thirty or forty minutes. Serve directly they are done. They may be accompanied by a sauce or not, according to choice.

DESSERTS.

Most Excellent Receipt for Castle Puddings.—Beat quarter of a pound of sugar and quarter of a pound of butter ten minutes together; two eggs, well beaten; then add them to the butter and sugar. Beat the whole twenty minutes. Then add, by degrees, quarter of a pound of dried flour. After the flour, beat the whole half an hour. Bake in small tins, in a moderate oven, and serve up with brandy-sauce.

Raisin-Pudding.—Soak two ounces of raisins in enough brandy to cover them. Take half a pound of flour, half a pound of chopped suet, a dessertspoonful of ground ginger, two eggs, four ounces of white sugar, and enough milk to make it a pretty light paste; add the raisins and brandy, put it into a cloth or basin, boil it for two hours, and serve with what pudding-sauce you please.

Brighton Pudding.—Take three eggs, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, and the peel of a lemon, finely minced. Beat the sugar and eggs for twenty minutes. Oil the butter, and mix it and the flour in at the last. Steam the pudding for one hour. Serve without sauce, only with preserve.

Apple-Pudding.—Pare four or five large tart apples, grate them fine; then make the following custard, into which stir the grated apple: Flour, four tablespoonfuls; one pint of milk, five eggs, and a little grated orange-peel. After you have these ingredients well mixed, pour them into your pudding-dish, and bake about one hour and a quarter.

Rice-Pudding without Eggs.—Take a teacupful of rice, wash, and place it in the bottom of a deep pie or pudding-dish. Cover with one quart of milk, a little salt and sugar, and nutmeg to taste. Currants or raisins may be added. Place in the oven, and bake two hours.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED SILK.—The under-skirt is trimmed with rows of brown velvet ribbon, put on lengthwise, and edged on one side with narrow, white guipure. The upper-skirt is cut as a polonaise, buttoned down the front, and looped up at the sides with jet buckles; this skirt, though quite plain on the hips, is made very full at the back. Long, close sleeves. Square, white muslin pelerine. Cape over the high waist, trimmed at the corners and down the front with brown velvet bows. Straw toque, trimmed with brown velvet, and a long fawn-colored grenadine veil at the back.

FIG. II.—SHORT HOUSE-DRESS OF POPPY-COLORED POPLIN.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with two ruffles put on in large box-plaits; the upper-skirt is trimmed with black Malteso lace, and looped up in the back by a fan-shaped sash. Close-fitting waist, and long sleeves edged with black lace.

FIG. III.—DINNER-DRESS.—The long train under-skirt is of black satin; the upper-skirt is of French blue satin, rounded off in front and gathered up slightly at the sides, but more at the back, and is edged with black lace. The body has wide revers, and opens to the waist; it and the sleeves are trimmed with black lace.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS.—The under-skirt is plain, and is made of brown and gray changeable silk. The upper-skirt, which is also plain, is looped up at the sides by bows of brown silk; it is looped up much higher on the right than on the left side. The waist is made with a close-fitting basque, over which is worn a small cape, all trimmed with brown ribbon put on plain.

FIG. V.—SHORT EVENING-DRESS.—The under-dress is of pink silk; the upper-dress is of very thin white muslin, with a deep fluted flounce at the bottom, headed by a quilling of pink silk. The low body is of pink silk; over this is worn a white cape-like body open in front to the waist, and trimmed with pink bows on the shoulders. The white tunic is trimmed with a narrow fluted ruffle, headed by a pink quilling, and is gathered up at the back by a pink bow.

FIG. VI.—WALKING DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The under-skirt has three ruffles, the middle one of which is of blue silk; the upper-ruffle is headed by a roll of blue silk. The upper-skirt is edged by a plaiting of black silk, pinked, and put on with two rolls of blue, and is looped up at the back with three very large bows of blue silk without ends. The pointed cape is trimmed like the skirt, and has a row of blue bows down the back.

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FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE AND GREEN PLAID POPLIN.—The under-skirt is made with one deep bias flounce; the upper-skirt is made bias, is looped up slightly at the sides, and is trimmed with a rich fringe. The large cape is crossed in front, cut with deep-pointed ends, made sufficiently deep to loop up with a rosette at the back.

FIGS. VIII. AND IX.—UNDER-SKIRT AND HIGH BODICE, with long sleeves of blue and gray striped poplin. Upper-skirt, fichu, and sash of plain blue poplin, trimmed with scalloped-out borders of the same material, bound with blue silk, and with blue silk cross-strips. Collar and cuffs of blue cashmere, trimmed with blue silk.

FIGS. X., XI. AND XII.—FROCK AND LOOSE BODICE WITH BASQUE, is made of gray serge. The trimming consists of a scalloped-out border of the same material, bound with a narrow strip of brown silk. This border is headed with a narrow cross-strip of serge. The larger basque is cut out all in one piece with the bodice; the smaller one, placed above it, is cut out apart. Fig. XII. shows the bodice without this upper-basque, and without the waistband of the material of the dress.

FIGS. XIII., XIV., XV. AND XVI., ARE PANNIER, TOURNURES AND CRINOLINE.—The first is the pannier tournure now worn in Paris over the crinoline. It is made of horse-hair bound with braid, and stiffened with steel bands arranged as seen in illustration.

Another tournure is made of white horse-hair, and consists of five flounces of different size, overlapping each other. The lowest flounce is twenty inches deep and twenty-nine inches wide; each of the others is four inches shorter; the upper one is only four inches deep and twelve inches wide. Each of these flounces is rounded off toward the bottom of the skirt, and hemmed at the upper edge and pleated, the hem remaining free; a thick cord is sewn in at the edge. The flounces are then joined together in the manner seen on illustration, the hems touching each other. Draw two cords in opposite directions through the hem of the lowest flounce, so as to make the tournure stand out still more.

Another of our illustrations shows the petticoat worn over the crinoline and tournure. It is gathered, just under the tournure, and tied up with strings. Our pattern is of longcloth. It is trimmed with a scalloped-out border edged with embroidery, and finished round the bottom with a fluted flounce.

The last is a gored petticoat, made of black alpaca; the lower edge is covered with a strip of black and red striped satin fourteen inches deep. This strip is lined on the inside, and bound at the bottom with black worsted braid.

GENERAL REMARKS.—All the varieties of serge are very popular for ordinary walking-costumes. Gray, with black stripes, is much worn; but nothing is so stylish, we think, as a "self-colored" material, as the English style it, that is, a one-colored material without stripe or figure. Many striped silks are in the market, as well as others elaborately brocaded with flowers in the natural colors. One silk of exquisite quality is of so light a pearl that it is just "off" a white ground, is brocaded in crocuses of all the natural colors and size; another, a little more on a cream-colored ground, is in foxgloves and other wild flowers. Some of the new black silks are embroidered in pink or crimson roses and buds, others in field flowers, poppies, pinks, and wheat, etc. These dresses cost about one hundred and fifty dollars the dress pattern, which is fifteen yards long. Other silks are of a white ground, with a chene pattern of brown autumn-leaves dashed here and there with red; others of a gayer, but not so elegant a character. White silks, with narrow stripes of satin, in either blue, green, cherry, or black, cost about four dollars per yard. A *narrow*, changeable silk of not very good quality costs one dollar and seventy-five cents per yard in dark colors, and they range in prices from that up to four dollars per yard, the higher-priced ones being, of course, wider. Good plain silks are very high, costing from four to eight dollars per yard. Black silks being so much of a staple article, always sell higher in proportion than figured ones, as the latter frequently go out of fashion so soon, that it is better to sell them off than to keep a large stock on hand.

The summer poplins and mixed goods vary in prices very much; some being sold as low as forty cents, and from that up to two dollars. Care should be taken in purchasing the lowest-priced goods as, if they are coarse, and there is much woolen in them, they will shrink so much that the dress will scarcely be wearable after two or three damp days.

No change is seen as yet in the make of dresses; the *exaggerated* tournure and pannier are no longer seen; and the present fashion has at last settled down to a sensible short skirt over a very *small* crinoline, gradually looped up in all varieties of whims, by bows, rosettes, etc. We think the street-dress was never prettier than it is at the present. Prophecies come from Paris that the pannier will be discarded, but we have seen no evidence of it as yet.

OPEN BODIES, made either square or heart-shaped, will be worn during the warm weather; but there seems to be no decided change in the fashion of making sleeves. The waists are worn considerably longer this season; and as for vandyked and scalloped trimmings, there is no end to them. The skirts are not looped up above the waistband, but about one inch and a half below it.

WATER-PROOF CLOTH is often made into short dresses now. One is made with a plaited flounce of the same round the skirt, bound with braid; there is but one skirt, and a kind of round cape of the same material as the dress, scarcely reaching to the waist, is worn with it.

BONNETS are as small as ever, and as high; the newest style is the *toque*, a kind of round hat, with a flat crown and narrow brim; the strings tie under the chin.

CHIGNONS OF CURLS are more popular than ever; they commence with small curls at the very summit of the head, and terminate with long ringlets that fall below the waist. They remind one forcibly of the wigs that were worn during Louis XIV.'s reign. Bows of satin ribbon, the points of which stand upright, are now worn at the top of these curly chignons. Sometimes extremely delicate-looking flowers are entwined sparingly round the ringlets, and these add much more elegance to a toilet than the more formal satin bows.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE MOHAIR.—The under-skirt is quite plain; the upper-skirt, which is cut in points, is trimmed with green fringe. The upper part of this skirt, where it opens at the sides, is cut in scallops and bound with green silk. The broad lapels on the waist are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. White hat, with green ribbon and plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The under-body is of white cambric; the outer-dress is a loose sacque of black silk, slightly gathered in at the back; it is buttoned down the front, and trimmed with three rows of black satin piping. The neck is square and finished in points; no sleeves, only short "caps." A cape like the coat, to be worn at pleasure, hangs over the arm Black toque, with a white aigrette.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A BOY.—The suit is of light blue summer cloth. The trousers are loose and reach to the knee, where they are confined by a band. The jacket is cut quite long, has large pockets on the outside, and is ornamented with buttons and braid. Round hat, with a heron's plume.

FIG. IV.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.—The under-skirt is of blue poplin, made plain. The upper-skirt is of dove-colored poplin, trimmed with satin pipings of the same color, and looped up with satin rosettes at the sides. Large cape of dove-colored poplin, cut slightly up in the back, edged with fringe, and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Gray hat.

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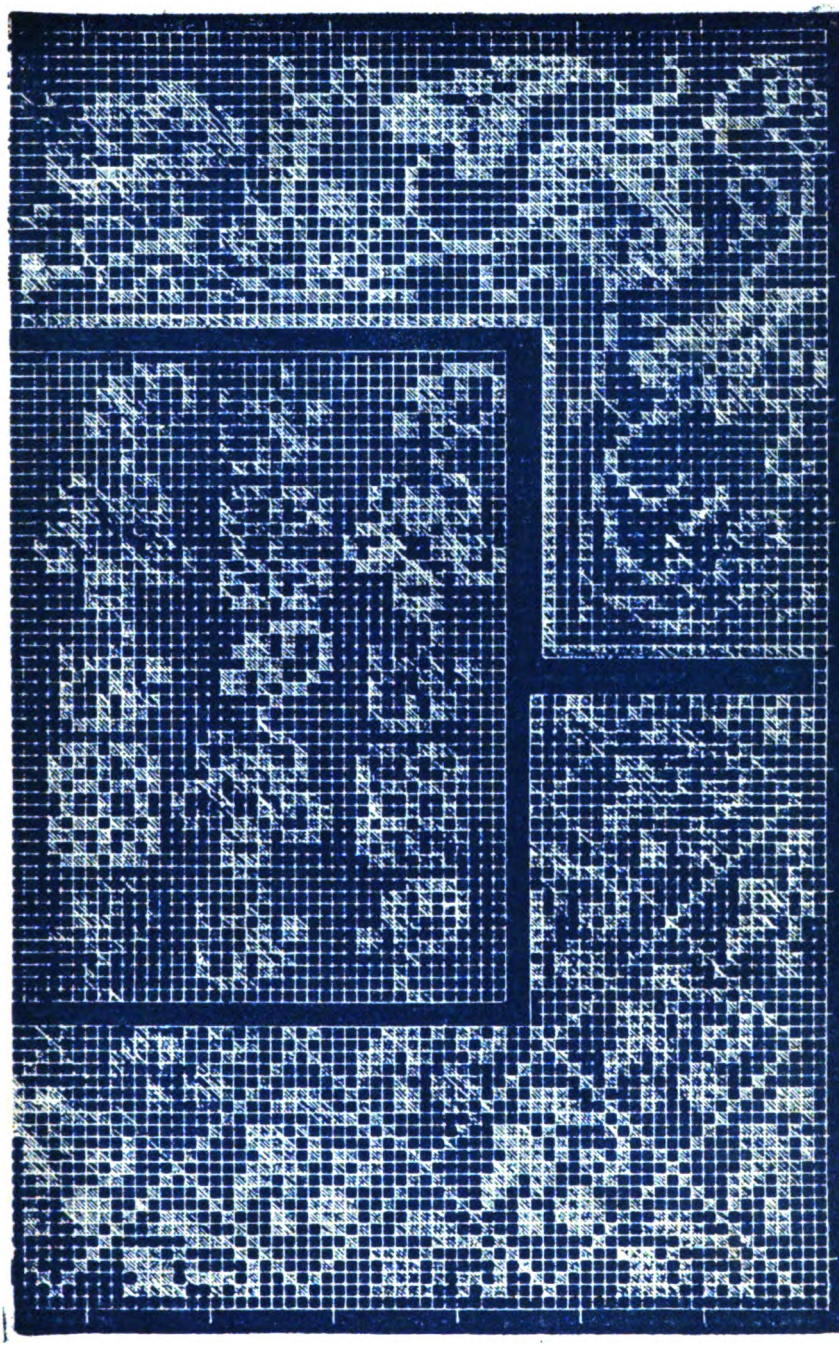

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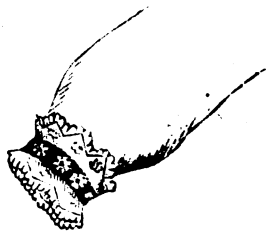

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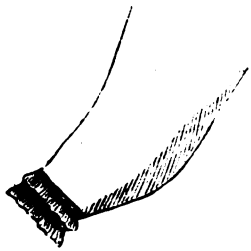

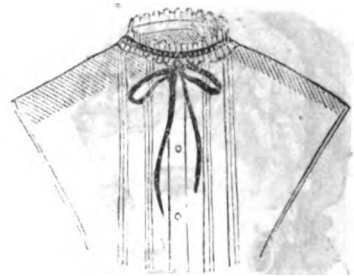

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NEW STYLES OF WEARING THE HAIR. HOUSE-DRESS.

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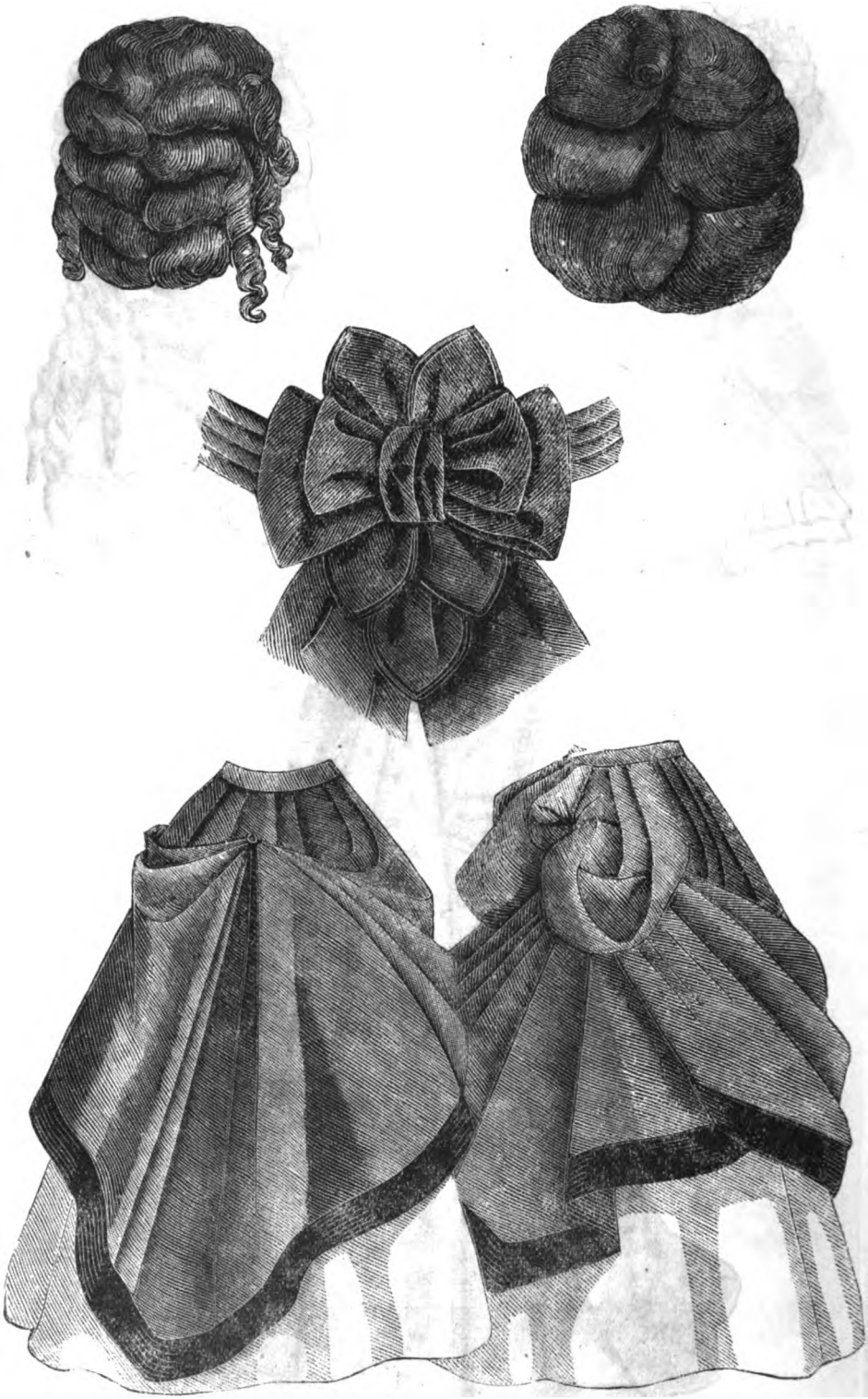

NEW STYLES FOR CHIGNONS, FOR A BOW, AND FOR PANNIER SKIRTS.

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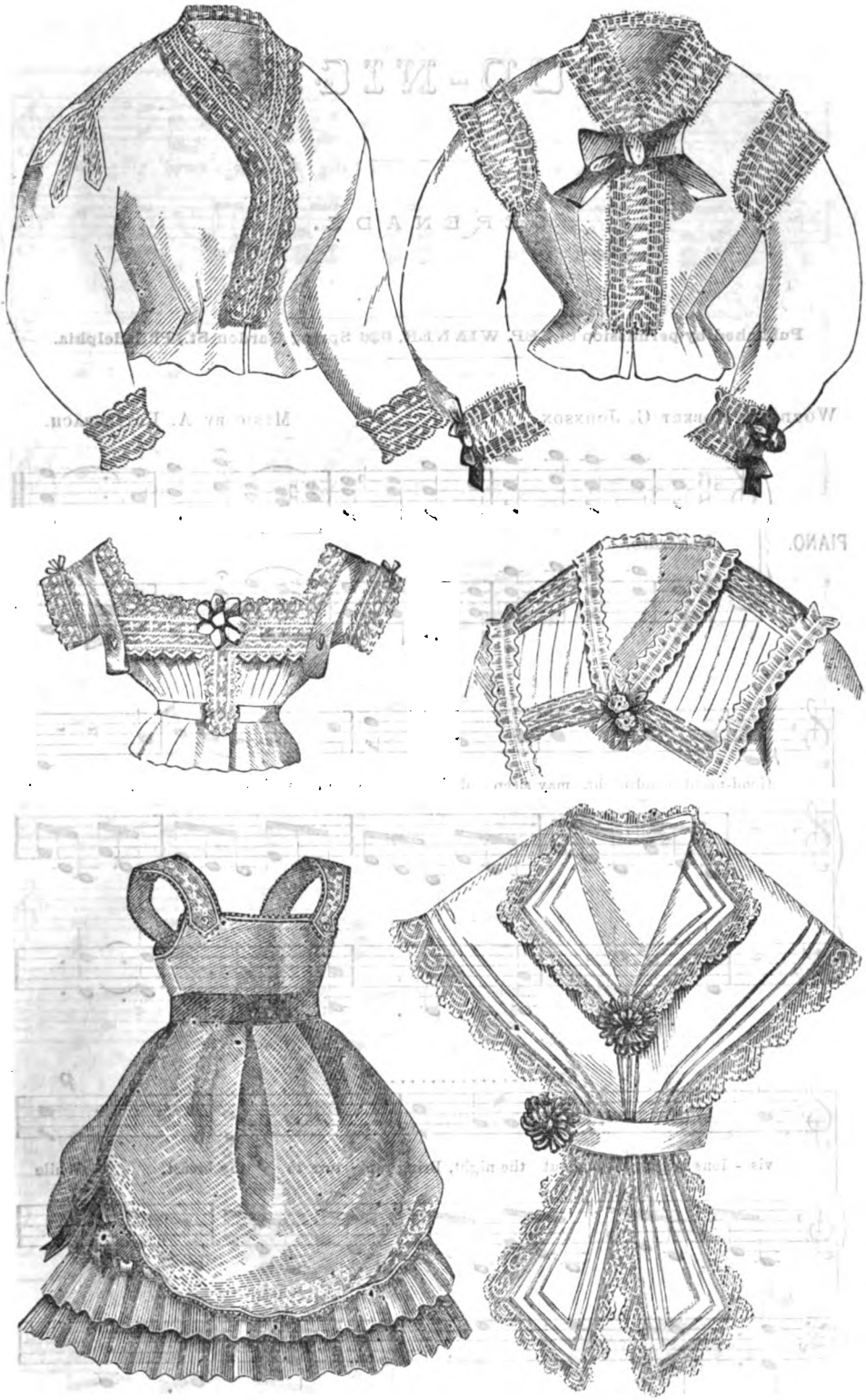

NEW STYLES FOR JACKETS, CAPES, BASQUES, ETC., ETC.

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GOOD-NIGHT.

SERENADE.

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WORDS BY ROBERT G. JOHNSON. MUSIC BY A. ROTTENBACH.

PIANO.

Moderato.

p

Good-night, good-night, may sleep de-light Thy soul with sweet - est rest, And

Cres.....f *p*

vis - ions bright, throughout the night, Bring rap - ture to thy breast. While

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GOOD-NIGHT.

soft - ly hymn - ing an - gels bend On o - dor drop-ping wing A-

cres..... *f* *p*

round thy couch, and there de - fend Thee from each ev - il thing.

Good - night,..... good - night, good - night,.....

..... good - night.....

pp

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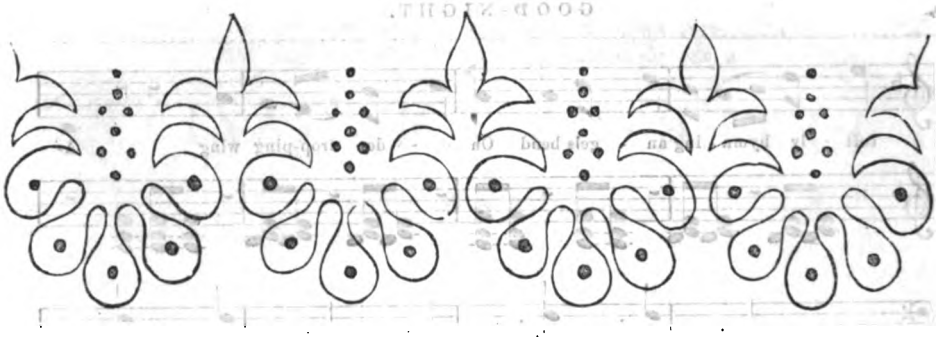

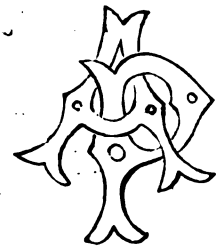

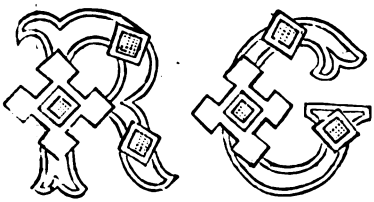

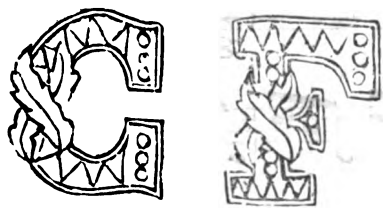

BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERY. NAMES FOR MARKING. INITIALS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LV. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1869. No. 5.

OUR "SAINT AGNES."

BY MARY A. DENISON.

WE called her "Saint Agnes." It seems, at first, extravagant; but this is how it came about.

It was the eve before one of the great festivals of Christendom, and a few of us had met, in our dear little village church, to practice for the anthems and solos of the next day. Agnes was one of our choir. Always dressed simply, on this occasion her attire was plainer than ever: a dark gown, with a kerchief folded across her bosom; "like a nun, or a Quakeress," as some one whispered. There was nothing here, you see, to enhance her loveliness; on the contrary, much, in the eyes of most persons, to detract from it. But when she stood up and began to sing, from Handel "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," her countenance became so rapt, and, as it were, inspired, that she seemed of more than earthly beauty. Then it was that her cousin Philip cried, as if unconsciously, "She is a saint, not Saint Cecilia only, but Saint Agnes, for she is purity itself."

I did not wonder at his enthusiasm. I had heard Jenny Lind, years before, in that solo, and then I had thought I should never again hear such music. But now it was as if a voice sang out of heaven itself. We were all thrilled and exalted. "Saint Agnes," we repeated; and the name clung to her ever after.

She had come to Stillwater, an orphan, at fourteen. Ever since, she had lived on the old Gallager farm, the finest property in our part of the country. Its gray chimneys and pleasant orchards came close up to the outskirts of the village. The Gallager fruit, the Gallager stock, and the Gallager blood were reckoned among the best. Everybody knew the Gallagers and respected them. Uncle Tom Gallager was the friend of all, and his widowed sister, who kept house for him, was such a favorite, that nobody called her anything but "aunt Judith." Her cheek was still round and rosy, though she had seen trouble, ay! and more than most of us.

It was when Agnes was about seventeen, the very winter after her cousin Phil, aunt Judith's eldest son, had given her the name of "Saint Agnes," that a great blow fell on them all. Suddenly Phil disappeared. For awhile there was a stirring time at the farm-house, men galloped hither and thither, solemn old lawyers came down to the tavern, and finally Phil's name ceased to be spoken, and, as if by general consent, he seemed to pass away from everybody's memory. Aunt Judith's face grew pinched, and her cheeks hollow: then she had a long illness; and when she recovered at last, it was to go about the house the shadow of herself, as still as death, and as white almost.

In that illness, Agnes nursed her aunt indefatigably, and deserved, people said, the name of saint more than ever: and ever afterward her tenderness to the heart-broken mother was inexpressible. As years went by, the large, soft, gray eyes took on a deeper meaning. Suitors came to her; but they sued in vain; and now, at five-and-twenty, Agnes was still unmarried. "She will never leave her aunt," said some. "She is as cold as an icicle," said others. But most of us thought, with aunt Judith herself, that Agnes was too saintly for mortal love.

It was night at the old farm-house. Aunt Judith sat knitting, while the huge fire blazed merrily: the room looked like that of an old baronial hall. Her second son, Kennard, had brought home from the city, on a visit to him, his friend, Lieut. Macgruder; and they were now warming themselves, and chatting with their host, after their cold ride. The lieutenant looked a handsome man, especially in his uniform, but there was something sinister in his expression, some of us thought. Kennard was different. He was tall, with a profusion of thick, silky curls, and with a broad, ideal-looking forehead. He was very pale, and his face, finely cut and dark, wore an anxious expression:

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he looked like a man wanting in electric power, deficient in endurance. But seated at the small organ, which was dimly visible at the further end of the room, he would thrill the nerves of the coldest by the passion and meaning he infused into his music. Near him, in his great arm-chair, was uncle Tom Gallager, a perfect giant in proportions, but looking so genial, so entirely to be trusted, that many a blooming girl would have married him, old bachelor though he was.

The door opened and Agnes came in. Bright as the room already was, her presence seemed to infuse new light into it. The lieutenant rose to be introduced to her. She moved noiselessly across the floor, gave him her hand with unaffected welcome, and then sat quietly down by her aunt. Nobody appeared to notice Kennard, as, his soul in his face, he followed her every movement. But the lieutenant did.

"Humph!" he said to himself. "Her saintship has made this poor fool in love with her. She's a beauty, there's no mistake in that; they all idolize her, overrate her, no doubt: a saint! bah! we shall see."

He watched her, during the whole evening, furtively; and as he lay down in bed, said, as the result of his observations,

"What would I give to stir that calm soul of hers. I will see, before I go, what can be done."

As for Kennard, he tossed, restlessly, on his pillow for half the night. He had loved Agnes since they were both children. Coming back, as he had done that day, after an absence of several weeks in the city, he had hoped to see some sign of emotion in her; but her welcome, kind as it had been, had not been warmer for him than for his friend. He was torn now with alternate grief and rage. "If any other comes and wins her," he said, grinding his teeth, "I will be the death of him."

The next morning Kennard and his friend went out hunting. A little while after, a shadow darkened the room where Agnes was sitting. She looked up. It was the lieutenant.

"I forgot something," he said, entering the room, cap in hand, "and it strikes me——" he turned as he touched the latch of the opposite door, "that I have a letter for you."

She looked up calmly, and only smiled her soft, sweet smile as she said,

"Indeed! A letter for me?"

"Yes; a gentleman, whom I have seen but a few times, hearing that I was coming to Gallager farm, begged me to give it to you when you were alone. He said, tell her that Ross sent it."

She started at the name, grew deadly pale, caught her breath, and then the crimson tide rushed over face and neck. He left her trembling.

"Saint Agnes—bah!" said the lieutenant, softly closing the door, "there's fire there. I wonder who Ross is! Queer piece of business. Beautiful, though—upon my soul, beautiful! And now I have a talisman, I'll make her talk to me. I'll probe the serene heart of this gentle saint. By Jove! I believe I'm half in love with her myself."

He brought down the letter. She had not yet regained her usual quiet; he saw her hand shake as she took the letter from him. She laid it down. She glanced up at him. It was a pitiful, appealing look, that no man could withstand; and bowing, as if, indeed, to a saint, so much of reverence there seemed in the action, he left her.

Saint Agnes let the missive lie there till the lieutenant was out of sight. Then she picked it up in a strange excitement, and flew to her room, holding the letter close to her heart. Then down she went on her knees, hid her face—it might be in silent prayer—and afterward read in silence, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. Had any one seen her kissing the bit of paper, passionately, again and again, he would scarcely have recognized in this brilliant, grateful countenance, the sad, pale girl who passed for a saint, because she seemed so calm, so cold.

That same day poor Kennard was brought home frightfully wounded. All the house was in commotion. Aunt Judith, white as a cloth, followed the helpless, unconscious form up stairs, where it was laid upon the bed. Two solemn nights of watching passed; the third day he knew them all. Probably, the doctor said, he would never rise from that bed again. The ball of the weapon, accidentally discharged, had entered the spine in such a manner that half of the body was paralyzed. Yet he might live for years. Poor aunt Judith! for the second time in her life the roses fled her cheeks, and care and sorrow made furrows over her pleasant, old face. Saint Agnes waited upon the sufferer. His eyes followed her every motion. She had known for a long time that he loved her, but the knowledge was doubly painful now.

"Come here, Agnes," he said one day, in his low, pitiful voice. She came to him.

"Am I never to get up?" he asked.

The tears gathered in her eyes, but she was silent. She could not even say, "We hope."

"Well," he turned his eyes away wearily, "I must learn to bear it. But, great heaven!

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Agnes, I have lost—oh, my God! I have lost you!"

She tried to speak.

"Don't, Agnes—let me say my say. I love you, I worship you. Oh! light of my life! love of my soul! saint! angel! let me tell you, or my heart will burst. See, I have life in my hands—put yours in them." She obeyed mechanically. He drew her down—lower, lower, yet lower, so that she almost touched his lips. Then suddenly she resisted; her cheeks flushed painfully; the beating of her heart could almost be seen. Slowly, and with a look of agony, he let her go; a strange gray shadow settled over his face—all hope, all joy, all life seemed fading out. Agnes wept bitterly.

"If death had only come—anything, anything but this," he moaned.

"Cousin Kennard," she was kneeling by his pillow now. Her beautiful eyes, and the crown of golden hair were all he could see; tears streamed down her pallid cheeks; her voice was very sad, "don't send me away; you are very dear to me, though not, not——" She could not speak for the choking sobs.

"I understand you, Agnes—I am a broken, ruined man. What right have I to make any demands upon your fresh, young life? Yet, though I thought you so saintly, as far above me as the angels of heaven are, I had," his voice broke, "a little hope. Oh, Agnes! I could thank the hand that would snap the brittle thread of this miserable life."

"Hush! cousin Kennard." She had regained her feet; then, after a moment's pause, she bent over and kissed him.

"Oh, Agnes!" he said, with a look that she never forgot, "it is mockery now."

"You must let me tell you, cousin, that if this dreadful thing had never happened, it would have been all the same. You should have been dear to me as you are—I would have loved you as a sister. In any other way I could not."

"Oh, Agnes!" he cried, with a look of unutterable love, "Saint Agnes!"

"Don't call me that," cried the girl, holding her hands out in a pitiful way, "don't!"

"Well, yes," said aunt Judith, some time after, busy over some household work that must be done, (she was talking with the lieutenant,) "Agnes has had offers enough, dear knows. All the young men, and some of the old ones, hereabout, have been in love with her. She's had splendid chances—but her mind don't seem to run that way. She's devoted to her home; been so ever sence I had that dredful spell of sickness—only sixteen, too, and nursed me like a woman. I can't think she ain't got no heart. It ain't that—she lives, somehow, in another atmosphere. She's jest happy by herself, readin' and writin'. I used to think she wasn't long for earth; but she's healthy enough, pale as she is. I do wish she could love some good, kind man, indeed I do. 'Taint right for one to live so lonely like."

In which sentiment the lieutenant quite agreed with her, and on the first opportunity talked love to Agnes; told her he could support her handsomely; that his father was a rich man; that he was sure of promotion; to all of which Agnes listened, and then replied in such a way that he never asked her again, though she spared his pride.

One night, while Saint Agnes, looking like a pure white lily, so pale and drooping, read softly to Kennard, whose face was growing more patient, uncle Tom Gallager came in below stairs. Aunt Judith was making biscuit for supper. There was a strange look in the rough, rugged face, a nervous, suppressed glance, which the lieutenant noticed. Dick was going away on the morrow. Though he did not consider Agnes a saint, he had more respect for her than he had ever felt for any other woman.

"Judith, I met a stranger down at Saggeth's," said Tom, rubbing the cat's fur with his foot as gently as another might with his hand. "His name is Ross, and he wants to take board here for a week or two. He's a right proper man."

Dick had started at sound of the name. Now he was all attention.

"Pray what does he want to come here for?" asked aunt Judith, half fretfully. "We've sickness here."

"I think he used to know poor Ken; and as he's traveled a good deal in furren parts, why he can amuse the lad."

"Let him come," said aunt Judith, resignedly, "there's room now;" and she wiped a tear away hastily. "Anybody that knew poor Ken."

"I think he's coming now," said rough Tom, going to the window, "for I took the liberty of inviting him."

"Took the liberty, Tom, in your own house! Well, I must say, you're the best and kindest brother. If it hadn't been for you, what would my poor boy have done? Had to go to a hospital likely, and as for me——"

"He's coming in, Judith;" and Tom looked scared, as at that moment Saint Agnes appeared at the foot of the stairs leading into the room, a delicate china-dish in her hand. Dick stood up looking at her; aunt Judith had turned from the table, and was wiping her hands on a snow-

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white towel, when the door opened, and a bearded man, with brown eyes, stepped in. Agnes stood for one moment as if paralyzed; the dainty dish fell at her feet in fragments. At one bound she was in the arms of the stranger, clasped close, and sobbing for joy on his shoulder. A moment after, before anybody had spoken, she threw her beautiful head back, and cried,

"Oh, Phil! dear Phil!" when warning sound and motion were both given. But the mother's soul was quick to hear.

"Phil!" she said, coming forward with a strange, uncertain step. "Oh, no! it can't be him; but the name—the dear name of my boy."

The stranger put Agnes gently aside.

"Mother," he said, his arms outheld; and in another instant that wet, homely, motherly face, that good, suffering face lay upon his bosom. They thought she had fainted with the joy; but no, she had only lost her strength. She soon found it again, and was weeping blessed tears against the warm, beating heart of the son she had deemed lost to her.

"He's got good news for ye, too," said Tom, who was busily wiping his spectacles, though he had no intention of putting them on.

"Yes, mother, I have redeemed myself," he said, proudly. "Every dollar of that money I have paid back. When I went away I was desperate. Twice I tried to kill myself; but this dear face," and he turned to Agnes, "stood always between me and guilt. She was my pure, little love even then; and she never forgot me, or looked down upon me Her letters, her affection have made me what I am. We have met more than once, or twice, or thrice; but I could not make myself known to you till I felt that my honor was redeemed."

At this the lieutenant stole up stairs.

"We were right to call her Saint Agnes," said aunt Judith, tenderly.

"Yes! She is Saint Agnes more than ever," was the response. "She has been my guardian saint, she has brought me back to the old homenest to be a good son to you."

"The Lord has given me another child," said aunt Judith, tearfully. "You knew that poor Ken——"

"Yes, I knew," hurriedly. "Where is he?"

"In your old room."

Phil hurried up there.

"Bless us, Tom, did you see Kennard's look in him just then?" she said. "But, dear Lord! I never thought; the poor boy knows nothing of it—it may kill him;" and she followed her son up stairs. The lieutenant had prepared the invalid, however; and the mother, and Tom, and Agnes, stopped at the door, for Kennard was talking in a low voice.

"Yes, Phil," he was saying, "this accident is your salvation. If you had come and claimed her before, and I had known that she loved you, had loved you so long—she whom I have worshiped for years, I would have taken your life, Phil, for I had sworn it. But—but heaven has ordered otherwise—it is right, all right. Welcome home, Phil, welcome." He fell back exhausted, and when his mother reached him he had fainted.

When he knew Phil's story, however, Agnes was more saintly than ever in his eyes—in the eyes of them all. Kennard lived many years, and Agnes tended him with a sisterly affection—he died in her arms.

To this day, though years have passed, she is called by all who know her (and all who do know love her) "Our Saint Agnes."

THE DEAD LOVE!

BY MRS. M. N. MAYFIELD.

Dead! dead! cold he lies!
Sealed for ay the beautiful eyes.
Never more kisses tender rain;
Never more pleasure, never pain—
Love is dead!

Cold! cold! Lost forever!
Caress of mine can warm him never;
Heart to hear ne'er beat again;
Shall I seek, weeping—seek in vain
When Love is lost?

Lost and gone! Farewell, sweet-heart—
Mine no more wherever thou art.
The band dissolves that bound us twain—
Never may it be linked again,
Now Love is gone.

Bury it deep, far out of sight;
Shroud all the place in oblivious night;
Never there the voice of regret,
Nor rain of tears the grave-sod wet
Where Love is dead!

Dead! But may not the dead arise?
Speed to the grave where this dead love lies;
Wait, hope for the angel to lift the stone,
When purer, perfect, all thy own,
Love shall arise!

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THE CROOKED MAN IN GREEN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I WENT up the steps of the comfortable hotel, where I like taking my ease of a winter, being what dear Mr. Paggotty pleasantly called a "bachelor," and, therefore, fond of enjoying my liberty to the fullest extent, and so persisting in choosing the aforesaid place as my hybernal roost, in spite of all my over proper friends pronouncing it a "fast" place, and assuring me that I ought to live somewhere else—"really now."

I suppose I ought. I suppose it would be right to immure myself in a quiet family, (I wonder if my religious example would be considered an equivalent for my keep!) or, perhaps, I ought to search for a moral and Christian boarding-house, and be regulated and talked over by the old tabbies who seek shelter there; but, really, I prefer being improper to being uncomfortable—I may as well be honest.

I think I may take this opportunity to thank my friends in general for appearing so interested in my behalf; and having done that, won't some philanthropist, who likes to write letters, send moving addresses to the whole lot of them, and ask them to grant me a little wholesome neglect.

I am sure, if you could only see the rooms, you would pardon me at once, and own that nothing quite Puritanical ever was so pleasant; and if you could make one at little suppers that occasionally are gotten up here, say after the Duchess, or *Barbe Bleue*, (let's drink bewitching Irma's health, this minute,) you would forget all your scruples—at least till the next morning.

But where was I? Oh! going up the steps! Into the office I passed; my key was not there—the chamber-maid had it. On the stairs I met that important functionary—Jim, the fireman, had the key. So, with a pleasant disregard to appearances, I stood still and shouted for Jim at the top of my lungs—and as I am not consumptive, I soon brought Jim, and a score of people besides; but I did not want them, so they went away.

There stood Jim on one leg—he never uses both to rest on at once, and his dress was more hopeless, his hair more like spikes than usual, and altogether looking even more absorbed and forgetful than common.

"Is it the kay?" he asked, innocently, in reply to my demand. "Thin the chamber-maid has it."

"She gave it to you," said I, with determination.

"Did she now?" questioned Jim, and looked as if he were going off into metaphysics.

"Yes. You must have it."

Jim dropped two coal-scuttles, and began searching in his pockets, and he seemed to be all pockets from head to foot. I certainly never saw anything human turn so many inside out, and in such mysterious places; but though there appeared to be a little of everything therein, my key was not among the contents.

"Now who did I give it to?" demanded Jim, looking at me in an injured way, as if it was all my fault that he was put to so much trouble. Then a bright thought sent a smile over his odd, crooked face. "Shure, I left it in the door," said he.

"A pretty thing to do," cried I, wrathfully. "Don't you try that again! I don't choose to find half my traps gone some fine day."

"That's thrue, ye wouldn't," said Jim, meditatively, with his head on one side, so exactly like a wise blue-jay, that I passed on quickly, in order to preserve my dignity, which gets shaky very easily.

Sure enough, when I got in and looked about, an overcoat and a pair of boots were gone; but the overcoat was one a friend had left a few days back; and the boots always pinched me more severely than the recollection of my sins, so I concluded that matters might have been worse.

Up came Jim; and I to blow, of course, and Jim to do grief and remorse in his most touching manner. Finally, he dove into the bedroom, and out of the recesses of a closet he fished the coat, and out of some other impassable place he drew the boots; and when he found them, I felt less like forgiving him than ever, because I should have to do penance by wearing the instruments of torture.

Then I remembered that it was near the end of the month, and my story had to be written; and while I was mentally vituperating the boots, and Jim was chuckling, straightway this inconsequent mind of mine went back—oh! so many years. I was a school-boy, and a very little one,

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and a person came one day to visit our tyrant, the teacher, and delivered an address on the enormities of novel-reading, and the abominable characters of novel-writers in general.

In support of his theory, he related an incident of some man who went once to visit Fennimore Cooper, and found him in his garden, listening to the conversation of his Hibernian gardener, and noting it down to be used in a book. Now the man who told us poor wretched prisoners that, instanced it as a specimen of the folly and degradation of scribblers of fiction—the wisdom of thoroughly commonplace people is always exhilarating.

So I thought that since, in spite of that warning given me in my callow years, I had actually become one of that improper band of scribblers, I might as well follow in my humble way the example of the illustrious novelist, and as my own ideas were few and far between this morning, see what Jim's cranium could offer.

"Jim," said I, gravely, "I shan't complain of your carelessness on one condition—that you tell me a story."

"Story? Lord bless me, sir, I never had a story to tell," cried he, so nearly in the words of the needy knife-grinder that I had to smile.

"No matter, Jim, you've got it to do."

"Shure, if it was me grandfeyther now, he'd spin 'em to ye by the yard."

"But he's not here."

"Dead these ten years—the heavens be his bed. But there was Phaylim, me brother, he know'd the story, too, av ye could ax him——"

"But he's not here either."

"He's dead, too. I'm the only wan of me brothers that's left at all."

"But what was it happened to your grandfather, Jim?"

"Well, ye see, sir, he was as dacent a man as ye'd find from Galway to Cork; and barrin' he liked his dhrop of liquor, like the most of us, Saint Patherick himself wasn't more to be depinded on."

"I suppose you inherited that quality, Jim," said I, glancing at the door.

"Oh! it's yerself likes yer little joke, sir," said Jim. "But the kay was on the outside—so where was the harrum? A body would think ye'd left it there to have it convanient when ye wanted to come out."

The reasoning was very Irish and ingenious, at all events, so I let it go.

"But about your grandfather, Jim?"

"Yis, sir, as dacent a man as ye'd see in six fine Sundays, on'y he was bald as a young birred; but I've heerd him say he thought it was Judy, his first wife, did that wid a slipper, fur she'd been a lady's maid in a high family, and had caught their ways. But she wasn't me grandmother, at all, bekase them same slippers was the death of her jist afther me father was born, wearin' them out in all weathers, instead of clogs, like a dacent woman. And me father, wid a face that ye could have put in a pint cup, not that I seed him so, for he lived and growed finely, along wid his aunt's bringin' him up wid the calf that she had that spring, and the distrainers took, bad cess to them, and the spotted cow along wid it."

"But about your grandfather, Jim?"

"That's what I'm tellin' yer honor. He was bald as a young birred all along of Judy's slipper, and the ways she had out of the high family."

"But what happened to him? that's what I want to know."

"'Deed, then, if I was to tell the power of stories he had, it ud fill that great pile of paper there on the table."

"I only want the one you were thinking of at first—the one Phelim could tell, if he wasn't among the angels."

"Shure I hope so," said Jim, piously; "but he was always a restless bye that ye couldn't kape in ony place long."

"But the story, Jim?"

"Is it the wan about me grandfeyther's meetin' the crooked man in green, I wonder?"

"That's the very one, Jim. Now go ahead."

"Well, ye see he'd bin over to Kilmakillock that day, and they'd had a bit of a fair; and what wid meetin' ould frinds, and maybe a shindy now and then, though the ould man was as dacent and sober as iver trod, not being ould at all, at all, at the time, ye percave, since it was befoore Judy caught her cold along wid the slippers. Where was I thin? Bad cess to it for a tongue, anyway, I was niver wan for making stories."

"Your grandfather was going home from the fair, Jim."

"So he was. Oh! it's yer honor has the memory! It's on'y yesterday I was saxin' to—"

"Yes, Jim, I heard you, and I gave you a quarter for your good opinion. Now get on, or get your grandfather on."

"That's how it was axactly. He was a goin' home all by himself, mabby whistlin' a bit of a tehune, for it was a mortial lonesome road, up over the hills, and nobody for company like. There was two or three of the byes as started wid him, but they hadn't so far to go; so by the time he got along to what was called Peter

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Byrne's bog, he was all alone, barrin' the bit of a tchune he was whistlin' jist for a divarsion.

"Peter's bog was the dreariest ould corner in three counties; but me grandfeyther was that tired by thin, that he couldn't stop to think how he allays hated the place, and niver passed widout some sort of bad luck; for by the same token he lamed his gray mare there on'y the week before. So he set him down on a big rock convanient, and took his dudeen out av his pocket, and fell to smoking as 'asy as yer honor is doin' this blissed minute.

"He never knowed how long he sat there, and he thought maybe he'd nodded a bit; but jist then he heard a sort of nise, like as somebody wheezed a little wid a bad cold, and he looked up, and there stood a crooked little man, wid a bit of a knotty club in his hand.

"'Heyday!' sez he.

"And my grandfeyther not wishin' to be outdone in manners,

"'Heyday,' sez he, back agin, as boold as brass; 'or night, I'm thinkin', it is nearer.'

"'Day or night,' sez the crooked man, hitting the big rock wid his slip of a club, 'what are ye sittin' on my doorestip for widout so much as by yer lave?'

"'I'd be sorry to do that same by annybody,' sez my grandfeyther; 'but divil a doore or step, ayther, do I know of widin a good mile.'

"'Git out!' sez the crooked man. 'Ye've bin drinkin' agin, and yer eyes is no better than goggles;' and he hit the rock, and jigged about, and acted as if he was tryin' to work himsel up into a fine passion about nothing.

"That was coombin' me grandfeyther's hair the wrong way, as ye might suppose, and he jist spoke up, sez he,

"'Onyway, ye didn't pay for the liquor, I'll make so bold as to remoind ye; and mebby ye'd have the kindness to be a little more careful wid that slip of a club, which is big for yer size, onyhow.'

"For me grandfeyther had a way of being very polite whin he was mad; maybe ye'd notice it in mysel, sometimes, whin the folks calls me all at wanst, and all calls acroost. I'm very loike me grandfeyther—they used to be sayin' he inherited it from me.

"'Onyway, ye didn't pay for the liquor,' sez me grandfeyther; 'and av ye wish for the roight to remarrak upon me condition, ye'd have to ask me to drink on your own doorestip to have the privilege.'

"'Mebby I might,' sez the little man; 'but ye haven't the head to stand what I'd give you.'

"'Oh! do you be thinkin' I can't drink twinty like you blind, and never feel it,' sez me grandfeyther. 'Why, ye undersized, little——'

"'Asy, asy!' sez the crooked man; 'we nadent remarrak on ach other's payculiarities.'

"'Faix, ye're right, and it wasn't manners; so I ax yer pardon,' sez me grandfeyther. 'But ye must admit ye lost yer own temper first.'

"'So I did,' sez the crooked man; 'but ye see it's enough to roile a body to see strangers sittin' on his doorestip at this hour.'

"'Devil a doorestip can I see,' muttered me grandfeyther; 'the little camel back 'll pershuade me I'm dhrunk nixt.'

"Thin the crooked man giv anoder swape wid his club, but jist resthrained himsel, and sez,

"'Perhaps ye'd walk in wid me and take the full of a thimble, and the laste taste of a dudeen, for it's cowld discoorsin' in the night air.'

"'Faix, I will, and thank ye koindly,' sez me grandfeyther. Then he remimbered what Judy towld him about bein' home afoore dark; and he muttered to himsel loike, 'The crayture couldn't be no madder av I waited till daybreak.'

"'Ye're roight there, thin,' sez the crooked man, wid a laugh. 'It's Judy ye mane?'

"'It is,' sez me grandfeyther; 'but I niver knew as ye was acquaintances wid her.'

"'I know 'em all,' sez the crooked man, 'from Kilmakillock to Garrylough Bay, from the ould lord down, and I've great succiss among the Gaymales.'

"'Indade, thin, I wouldn't have suspicted it,' sez me grandfeyther.

"'Come in,' sez the crooked man; and he hit the stun a wallop, and me grandfeyther skipped up into the air wid surprise; and the stun jist opened, and there was a beautiful marble stairway, all lighted, ladin' down, down. Thin he remimbered to be froightened, and to consate he'd fallen in wid the people in green; but it was too late, fur the crooked man give him a push wid his club, and the nixt he knew, he was half-way down the stairs, and heerd the big stun roll back with a bang.

"Me grandfeyther said he thought they'd niver be done goin' down them stairs, and they was so steep and windin', that it seemed as if they'd lost their own way intirely, and couldn't make up their minds where to stop.

"Somehow, afther the first stroke like, he couldn't remimber to be frightened, fur the crooked man was jisting and laughin' like mad, and tellin' him to kape his courage up, fur he'd smell the petheen and a hot supper in a minit.

"Sure enough, pratty soon they come to a couple of big doores, all barred with irrun, and

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the crooked man hit 'em a lick wid his club, and open they flew; and there wuz two little dwarfs a holdin' big torches, and bowin' down to the ground; and me grandfeyther seed they wuz in a tremengus corridore all blazin' wid lamps, and the floore all as wan wid a mass of diminds.

"Then there was more racket, and more big doores opened; and there was a splindid room, wid the greatest power of goold furniture iver seen, and people dancin' like mad to the most beauchiful music; and furder on another room, wid a great table covered wid lashins of atin' and drinkin' jist groanin' to be tuk.

"Thin the music stopped, and the small folks begun a prosthrain' themselves afoore the crooked man, and me grandfeyther a lookin' at him seed that his whole dress was changed, and he jist blazin' wid jewels down to the very hales of his slippers, and a goold crown on his head, so thick wid diminds ye couldn't set a pin betwixt them.

"Thin me grandfeyther begun to feel ashamed uv his moody boots; but the crooked man, sez he,

"'Don't be cast down, McGuire,' he sez, asy loike, jist as the Imperor of France might to yoursilf av ye stipped in unbeknownst and found the whole coort assembled. 'Don't be cast down,' sez he, 'we'll do a twilight fur yez in a pig's squeak.'

"Thin he jist touched me grandfeyther wid his club, that turned into a great goold spectre wid firey jewels in the top, and me grandfeyther seed that himself was as foine as the rist, and that made him asier in his mind, as ye might consate.

"But he began to wonder a little about his sowl, and what the praste wad say; but the crooked man jist lid him up to the table, and what wid the liquids and the solids he poored down his throat, me grandfeyther used to say that the Pope, his blissed silf, wadn't have knowed had he a sowl at all.

"Thin the music struck up agin, and me grandfeyther's hales wadn't kape still, and there he was a dancin' a jig like mad, and the small folks laughin' fur dear life. When he begun to feel his temper gittin' up at thinking they was makin' a bit of a game wid him, the crooked man towld him it was jist admiration, and he sez,

"'Faix, I niver seed onybody shake a fut like yoursilf! Come along and be inthroduced to the quane, and she'll dance a jig wid ye wid all the pleasure in life, fur there's not wan among us can howld a candle to her at that.'

"And sure enough, they wint into anoder room all wan wid the others fur splinder, and much more; and there was a craythure more beauchiful than all the rist, and the crooked man named her as his wife.

"'It's Misther McGuire, me dear,' sez he, asy loike as ony Christian could speak. 'Mebby ye've heerd me mintion him, fur I've often wished fur the pleasure of his acquaintance?'

"'I have,' sez the quane, 'and I'm glad to make his axtinguished acquaintance. How are ye, Misther McGuire?'

"'Pratty well, I thank ye, me lady,' sez me grandfeyther. 'How's all the family?'

"Thin the quane laughed, and held out her little fut; and what the divil to do me grandfeyther didn't know, but tuk it fur, mebby, their way of shakin' hands; so he shuk it, and the quane and the crooked man laughed till it seemed fits they'd be dhriving themsilves into.

"Thin they had moore punch betwixt thim in goolden cups; and me grandfeyther said the nixt thing he knew he was dancin' wid her majesties like mad, and a cryin' horse fit to burst a blood-vessel.

"Indade, I couldn't begin to tell you all the thricks and games they played, fur it was Phaylim remimbered the story best; but the long and the short of it was, that me grandfeyther ate and dhrank till he said the rooms was three times as big as at first, and the folks was six to wan what they had bin in the commincement.

"As fur the quane, she got so tinder that me grandfeyther was quite upsot, as yer honor can consave what the sitiation wad be to a susciptible man. Finally, whither it was the punch she dhrank, or a free and asy way she had for common, she jist flinged her two arrums about his neck right in the prisince.

"And how the crooked man raved from havin' bin as swate as a suckin' lamb. He called me grandfeyther a desateful Lutherian, and all the bad names ye could think of in a week of Sundays. But the quane jist stood up for him, and it turned out that she was the rale kaper of the establishmint, and had tuk the crooked man up from nothin', as she towld him, and married him in a moment of inadvertence, as ladies will; and she and the crooked man pitched into each other dreadful, and shure they couldn't have give betther proof that their marriage was all rigler.

"At last the crooked man flung away from her wid a curse that wud chill your blood, and sez to me grandfeyther,

"'We'll throw the dice for her, and av ye win, ye'll take her, and I'll be off to Amiriky, where there's a colony of us; and av not, ye'll

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stay here for stairclaner till ye rub the marble as thin as glass.'

"So they throwed six times, and me grandfeyther had doublits ivery wance; and the crooked man got so mad that he wint back uv his word.

"'Av ye can carry her to the top of the stairs widout stoppin' to brathe,' sez he, 'ye'll have her.'

"'Asy enough,' sez me grandfeyther, for she looked as light as a feather; and he grabbed her up, niver thinkin' of Judy, and mebby a thrial for bigamy—not to mintion the slippers, which was worst.

"Jist as he tuk her in his arrums, she give a screech that a'most made him lit her dhrop wid a bang.

"'Och, murther!' sez she, 'the dirty little humpback has stole me mamelet.'

"'Niver mind,' sez me grandfeyther, not percavin' rightly what the faxture might be she spoke of.

"He started for the stairs, the whole crowd horooing like wild, the crooked man the loudest; and the quane began to grow as heavy as lead, and when me grandfeyther kotched sight of her face, she had tchurned into the ugliest ould woman iver seen, wid a smell of bad whisky that was overpowerin'.

"He tried to dhrop her, but it was no use, she hung on, and she kicked him, and the little folks pranced about and thried to trip him up; and there was the crooked man laffin' to split his ugly sides, and wavin' the mamelet; and me grandfeyther made out that the quane had lost all her power, and niver wud be onything agin but a wrinkled ould crayture wid a smell to her.

"But he couldn't git out of the schrape, and up the stairs he toiled, and they was so slippery, and so much steeper than whin he came down that he couldn't kape his feet. Ivery time he fell, the little folks laughed, and the ould woman screeched like a black cat, and dug her nails intil him to that ixtint that she was worse nor a bilious colic.

"Thin there was an awful crash, and the lights wint out, and they all screeched bloody murther; and me grandfeyther was sinsible he was fallin', and couldn't stop himsilf, and at last he came down wid a bang on somethin' harrud, that knocked the breath out of him intirely.

"When he came to himsilf, there he was on the big stun, wid Judy a batin' him over the head with both slippers, and him a huggin' ould Bestsey Maloney like mad, as had come out wid Judy in search of him.

"Judy wadn't belave the sthory he towld at all, and me grandfeyther niver could find the way under the stun to the stairs; but he said, onyhow, he'd niver forgit the atin' and drinkin' he had that night, no matter what came.

"And Judy, she wint up to glory at last, and me grandfeyther burned the slippers; but ould Bestsey Maloney, she niver give him ony peace, tellin' a power of bad sthories agin him, till he jist lift the neighborhood in disgoost."

OLDEN MEMORIES.

BY ABBIE WHEELER.

The bright years come and go,
I welcome them with a will;
The Summer's sun, the Autumn's glow,
And the Winters, cold and chill.

Rain, rain, rain!
From a dun and leaden sky;
But the dreams of youth are mine again,
They live in memory!

Out over the harbor bar,
When the morning breaks in the East,
I see the gleam of a silver star,
After the rain has ceased!

On the wave-washed stones at sea,
Where the damp sands look so gray,
In the twilight of morn I seated me,
For a ship sailed swiftly away!

A stately ship sailed on,
And the one love of my life
Was borne o'er the waters alone,
To battle with tumult and strife.

The sweet years are passing away
To the haven of their rest!
But, oh! I have waited this many a day
For the ship that sailed to the West.

They tell me a mournful tale,
But bid me be happy and gay,
Ah! could I descry that white, white sail,
How blest I should be for ay!

Under the solemn skies,
The night winds sweep o'er the sea;
And I know that a scarlet moon doth rise
Like a vision of memory!

Yet I care not now for the star,
Nor the moon, nor the moaning sea:
For the ship and my love, o'er the harbor bar,
Have safely come back to me!

Those olden days have flown,
All their vanished grace is still!
But into my life a love has grown,
That I welcome with a will!

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THE STORY OF MAGGIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

To Maggie's mind it did not seem strange that she so often found the artist, Butler, in her thoughts; or that she was fond of talking of his perfections to her sister. For he not only possessed a handsome face and figure, agreeable manners, fine tastes, but she believed he knew everything there was to be known. He could call the rocks, sands, stars, birds, flowers, all by their appropriate names.

Stopping as they talked of something else, he said, "Listen! that's the hermit thrush. Hasn't he a voice?"

Or, as in walking, they came in sight of masses of rocks fastened in the sides of the hills, or piled up against the sky, "The Granite State," he said; adding, "Do you know, Miss Waters, that granite belongs to the ancient noblesse? It is one of the primitive rocks—not a fossil to be found in it, vegetable or animal. And this shows, you know, that it was formed before there was anywhere an ichthcosaurus to lie down on it and die, or a brontozoum to walk round on it in its half-fused state, leaving its tracks to be there as long as the world lasts. I have some of the tracks I would like to show you. Mrs. Butler calls them 'stuff!'" assuming a look of disgust; not, it is to be presumed, his own for Mrs. Butler, but that lady's for the minerals.

He read "splendidly!" Maggie's word for it, "splendidly!" she said to impassive Anna. "I wish you had been in the other room to hear him read Tennyson's 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.'

> "'Bury the great Duke
> With an empire's lamentation;
> Let us bury the great Duke
> To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation.'

You ought to have heard him read that—that! I wish you had! I wish you could hear him read 'Œnone.' It made me faint."

But Anna felt no more interest in this than in his other accomplishments. One grain of Charley Edgerly's diligence and good sense, in her mind, outweighing them all.

I suppose this lack of sympathy in her sister was to Maggie a misfortune, since, on account of it, she was oftener thrown upon the artist's glowing appreciation of her least and her greatest enthusiasm. He had metaphysical ideas, too, that pleased her. It was before the days of modern Spiritualism, so-called; but he had read quite deeply the works of certain authors—as Fichte, James—who were saying right true things upon many subjects; and among them, upon spontaneity attraction as a law of life; and these also he broached to her, as far, that is, as he wished her to understand them.

Now, a young girl like Maggie, having found a middle-aged man of this stamp, surrendered herself again to his influence, and not only in opinions, but in morals, conduct.

He had, therefore, only to open his stores before her to have her at his feet, questioning, trying to understand him, longing with a great desire to know all that he knew. And "I don't see why I can't," she would say. "I am sure I should think I might—shouldn't you, Anna?"

"Mr. Butler, what is the name of the bird that sings something like this?" trying to whistle or sing an imitation, "and has feathers so and so?" Or, "that is such a homely, little gray thing, he is ashamed to have one see him, and so keeps hidden out of sight, singing, 'You can't see me—you can't see me,' until he thinks one is gone. Then the leaves begin to stir, and pretty soon he comes round where one can see him. He's a darling! He has a dark spot in his yellow breast, as if he, too, had been hurt by the archer. If he knew anything about what a voice he has, I don't believe he would care much for his homely feathers—do you, Mr. Butler? Do you, Anna? Mother, do you? What is it, Mr. Butler?"

Mr. Butler could always tell her—or, almost always. Sometimes (and this happened oftener and oftener) he could not make out, from her description, whether it was the hermit thrush, or the tawny, or the meadow-lark. Then "Let's go out," he would say, "we'll hear him somewhere at his vespers."

She hunted up Anna, tried to persuade her to go. If she begged hard, Anna would, at last, lay down her work and go; but her head was sure to be lifted high. Curt in her responses if appealed to, silent as the firmament if she was not, her presence was yet a necessity to Maggie, both for the life-long habit of having her at her side everywhere, and for the sake of propriety.

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"If you go, too, I can go, and I want to. I learn so much, and it is so pleasant out. If you don't go I can't, for it wouldn't be proper."

But after the three had gone out together so many times, finding Anna's unwillingness to leave her work increase; finding, also, that she took more comfort with him when there was no one else, because then they could, to their hearts' content, follow the birds, search for minerals, flowers, and talk upon those new ideas, (new, that is, to hungry, thirsting Maggie,) upon attraction, freedom, law, she learned to go alone with him.

"He is right in one thing, I am sure of that," said Maggie, one day, following her habitual impulse in telling Anna all that she comprehended of these ideas. "I don't understand half he says—not half. I wish I could, but I'm so stupid about such things. I think you would understand him a great deal better if you would just try, and then you could explain it to me. But there is one thing I understand and believe—I know it is so. It is this, being slaves to—why slaves to anything or anybody; to fashion, custom, to the fear of what people will say if we don't do in everything exactly as they think we ought. We have to dress just so, when we would be glad to care nothing about it; walk just so, if we want to run and have a good time ever so much. We mustn't have any intimate friend unless it's a lady, if every lady we know is as dull as a chicken, and every gentleman as bright as—as a pidgeon, (as a pidgeon, I say, because the eagles are worn feather-bare, being used so much,) unless we are engaged to somebody. You are engaged to Charley; (perhaps you'll never be married to him, though, for 'there's many a slip,') but, any way, you are engaged. And you can walk alone together, sit together by the hour, drive off ever so far, whole days' journeys, and not a word is said. But here is poor me! nobody asks me to be engaged to him—or, nobody that I will be engaged to; and so I'm all the time afraid to be seen with a gentleman, if he is the best man in Franklin, and married besides, I'm so afraid I'll be talked about. If I want ever so much to be with him, I don't dare to. Don't you think this is a pretty state of things? I do."

One sees what Maggie's need was at this time. It was that somebody should make her understand that only through obedience can we ascend into perfect liberty; that state where we shall feel no law, because out of our beautiful culture, our glorified nature, we spontaneously move, speak, and act in completest accordance with the Highest.

Liberty to do right, (which also includes doing the thing in a right manner,) I think Maggie would have understood these four words if they had been presented to her by the right person.

But liberty to do the thing she wanted to, and as she wanted to—this, so far as she saw into these new doctrines, was the first rule in morals, and the last and only. There lay the mischief. Mr. Butler knew better than to present the subject to her in this meagre form, and leave it so to do its work while he was saying, "Some day, Maggie, you will let me carry you to ride when you want to go. If there is a Mrs. Grundy at one pane, a Polly Grundy at another, and a Peter Grundy at another; if there is a Grundy at every pane, you will let me? Now," (here he placed himself before her, standing, got hold of her little finger, locking it with his; and how could she withdraw it, she said to herself, or in any way let him see that she thought of the act, since he was so much older and wiser than she, knowing all the usages of good society, while she knew so little?) "Now I am going up to his birth-place"—Webster's, he meant. Where they stood they could see the great man, with his head bent, walking about in his "mother's garden." "I am going to-morrow morning early. He wants me to go up to sketch a ledge he used to play on. It has weeping birches and spruces, beautiful things, round it; ferns growing out of it, and mosses half covering it—a dainty bit of landscape. I shall be gone a day or two. So you must say something more to me than your accustomed 'good-night, good-night.' I am going now; you must let me——"

He kissed her, holding her finger fast locked in his.

She blushed; but she thought it must be right for them, now they were such good friends. As he was a married man, and just twice as old as she, of course it was right. Of course, he knew it was, or he would never have done it to her, when she was such a friend to him. Of course, he didn't mean it as an insult, as it would be if it was wrong. She was so glad he was a married man, she said. Now she couldn't fall in love with him, or he with her, if they were ever so good friends.

So she reasoned after he was gone. This kiss thrilled her—it thrilled her now whenever she thought of it; and for some reason, she did not know why, she said she liked to keep thinking of it—liked the thrill it gave her.

She was awake till a late hour that night, thinking of his kindness in liking her so well, taking so much pains to teach her whatever he knew. She, a young thing, not knowing anything

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about the world, he knowing so much. Good that he was old, gray-headed, she thought. He had more than once shown his gray hairs to her, to let her see that, as he said, he was thirty-two, almost old enough to be her father. So she could be the same as a daughter to him, she said to herself; and, of course, he would kiss his daughter if he was going away for a day or two.

But she must shut her eyes and go off to sleep. Anna was sleeping away at her side like a baby. She wondered whether Charley's kisses kept her awake, thrilled her, put her into such a tumult. She doubted if they could, remembering the specimens he had bestowed upon herself, when he had been off on one of his journeys home. They were no more to her, she remembered, than any one of the score of kisses dropped every day on her cheek or lips by the school-girls at the academy. She wondered whether that was all they were to Anna. But she must and would go to sleep!

CHAPTER II.

Not many days after, listening to a conversation carried on in a corner between an elderly gentleman, Mr. Hughes, and Charley Edgerly, she heard from the former the remarkable assertion that it was every way possible for a married man or woman to fall in love with somebody else; that it happened, or began to happen, not infrequently——

"In Paris!" interrupted Charley.

In New England Mr. Hughes said. It would happen pretty often in New England, if the very fact that they were married did not lead them to take care of themselves.

"Oh! I don't know about that!" replied Charley, doubting.

"Oh! I *do* know about that!" cried Maggie, within herself, not doubting. For Mr. Hughes' assertion was as the lightning's flash, revealing her whole condition, letting her see that already she would die for Butler, he was so dear to her, so completely inwoven with the tenderest mysteries of her being; that although she did not value herself at all as Maggie Waters, yet the tall, slender, graceful shape he loved was precious to her, because he loved it, clasped it sometimes, for an instant, as he crossed her, (in their own parlor, perhaps, with her mother, Anna, and even others present,) calling it queenly, because he admired her hair, touching it with what to others was but a light gesture, but to her was a caress, calling it lovely hair; calling her beautiful, piquant, sweet; all the affectionate names he could think of, (without her deserving one single one of them, she said to herself, thinking it over;) for this did she turn before her glass to see her face, hair, form, longing to caress them herself for what they were in his eyes; longing for him—oh! longing every moment for him, so that her heart was torn, ached—and he the husband of another, she cried, now that she saw.

It filled her with affright. "I am frightened!" she cried, shivering, July evening although it was. "I shall die, I am so frightened! I feel so bad here," rubbing her heart hard with her finger-points, looking with her great, troubled eyes out into the calm night.

"What will become of me? What will become of me?"

She could get no further than this that night; but in the morning light and freshness she was stronger; was able to say, "I know what will become of me. I will not see him; I will not go into the street again while he stays. I will keep on my old dresses and work. If he comes—when he comes, I mean—I will be in the kitchen cooking, or washing dishes, or cleaning paint—scrubbing away all this feeling for him; but mother shall be dressed and ready to entertain him. Then, when his call is over, I shall hear him go—and that will be one victory. I'll go on so, and keep getting them, and be saved. Oh! if I only can be saved! and I know I can! Of course, I can; I, Maggie Waters—of course, I can get over it, and not be lost!"

How full her heart was of courage, gratitude, that she felt so strong that morning. It was so different from last night, when she was afraid she never could get free, he seemed to hold her so fast, she felt so powerless.

Now see how she could scrub! (She was in the kitchen, that wholesome place for us under all our parlor troubles.) She guessed he wouldn't think her hands were very beautiful if he saw them now. If he came, and if she had to see him, she would go in just as she was; and then wouldn't he be glad to go over and see Matilda Buswell, and say his fine things to her? Wouldn't that be fun?

She laughed, talking gayly with her mother, singing fragments of the songs she loved.

And then she heard the gate shut, heard the sound of his steps on the gravel, on the door-stone; swallowed with difficulty the assault upon her weakness, scrubbing all the while.

"If he inquires for me, (but it isn't likely he will, with you in there, mother,) tell him I am busy as I can be, and can't stop for anything."

How happy she was, she now said, pausing in

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her work, the better to contemplate her rescue. Why, she certainly was saved! She certainly did not care one thing about him; she would as lief he would go over and see Matilda as not, and like her ever so much. She didn't care—she was saved!

Her mother came out to tell her she guessed she had better go in; he wanted her to very much. He wouldn't hinder her long, he said; but he had brought a sketch of some elms by the river, and the river itself, and mill, that he wanted her to see. And Maggie thought that, as she felt so light-hearted and strong, she had, perhaps, better go in and let him see how strong and light-hearted she was—how saved she was. So, letting her sleeves down over her arms, and pulling off her wide apron, she went in in her old gown and slippers; would not shake hands with him. "No," she said, "I can't shake hands with you this morning. See my hands! I am cleaning house. You mustn't stay long; I want to get back to my cleaning. See my shoes—don't you think they are beautiful? Isn't this dress beautiful? See if it isn't beautiful!"

He showed her his sketch; but instead of standing by him to look at it, as had been her wont, she crossed over with it to where her mother was sitting. She herself, by-the-by, had told him of the view, which was the finest in the neighborhood, but had escaped his notice. The sketch, more nicely elaborated than most of his views were, did ample justice to her recommendation. She could not help feeling gratified; but she cut off the expression at her lips, banished the thought, telling him lightly, as she carried it back to him, that it was *charmante;* she didn't believe she could do any better, unless she tried very hard indeed. Now he must go—or she must. Mother hadn't anything to do—she could stay.

If Mrs. Waters had not been there, I suppose he would first have got hold of the girl's little finger, then of her whole hand, its palm to his palm; and that so he would have mastered her force, her virtuous resolutions. Maggie was afraid that he would; and this was why she kept her eyes mostly on her mother, to hold her if she detected any signs of a premeditated escape to the kitchen, where her morning concerns all were waiting her appearance.

Mr. Butler crossed to the piano, put his fingers to the keys, saying he had been trying to get hold of one strain in the waltz she played last evening—the Marlboro'. This strain—no, he could not get it. Would she?

"Which strain?"

"Would she come and play it through?"

No; she had done with the piano. She was going to clean house, wash dishes, scour knives, make brown bread, put patches on old clothes after that. She wasn't going to play any more.

Oh! she would. She——

No, she wouldn't; or, nothing but the "Dead March in Saul."

Good! Would she play that now?

She would play it if he would die, so as to put some sense and appropriateness into the performance.

He was vexed beyond dispute; nor was she sorry. Her heart was, in truth, not a little hard toward him, the wily tempter, husband of one wife, who had been trying to undo her.

If his wife was "a stick," as he had told her she was; if, as he had said, he would give all he had, if it would change his wife into one talented, sprightly, beautiful, like herself, he was a coward and a sneak to say it; a coward, or he would, without one word, bear the lot of his own choosing; a sneak, or he would have too much honor to trouble her with his complaints, his flatteries, his—pah! with his familiar manners.

So she would not go near the piano. But she showed him a hole in the toe of her slipper; showed how she had torn her dress in one place and ripped it in another, asking him if he did not wish he had such a sloven for his wife. Then his "beef would be burned, his pork raw;" and his parlor—see! a shawl, a five-hundred-dollars cashmere, would be dropped in a corner of the room, like that, (throwing into a corner the shawl that had been hanging on an arm of the sofa.)

Truth to say, few with taste, discernment like hers, could work such miracles of untidiness, as she sometimes did in what she called her lazy moods, even when she did not purposely bend her energies that way. Now she tried, going out to bring one accessary after another, as her soiled apron, a towel or two, a torn palm-leaf hat, and I know not what else.

All I know is, and about all Mr. Butler knew was, that the room, ordinarily so pretty, was a conglomerate of affairs frightful to behold; that Maggie laughed in her enjoyment of the confusion in the room, and in greater enjoyment of the confusion in Mr. Butler's usually unperturbed features; and that she ended by giving her hair a sidewise sweep before the mirror, which, added to the disorder already prevalent in her attire, rendered her a fit goddess for the scene.

"So you will not play?" moving toward the door, his hat raised to his head.

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"No."

"I bid you good-morning, then. Good-morning, Mrs. Waters."

Maggie, having made her bow, ran to the kitchen. But she found that—that to triumph over a tempter is good, is vitally needful if a tempter appears; but she could not help thinking that there was, after all, such tension in the struggle, such trembling and prostration, when it had passed, as to make it a bitter, sad lot to be tempted, even if one did succeed in overcoming, as she had.

As she thought she had, poor child! And she had conquered one hour, but under excitement and trembling.

Tempted forty days in a high mountain, and each day, each hour mastered; in the beginning with trembling, perhaps, like Maggie's; but in the end with infinite quiet; then the angels come and minister to us.

Maggie was too young, perhaps, to understand this in a saving way; and if she had been older and had understood much better, I do not know how it would have fared with her.

CHAPTER III.

She set so little value on herself—that was one trouble. Anna's nature was far less generous, affable, than Maggie's. She could be, and oftentimes was, rigidly selfish. At any time she was proud, and on occasion haughty; passing all the tempters (or would-be-tempters was the utmost they could be where she was concerned) by with a great sweep of skirts and toss of head. Maggie, looking on, marveled at gestures impossible for her off the stage. She could have achieved them there, and in a manner far transcending Anna's, inasmuch as her form was taller, more queenly—oh! incomparably more queenly, when "for sport" she put the manners on.

And upon others Maggie set so great a value! If they liked her, why it wasn't strange, she thought, because she liked them so much, thought so much of them! If it wasn't for that, there wouldn't be anything in her to like, she was sure of that.

"Ho!" replied Anna, when Maggie made her humble assertion. "I think I am as good as anybody; even Mrs. Webster."

"I don't think I am as good as Mr. Webster," said Maggie. "He gives away so much, and is so polite to everybody, great as he is. I think, sometimes, I would give anything if I dared to tell him how I like him for these things; and not because he can make great speeches."

And she very soon had a chance. They were walking when this conversation took place, and they met him.

Maggie's glowing face won him, as it did almost everybody. Lifting his hat, he bowed, and stopped to speak with them upon the beauty of the sunset clouds, a huge mass of crimson, purple, and gold, piled up before them.

"I do like the clouds—don't you, Mr. Webster?" said Maggie; herself, although she did not know it, lovelier, more radiant than they.

"Yes, I do," replied he, his large, sad eyes resting on the west.

"I like a great many things," added Maggie. "Not more than many persons do, I suppose; but more than my sister does."

The great man smiled, saying that he also liked a great many things; and that he liked a great many people too.

"I do," said Maggie. "I like you ever so much!" smiling, coloring; "not so much for what other folks like you for, your great speeches. They are upon politics, and I don't care much about politics; but I like you because you are so generous. You took your coat off one day, you know, and gave it to a poor man who hadn't any. I think sometimes," she had shining eyes and melting mouth now—"I wish you would make one of your very greatest speeches, your very greatest, for the poor, or for the slaves, or for somebody that needs it terribly! I should think so much of you, then, I don't believe but I should go where I had seen you walking, loving the very ground you had stepped on, the air you had breathed."

She laughed a little, but her eyes were full of tears.

His were inexpressibly sad. For this, you see, was in the summer of 1852, just after the Baltimore Convention had given him that small handful of votes; when the most that was said of him all over the land was, that he was "a disappointed man."

I suppose he was; and that he had, in fact, come to Franklin at this time to try whether, amid those tranquil scenes, above those graves of his early kindred, and the holy memories of his struggles for himself, and theirs for him, there yet remained a baptism, such as he used to find, to soothe his perturbed spirits to their old repose, to renew his strength once more within him, so that his soul should mount again as an eagle within him. He had felt it do so a thousand times. I fear he hardly believed it would be so now; but he came to see.

At the sight of the young girl pleading, as it were, showing him the need she had that he

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should do the very best thing so great a man could do, that he should, in short, plead the cause of the poor and needy, and of such as had none to help, thinking for one moment what it would be to have thousands of tender-eyed women honoring him for his deed, as that one before him would, the eagle within him stirred a little, roused itself a little; but its wings had been broken. So many times it had tried to rise and been put back, that now its strength was gone. It made a mournful noise, "sound of the days that are no more;" settled back into its rumpled feathers, its broken wings—settling uneasily on its lame feet; and all this while was the sadness indescribable brooding in the large eyes.

It was only a few moments, however, that they stood so. Then, brightening, he said he was ill at present, but hoped to improve in the Franklin air; and then, perhaps, he would make that great speech; bowed to them as I have never seen any other man bow; smiled, bowed again, that slow, solemn, yet most gracious bow, and went on.

The first thing Maggie said, after they had walked a little way in silence, was, "How proud his wife must be of him! I wish I was his daughter. Wouldn't I take care of him? I would be at his side everywhere. I would adorn him, if I could any way; and if I was his daughter, I could, I would be so accomplished with such advantages! I think I am just tall enough to be his daughter; and I would love him so!"

After a little silence, Maggie said how small it made almost everybody there at Franklin seem, comparing them with him—Mr. Butler and all. Even Charley Edgerly, Miss Anna.

By-the-by, in passing lawyer Blaisdell's office on their way, they had seen Charley Edgerly sitting within the open window, at some distance from it, diligently employed with papers and pen, and with great books piled as high as his head before him.

He did not see them. He never saw passers-by, or clouds, or flowers, or birds; he was too intent upon his work. He walked the street studying. He studied men; studied Webster, and many another; made up his mind in what respects he would be like them, if he could—in what he would avoid their example.

To Anna he was already a pattern that Webster and hosts of public men would do well to follow.

"Oh, Anna!" exclaimed Maggie, "just think what a magnificent fellow Webster was at Charley's age! Charley is as good as a Baldwin apple, sister; but I wouldn't want him for my husband. For when I showed him the periwinkles outside our yard last evening, and told him not to step on 'em, 'What?' he said. 'What are they? What did you call them?' stooping to see. (I think he is near-sighted, Anna—I do believe he is.) Periwinkles, I told him, and asked him if he didn't think they were beautiful little things? He smiled in the way he has. Good-natured; but as if he thought I was rather silly to care anything about them, any way. He stepped over them, and that was all.'

Anna smiled, but with the proud curl in her lip showing itself. "Allah was great!" she was great also; partly because she was, some day, going to be his wife, partly because, within herself, she felt the elements of rectitude, strength well-poised.

Maggie spoke her mind pretty freely going home, as the reader has seen; but the liveliest thought in her she did not speak, which was that she was glad they met Mr. Webster; just that little talk with him had strengthened her so in her new resolutions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VALE.

BY MARION WINSLOW.

The river danceth along, dear love,
O'er its frolicsome path to the sea;
And the waves shine bright, in the clear moonlight,
As ever they've shone on me.

The grass, and the leaves, and the stars, dear love,
Are bright as in Summer nights o'er;
But the night-wind's song, as it fleeth along,
Seems sadder than ever before.

And the grass, and the leaves, and the stars, dear love,
And a breath of the perfumed air,
Take me back—take me back, o'er life's weary track,
To the beautiful nights that were.

And I listen, and wait, and watch, dear love,
Till the pulse of my heart grows dumb,
For eyes that are gone, and a voice that has flown,
And a step that never will come.

Ah! better a frozen heart, dear love,
And eyelids too quiet for tears,
Than this living, when life is a weary strife,
And the heart hath been dead for years.

The shadows lie dark on the wave, dear love,
The charm from the night-wind hath fled,
And I'm walking alone, with the bright years gone,
And the phantoms of sweet days dead.

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THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I AM not an imaginative person, I suppose, but I have a few idiosyncrasies in my composition that pass with some persons as evidences of a lively imagination. But I am sure these are the exceptions, and not the rule.

No amount of study and cultivation could ever have made a poet of me; and I am afraid that if I depended on romance writing for my daily bread, I should be obliged to become a Grahamite without delay.

One of my idiosyncrasies is a firm belief in love at first sight. I have been always of the opinion that if I ever lost my heart to a woman, it would be on my first meeting with her—no matter under what unfavorable circumstances it might occur.

My mother, dear lady, had quite set her heart on my marrying a near neighbor of ours, Miss Gretta St. Marlowe, a handsome, brilliant, and accomplished young lady, with whom I had, as it were, grown up. Gretta was everything that any reasonable man could desire; and I admired her greatly, and loved her in a certain brotherly sort of a way—just as I loved my sister Kate.

Indeed, it would have been utterly impossible for a man of my peculiar temperament to have loved a girl whom he could remember in soiled pinafores, and chubby cheeks, smeared with mud and molasses, from the combined effect of constructing mud-pies, and sucking candy.

At twenty-two, having completed my studies at college, I left home to make my fortune; for my father, though what is called "well-to-do," was not a wealthy man; and there were three children younger than myself.

I entered the importing house of Wells, Marshall & Co., in one of our large cities, as clerk and my employers were so well satisfied with my course, that at the close of my third year with them I was admitted to a partnership.

About this time it became necessary for one of the firm to visit a western city on business of importance, and I was offered the chance of going. Pleased at this additional proof of confidence, I made my arrangements with dispatch, and one wet November evening I was set down at the Great Western Railway depot, to await the starting of the night express.

I had no baggage but a valise, containing a change of clothing; and taking my check for that, I had nothing to do but stroll about until the train should be made up.

A waiting-room at a railway station has always been my peculiar detestation; so, lighting a segar, I walked up and down the platform outside, watching the faces of those who were already going on board the train to secure good seats.

I have a fancy for this scrutiny of faces. Probably, it is impertinent, and, perhaps, sometimes so persistent as to be disagreeable to those with whom I chance to fall; but it is another of my idiosyncrasies—and you know every man has some unfortunate failing.

There was the usual bustle of a crowded depot on that night. The wet had driven all the apple-women, and peanut-venders inside, and they were vociferously shouting the merits of their wares to every customer. The hackmen were blustering, as they invariably are on rainy nights, when people are obliged to commit themselves to their tender mercies; the porters were swearing, as porters have a faculty for doing; the engine-drivers were getting into their oil cloths and glazed caps; and the sharp-voiced bell was speaking out a warning for delinquents to hurry up.

Two persons, who evidently were to be my fellow-travelers, interested me strangely. I forgot to look at any others after seeing them. Probably, they too disliked the close waiting-room, and preferred the cool, damp air of the platform to the confinement of the car—for they were walking back and forth like myself—waiting for the cry of all aboard before giving up their liberty.

An elderly gentleman and a young girl. At least, so I judged from the iron-gray hair of the one, and the silken brown curls of the other, which, escaping from her net, rippled down over her shoulders, and caught every gleam of light.

They walked so in front of me that I could not see their faces, and I was ungentlemanly enough to stop short, under the pretence of examining the time-table, in order to get a glimpse of them.

The result was entirely satisfactory. I had a very good view of both countenances, and neither disappointed me.

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The gentleman was sixty, or thereabouts, with a seamed, weather-beaten face, like that of one who has followed the seas, and there was an expression of mingled sternness and tenderness about the mouth, which convinced me that he could be granite, or plastic clay, according to the influences brought to bear upon him. A man who could both hate and love upon occasion.

The girl I cannot describe as she appeared to me. An ordinary observer would have seen a fair, oval face, slightly dark, like the faces of those born under Southern skies; a flush of crimson on the cheeks and lips; eyes hazel, and so dark that they seemed black in the obscurity; a full, broad forehead, and masses of brown hair, curled by the dampness into multitudes of little glossy rings.

She smiled at something her companion was saying, revealing teeth white as pearls—and if I have a weakness for any particular charm, it is for perfect teeth. No woman can be lovely without them.

Her hands were ungloved, and upon the forefinger of the left one, which rested on the arm of the gentleman, sparkled and burnt like fire a single diamond, set in dead gold.

My theory of love at first sight came to be a real thing at the moment I beheld her face. I felt the assurance in every nerve—the assurance which has never left me from that day to this. Then and there I would have died for her, if she had stood in need of such a sacrifice.

The couple passed on before me again, and I followed them, taking note of every minute detail. The floating crimson robes that encircled the girl became sacred to me. I wondered that I had never before known what was the acme of perfection in a woman's dress.

She wore a shawl of black and crimson, exquisitely fine and yielding—and it is not every woman who knows how to wear a shawl. Her black velvet hat was ornamented with the scarlet wing of some tropical bird, and across her arm she carried a black veil with a border of gold.

Never say that men take no note of dress. I tell you they are critical observers where their hearts are interested.

In turning back for the dozenth time in my promenade, I noticed one person whom I had not before seen. A tall, slightly-stooping man, wrapped in a heavy cloak of a cut somewhat military. His gait was that of a lithe, active individual of thirty, or thereabouts; but his gray hair, and the cane on which he really leaned, or pretended to lean, would have indicated him as much older. His face was scarcely visible sufficiently for me to judge of its characteristics; but I was sure that the gleam of the cold, gray eye—furtive, yet alert, like that of a greyhound—was not the eye of an infirm, old man.

In short, the appearance of age was a disguise assumed for some purpose—but what was that purpose? Immediately I fell to speculating upon it, and before I had arrived at any satisfactory conclusion, my eye singled out another individual, who excited my curiosity even more than the first.

This person was leaning against a peanut stand, crunching the filberts the boy was cracking for him, and like myself, perhaps, taking note of those around him.

He was short, thick-set, and muscular. He wore a suit of plain black, a white neckcloth, and carried a book under his arm. I got behind him, and read the title on the back of the book, "Barnes' Notes on the Gospel of St. Paul."

Was he a clergyman? Plainly it was his intention that people should think so. I took another look at him. His face was red—as though the parish over which he was settled had stocked the parsonage wine-cellar liberally—his features coarse and repulsive, so far as I could see, for the lower part of his physiognomy was entirely concealed in a heavy growth of reddish-gray beard. His eyes I could form no opinion of, they were sheltered behind green glasses, with very respectable-looking gold frames.

Instantly I fancied there was some sort of a collusion between these two men, though why I should indulge this fancy I could not determine. Neither can I now explain why. It was one of those psychological phenomena which occasionally occurs in the experience of the most matter-of-fact of us, and wholly inexplicable through the medium of language.

I felt a little nettled with myself for observing either of these men, when I might look at her instead. What, I asked myself, possessed me to feel such an interest in two utter strangers, who were nothing to me, and never would be? Suppose they were *en rapport* with each other? What was that to me? It was nothing strange for two men to be acquainted with each other, and to travel in company.

I had better mind my own business. I was getting as nervous and suspicious as any old woman traveling alone with her pet canary, and her blue and green bandboxes.

Presently the last bell sounded, and my old gentleman assisted the young girl to a carriage.

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I sprang after them, determined, if possible, to keep near her; but to my chagrin I found that every seat in that car was filled. So there was nothing for me to do but go to the next one behind, but with no better luck; and I had made four efforts in as many cars without getting a chance.

The next carriage I entered was a compartment car, at the rear of the train, I judged. The first compartment was empty; and congratulating myself on that circumstance, I took a comfortable position, with my feet on the next seat, and resigned myself to dreams of her, and, perhaps, by-and-by, a little sleep. For the train was express to Beaunier—I give only fictitious names—and I should not be troubled for my ticket or check until just before reaching there.

Just as the train had got under way, and I was indulging in a rapturous waking dream of those hazel eyes I had seen beneath that scarlet feather, the door of my retreat was opened, somewhat cautiously, it appeared to me, and the man I had seen at the depot, in the military cloak, looked in.

I felt insufferably annoyed, for I concluded he was hunting for a seat, and I did not care to have my pleasant thoughts disturbed by his conversation. A sudden idea came into my head. I would feign deafness, and thus be spared the infliction of being obliged to keep up a civil show of sociability. He addressed me in a manner which was polite and gentlemanly,

"Do you object to company, sir?"

"Eh!" said I, in a loud voice, and putting my hand to my ear in the way most deaf persons have.

I found the man looked relieved, but it might have been only a fancy.

He repeated the question in a tone so loud, that I wondered if the people in the next car would not hear it and take alarm.

I shook my head in a dissatisfied way, took a slip of paper and pencil from my pocket, and gave them to him.

"Write," said I.

He wrote the question in a bold, free hand.

"Do you object to having company, sir?"

"Certainly not," I replied, after reading it, though I told as arrant a falsehood as I was capable of in two words.

He stepped to the door, and spoke to some one outside I heard the words distinctly.

"Come in, Dick. Thar's only one fellow here, and he is deaf as the ——" Well, I do not believe in writing down oaths, so I will leave a blank. "He wouldn't hear Gabriel's trumpet if it should sound this moment!"

Dick stepped inside, and, as I had fully expected, he proved to be the short, thick-set clerical gentleman I had seen at the peanut stand. He took a survey of me through his spectacles.

"Humph!" said he, "rather an intelligent-looking chap. Are you sure he's deaf?"

"Try him, and see," responded the other.

"I hope we do not incommode you, sir?" said he, in a tone which seemed to me a sort of cross between a steam-whistle and a clap of August thunder.

I replied by giving him my pencil and paper. He looked satisfied, and wrote rapidly,

"Let us become acquainted. My companion is Dr. Severance, of Baltimore, and I am the Rev. John Smith, of the same place."

I read the lines, and took from my pocket a printed card—the card of a dry goods' merchant in the country with whom our firm had some dealings. He took it, and read it aloud with an amused twinkle creeping about the wrinkles at the corners of his ambushed eyes.

"MR. JOHN SMITH,

DEALER IN DRY GOODS,

AND EMBROIDERIES,

Dreyburg, N. J."

Dr. Smith laughed.

"Your namesake, my Rev. John."

"Another John Smith! by Jupiter!" cried the reverend gentleman. "If I was the genuine and original John Smith, I'd have my name patented, and every pretender should be prosecuted according to law!" and then he wrote a line or two for my perusal, to the effect that he was happy to meet with me, and that he deeply regretted my infirmity, because it would deprive him of the great pleasure of my conversation.

After this complimentary courtesy they left me to myself, and I subsided into my corner of the seat, drew my hat over my eyes, and simulated sleep.

"It's deuced lucky," said the man called Dick, "that this car happens to be so nearly empty; Providence favors us. That is clerical language, isn't it?" with a loud ha, ha! at his irreverent wit.

"Decidedly lucky," responded the other. "That chap is of no more consequence than a dead log. But are you quite sure that Starkey will not fail us?"

"Sure? Yes, sir! as sure as I am that I'm living. He knows Dick Turner too well to trifle in a matter of this kind. He stands in fear of his fate!" and the villian significantly

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touched the butt end of a pistol which protruded from an inner breast pocket.

"It is a ticklish undertaking," said the other; "one, the plan of which does you infinite credit as a prince in your profession. You ought to be prime minister to his Satanic majesty in the next world."

"Well, when I am," replied Dick, "I'll be sure to speak a word to his highness in favor of my friend Jack Mortlan, alias Dr. Severance."

"Don't waste words in compliments, Dick. Let me be sure that I fully understand the plan."

"Certainly, I will detail it to you if you like, though I thought you were thoroughly posted. The facts in the case are these. Old Capt. Van Luce has been master of a privateer—or, what amounts to the same thing—has served his country gloriously in this great and wicked rebellion."

"Nonsense! don't go into the spread-eagle style. Speak English!" responded Jack, testily.

"Anything to oblige. The old gentleman was rich before the war, he is richer now, and what is more to the point, he is going to his home in B——, and has his prize-money, a cool hundred thousand, in his possession. Also, he has his daughter, and she having been on a visit to New York, has her diamonds, which are worth fifty thousand more, among her luggage. The entire plunder is contained in the black leather valise that is stowed away, at this moment, under the seat the father and daughter occupy; whar he can keep his foot on it, and be ready to seize upon it at a moment's notice. By Jove, Jack! the girl is a beauty! I don't wonder you feel sore over the way things have turned out! Didn't she look handsome in that black velvet hat, with the scarlet feather in it, and that crimson shawl over her shoulders? Gad! Florence Van Luce is a splendid-looking woman, and she will be quite handsome enough without diamonds."

You may well believe that I could hardly keep from starting to my feet as I listened to this conversation; but, by an effort, I controlled myself to hear what more might be said.

Florence! so that was her name! I said it over to myself—"Florence, my darling;" so you see that I had already appropriated her.

Dick went on.

"It was a cruel hit for you, Jack, when she failed to see your manifold attractions, and mittened you as coolly as she would have exterminated a troublesome musquito."

"Hush!" said the other, fiercely, "you shall not jest upon that subject! Her rejection made a demon of me! Before that I was only a fast young man, with as many virtues and no more vices than the average; but ever since I have been a fiend! She might have been my salvation. You needn't sneer, Dick Turner, but instead she has been my ruin. And yet I'll do her the justice to say, that she tried to avoid me always, and when she rejected my love she was kind. Kind! my God! how I hated her, because I thought pity made her kind! I tell you, Dick, no woman who thoroughly knows Jack Mortlan will ever dare his hatred with impunity! I loved her once, now I hate her!"

I stole a furtive look at the man's face, and saw by the faint light of the lamp a countenance absolutely fiendish. The eyes glared, the lips were drawn away from the sharp, white teeth, and the whole body quivered with the intensity of his passion.

Dick laid a hand on his arm.

"Softly, softly, Jack. What if yonder blockhead should wake up? He'd see from the expression of your face that something was agog! Let the girl go! such as her are not for you and I. And yet we were both gentlemen once! But never mind! We will be again, when the old man's money is ours!"

"You have selected Hanly as the place, I understand?"

"Yes; there could not be a better place for such an accident (?) if it had been made to order. This train is express to Beaunier—the only stoppage it makes is at Tylerville, twenty-five miles beyond Hanly, for wood and water. Just beyond Hanly village there is a long cut, and the train runs in on a curve. It is two miles from the covered river bridge. The cut is always dark—it will be darker still to-night, and the lamps won't light the track a rod ahead, the fog is so thick. In the middle of this cut, ten lengths of the rail will be taken up when the whistle for Hanly village is heard. Starkey is there now, I'll warrant ye, ready to operate the moment he hears the whistle. Of course, there will be an accident, and some people will be killed, and some will be hurt; but that's not our look out. If people want to be out of danger let 'em keep out of railway teams—particularly those that are express! But the cream of the joke, and decidedly the wittiest thing in the whole plan is this—you and I shall run no risk from the smash; for, hark ye! *we* are in the very hindmost car, and just as we pass Hanly village I shall take the liberty of unshackling this car from the train—and as it has a brake of its own, we shall manage to run

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quite up to the scene of the catastrophe, and be there ready to lend our assistance, which will be rendered by seizing on old Van Luce's black valise, and any other valuables which may be lying around handy. I have marked just the position of the old fellow in the car; he's a careful traveler, just exactly in the middle, the fourth car from this; and if he is not killed, it will be very easy, in the confusion, to snatch his valise and vamose. Starkey is to have a carriage and horses waiting behind the hill for us, and in two hours we shall be on board the L—— train, speeding back to New York. Then ho, for Paris, and gold in plenty! How do you like the scheme, my friend?"

"You are a trump!" responded Jack; "only I wish I was sure that Florence Van Luce could not be hurt. For intolerably as I hate her, I am not yet sunk so low as to feel just right about putting a woman in danger."

"Tush, Jack! don't be a spoony. Take a drink of this and it will set you all right."

He handed the other a bottle, and the two drank together to the success of their scheme.

My blood was fairly on fire. A hundred vague plans flitted through my brain, among the most tempting of which was the desire to take my revolver from my pocket, and shoot both of the villains dead where they sat. But they were armed, and they were desperate; and besides, the officers of the train would take me for a madman if I repeated to them the substance of the story I had heard.

So, as there was yet a good seventy-five miles between us and Hanly, I sat still and awaited further developments.

"What if our interesting fellow-traveler should take exceptions to our unshackling the car?" asked Jack.

"Fiddle-de-dee! He's as sound asleep as a nut! And even if he wasn't, there's nothing strange about a couple of men going out to smoke."

Dick took his segar-case from his pocket, and offered it to Jack. He took a segar, and sat with it idly between his fingers.

And meanwhile the train rushed on through the mirk and dark—and even now, sometimes on stormy nights, I wake with a start, the grinding roar of the wheels on the rails seeming yet to ring in my ears, just as I heard it that night, when every revolution brought us nearer and nearer to doom.

"Come, come, Jack," said Dick Turner, "let's go out into the air and have a smoke. It will steady your nerves; and I'll just turn the key on this chap, so as to be sure of him in case he should have been shamming;" and the two men went out on the platform, and locked the door behind them. I was a prisoner.

In such moments the brain works quickly, if it works at all, and very soon I had formed a plan by which I hoped to save the train.

I had traveled considerably on this road as far as Charlottesville, a large manufacturing village, twenty or thirty miles beyond Hanly village, and I had become familiar with the signals given at each station by the locomotive-whistle.

And just as I had settled upon a plan of action, the whistle shrieked out on the thick night air. Two sharp, quick cries, and then a shrill, prolonged scream—the signal that we were approaching Bellevue. Could it be possible? We had made unusually good time, and Bellevue was only about twenty miles from Hanly village.

I thought I must be mistaken, and taking out my memorandum-book, I looked at a note I had, curiously enough, made of these signals. Yes, I was right. Two quick whistles, followed by one longer.

Then I had not a moment to lose. I put my hand on my revolver, for I half expected my fiendish fellow-travelers would return just as I was putting my plan in execution, and stole toward the rear door of the car. Somewhat to my surprise I found it was locked. Probably, they had prepared this car before leaving the depot. But I was not to be thus thwarted. The windows were wide, and with one blow of my heavy boot I crushed one of their glass and sash, and climbed through. Outside there was no foothold, save an iron rod which ran around the car. Standing upon this, and clinging to the window-frame, I looked out through the gloom. The night was black as doom. A thick mist was falling, and the wind felt like the breath of a tomb.

A few rods from Bellevue the line crossed a deep though narrow river upon a "pile" bridge; and the signal of all right at this bridge was three lights—two red, and one green. Leaning out as far as I dared, I soon caught the gleam of the lights, and almost simultaneously we were thundering over the bridge.

Uttering a brief but heartfelt prayer to God to prosper me, I let go my hold and leaped forward.

An intolerable sense of suffocation, succeeded by a coldness like ice; and then I seemed to sink down, down to unfathomable depths. Presently I rose to the surface of the water, and struck out for the shore. I was very near it,

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and almost instantly my feet touched the bottom.

If I could only get my plan put in force in time! Breathless, and dripping as I was, I ran with all speed to the station-house, in one room of which I knew was a telegraph-office, which was closed.

Like a madman I rushed upon the astounded operator, who was dozing in his chair over a mug of beer and a week-old daily newspaper.

He stared at me in blank dismay.

"Telegraph instantly to stop the train at Hanly village; and tell them to take into custody two men who are traveling in the rear car. One is tall, with a slight stoop, gray hair and lightish eyes. The other short, thick-set, with red hair and whiskers, and wears spectacles," I said, as rapidly as I could enunciate.

Still the man stared at me.

"Explain, sir; I do not comprehend. This line is only used by the officers of the road to signal trains, or apprize remote stations of danger ahead."

"There is danger ahead! Beyond Hanly village the track is up. Send my message instantly!"

"I cannot, sir. It is against orders."

"Send the message without another second's delay," I thundered, presenting my pistol, "or, by heaven! I'll blow your brains out!"

I had the advantage of him, and he was wise enough to see it. He set the machine at work, and in five minutes the message was on the wires.

I dropped into a chair, faint and exhausted. Now, that I had done all I could do, I felt weak as an infant.

The operator noticed the change in my appearance, and came toward me.

"Allow me to ask if you are mad, sir?" he said.

I steadied my voice.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for behaving in such an unheard-of, and, perhaps, rude manner. But I dared not stop to explain until you had sent the message God grant it may be in time!" And as briefly as might be, I made the amazed operator acquainted with what the reader already knows.

"We will go on to Hanly village at once," he said. "I am anxious for the *denouement;* and besides, it will be necessary that you should be there to accuse these cowardly rascals."

He put a bottle of wine and some glasses on the table, and told me to make myself at home; and though I am not much of a "wine-bibber," I think the two glasses I took that night were a benefit to me; for I was so nearly distracted with fear in regard to the fate of the train which contained Florence Van Luce, that I needed something to steady my overstrung nerves.

My friend, the operator, whose name was Morgan, left me to myself while he went out to arouse the road-master, and get his permission to have a locomotive "fired up" to take us to Hanly.

He was back again in fifteen minutes, announcing everything in readiness. The road-master accompanied us; and I venture to say that none of us had ever before traveled at the rate of speed we made that night. Morgan ventured a little mild expostulation to the driver; but the man looked admiringly at the high pressure of steam registered by the guage, and replied with something like triumph,

"She can stan' it, sir! Gad! there hain't a machine on the road that can run with the 'St. Helena.'"

Your true railway engineer is quite as proud of his locomotive as the sailor is of his ship, or the sporting gentleman of his fast horse.

But in spite of the fearful rate at which we went, it seemed to me that we only crept, so anxious did I feel to know the worst, or have my doubts cast to the winds.

But, at last we saw the signal-lights of Hanly station, and the St. Helena uttered a shrill cry to notify the station people of our approach.

In a moment it was replied to—three sharp whistles in quick succession.

"That's the Andrew Jackson!" said the engineer. "Should know that whistle among a thousand—and the Andrew Jackson's the machine that allers draws the night express. They're hauled up at Hanly village, you may bet your life on that!"

I remember that I put my two hands together, and said to myself,

"Thank God! Thank God!"

We drew up behind the express train, and, alighting, made our way to the depot.

As I had anticipated, the utmost confusion prevailed.

Half the village, aroused by so unusual a circumstance as the stoppage of the night express, had turned out, and were gathered in little knots around the station, discussing the singularity of the whole affair.

My whilom fellow-travelers were held in custody by the railway police. Dick was inclined to bluster, and protest his innocence of every real and imaginary sin that ever was dreamed of; Jack was stolid and sullen, and maintained a rigid silence.

As we entered the room, Dick was saying,

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"What in the deuce are we stopped here for? I'll have satisfaction out of somebody for this! Detained like two criminals! The company's pockets shall smart for it! By whose authority was the train stopped? Just tell me that, will ye?"

"We received a telegram," said the station-agent. "Keep cool, sir; if you are innocent of the charge which some party will bring against you, you will be set at liberty."

"Who sent the telegram?" demanded Dick, fiercely.

"I had that honor, sir," said I, pausing in front of him.

"By—— The deaf cove that pretended to be asleep in the compartment-car! By Jupiter! he was shamming! I told you so, Jack!"

"Is there a magistrate present?" I inquired, looking around on the sea of inquisitive faces.

And an elderly gentleman, stepping out from the crowd, announced himself qualified.

"I wish to be put upon oath," said I. "I deem it no more than justice to myself that all the travelers by the express should listen to my statement, that I may be exonerated from blame in having been the means of bringing their journey to so abrupt a termination for the present."

And under oath, simply and briefly as might be, I gave a narration of facts as the reader already knows them, though I confess to skipping that portion touching the love of Jack Mortlan for Florence Van Luce. I thought the story just as complete without that.

Just as I had finished my statement, one of the messengers sent forward to look for the danger of which my telegram had given intimation, returned. He was breathless and agitated, and announced the track torn up for some lengths in the middle of Hanly "cut," and also, the discovery of a pair of horses and a carriage, secreted in a clump of bushes a few yards from the line.

I had not the remotest idea of being made a hero, but the people would insist on shaking hands with me, and thanking me for the service I had rendered; and among the warmest thanks of all were those of Capt. Van Luce.

And when he had said all he could think of, he called his daughter to finish for him.

"Florence, my dear, come hither, and—and—hang it! do the thing up as it ought to be done. Shiver my timbers if I know what to say to the man who has saved my life, and that of my darling! This is my daughter, Florence, Mr.—Mr.—— Well, I declare, I don't happen to know your name."

"I beg your pardon. My name is Aubrey—St. Clair Aubrey; and I reside in B——."

Florence laid her dear little trembling hand in mine, and I took it gladly enough, resisting with an effort, for which I take to myself no small degree of credit, the impulse of my heart which urged me to take her to my bosom.

I suppose my story is done. Every one who has had any romance in his life will guess the conclusion.

My wife, who is looking over my shoulder, and whose name is Florence, says that it is only because I am afraid I shall fail in describing the love scenes, that I leave the reader to use his imagination in following out our courtship until it culminated in marriage.

Well, perhaps she is right; for I am sure there are no words by which I could express the depth of the love that I feel for her—my wife, and my darling.

Dick and Jack were tried, and condemned to imprisonment for life.

Dick, I believe, is still engaged in serving out his term. Jack Mortlan was found dead in his cell, not many weeks after his incarceration. Committed suicide.

I WALK ALONE.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

I WALK alone, around my way
  The sere leaves withered lie;
The Autumn wind, in dirge-like tone,
  Goes sadly wailing by.

Pale ashes from the Summer's fires,
  Cold, colorless, and gray;
They've fluttered through their little lives,
  Have burned their brief, bright day.

Bare branches bend above the tide,
  Which mirrors now no leaf,
But rushes on to Ocean's breast,
  There, there to hide its grief.

From hill and glen, from lake and stream,
  Through Nature's broad domain,
Goes up to-night a wail of woe,
  Goes up a sob of pain.

And every heart-throb answers back
  The Autumn wind's low moan;
For mocking echoes backward fling,
  Alone, alone, alone!

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LOIS PLATNER.

BY MRS R. HARDING DAVIS, AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH."

CHAPTER I.

DR. PLATNER stopped with the book which he had taken from the shelf in his hand, his light, dreamy eyes wandering over the shabby, little chamber, and the sleeping children, but seeing nothing. They rested at last on his wife, and he gave a start, suddenly wakening.

"Why—ah, Lois!" in his slow, meditative tone, "I wish you would come down to-night. There is an account of a new Phalanstery on the shore of the Ohio, of whose organization I would like to have your opinion. They are a singularly noble, pure body of men, Masters says. He has been there."

"Mr. Masters is here?"

"Yes. He has brought me that essay of Boudot's on Faith and Judgment. A defence of Catholicism, you remember."

"I cannot leave the children, William; Charley is worse to-night." She took the little fellow's hot hand (which held tightly clasped his one toy, a wooden dog) and felt the pulse, but did not offer it to her husband for advice. The time had been, not long ago, when Platner would have hung over the child's bed in nervous terror if his breathing had but quickened. Now he glanced impatiently at him, and went toward the door.

"Where is that girl—how do you call her—Virginia? Why cannot she stay with them for an hour? I want you to read Boudot's essay. He touches the root of the matter, I think; the perfect repose of soul attained by a devout Catholic. There is an end to all racking doubts or unrest in the bosom of the mother church. It is very alluring," opening and shutting the door uncertainly. William Platner's whole attitude, his motions, the very movement of his eye, were always hesitating, slow, anxious.

Mrs. Platner answered but the first of his words. "Poor Virginia! She is a child. If she were to live fifty years, she would be no older than Charley. No, William, I cannot go down." She bent over to the baby, turning its pillow as her husband's heavy, undecided steps went slowly down the stairs. Once she would have discussed the Phalanstery, or Boudot's shallow sophistry with keener, more vehement interest than Platner himself, perhaps. "But the children had altered all that," she said, sometimes quietly; and made no other sign of the gulf widening each day between herself and her husband.

She hung a quilt between the table and bed to screen the light, and then brightened the lamp; and taking out a pile of papers, half copied in a free, bold hand, began to work at them, rising every few moments to touch Charley's red cheek, or stoop over to kiss her little girl in the larger crib; not that either child needed the watchfulness, but it was like a drink of cordial to herself. It was more than a year since Mrs Platner had secured papers from the clerk of the court to copy. Her husband saw them under his eyes every day, but it never occurred to him to ask a question. A year after Charley was born, he told his wife that he felt that the great problems of life, and the truth which lay behind those problems, were the first objects to which an immortal soul should devote itself. He had always meddled, in a *dilettante* way, with metaphysics; was by turns a disciple of Novalis, of the Hindoo philosophers, of Emerson. Lois, with her quiet, cool insight, suspected at times that his comprehension of any, or all them, was but foggy and unreal. But a time came to him when the truth or fallacy of these creeds—of any religion, rose before him with an awful instant import. The time which Lois, with her orthodox faith believed, came to every one when God and the devil renewed the old struggle in the heart of every man for final possession, God only knew how she prayed for his conversion. But Platner made the acquaintance about that period of an Englishman, traveling without any avowed purpose through the West, Masters by name, and their inquiries for truth speedily diverged into ground, where the old-fashioned God or Satan of her youth were apparently unknown and unneeded.

The Platners had been wanderers since their marriage. The doubt in his religious creed extended to his slightest belief or action. They had drifted from town to town in the hope of finding something more stable beyond. They were now in a large growing village of Indiana, where Platner had secured a good practice as physician, before he became convinced that there were other and more important demands upon him than the support of his family. After

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that, one patient after another went over to the brisk, young fellow from Connecticut, who had put up a bright green sign further down the street. Dr. Platner smiled placidly, and devoted himself more assiduously to his researches. His soul was lifted too high into the regions of abstracted philosophy to be jarred by the poor turmoil of the world. When Lois pointed out to him the children's shoeless feet, or reminded him that the butcher's or milk-bill were overdue, he pitied her as some creature of inferior mould, who could bend the spirit given her to train for great and helpful ends to such earthy work; and tranquilly packing his valise, and pocketing the few dollars that were left, set off for a colony just founded in New England, where the disciples had retired to meditate on the true uses of life, living on vegetables and grits, and dressing in linen alone.

It was about this time that Lois began to copy legal papers whenever they could be had. Dr. Platner came back. The association had crumbled to pieces as bread, he said, in which there was too much leaven. He was ill, partly from a disheartened sense of the degradation of humanity, and partly from a lack of mutton and beef. Lois, by dint of hard, quiet work, supplied the latter want; as to humanity, she had ceased to concern herself about it. Trying to keep Hetty and Charley fed and clothed from day to day, she had no time to argue his great progressive theories. She listened in silence alike to Platner's complaints or speculations; whatever anger or pain she felt she kept locked in her own breast. She was the same softly-stepping, mild-voiced Lois that he had wooed and married years ago. She had no capabilities within her to fit her, he thought, for nobler spheres.

To-night she sat writing until late. The baby fell into a lighter slumber, after which she remained steadily at her task, her hand only hesitating irresolutely, now and then, when the voices rose higher below, and she could distinguish Masters' hard, guttural tones. When the last page was finished, she rose, folding them carefully away in her usual methodical fashion.

"Why do you lay there, Virginia?" touching a heap of clothes that lay at her feet. "Go to bed, child. I wish you would rid yourself of your habits of sleeping and eating in all unheard-of ways," with a little asperity in her tone. There was no sympathy between her own and the vagabond blood in the girl's veins. She watched her uncoil herself and set up, rubbing her white arms, her big, drowsy, brown eyes fixed on the fire with an anxiety which never came in her face when looking at her own children. She had sent for Virginia to an orphan-asylum, as is the custom in western families, meaning to train her into a useful servant. The girl proved to be at once beautiful, silly, and useless—a dead weight on her hands. But she was an orphan, and Lois would not send her back; she had, too, a dog-like affection for the children, which won their mother's heart.

The clock in the hall struck one, and she heard the door close after Masters, while she waited for the girl to move. A moment after her husband entered the room. His step was quicker, and his face more animated. He sat down, bent over his elbows on his knees, meditatively rubbing his hands together in his favorite attitude, and was silent a long time.

"Lois," he said at last, solemnly, "I see at last truth before me. I feel to-night like a man who has been long at sea, and who sees in the waves floating near him the signs that land is at hand."

"I am very glad, William," wearily, lowering the lamp. "Is it the Roman church? Is that to be your haven?"

He made a gesture of disgust. "A worn-out old shell, of which the kernel long since was rotten. No. The difficulty in my path has been that the development of thought has caused a growth in the world outside, and apart from the old creeds; the Bible itself is like a beautiful garment which belonged to the boy, but which the man is forced to cast aside as too narrow and useless. We need a larger revolution fitted to the larger age—and it has come!"

"What do you mean, William?" But in this first heralding of the new evangel she dropped Charley's medicine, counting carefully under her breath. There had been so many new evangels in William's path since Masters had led him! "What do you mean, William?" when he did not reply.

He was looking at her furtively, with an expression of doubt and dread unknown on his face before. "I—— we will discuss it hereafter, Lois, when my own mind is clear. It is a revelation that is new to me; your prejudices will be strong against it, no doubt."

"*I* shall live and die in the church to which my mother belonged," she said, calmly. "But I will rejoice when you have found rest. Don't think me a bigot, dear William. I know you are sincere. God will be near to you in your church, whatever that may be, as in mine." She put her hand on his shoulder, an unwonted sign of feeling with her in her later days. But he suffered it to lay there unnoticed.

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"It would have been better," he said, in a low, forced voice, as if repeating a lesson, "if you had tried to sympathize with me in my search for truth. Yes; it would have been better if you had sympathized with me."

She did not answer him, only leaned, perhaps, more heavily on his shoulder, looking with a strange, suspicious selfishness into his face. "A man must have a companion," he resumed, in the same monotonous recitative—"a companion of kindred instincts and beliefs, with that subtle accord of mind which only harmony in music can adequately represent. A wife ought to be this companion. It is the divine law of marriage. If she is not, the marriage is a false one."

"I have heard this before, William," she said, gently, "but never from you. I know where it has led other men. But I am not afraid of you, my husband. I know that you are fond of such speculations, even on dangerous ground, but they will not influence you." Yet even with her confidence her face grew pale, even to the eyelids."

Dr. Platner, having repeated his lesson, sat moodily staring into the fire. His wife paused thoughtfully a moment. She was a tall, slight woman, with a girlish figure and countenance. The last two years had chiseled her face into a beauty of contour and meaning different from the pink and white freshness which had won her husband at first. She slid down upon the floor beside him, resting her hand on his knees.

"William, come back to me," she said, with a pitiful effort at playfulness that ended in a sob; "come back to the children and me. Your theories and your doubts have kept you from us so long—so long. I think sometimes the old times are never to come again!"

He looked at her with a dull glimmer of intelligence in his face, as one who walked in his sleep might hear a dear, familiar voice. The glimmer lightened into a shrewd, almost keen regard. Masters had told him frankly that he was a solitary man; that his wife was, of all women, the least allied to him by spiritual affinity. So accustomed had he grown to the daring assaults, couched in technical slang, of the new philosophy, upon all which he had been taught to hold pure and sacred, that he was scarcely startled, and slowly began to receive the assertion as a truth to which his lofty intellect should give credence, however his heart might rebel. To-night, as never before, Masters had urged upon him his lack of energy in giving to this energy food suitable for it.

"It is a divine guest within us—this, which the vulgar call soul," said the Englishman, tapping on his leather-colored forehead. "Shall we not entertain it with the purest hospitality which the world offers? When its delicate tastes, its pure instincts cry out for bread, shall we give them a stone? For example: You—Platner! The immortal creature within you demands a free, beautiful life. The best of beauty, music, love; knowledge which this life affords, will not content it. And shall you, for the sake of that good woman, bind yourself to a drudgery more degrading than that of a mill-horse, solely to buy meat and bread to keep the body alive?"

"My wife is very dear to me," said Platner, feebly.

"Would I say a word against madam? She is good, devout; but she is, forgive me, mole-blind. Does she suffice to appease the eternal thirst within you! Does she suffice?" vehemently.

Without being altogether certain as to what the eternal thirst desired, Platner assented that she did not.

He sat brooding over the vague doubts which opened before his mind, while his wife waited patiently for him to speak to her; doubts which, like newly-opened paths into a wilderness, gave promise of an unknown Eldorado beyond. He turned to her at last.

"I would that my ways were your ways, Lois. If you would come with me, in my search for diviner things, and abandon your worldly devotion to fleshly matters. Even one of your Bible prophets bids you first get wisdom and understanding."

Mrs. Platner stood up and began to unbutton her sleeves. "I must first get bread for the children to eat. There's a sort of wisdom comes to me in that way. I think, William, the Lord has put my duty in my hands, and before my eyes. Maybe it blinds me to the diviner philosophy to be learned in books. But when I have done this work, I will have time to search for it."

Platner gave a stifled sigh.

"I am tired, William. It is late." She drew down the curtain. "Get up, Virginia, go to bed." Now the stars shone brilliant in the winter sky. What wonderful poems might she not have read there, if she had not been, as Masters said, mole-blind? The firelight, too, had flickered uncertainly on the rounded contours of the sleeping girl, on the mellow, rich tints of her flesh, and the golden-brown of her mass of coiling hair. The picture pleased, satisfied his æsthetic taste. But what did Lois care, if his æstheticto tastes starved the end!

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Mrs. Platner, after a wistful look at him, lay down beside Charley, and fell into an uneasy sleep, in which she sighed heavily, like a hurt child. But Platner rose, and going out into the starlight, passed up and down the frozen garden-walks until morning studying, the divine creature within him balked of its natural food, more than the poems written in the heaven above.

CHAPTER II.

"I WILL obey you to the letter, William."

"I wish you to do so, Lois," coldly. "I will bring you to-morrow a list of such articles of furniture as it will be advisable for us to take with us. The clothing I leave to your own discretion."

"How soon did you say we would go?" timidly, for Dr. Platner had somehow entrenched himself, in the last few months, in a reticence inaccessible to his quiet little wife.

"In two weeks."

She asked no further questions. It was a mild day, late in the spring; she had come out into the garden to look at the children digging in their little beds, under Virginia's lazy guardianship, and found Platner sitting in the arbor under the fresh-leaved grape-vines, apparently busied in watching the fleecy clouds floating over the blue sky. He descended from his contemplation long enough to announce to her that his plans for going to the far West were made, and only needed her preparations to carry into effect. Lois assented cheerfully; her husband had altered greatly, both in his relation and manner to her since that miserable winter night. Whatever were his secret studies or investigations with Masters, he never obtruded them on her. He had gradually resumed his practice, so far as it was possible, and labored steadily in other ways to make money with a quiet persistence of purpose which she had never known in him. If he was colder to her and the children than even in the days of his wildest vagaries, she accounted for it by this preoccupation in his business. At last, she thought he assumed his rightful place as head of the household, and, being a thorough woman, glad to be guided and cared for, she slid gladly into her old silent, trustful dependence upon him.

She was glad, for the children's sake, that he had resolved to go to the west; for Lois was a canny little body, and knew that the farms generally, bought and held with such struggle and loss of health and comfort to the parents, prove a secure fortune to their descendants. But she asked no questions; Dr. Platner repulsed her first attempt to gain his confidence with that quiet assurance that she had what seemed best for their own temporal and eternal welfare, and feeling herself rebuffed, she remained silent.

She hesitated in the door of the arbor a moment, and then sat down beside him, nestling close, and putting her hand into his cold fingers, which barely closed upon it. The sight of the children, the fresh warm air, the green trees, stirred her heart to aching. Oh! if the old time would come again but for an hour! If he would but stroke her hand, call her by the old silly pet name, romp with the children as he used to do—but once!—but once! Platner, turning suddenly, caught her large blue eyes reading his face; they were full of tears. He moved uneasily, and forced a smile, into which he tried to throw some faint tenderness. There came to her, as she saw it, the fancy which so often followed his efforts to be friendly and at ease, that he was like a man under the spell of some enchantment or unnatural sleep. Some day, perhaps, he would waken, and be himself again.

"I think you love me, Lois," he said, doubtfully.

She did not answer him.

"That is," fingering his yellow beard uncertainly, "as much as you are able to experience that emotion—your nature is limited. And I am doing my duty to you," turning to her with a feverish eagerness; "you must give me credit for that. Some men would have gone on their way alone, but I will take you and the children with me into light, into happiness, into the new kingdom." The latter words he repeated as if by rote.

"What new kingdom, William?"

He glanced around furtively to find if he could be overheard. "The land set apart by the Lord for the saints, Lois. It is His will that the West should belong to a people who are brave and free enough to receive His new and higher revelation. Some time in the future the whole of the States will be subjected to the dominion of this race; but I will be one of the pioneers. We will go together. I would not consent to leave you or the children behind. There, 'tis an earthly Eden—there is noble work, infinite development. You will learn to worship with me. Our lives shall be great, gracious, beautiful—no taste, or talent, or passion, which God gives shall be left ungratified."

Lois looked down the gravel paths at the children with a chilled, unsatisfied feeling

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Pioneering in the West she knew well enough was a synonym for hard work, self-denial, countless disappointments; and poor William was dressing it in the most brilliant hues of his fervid fancy! But no matter! His first thought had been for her—that she and the children should share in his temporal heaven. She hugged that thought close to her woman's heart, and was deaf and blind to all beside.

"The children are rugged and strong," she said, cheerfully, "they will suit the life in the backwoods; and I have made a comfortable provision for Virginia with a friend here. I will be sorry to part from the girl; she is an honest, affectionate creature."

Dr. Platner stroked his beard for some minutes before replying. "I desire that Virginia may accompany us," he said, in an authoritative tone.

"She will add greatly to our expenses, William," with astonished perplexity; "and she will be positively useless—a mere burden."

He looked scrutinizingly at the large, graceful figure of the girl as she leaned against a tree, the dark, lustrous eye, the sleepy smile on the red lips. "She will not be a burden," he said. "Her work may come to her;" and rising suddenly, went out to meet Masters, who came up the lane with a smile on his florid face, and patting the children on the head with his flabby hands, as though he blessed them.

CHAPTER III.

It was a sultry summer evening a month later. Mrs. Platner, her little girl at her feet, and Charley in her arms, sat in the door of a low, wooden house in the scattering village of Atchison, overlooking the broad, muddy flood of the Missouri. The children had both fallen asleep—their last day's travel had been a heavy one; but their mother, worn-out in body and mind, sat stiffly erect. She could not tell what dangers waited around, or in the great prairie desert that lay before them; and instinct told her that she was the only protector of the children. Fumes of haschish could not wrap her husband in dreamier oblivion to the outer world than that which held him through the journey. Masters, with several other men, had accompanied them—and his presence gave to Lois, as it always did, a vague sense of danger.

Down on the bank of the river Virginia was strolling; she knew the slow, sinuous motions of her dark figure, although it was too far to distinguish her features. Dr. Platner was with her; he was, doubtless, bringing her back to the house, being always kind to the girl. She had grown careless, almost insolent, in her manner of late, Lois had noted, supposing the cause to be the deference which Masters and the other men of the party observed to her—a deference sometimes wanting in their manner to herself. Again and again she thought William's resolve that they should be burdened with her ill-judged; but she said nothing, not wishing to thwart him in even so trifling a matter.

The sun, a clear globe of crimson, had just touched the level edge of the horizon, when the woman of the house, a raw-boned Kansan, came to the door beside her, and tapped her on the shoulder. "Watchin' the sun set, hey? You'll be nearer it's goin' down con—siderable before you stop, I reckon?" Her hands were covered with dough, which she picked off carelessly; but she waited for the answer to her trivial question with a keenness of interest that roused Lois from her half doze.

"We are not going very much further west."

The woman glanced cautiously about her to see that they were alone. "Do you know where you are going?" hurriedly.

"Certainly. Into the interior of Kansas."

"Humph! I thought as much! Well, it's none of my business," turning in. But a moment afterward she came out. "I know that Masters," she said; "it's not the first journey he's made, taking men and women down into that hell yonder. But you're not the sort that 'ornarly goes. I thought they were holdin' it back from you."

"Holding what back?" said Lois, with a terrified motion of her hands toward both the children.

The woman hesitated. "I daren't say a word. Masters' got a holt on us—money we owe; but you ask him. He'll tell you. He'd be glad to leave you behind on account of the children. Your husband hes taken you against his will."

"Where my husband goes, I will follow him," said Lois, with quiet dignity.

The woman laughed. "I doubt that. I'm sorry for you," checking her laugh suddenly. "If I kin help you, I'll do it when the worst comes to the werst. I'm a woman as well as you."

She went in suddenly as two men of the party came up the hill, and in a moment was shouting out some border song as she turned her cakes.

One of the men was Masters. Mrs. Platner beckoned to him. It was the first time in her life, probably, that she had ever voluntarily addressed him, so strong was the repugnance she had felt for him.

He bowed, and came toward her, glancing

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Mrs. Pl[illegible] down [illegible] sleep [illegible] cause [illegible] after [illegible] man- 376

who followed him. [illegible]ild closer to her, [illegible]tty's head with a [illegible]nger to be grap- [illegible]he man stood in [illegible]an figure coming [illegible]un. He flinched [illegible] that. The pure, [illegible] [illegible]ietness of gentle breeding, were weapons which he did not know how to meet.

"Mr. Masters," she said, "I have reason to think that I have been deceived in this journey. I was told that we were going to Kansas."

Again he exchanged glances with the other man. "If you were deceived, it was none of my doing, ma'am. I was for telling you the plain truth long ago; but Platner said you'd think the grave was better than the home he's chosen for you."

"He knows that I will share any danger with him." But as she spoke, she rose with colorless lips, and drew her children closer to her.

He laughed. "Per—haps. Women object sometimes; but they get used to it."

"Where are we going?"

"To Utah. Your husband is a Mormon." He held her with his bold, defiant eye, and continued to stare at her as she sank down, and covered her face with her hands. After a long time she looked up.

"I want William—I must go to him," in a feeble voice, attempting to rise. Masters put her back with one hand, and with the other beckoned to her husband, who was coming toward them.

"Hillo, Platner! Come here. I want this matter set right, as it should have been at first," when Platner stood in front of his wife, looking beyond, above, everywhere, but in her face, stroking his yellow beard with trembling fingers. The burly Englishman held him by the elbow, and used the tone to him with which an overseer would control a negro.

"This farce has been acted long enough. Tell the truth now. Let this woman know that you're a free man," falling into that nasal twang which belongs to all cant; "that you've burst the trammels of the old sects; tell her that in two months you will be one of the saints of the Lord in the holy city of Deseret."

"William?"

"What he tells you, you can believe, Lois," faltered Platner, drawing back, as if to escape.

"Stop! Let us have the whole truth at once. Tell her——" he hesitated for a moment, glancing at the woman's face with a half look of compassion. Then he continued, "Tell her that, on your arrival there, you have resolved to conform to Mormon usage; that you will seal to yourself another wife, and that you have already chosen her," motioning to Virginia, who stood clinging to Platner's arm.

With that word Lois ceased to tremble. "Is this true?" she said, putting out her hand blindly toward her husband's breast.

"It is true," assuming a tone of bravado. "There is no need to cry out, Lois, there is no need to rage. My nerves are shattered already; my nature requires many things which you cannot give, and I have the right to seek them outside. That is true, Masters?" and the feeble wretch caught him by the arm. "I have a right! I am one of the saints of the Lord?"

"Bah! Send this girl to the house, and leave your wife alone. She will think better of it when she has had a night to reason it over." Platner slunk away, and went aimlessly down the path, his hands thrust into his pockets, afraid to look back. Virginia hesitated, looking with something of the unhelpful pity of an animal at her mistress; and then, obeying Masters' authoritative nod, went into the house. The English Mormon stood looking down at the lady, who sat motionless as a stone, holding her children tightly clasped in her arms.

"She is a good riddence," whispered the man at his side. "You were right to stop her—that is, if you've done it. There are too many of her sort yonder already."

But Masters shook his head doubtfully. "I began wrong. It was she whom I should have first attacked. She has the strength of ten fanciful fools like that fellow yonder. You had better go inside, madam," respectfully; "the fog is cold and heavy."

But she did not hear him. She was looking down into Charley's face, who lay asleep on her breast, patting, stroking his forehead mechanically.

"The poor wretch is stunned beyond crying out. It's strange that a man like Platner should find such a woman to believe in him! Come off, Sterrett. She's better alone," glancing back, not unkindly, at her as he went away.

The paralysis that follows a sudden terrible shock benumbed the brain of the poor woman. It was like a tragedy in a theatre, this thing that had happened to her. She thought vaguely of William in their first married life, even in the old love-making days. How hard he worked! How happy those rainy evenings were when she stole in, with her basket of work, to the fire in the office, and they talked over the plans for the

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future, dropped the bits of silver into their savings-bank, and now and then went in to look at the children's red, chubby faces where they lay asleep! The broad, turbid tide at her feet; the dull green sea of prairie beyond; the flecks of orange cloud floating over the darkening sky, were vivid to her senses as pain itself; but that was all. Underneath was a heavy, sickening, but undefined loss. The woman from inside came out, and shook her two or three times before she could rouse her. "What are you going to do? You know now where they are taking you."

"He shall not say it of William," her face in a flame. "He does not know my husband. Leave me for—Virginia! leave the children! Masters was always false and foul."

"Stay, stay! Come out here to the stable. You've lost yerself, an' no wonder. See here! I'll stand yer friend. I like yer face, an' that little gal's, an' I'll back you. Will you go with him?"

"With William? My husband?" vaguely.

"If you're a mind to call him sech, you differ from me," dryly. "Listen to me, woman. Do you mean to go to Utah? This little gal? Will you take *her* there?"

She had wakened her now. Mrs. Platner looked at the child, and up at the woman alternately, with keen, quick comprehension. There was a drop of the real soldier blood in her veins—danger sobered and cooled her. Whatever loss or pain had come to her she thrust aside to wait its time, and placed herself before her children as strong as any evil that could threaten them.

"What can I do?"

But the woman, like most women, was more ready with alarm than with help. "I'll do all I kin for you," folding her arms. "But you've no money, I reckon?"

"No. I have no money."

"And they start to-morrow early; I don't see what you *kin* do after all. Ther's no place of hidin' hereabouts. Ther's not one. And you're a long way from any as knows you. That's so. I don't see but you're in as bad a strait as anybody I ever know'd." Lois turned from her hopelessly, glancing rapidly over the small collection of low-built houses. She had but an hour or two in which she could act. Where could she go with her children; a beggar, asking for shelter and means to return home? The chance was hopeless, even if this were given to her. There was no place where she could be concealed from her husband's search.

"You wouldn't in any case go on to Utah, now?" said her companion, uneasily; "it mightn't turn out so badly after all. Though—the little gal. No; I wouldn't take the little gal."

Mrs. Platner was looking down at the dark, swift current below. "Where is your husband?" she said, abruptly. "Can I trust him?"

"Yes, you kin trust him; provided I give him his orders."

"He has a boat, I heard you say."

"Yes. What's your plan?"

"I want him to take me and the children to St. Joseph's. We will go to-night after the moon sets. I have a ring here which will pay him," touching a stone which glittered on her finger.

"Going further? I'd think you'd want to go toward home."

"My husband will think the same; he will not look for me further up the river."

"Well, that's sharp!" with a burst of admiration. "But St. Jose is a bad place to be left without money."

"I can work our way down the river on one of the larger boats, as chamber-maid or cook. I will reach home; God will help me." But the last words were not uttered aloud. She wakened Hetty. Her friend, now that the plan was given, was eager with advice and attentions.

"I'll go for the old man. You go to your room, and pretend to sleep; you act your part, and I'll do the work. I'll call you when it's time."

But Mrs. Platner laid the children on the bed, and busied herself in making up from the chest a bundle of their clothes, which she could carry. Then she sat down by the window, making no pretence of going to bed; her husband would hardly look for her to sleep to-night. In all her after life, Lois Platner never alluded to that night. The moon rose late; while its light fell whitely on the narrow streets and muddy wharf, she saw men's shadows moving uneasily to and fro—among them, her husband's. He came twice near to the house, and turned away, as if afraid to enter. About midnight she saw him go up with another of the Mormons to the house where the men lodged, doubtless to remain there until morning. He stopped in the dark frame of the door-way, his face and figure coming out clear in the moonlight.

Lois went closer to the window; she leaned out; her hands stretched toward him; her eyes were tearless; his face was curiously like little Charley's—so kindly and weak. A credu-

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lous man, who never comprehended deceit; sober, downright; not even understanding the silly jokes of which she used to be so fond in the old time—the old time!

He looked steadfastly toward the house, not seeing her in the darkness. Was it her and her children to whom he turned, or the young, beautiful woman, who lay asleep in the next room? His new *wife*.

Beyond the rolling plains yonder was the glittering earthly hell, toward which they two would journey to-morrow.

But while she remembered even this, the wife held her arms silently outstretched to him. One might have believed, looking in her face, that in the mute appeal some secret power lay hidden which would some day compel him back, though death itself held him from her.

The moon was going down; the shadows lengthened across the silent street. Platner withdrew slowly into the dark passage; the door shut him out from her sight. Forever? Not forever; she knew on whom she had trusted. Yet she hid her face in her baby's breast, with a cry such as they utter who go down in the valley of the shadow of death. A moment after a woman came to the door.

"Yon's the boat," she said, pointing to a black object by the shore. "You ben't afraid to venture with them young ones?"

"I am ready."

While she wrapped the children in their cloaks, and secured her bundle, the woman looked through the half-open door at Virginia asleep.

"She's a pretty creetur. It's a pity to have her go down into that pit yonder."

But Mrs. Platner's face grew hard, and she turned her back to the door. "Come, let us go," she said.

CHAPTER IV.

Two years afterward, a woman was walking slowly through a green lane leading from the surrounding farms into a quiet little village of Iowa. She had been out in the fields, and was loaded with buckets of berries, while great branches, heavy with late Marillo cherries, crimson and dewy, were thrown on her shoulders. Little Charley, for the woman was Lois, trotted alongside. Hetty had been left behind—Mrs. Platner never left her house empty. They were strangers in the village, she said; and a friend from a distance coming to the door, and finding no one, might go and never return. The friend never came; but she never wearied with waiting for him. Her house was made ready for him every new morning. When she first came to the village, and earned barely what kept them alive, she managed to save from that little enough to buy, from time to time, furniture of a certain pattern, to resemble as nearly as possible the furniture of some house which she had in her mind's eye. Now that her little school had increased, she carried out this fancy to her heart's content. The brick cottage in which she lived was an almost exact presentment of the home into which they had gone, when they were first married, even to the hollyhocks and monster Prince's feather before the door; and the old well in the apple-orchard, where William used to take the baby to hear the drip, drip upon the stones below.

"When he comes to the town, and passes through the street, seeing these things, he will know that I have done it, and that there is no forgiveness to ask. Then the pain will be taken from him before he comes to me."

She was not an unhappy woman. She had no time to despair. She had no right either, she told herself, to shut out the sunshine from her children's morning with her selfish griefs. And besides, she knew he would come—knew it. There was a perpetually watching, absent look in her pleasant eyes, as one who waits to hear a step or voice, but no deeper trouble. So confident was she of his coming, that the name of their father was never suffered to become clouded with any mystery or doubt to the children. He was gone upon a long, painful journey; but some day he would return to them. Until then they must be patient. That was all.

Thus for the first year; then she began to grow thinner, to move with nervous haste, to asseverate with less calmness that he would soon come—soon. But that was the only outward change.

Walking along the lane, laden with her baskets and cherries, she felt that before she slept some tidings must come. Masters, or the woman at Atchison, would meet her, to say that they had seen him far off—spoken to him; that he was yet alive. There had not been a day since they parted that she had not known that before night tidings would reach her. It could not be that two of God's creatures, who loved each other as they had done, should fall apart without cause, and never in His world meet again. So sure was she that some message from him waited for her at home, that she quickened her pace until Charley could scarcely keep step with her. She forgot the countless times when such certainty had driven her on to disappointment at last.

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Yet, when looking up, she saw the figure of a strange man sitting on the gnarled roots of the great sycamore outside the gate. She stopped with a terror at heart, as though she had not thought to meet any one but the lazy villagers on that drowsy afternoon. This was a large man, in a worn, summer suit, his hair and beard close shaven. He was leaning his head on his hands; but when he saw her he rose, and went toward her with that slow, steady, purposeful movement in every motion, which only men acquire who know why and for what use they came into the world, and who serve that use. She dropped her load and waited, trembling. When he came closer to her in the lonely lane, he stopped and looked her in the face. Then her eyes were opened. She asked no questions, waited for no contrition; but when she saw her prodigal far off, she ran and fell upon his neck, and kissed him. She only knew she loved him.

Then she looked at him. How strong he had grown; how resolute and fearless was his eye, and tender. Oh, God! was there such tenderness yet for her in the world?

All this while he had not said a word.

"The children, William. They have looked for you every day."

"Not yet; let me tell you, Lois, before they touch me. I am not guilty but in purpose; I never went beyond Atchison."

"You followed——No!"

"I was mad. When I found you gone, it made a sane man of me. I have spent the last two long years in searching for you. I have learned hard lessons in these years." He put her from him, holding her at arm's length, an agony of doubt and fear in his face "Lois, did I understand the meaning of the house yonder aright? Have you forgiven me? Are we to begin our life anew?"

"If you will, William;" creeping back to his breast.

Then she ran and brought the children, and put them in his arms, and stood by on her tiptoes; her eyes shining, running over with happy tears, her cheeks red.

When they sat alone by the fire that evening, he began, as men stupidly do, to go over the ground again, and plead not guilty wherever it was possible. But she closed his mouth with a kiss.

"It is over," she said; "that is enough."

"But I would like you to understand that I did not act from feeling alone, but conviction. I saw bands of Mormons on the frontier, and judged their creed by its workings."

"Why did you not find me sooner? I told the woman in Atchison to send you here when you came back—alone."

"I went in search of you the day after you disappeared; but she would not trust me."

"I would have trusted you," in a low, solemn tone. "That night I asked One to give you back to me, who I knew would do it. I never have doubted that some day you would come."

He listened silently; but there was a quiet reverence in his face, that told her that never was he so fit to lead her children into the good and upward paths of life as now.

Several months afterward, Dr. Platner said to his wife, not looking at her as he spoke, "You will be glad to know, Lois, that poor Virginia remained with your honest friend in Atchison. She married a squatter soon after," he added.

But Mrs. Platner was sternly silent; she had no pity to waste on Virginia. She blamed her with all the suffering that had fallen on herself and her husband, and was secretly sorry that she had not met with her deserts.

UNTIL DEATH.

BY SYLVIE A. SPERRY.

"True, until Death!" I have vowed at the altar,
All my life-long to be true to his love;
Yet, oh, my God! how I tremble and falter,
As my first thoughts to another one rove!

"True, until Death!" without halting or shrinking,
Proudly I uttered the words of my vow,
Never once caring—so young and unthinking;
For the wild love that possesses me now.

Never once caring—I thought it had perished,
Never to darken my happiness more;
Oh, is it true! that the love we have cherished,
Never will change till life's troubles are o'er?

I had imagined affection would never
Wander from him who had made me a bride;
Yet, at the altar, I knew that forever,
First in my heart reigned another beside!

When he had whispered the words, I repeated,
"True, until Death, will my love be to thee!"
Measure for measure, the pain I had meted
Out, to another, returned unto me!

Perjured! And yet I had never intended,
Ever to marry the proud man by my side!
When will the lie of my living be ended?
"True, until Death!"—yet another man's bride!

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THE RUSTIC STUDENT.

BY MARY V. SPENCER

"Aw—— I say—— rustic student!"

These words were drawled out, in broken sentences, just as we have written them.

Little Ruth looked up. She had been standing, by the garden-fence, reading an illustrated book of poems, which her father had given to her, that morning, as a birthday present. For Ruth, though only ten years old, was already a diligent student, and was, indeed, both more intelligent and better read than most girls of her age. She had come out here to have a quiet peep at her book, on her way to the spring for a pitcher of cool water.

As she looked up, she could hardly restrain a smile. In the middle of the high road, on a horse of which he seemed afraid, was a dandy-looking young man, with enormous yellow whiskers that hung down on each side of his cheeks like those of a chimpanzee. An eye-glass was stuck into one eye, and held there, by some curious muscular process, which nearly upset Ruth's gravity.

"This is what the English novels," she said to herself, "call 'a swell,' I suppose. What a funny creature it is!"

But Ruth was instinctively too well-bred to utter these thoughts aloud. She dropped a low courtesy, shut her book, and said, pleasantly,

"What is it you wish, sir?"

"It really speaks the pure vernacular," was the reply. "Aw—— yes—— can you tell me the way to Pineville?"

"Oh! yes, sir. Go on till you reach the top of the hill, and you'll see Pineville directly below you."

"Aw—— thank you!" And the stranger rode on. As soon as he was out of hearing, Ruth burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and then, taking up her pitcher, tripped merrily toward the spring, singing as she went.

The next day, at the evening meal, Ruth's father said,

"I suppose I saw, to-day, a first-class city exquisite. It is young Grantly, who has just come of age, and who inherits the Morton farms. He is up here to look after his properties, and thinks of selling them. So I went to look at one of them. I have a few thousands lying in the bank, and might as well invest it as not. The farm will make a nice dowry for you, some day, little one," he added, looking at Ruth.

Ruth thought of the strange creature she had seen the day before. "Has this Mr. Grantly yellow whiskers," she asked, "like the little monkey we saw at the menagerie?"

"Yes!" answered her father, laughing. "Why so?"

"Oh! I saw him yesterday," replied Ruth: and she narrated the interview. "Are all city folks like him?" she said, in conclusion.

"Not all. He is the exception. I fancy he thinks his drawl a proof of gentility, for I'm told the English nobility talk in that way. I remember his grandfather, Mr. Grantly, very well. The old man came here a day-laborer, but by hard work and saving, accumulated property, and died quite rich. The son went to the city, made some lucky speculations, and amassed a fortune also. This young man now inherits the estates of both his father and grandfather. He seems to be ashamed of his ancestry, especially of the grandfather, and wishes to sell his farms, because they smack too much, I suppose, of the plough. He has just brains enough to live a life of idleness, to be a dandy, and ape foreign manners. Well, it takes all sorts of people to make a world."

Years passed. Little Ruth left the district school, after awhile, and went to a famous institute for young ladies. While here her father died, and suddenly. The blow nearly broke Ruth's heart. Her mother had long been in her grave, and Ruth's nearest female relation was a cousin, a Mrs. Rawdon, who had married a rich merchant in New York. When the will was opened, it was found that Mr. Rawdon had been appointed Ruth's guardian and trustee. To his splendid, Fifth Avenue mansion, accordingly, Ruth went on leaving school.

Fashionable society was an entirely new world to her, but she soon reigned in it an acknowledged belle. For at eighteen Ruth was rarely beautiful. Her bright face, her graceful figure, her accomplishments, and her wit, made a combination of attractions not often met with; and before she had been out a single season, a dozen fortunes were laid at her feet. But somehow or other Ruth seemed hard to win. It puzzled Mrs. Rawdon, who said to her one day,

"My dear, you have the reputation of being impregnable, but you must look out for your heart now. Mr. Grantly is coming home for a

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winter, and the girls are all wild about him. He has lived in Europe for the last eight years, is a favorite at the Tuileries, and has an enormous fortune."

"Mr. Grantly!" said Ruth. The name seemed familiar to her. Eight years! All at once she remembered the yellow whiskered horseman. She smiled to herself, but said nothing.

"You'll meet him soon, I dare say," continued Mrs. Rawdon. "His manners are said to be perfection."

Ruth did meet Mr. Grantly, and recognized him immediately. The gentleman was not long in enrolling himself in her train. Ruth, however, was not particularly flattered; she supposed it was because she was the fashion. She received his bouquets, therefore, and other civilities, as she received those of other gentlemen, with outward courtesy, but real indifference. At times, however, she could hardly restrain herself, the talk of her admirer was so silly and affected.

"Pon honor, you astonish me," Mr. Grantly said, one evening. "Never been abroad! Why, there's an air—a something, aw—— never acquired anywhere else, which you have in perfection. Positively, now, it's a miracle."

"Miracle or no miracle," said Ruth, "I've never been abroad. Really, Mr. Grantly, can't people be well-bred, unless they've been to Europe?"

"Aw—— yes, a very few, perhaps—— as I've just said. But, you see, most persons here are nobodies—— rustics and mechanics, and that sort of thing."

"I am a farmer's daughter," said Ruth, bluntly.

"You are making fun. Pon honor, now, Miss Stanley, ain't you?"

"Pon honor," answered Ruth, mimicking him, "no! I am a farmer's daughter, and rather proud of my parentage."

Ruth did not intend to be personal; she had forgotten all about Mr. Grantly's antecedents; but she remembered his grandfather when she saw how painfully he blushed.

"Aw—— yes——" said he, at last, rallying, "wonders never cease. But now, really, I saw nobody equal to you—in manner even—all the while I was abroad."

"It seems to me," said Ruth, ignoring the compliment, "that a good manner is only kindness of heart exhibited in ordinary social intercourse. True politeness is the carrying out, into common life, the maxim of Scripture, 'Do unto others as you would be done unto.' In that sense, good-breeding is as common here as in Europe, and is practiced as much by the people as by princes."

"Aw—— of course—— if you put it in that way."

"Your true gentlemen and ladies are not those who ape foreign manners, but those who never pretend to be anything but themselves. Simplicity of character is your real nobility. A sham is always vulgar. But I beg your pardon. I am not in the habit of sermonizing. Suppose we join Mrs. Rawdon."

Mr. Grantly had never heard such sentiments, in polite society, before. To say he was astonished hardly tells the whole truth. "Pon honor, a regular Red Republican," he said to himself, that night, as he puzzled over the whole thing, while smoking his last segar. "Talks like Charlotte Corday, or Madame, what d'ye call her, that went to the scaffold, saying something about Liberty. But then what a stunner she is for beauty. The Empress Eugenie, or the Princess of Wales, are nothing to her. Gad! what a figure she'd make at the head of a fellow's table. Only, if she should take it into her head to say these sort of things——" He stopped, aghast.

He kept away from Ruth for two days. But, at the end of that time, he gave in. Red Republican, or not, he would marry her.

He was quite confident of success. He had been courted, all his life, by mothers on behalf of their daughters, and even by the daughters themselves, until he had come to think that he could have any girl, merely for the asking. It was true, he had begun to feel a little uneasy, for the last week; and this is why, perhaps, he resolved to precipitate affairs; for a gentleman had suddenly made his appearance in Ruth's train, whom, at first, nobody knew, but who seemed quite a favorite with her, and an old one at that. "A young lawyer, from the country," said one. "The member of Congress from the tenth district," remarked another. "From Pineville," declared an eminent lawyer at the club; and at that name Mr. Grantly winced, for it was at Pineville that his grandfather had lived, "and one of the most rising of our young men. It is said the new administration will certainly send him abroad as ambassador."

This slight uneasiness became rather serious, when, on calling at Mrs. Rawdon's, Mr. Grantly met Mr. Robeson, the stranger, coming down the steps, his face radiant. "Aw—— the fellow—— positively—— looks as if he had been accepted," said Mr. Grantly to himself. Still, the idea, on the whole, was so preposterous, that he plucked up courage, and rang the bell.

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Ruth, at first, was evidently annoyed. But her natural amiability soon prevailed, and she asked Mr. Grantly, who began to fumble his hat, to take a seat. The poor man, by this time, was quite embarrassed. Offering his hand and fortune, to say nothing of his heart, was not, he found, quite so easy a thing as he had supposed. At last, however, he managed to make his meaning clear.

In justice to Ruth she was taken by surprise. She could have cried, partly out of pity for him, partly from mortification on her own account, if she had not known that her tears would have been misinterpreted. When Mr. Grantly had finished, she answered promptly, but kindly.

"I am so sorry for this," she said. "I am sensible of the honor you do me. But——" She stopped.

"Aw—— you don't mean," he stammered, "you can't be so cruel——"

The perspiration broke out all over his forehead. In his embarrassment and dismay he mopped it up just as any common "rustic" would.

Ruth could hardly restrain smiling. But she felt for him.

"Yes! it is impossible," she said.

"Impossible! You don't mean to say there's another fellow——"

This was too much for Ruth. She laughed in spite of herself, as she answered.

"Yes! There's another fellow; and that's just it! You probably met him on the steps. It is an old attachment," she added, to soften the blow, "going back almost to childhood, on both sides. And now, Mr. Grantly," and she extended her hand, frankly, "you have my secret. But it is not for the public as yet. Mr. Robeson prefers not to have the engagement announced till he receives notice officially of a certain appointment that has been promised him."

"An appointment! Then it's true," gasped Mr. Grantly. And he added, in a rueful tone, "I don't wonder a fellow stood no chance—— aw—— against a foreign minister."

He went out, quite dazed, muttering, "A foreign minister—bless my soul—a foreign minister." And so he passes from our story.

What more have we to tell? How the official announcement came out, a few weeks later, of the appointment of the Hon. Joseph Robeson; how, in less than a month, subsequently, there was a brave wedding; and how little Ruth Stanley, becoming an ambassadress, dispensed the courtesies of her high position with the ease and grace of a born countess.

My little story has a moral. If you can find it, it is well: if you cannot, I have written in vain.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

BY DORA DAVIS.

Alone on the mountain-side I stood,
  Where the brooklet flashed in the sunset's dart;
The beautiful Summer was dead, and the wood
  Was red with the blood of its passionate heart.
No sound broke the silence, so perfect and deep,
  As the day-king went down to his rest,
And the amber-hued curtains glowed round him in sleep,
  Like daffodil beds in the West.

Was it fancy or fate my steps had led
  To a stranger's grave in that lonely place,
With a stone at the foot, and a cross at the head,
  And only "My Mary," inscribed on its base.
Whose Mary, was sleeping so silent and still?
  The Autumn wind answered, mournfully wild,
Like the wailing notes of a harp's last thrill,
  "Somebody's wife, or somebody's child."

The maple bent low its bright banners to wave;
  The water-elves sang in the silvery tide;
The brown-fingered wood-moss crept over the grave;
  The daisy looked up in its innocent pride;
The white clover nodded, the stranger to greet,
  And Autumn's first gifts were lovingly piled
In purple, and crimson, and gold, at the feet
  Of somebody's wife, or somebody's child.

Somebody's wife, whose laugh and whose song,
  The music of heart and of home was no more,
Who was missed in the silence, and missed in the throng,
  And lovingly called from the echoless shore;
Whose moss-shrouded grave on the mountain so lone
  By one mourner was never forgot;
Who wept when he thought of the cross and the stone,
  And the lips which answered him not.

Or somebody's child, with innocent eyes,
  Whose veil of long lashes might never again
Be lifted at day-dawn to gleeful surprise,
  And for whom the bright Summer-time blossomed in vain;
Some voyager fair, whose oars were at rest,
  Whose sails came the angels to furl,
And who joyously passed to the land of the blest,
  And knocked at the white gates of pearl.

Somebody's loved one, whose slumbers were sweet,
  Whose rest was unbroken by sorrow or care;
The yellow leaves sighed at the silent young feet,
  And the shadows bent near, as in reverent prayer;
The world was as gay, the sky was as blue,
  The sentinel stars in serenity smiled,
As though they beat not o'er the loving and true—
  Somebody's wife, or somebody's child.

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MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER VI.

THAT instant a young girl, pale as death, sprang before the queen, her white lips apart, her eyes burning with heroism and of terror With both arms she flung up the folds of her scarlet shawl, thus maddening the creature afresh in a wild effort to drive her back. For one moment the vicious animal shook her fierce head, veered, turned again, and gathered up her limbs for a great leap forward. But even as she made the plunge, and the leveled horns were upon them, a man sprang upon the beast, seized her by both horns, and with the strength of a giant, bore her head to the ground, even forcing her back until her fore hoofs were lifted from the ground.

That instant Marie Antoinette fell upon her knees, and flung her arms around the poor girl, who had leaped in between her and death, clinging to her in wild gratitude.

"Who is it? who is it that flings her life down to save mine?"

Marguerite turned her white face to the queen, and answered only with a single sentence,

"Thank God, and the mother of God!"

Still the queen clung to her. Even then, she did not feel entirely safe; though the animal which had assailed her was now lying upon its side, panting for breath, tethered head and foot, and bellowing fiercely under the pain of her sudden bondage, while her conqueror stood with one foot on her panting side, tightening the thongs that held her down.

"Sister! sister! Are you safe? are you safe?"

It was Elizabeth, the king's sister, one of the sweetest women that ever drew breath. In all the terror of her flight, she had come back to learn of the queen's welfare.

"Yes; thanks to this brave girl," said Marie Antoinette. "Had the beast kept on she would have been trampled down first."

"How can we thank her, sister?" said Elizabeth, turning her grateful face on the girl. "What can we do in return for this brave act?"

"It was not brave. I did not think—there was no time. Pray, pray do not thank me so much! It will make a coward of me; I shall not dare ask anything—not even *his* life. Forgive me, forgive me! I did not know what I was doing."

"If you are grateful, lady, give her the thing she asks for. Give liberty and life to her father, who has been years on years in the torments of the Bastile. That is what she came here to implore at your hands."

"Who is it that speaks for her so warmly?" said the queen, still pale and trembling, but assuming something of her royal dignity.

"A man of the people, your highness, and her friend."

"But—but surely, you are not the person who conquered that cruel beast? The face is like——"

She turned and cast a shuddering glance where the brute, that had so terrified her, lay panting out its rage.

The man laughed a little scornfully.

"Oh! it was nothing; I only held her back till some one flung me a rope from the window; besides, I had help to bind the brute, a poor young fellow who ought to belong to the people, for they love bravery in lord or workman."

"I saw him, your highness. It was Richelieu," whispered Elizabeth.

The conversation was drifting away from the subject which lay so close to Marguerite's heart. She looked around, almost in despair. Elizabeth, with that keen delicacy which seems like intuition, saw this, and touched the queen's arm.

"She is anxious—she suffers."

"But Dame Tillery has no husband in the Bastile, that her daughter should crave freedom for. I do not understand."

"Madame, it is a mistake; I am not the daughter of this good woman. In her kindness she brought me here, without knowing how urgent my business was."

"Then tell me whose daughter you are, that I may better understand."

"My father, your highness, was Dr. Gosner."

The queen uttered a sudden cry, and retreated a step, as if the name had inflicted a pang.

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"Ah! I have heard the name. It was one which made even my imperial mother tremble."

"But that could not have been his fault; he was good, and gentle as any child, I have heard my mother say," pleaded Marguerite.

"No, child, it was not his fault—and God forbid that it should be our misfortune, Dr. Gosner! It is years since I have heard that name. We thought him dead."

"In a living tomb; but not dead, your highness."

"But how came he in the Bastile?"

"That I do not know."

"How long has he been there?"

"Since the year of the old king's death."

"Heavens! and we not know; but it shall be remedied."

Marguerite clasped her hands, and her eyes filled with tears.

"You will pardon him? You will free him?"

Marie Antoinette smiled; she was now all the queen. With a wave of her hand she had kept the little crowd of her friends back, while this dialogue was going on. It was now sunset; a red glow was kindling up the landscape, and the last slanting sunbeams fell across the group, revealing each figure clearly, like light thrown across a picture.

"I promise," said the queen, extending her hand: "your father shall be set free. It thrills me with horror to think of him in a prison."

Marguerite sunk upon her knees, and kissed the hand extended so graciously. Her beautiful face was aglow with gratitude; her lips quivered with emotions they would never have the power to express.

"Oh! if I could thank your highness."

"But you cannot, and must not. It is I who should give thanks for a life saved."

Again Marie Antoinette held out her hand. This time Marguerite observed that her lips touched a serpent coiled around a green stone, which circled one finger. She started; a strange sensation crept over her, and she seemed fascinated, as if a real serpent were charming all her faculties.

"There, you have our promise and our gratitude," said the queen, gently withdrawing her hand. "To-morrow I will have this case inquired into—that is, I will suggest it to the king."

"God bless you!"

This benediction broke from the lips of Monsieur Jaque, who had been listening eagerly.

The queen turned a look upon the man which made his heart swell.

"Oh! if the people of France could see their queen now," he exclaimed.

"They would believe no good of her," answered Marie; and all at once her eyes filled with tears.

The features of the strong man were troubled. He looked upon that proud, beautiful woman, with evident compassion.

"Ah, madame!" he said, with a genial outburst of admiration. "If the people of France could only look through these eyes, you would be adored."

The queen gave him an eloquent glance, and turned away.

"To-morrow," she said, "conduct this girl to the palace. The king will be glad to thank her and you. Now, ladies and gentlemen, let us back to the *Petite Trianon*. Dame Tillery, you will take care of these good people, and accept something better than thanks for the trouble."

Dame Tillery, who had been lying prostrate in the grass for a longer time than I dare relate, among the wrecks of her milking-stool and broken pail, had at last rolled, and plunged, and scrambled to her feet, deluged with milk, and a little lame from a blow she had received, when the cow trampled over her. Feeling in a state of dilapidation, she hesitated to draw near until the queen called her by name. Then she came rolling forward, took Marguerite by the hand, and making a profound reverence to the queen, led her charge away, followed by Monsieur Jaque.

CHAPTER VII.

An old man sat in the saloon of a hotel in Paris, awaiting an interview which had been delayed beyond the appointed time, a fact that seemed to give him no little annoyance. He rang the bell upon his table with violence the third time; and when the servant came, in obedience to his summons, asked if any one had called—a question the same man had already answered three times that morning.

The man answered with profound respect, that no one monsieur expected to see had as yet presented himself.

While the man was speaking, a loud, ringing step was heard on the oaken stair-case, and Count Mirabeau strode up to the door, which was obsequiously held open for his reception.

The old man arose, and a faint color came into his face, while the young man approached and held out his hand.

"Welcome to Paris, monsieur. I had not dared to hope for this pleasure," he said.

The delicate and slender fingers of the old man clung around the large, white hand of his son with a touch of irrepressible affection. The

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light blue eyes, a moment before keen and anxious, grew misty; and the thin lips moved with a visible tremor before they framed the words of welcome; that seemed to harden and grow cold as they were uttered, for the first impulse of nature was suppressed on the moment; and dropping the hand he had not touched in many a year, the old nobleman sat down quietly, and motioned his renegade son to occupy a chair close by.

Mirabeau threw himself heavily on the chair, and dropped his hat carelessly on the floor beside it; at which the old man motioned the servant, who still lingered, and bade him place Count Mirabeau's hat in a proper place, and then betake himself from the room.

Mirabeau laughed, stretched himself cozily in his chair, and waited for the man to withdraw. When he had gone, the count turned abruptly toward the old man, and said, in a voice full of the deep feeling which made his eloquence so impressive,

"Father, I am grateful to you for coming here. It is long since we have met, and longer, I fear, since you have cared to meet me. But now, I think, you will confess that I have not altogether degraded the name I bear. If men of my own class shrink sometimes from Mirabeau—the people love him."

"Yes, I have learned this, even in the seclusion of my retirement. But I have also learned that Mirabeau uses this influence against his own class—against his king."

"Not when his king is true to the people!" answered the count, promptly. "It is only when he refuses to be the monarch of all France that I oppose him."

"They tell me also that my son has degraded himself into becoming the editor of a factious journal."

"Degraded himself! Who dares to call a full use of one's intellect degradation? Why, sir, I cannot make myself heard and known to the people of France by speeches only—the thought in these speeches must take various forms, and be brought home to every man's understanding. Yes, I am the editor of a newspaper which speaks of hope, progress, liberty to the people. If such engines of power are a terror to the king and his haughty Austrian wife, so much the worse for him, and the better for us."

"But, sir, this is treason!" broke in the old man, angrily.

"Father, there is no such word as treason now. We have rebaptized the sentiment, and call it liberty."

"And [illegible] the doctrine taught by a son of mine! He forgets the noble blood in his veins, and gives himself up to the rebellious spirit which would equalize refinement with ignorance, nobility with degradation. The very ermine of royalty he is ready to drag in the dust."

"And why not, if it fails to protect the people?"

"But the people are rising up in antagonism against the class to which you belong; this feeling may reach the king."

"May!" exclaimed the count, with a mocking laugh. "Why, it is already upon him."

"And you exult over it?"

"I exult over it," was the prompt, and almost coarse answer. "Why should you be surprised at this? Was it not my own father who first repudiated me—drove me from men of my own class, and sent me downward to rule among the—— Was it not my own mother who denounced her son as unworthy of companionship with high-born women?"

"No, no!" interposed the old noble. "Your mother was blind to your faults, gentle with your sins. She, at least, deserves no censure at your hands. Many a tear has she shed over the alienation which was not her fault."

Mirabeau drew a hand across his eyes, then dashed it down, as if impatient with himself for the feeling that disturbed him.

"My mother is an angel," he said; "God bless her!"

"Night and morning she blesses you," answered the old man, in a broken voice.

"But I do not deserve it."

"No," said the old man; "the best men on earth rarely deserve the blessings good mothers are ready to lavish on their sons."

"Spare me—spare me! If I have given her pain, it has fallen back on myself with many a sharp heartache. But for her I should, undoubtedly, have been a worse man."

A faint smile quivered across the thin lips of the old noble; some sarcastic reply was evidently trembling there. Mirabeau saw it, and his face flushed.

"You smile; you think it impossible that I could descend to a deeper level."

"Was it not a terrible stride downward when you left our old ancestral home for the Jacobin clubs and gambling saloons of Paris?"

"Granted; but what sent me there?"

"Your own predisposition to low company."

"Rather the parsimony of my father, who withheld the means by which a man of birth could maintain his position."

The old noble drew his slight figure up with a dash of suddenly aroused pride.

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"Young man," he said, with a flash of anger settling redly in either cheek, "let me tell you now, if you have never learned it before, that my estate is yet cumbered with legal obligations, every dollar of which went to pay your debts; years of economy have been forced upon us, that the honor of my name might be redeemed."

Mirabeau, flushed and indignant, made a rude gesture of dissent, at which the old man turned pale; for the manners which his son had slowly adopted from low associations seemed threatening and coarse to a man of his superior refinement.

"Mirabeau! Is this gesture intended as a denial of my assertion, or is that hand clenched as a threat of violence?"

"I scarcely knew," answered the count, "that my hand was clenched; we learn these things in our rough life here, and adopt the manners of the people with their sentiments. But this is certain, I did not intend to contradict a word you were saying. If I was rude, it was from impatience with myself that I had given you so much trouble, and with fate that cast my lot among gentlemen, without giving me the means of maintaining a position with the best."

There was something natural and frank in this man, bad as he was, which won even upon the fastidious old noble, who, perhaps, understood his faults better than any man living. He smiled faintly, and held out his hand.

"Ah! my son, have you yet to learn that extravagance is not necessary to the maintenance of a great name?"

"No, father; but one cannot live upon a great name. Sometimes I have found it an incumbrance; the people distrust the aristocracy which traces too far back; and, spite of everything, my lot is cast with the people."

"Against the court? Do I live to hear a son of mine say that?"

"I have not said that. But the court, and that proud Austrian woman at its head, have repudiated me from the first. It is royal scorn and courtly injustice that has driven me into the arms of the people, who adore me; the more because I am turned out from my own class and belong to them. In this way my nobility is worth something."

"I have heard of your apostacy, and read your speeches, with shame and bitter sorrow," said the old man, with touching earnestness. "If any severity of mine has driven you into this ruinous course of thought and action, I have come to redeem the mistake. Throw off these associations, so unworthy of your birth and breeding; return to the higher associations which you have abandoned; stand firmly by our good king and most gracious queen in the troubles and perils that gather around them, and no man in all France can rise higher or win such gratitude from king and people. Do this, my son, and all my poor possessions shall be divided with you from the hour of your renewed allegiance."

Mirabeau looked at his father in amazement for a moment, then he turned upon his heel and walked the room with quick, heavy strides, gnawing his underlip and working his fingers with nervous energy, as if the thoughts in his bosom were crowding upon him almost to suffocation. At last he stopped, and stood before his father; again his eyes burning with restless fire, and his face pale, as if the struggle of a moment had drank all its color.

"And if I did, there would be no frank reception of my homage. That haughty queen would throw it back with such scorn as only a beautiful woman can wield in crushing the man who might have worshiped her. Were I to follow your advice, and offer to wield the mighty power, which it were folly to say I do not possess, in favor of the court; were I to defend it with my eloquence; sustain it with my pen; cast myself in the breach between royalty and its foes; what reward should I have?—the covert scorn of this royal beauty, the distrust of the king; a defection of the people, for a time, at least, perhaps an entire loss of popularity, which will alone enable me to be of service anywhere."

"But you would be doing right, my son."

There was tenderness and persuasion in the old man's voice that touched the mercurial nature of his son. He no longer paced the floor, like a caged panther, but went close to his father, and answered him with an earnestness so deep, and evidently so sincere, that the old man, for the first time in his life, was thrilled with a sentiment of respect for his wayward son.

"But I am not sure that it is right. These good people of Paris are beginning to feel that humanity has been trampled down too long; that a king is invested with the purple for some higher purpose than self-indulgence. If I attempt to lead the people to the feet of Louis the Sixteenth, he must meet them half-way."

"Louis the Sixteenth is a just king."

"But he is surrounded by unjust courtiers, influenced by a wife trained in the Austrian school of statesmanship. No real truth will ever be permitted to reach him while a cordon of

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churchmen and noble leeches is drawn closer and closer around him every day. Nothing but a moral earthquake can root out the traditions of royal prerogatives and noble privileges which have chained the people down till the shackles are eaten through with age and rust, and it only wants a vigorous blow to dash them asunder. When the king is made to understand this, his good heart may bring him in real sympathy with the people."

"You do not understand Louis," said the father, after a moment of breathless silence, for Mirabeau had spoken with an outburst of feeling that astonished the old man. "No king ever lived who felt more kindly toward his subjects."

"But Louis must do something more than feel; he must act in his own person fearlessly, independently. The people love him, no matter how deeply they hate his nobles; he can never convince them that his heart is in the right place while the Bastile is crowded full of groaning humanity, that their malice may be appeased; while the prisons all over France are choked up with victims that are yet suffering injustice done them by the old king and his parasites. I tell you, sir, these evils must be redressed, or the people will rise up in their wrath and learn what strength lies in multitudes."

"But who would dare to speak such language to the king of France!" said the old man, half-frightened by his son's impetuosity. In every thought there is something like treason."

"I dare," answered Mirabeau, proudly. "Why not; there are hard truths that must be accepted, sooner or later, either from the lips of such friends to France as I am, or at the point of the bayonet."

"The point of the bayonet, and against the king."

"Father, do not remain willfully blind, for, as surely as you and I live, it will come to that, unless the king arouses himself to the peril which threatens him, and asserts his own authority."

"But who will dare tell him this?"

"Some one must, or the people of France will enlighten him with a roar of thunder. If you love him, and have sufficient courage."

The old man drew himself up with a sudden impulse of pride.

"The men of our house have been supposed to possess sufficient bravery for any occasion that might present itself. Convince me that these harsh truths should be spoken to the king, and I shall not shrink from the task."

"Then say this: King Louis, the days of despotism are at an end; the people have learned to think, and neither superstition, nor all the traditions of power made manifest in your prisons, your armies, or in the force of ancient usages, can perpetuate the bondage in which they have been held. In order to make them loyal, make them free of their bonds. Ask the nobility and the clergy to take their feet from the necks of the working-men; they want work, broad freedom from oppressive taxation; in short, they ask the king to acknowledge their manhood, and for this they will surround his throne with a power stronger than the nobility which has undermined all its foundations."

Mirabeau was going on with increasing vehemence, when the door was opened by a servant, and Monsieur Jaque stood in the passage. The count held out his hand in cordial good-fellowship that surprised the fastidious parent, who looked upon the good fellow as little better than a servant, and had other prejudices against him; for in all the contests and troubles that had arisen between the son and father, Jaque had resolutely adhered to his foster-brother.

"Well, what news, good brother? for I take it you have been gathering something from the people, since the business that I sent you about has been so entirely neglected," said Mirabeau, good-humoredly.

"Forgive me," answered Jaque, bending low before the elder noble; "if I was unable to obey your wishes at the moment, it was from a reason that you will approve, and which I trust no one here will condemn. Count Mirabeau, I have seen the king."

"You, Jaque? Has his majesty been out hunting again, and wheeled his horse rather than trample you under his hoofs?"

"You will not believe me, but I have been at Versailles, and have talked with the king in his own work-shop."

"In his own work-shop?" exclaimed the old noble, holding up his two white hands in astonishment.

"Jaque, are you getting crazy?" rejoined Mirabeau.

"Almost," replied Jaque, excitedly; "for I have not only seen the king, and uttered stern truths to him, face to face, but I have, so they tell me, though I can hardly comprehend it, saved the queen's life."

"Anything else, Jaque?" cried the count, with a broad laugh. "This is a noble romance; perhaps you have taken the Bastile with a toasting-fork. Go on, Jaque."

"But I am speaking the truth."

The father and son looked at each other in questioning amazement; the man seemed so

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earnest, and so wounded by the half-scoffing unbelief with which his assertion had been received, that they began to put some trust in it.

"Well, well, Jaque, go on with your story," said the count, while suppressed laughter still trembled on his lips. "I, for one, am ready to believe anything, even that Marie Antoinette, having trampled *me* and my services under her feet, is ready to atone for it by a tender passion for my foster-brother."

"Do not scoff at me," said Jaque; "I cannot bear that now from you."

Mirabeau was touched by the deep pathos which lay rather in Jaque's voice than his words.

"I did not scoff, my man; go on, go on. My father is ready to listen, and I am anxious to believe. Indeed, no explanation is necessary, for I fully expected that you would have preceded me here, and was somewhat annoyed on hearing that you had not yet presented yourself."

"I come now in all haste directly from Versailles."

"And what took you there?" asked the count.

"A young girl whom you saw in her mother's room. You know what her business was, and how hopeless it seemed that she should obtain an interview either with the king or queen."

"Yes, I can imagine that."

"But she would go; helpless, young, beautiful as she was, the girl was determined, and I was not coward enough to let her undertake the journey alone. A second time I took advantage of my acquaintance with my friend, the locksmith, and in his stead forced myself into the king's presence."

"And the girl; did she, too, obtain an interview?"

"No; the guard refused her admission through the gates. I went in to urge her cause; and, God forgive me! came away without having mentioned it."

"How?"

"It was because I love France better than anything else on this earth; how else could I have forgotten the poor girl, who sat weeping in the hotel, while I was pleading for the country, and forgetting her?"

"Sit down, Jaque; sit down, my good friend," said the old noble, composing himself in an easy-chair. "This is a strange story, and I should like to hear all its details. Be seated, my son, here is evidently something worth listening to."

Mirabeau seated himself, but Monsieur Jaque stood leaning on the back of his chair, while he related all that had happened to him at Versailles the day before.

"I went there," he said, "with a forlorn hope of helping this young girl; but when I found myself in the presence of the king, and saw how kind and good he was, enthusiasm for once swept everything else out of my mind, and my very heart turned traitor to this unhappy girl."

"And what did you say to the king?"

Jaque repeated his conversation with Louis in the work-shop, word for word.

"And he endured this without anger—he listened?"

"Without anger, truly, but not without agitation. Indeed, I could see that he felt every word I said, and would ponder over it."

"Yes," muttered the count, "until the next man comes to argue it all out of his head."

"Do not think so, count; the king is a good man, and loves France."

"If he had the strength to govern France it would be better; good hearts are charming in social life, but to govern kingdoms power of intellect and power of will must be added, and these Louis the Sixteenth never had. Those around him will always govern—most of all the queen."

"Ah! my brother," said Jaque, resting one hand on the count's shoulder, "if you and the queen could understand each other all would go well with France."

"But we never shall understand each other: her prejudices are bitter; her ideas of royal prerogatives tenacious. Among them she considers that of crushing all who swerve from the royal path as an inherited power. I have joined my interests with those of the people, and Marie Antoinette will never forgive it."

"Not while your enemies keep so resolutely in the way," answered Jaque.

The old man listened earnestly to the conversation, but just then took no part. He seemed astonished at the familiarity which existed between his son and the foster-brother, whom he had always considered as little better than a servant. Was this the paternity and equality which was becoming such popular words in France? The very idea shocked all his lordly prejudices. Yet Jaque was, in fact, seconding his own arguments, and rendering them far more forcible than anything he could have uttered. The old man felt this, and the idea galled his pride, while he could not condemn it.

"There it is, my enemies always are in the way, and my worst enemy is here."

Mirabeau turned his face full upon Jaque, and smoothed his chin with one hand. It was,

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indeed, a rough face, but full of power, like that of a sleeping lion—a face that, from its very ugliness, carried fascination with it. The expression was so intense, the outlines so full of rugged grandeur, that no man could look upon it without feeling its force, and no woman turn from it with indifference. Still this proud and most reckless man was, sometimes, angry with the rude features that met him in the glass; and there had been seasons in his life when he would gladly have exchanged them for the beauty of weaker men, which is so taking at first sight, especially with women. This distrust of himself had in early life, no doubt, led him into many adventures unworthy of a great mind. His restless vanity was forever asserting itself, and calling for proofs which he was always ready to seek for at the sacrifice of his own self-respect. It was the glory of this man to step in between some elegant courtier and his love, and, spite of his ugly face, carry off the prize, which he really did not care for after it was won; and it filled him with bitterness when women of his own rank would, sometimes, resist his efforts at conquest, and ridicule them, as beautiful women sometimes will. It was here that the bitter drop lay. Mirabeau had at one time dared to lift his eyes to the queen herself—a conquest there would have rounded his ambition grandly. To love Mirabeau was to be a slave, as many an aching heart had learned; to make the Queen of France his slave would have crowned this man's vanity and his ambition at once. Through her he would have ruled the king, the court, and in his own might the people. It was a daring venture, founded upon the slanderous reports which had so long been in circulation regarding the queen, and it ended in an ignominious failure. Repulsed by his presence, and shocked by the character he bore, Marie Antoinette had absolutely refused to accord him an interview, and even opposed his appearance at court, thus unwisely adding to her personal enemies a man whose sarcasm was ruinous, and whose eloquence would yet make her tremble. To wound the vanity of a man like that was to fill his soul with bitterness. This had all happened at a time when Marie Antoinette was all powerful, when she could reward her friends unquestioned, and scorn the power of her enemies with all the force of her queenly pride. Is it wonderful, then, that Mirabeau spoke loftily, and waited for some advances from Versailles before he acceded to the wishes of his father, or the rough eloquence of his foster-brother?

"The Queen of France does not look or speak like a woman who would turn from the face of a friend, because it did not happen to charm her eye at the first sight," said Jaque, after awhile; "to me she appeared frank, simple, and honest. In her fright, at least, she was like any other woman. Not so brave as Marguerite, truly, for she sprang between her and danger; but she is no coward, I can swear to that, and not ungrateful; for, in spite of my protest, she would insist upon thanking me for an act any man living would have performed as well."

"And for all this she has accorded you an interview," said the count, while his face darkened and took new shades of ugliness.

"I shall scarcely have time to get back to Versailles before the hour appointed," answered Jaque. "The moment I had left Marguerite in a place of safety, I came by night to Paris, and, failing to find you at home, came here."

"And you return at once?" inquired the count.

"Within the hour. I shall not be in time else."

"And what is the object?"

"The queen commanded it; and for the sake of the poor man who lies in the Bastile, I will accept gratitude for an act that deserves nothing of the kind. But that brave girl has herself earned freedom for her father. I can claim another reward without harming her—and it was for this I came. At first I refused any acknowledgment; but thinking of you and of France, I remembered that great good might be wrought out of this simple act of mine, both to the man I love, and the country I adore."

"What good can you expect to win out of this heroism; for, pass it over slightingly as you may, it was still a brave act? In what way will it effect the count?" asked the elder noble.

"I hope that it will bring him face to face with their majesties."

Mirabeau's eyes sparkled. He started up and began to pace the floor, as he had done on his first entrance to the room. This was his habit when any new idea struck him. After a time, he slackened the heavy pace at which he had been walking, and moved slowly, and more slowly across the room as the thoughts which had sprung, hot and fast, into his mind cooled down to a deliberate purpose. This woman had scorned him, repulsed his aid, laughed at his supreme ugliness; but this was in the days of her triumph, in the first bloom of her beauty, when all men worshiped her. Now clouds were gathering heavily around her—the throne upon which she sat; her footsteps were beset by enemies; her actions were misrepresented; her

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words distorted. The man she had so scornfully repudiated might hope for a different reception now. But he would not seek a rebuff; the queen must be won to send for him and offer the interview once so scornfully refused. If Jaque managed his one opportunity adroitly, she might be won to this measure. He turned to Jaque with a frank smile that transfigured his face into something almost beautiful.

"Yes, my brother, you shall do this, and both my father and myself will thank you; for his sake I will consent to make concessions. Mirabeau is a stronger and more powerful person than he was when no higher aims were known at court than a masked ball, or a state drawing-room. He might not have figured to the content of a handsome queen in such pastimes; but where sterner matters are to be handled, she will be mad to turn her back upon a power like that we offer. Go, my brother, and for reward know that half of France will bless you."

"And I have leave to use your name as I may think best to the king or queen?" said Jaque, turning his radiant face first to the count, then to the elder noble.

"Always remembering that it is the influence of an old and noble family that you offer," said the old man, with a courtly bend of the head.

"And of one who controls multitudes when he but opens his lips," added Mirabeau, with coarse triumph.

"I will remember," answered Jaque; "the honor of the house and of the man shall suffer nothing in my handling."

The singular man turned as he spoke, made a low, sweeping bow, and left the room.

The father and son looked at each other in silence, until the sound of Jaque's footsteps was lost in the noise of the street; then the count said, with more respect than he usually exhibited to any one,

"I trust that you are satisfied, my father."

"More than satisfied, Mirabeau; the coming of this man is fortunate. It would have been a severe stain upon our pride had I been compelled to make advances in your behalf, though I would have done it for the sake of my country—I would have done it; for it wounds me to know that a son of mine should be an alien from the court of his sovereign—not to say a leader among his enemies. The coming of this man will save us from much humiliation. Is his discretion to be trusted?"

"Entirely. He has but one ambition in this world, and that rests in the exaltation of our family. Even your fastidious pride is safe with Jaque."

"I am glad to hear it. If this reconciliation can be brought about, I shall go back to my estate satisfied that a noble work has been done."

The old gentleman took out his gold snuff-box, tapped the diamond-studded lid daintily, and taking a pinch between his thumb and finger, inhaled it with gentle satisfaction. It had been a long time since his energies had been taxed with an object so momentous as that which had brought him to Paris.

"Now," he continued, softly, inhaling his snuff, while he held the box in his left hand ready for a second application, "I can pay my homage to their majesties without a blush. Once more my son is in harmony with his family—all shall be forgotten, all forgiven."

Mirabeau's face kindled hotly. He had so long command of those around him that this tone of forbearance and forgiveness irritated his pride, and the effeminate indulgence into which the old man so readily sunk, came near to arousing his contempt. To a man whose life was spent among the clubss of Paris, and whose ambition had been appeased by the homage of that roaming class of citizens, which was even now ready to throw off all law at his command, the refinements to which he was born seemed trivial and weak. In his riotous life he had long since cast aside all the gentler habits of his class, and was disposed to regard the old man, who had spent half his life in redeeming the waste of a son's extravagance, as a supine old aristocrat, who was willing to make even greater sacrifices, in order to win him back from the people.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARGUERITE spent the morning after her adventure at the Swiss cottage, in the front chamber, to which Dame Tillery had been ready to conduct her on the previous day. The good dame was in high spirits after her experience with royalty. It was with great difficulty she could keep back the exhilaration of her pride sufficiently to preserve that discreet silence which the queen had so delicately recommended. Whenever a customer came in, she found dangerous words of triumph on her lips; and nothing but an application of the plump hand kept them from proclaiming the glory of her visit to the whole town.

Feeling her weakness, and struggling against temptation, the good woman was constantly appeasing her desire to talk, by passing in and out of the room in which Marguerite sat, where she could indulge in comments on her high, good fortune with safety.

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"To think of it," she would say over and over again. "Only yesterday you and I were strangers, and now we have been at court together, saved the very life of the queen, to say nothing of teaching her how to make butter, and have a right to enter the palace and be thanked graciously with the highest of the land. While you sprang forward and flung yourself before the queen, I kept the animal I was milking from plunging at her, by throwing myself on the earth under her very feet. She had not the power to leap over me; besides that, the pail and stool got under her feet and tamed her down; but for that there is no knowing what sorrow might have fallen on the nation. In a great event like this it is an honor to have acted a part; I feel it so—I feel it so. That idea it was what made me so patient while I lay before that cow, a bulwark between her and the queen; but you did your part, I must confess that, and shall say as much to her majesty."

Five or six times the good dame visited Marguerite in her chamber to say this; and for half an hour together she would sit by the window with a hand on each knee, looking radiant as a full moon, while she described the scene in the park, in which her own chivalrous action became more and more prominent.

While the good woman was solacing her vanity after a fashion, a young man passed the house more than once, and looked up to the window where Marguerite and her friend were sitting. Dame Tillery saw him, bustled up from the chair, and threw the window open.

"Monsieur! Monsieur! are you looking for me? Is the queen getting impatient. Don't be bashful, but come up and tell me all about it."

The young man's face brightened, he lifted his hat, smiled pleasantly, and came into the house. Marguerite heard his light step on the stairs, and the next minute saw him standing within the door, his hat in one hand, his coat glittering with embroidery, and a profusion of gossamer lace floating like woven mist over his bosom.

Dame Tillery lifted herself from the chair, which cracked under her weight, and stood to receive her courtly guest. Marguerite followed her example, and shrinking behind her portly figure, stood, blushing and confused, while the young man's eyes were fixed upon her. She remembered him well. He was the young man who had made such awkward attempts to cut grass with a sickle the day before. He had sprung to her relief as she and the queen were clinging together in mutual terror, while Monsieur Jaque was conquering the vicious beast which had frightened them so.

"I trust," said the young man, treading his way daintily into the room, as if that humble chamber had been the bower-room of a princess, "I trust that the affair of yesterday has left no bad effect on Dame Tillery or mademoiselle?"

"Oh, monsieur! do not think of us," said the dame; "but relieve our minds about her majesty, the queen."

"I have not seen her highness this morning; but Madame Campan reports her in no degree injured by her adventure. The king, she says, is most disturbed of the two, and declares the Swiss cottages shall be razed to the ground, and all the pretty cows butchered."

"Oh! that would be cruel!" protested the dame; "just as her majesty was getting such a nack at churning, too."

"True, it would be a great privation; for her highness loves these rustic amusements. All her ladies have been trying to convince the king that there was no malice in the beast; but he will not be convinced."

"How should he," cried the dame; "it was a savage monster, and would have led the whole drove into mischief, if I had not flung myself before them, heaven only knows at what peril. I hope the king understands all about that."

A mischievous smile came into the blue eyes of Richelieu, but his lips gave no evidence of amusement. On the contrary, he answered, with great appearance of interest, that the king knew how much he was indebted to the landlady of the Swan, and it was that he might be assured of her safety, and that of her fair pretege, that he had himself ventured to call upon them.

The young duke took a chair as he said this, begged Marguerite to sit down with his eyes, and Dame Tillery to oblige him in the same way, with his voice; and, when they had obeyed him, dropped into a conversation, which soon arose far above Dame Tillery's capacity, though she listened with attention, and occasionally raised her plump hands in admiration.

At first Marguerite answered him shyly, and with blushes; but, after a little, her interest deepened, and she spoke with less restraint. He had found the way to her heart, and was talking of the queen—of her goodness, her beauty, and the gratitude she was sure to feel for the fair girl who had thrown herself, with such heroic self-sacrifice, between her and danger.

"Let me say to you," he continued, in a low, earnest voice, "that there is nothing that you can ask of the king which he will not grant, in

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return for this one act of devotion to the woman he loves better than anything on earth. I was told, last night, that some friend or relative of yours is in the Bastile, and that your object in coming here was to ask mercy for him. There is nothing, perhaps, that the king shrinks from so much as this subject of the Bastile. The clamors of the people have only made him regard it as one of the royal appendages, which they threaten to destroy, and he is bound to defend. Say as little as possible of the horrors of that terrible prison, but confine yourself entirely to pleading the cause of this one man, be he friend or relative."

Tears came into Marguerite's eyes; she lifted them to his face with an expression of gentle thankfulness that went to the young man's heart.

"You are kind," she said; "I will not forget what you have suggested, and I shall always be thankful that you have remembered my mournful errand with interest."

"Who could look on that lovely face and not be interested. Surely, surely you are not related to that stalwart man, who——"

"Who saved the queen," said Marguerite, quickly. "No, he is no relative of mine; only the very best man that ever lived."

"I hope you will not always think so," was the gentle reply. "But now I come to say, that the queen will expect you two hours hence."

Marguerite gave him a quick, frightened look.

"But Monsieur Jaque may not be here," she said, anxiously.

"Then I will," said the duke. Then, with a smile and a wave of the hand, he left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GIVE MUSIC.

BY MRS. E. N. HUNTINGTON.

Ring out! and let each trembling note,
Upon the whisp'ring zephyr float,
Till Echo shall refuse her lyre,
And send each airy cadence higher;
Till rocks and rills repeat around,
The pealing notes of happy sound.

"Ring out again!" till each heart-string
Shall vibrate, and responsive sing;
And cast the echoes to the sky,
Till ev'ry burning throne on high
Shall wake to song, as when at first
The full, glad notes of freedom burst.

"Ring joyous chords! ring out again!"
Sound! 'mid the busy haunts of men!
Where discord reigns, and strife, and woe
Peal till the heart with love shall glow;
And soften with thy potent reign,
And bow beneath such melting strain.

"Ring joyous!" the young and gay
Have met to chase the hours away,
With bounding feet and beaming eye,
And hearts with throbbings wildly high.
Oh! youth is fair, and earth is bright,
And music gives a new delight.

"Ring out!" 'tis the bridal hour!
And love and music lend their power
To chase away all thoughts of woe;
Then let the strains still louder grow;
Peal forth a welcome for the bride,
And let each note of joy betide.

Waken sweet lyre a softened tone!
A stricken heart sends forth a moan;
Waken a sympathetic strain,
That shall release from sorrow's pain,
And help to drown in Lethean tide,
The woes that o'er the soul will glide.

Sweep softly now the trembling strings,
And waken sweetest echoings!
Sweep softly! 'tis the dying hour!
And music hath a soothing power.
Oh! gently on the wings of song,
Bear the freed soul to Heaven along.

UNKIND WORDS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

We have no balm to heal the wound,
We speak them in an evil hour;
To neutralize their subtle power
There can no anodyne be found.

Perhaps regret we give, and tears,
That pride of ours should cost so much,
The dear regard and trust of such
As loved us through the fading years.

And yet the ill-starred hour will come,
When falls the cutting word of ire,
That burns some heart with eating fire,
And love we held, for us is dumb.

Thus oft a spell the long years weave
O'er many a heart of fearful strength;
And treasured friends become, at length,
Estranged, though silently they grieve.

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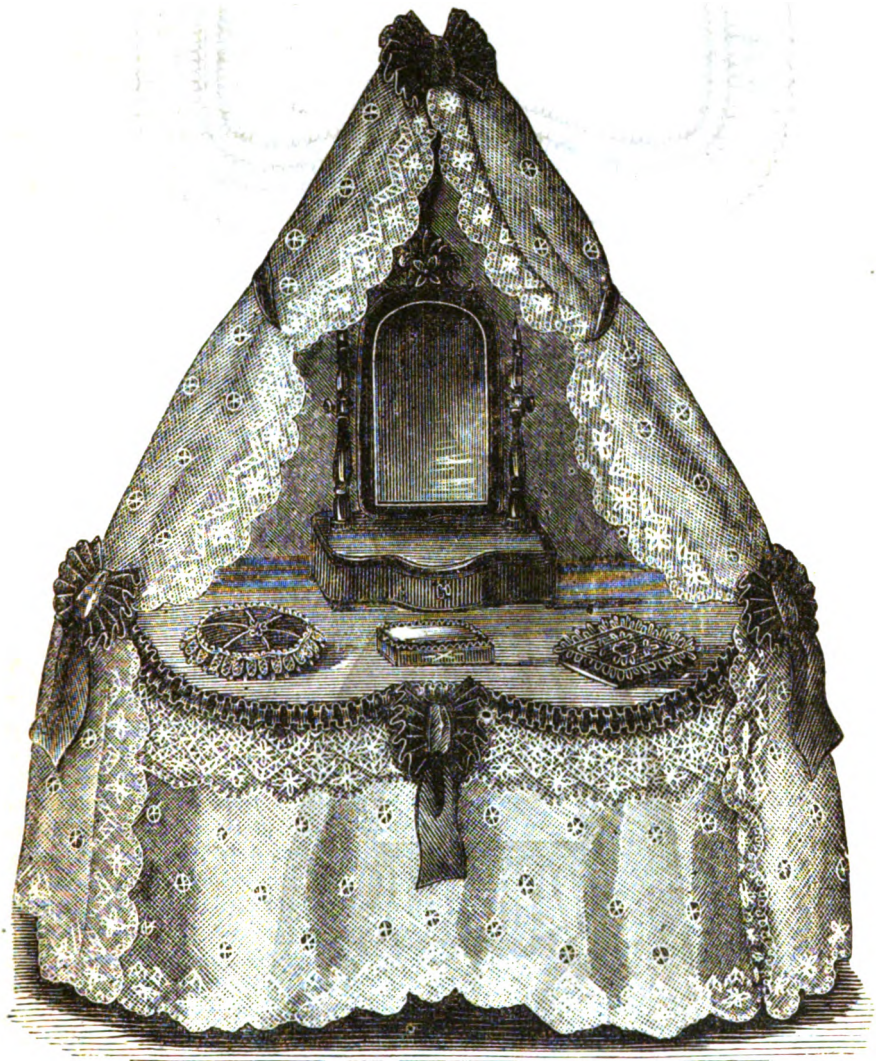
PATTERN FOR A TOILET-TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THERE is no style of toilet-table so pretty for a lady's chamber as that which is draped. It is also comparatively cheap, for the table itself, having to be covered, need not be of expensive walnut, or mahogany, but of the plainest wood. We give, above, an engraving of a very elegant table of this kind. It is covered with pink muslin underneath, and over this is put dotted Swiss, edged with either Cluny, or Maltese lace: it is looped, as will be seen, at the sides and top, with bows of pink; and it is finished with a quilling of pink ribbon around the top edge of the table. The toilet-cushions and comb-box should be made to match.

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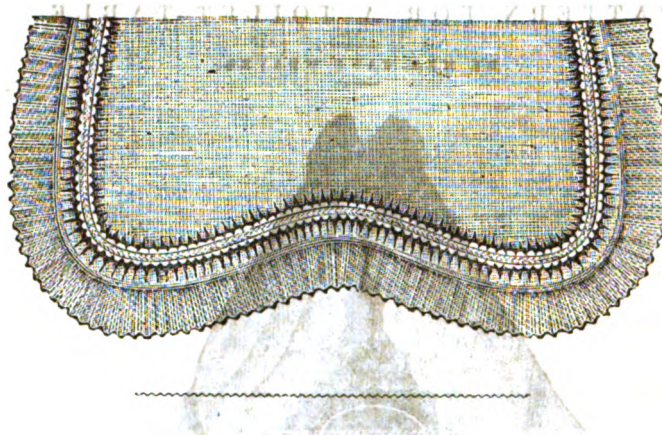
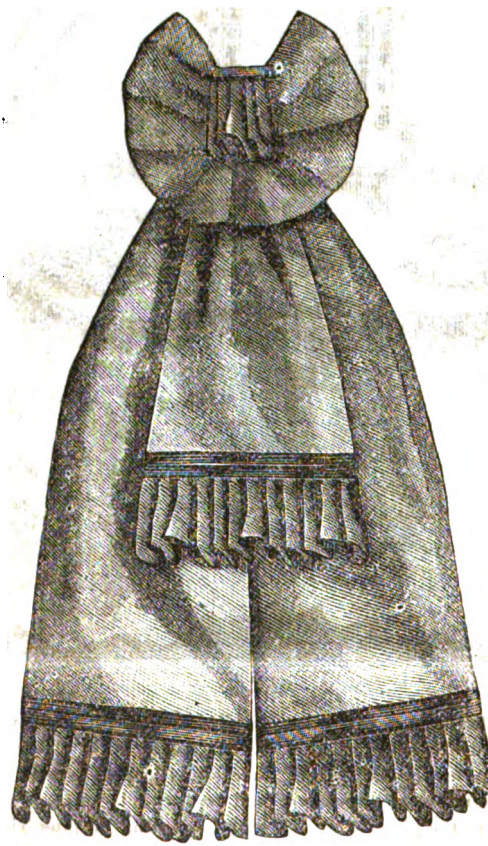
Or if a less expensive table is desired, it may be made, as seen in our next cut, with plain Swiss, over a pink under-covering, with fluted ruffles of the same, and with a simple design in braiding above the ruffles.



SASH FOR DRESS.



We give, here, a pretty pattern for a sash for a dress, or for an outside basque. Any lady can make one for herself, with the aid of this illustration.

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KNITTED JACKET FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This jacket, without sleeves, is knitted with blue fleecy in common brioche-stitch, and trimmed in front with a knitted strip in black and gray wool. Cut first a good paper pattern, and try it on. Begin the back and the front parts separately at the lower edge; cast on seven stitches. Knit in rows backward and forward in brioche-stitch, increasing and decreasing at the end of the rows from the paper pattern. The front parts are to be worked without increasings. The different parts are then sewn together on the wrong side; line the edge of the front part with a strip of black calico; make button-holes on one side, and sew buttons on the other; the jacket is bound all round with black ribbon an inch and a fifth wide. To hide this binding sew on the jacket two rouleaux of double gray wool; each of these rouleaux consists of a strip about three-quarters of an inch wide, knitted in rows backward and forward. This makes a useful and pretty jacket.

CASAQUE CARMAGO.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a drawing of a new style walking-dress, called the Carmago Casaque; and also a diagram, by aid of which it can be cut out.

This Casaque is to be trimmed with a flounce on the bottom of the under-skirt of dress eight inches in depth, put on in single pleats two inches apart, headed by a band of the material bound on both sides. Arrange this under flounce to meet the skirt of the Casaque, as seen in the design. The flounce up the Casaque is graduated at the waist, beginning there with three inches in depth, and increasing to six inches at the back; three inches in depth for the collar and sleeves. The skirt of the Casaque is looped at the back with large bow and ends.

No. 1. Half of Front of Body.
No. 2. Half of Back.
No. 3. Half of Side-Piece of Back.
No. 4. Half of Collar.
No. 5. Half of Waist-Belt.
No. 6. Half of Skirt of Casaque.
No. 7. Upper Half of Sleeve.
No. 8. Under Half of Sleeve.

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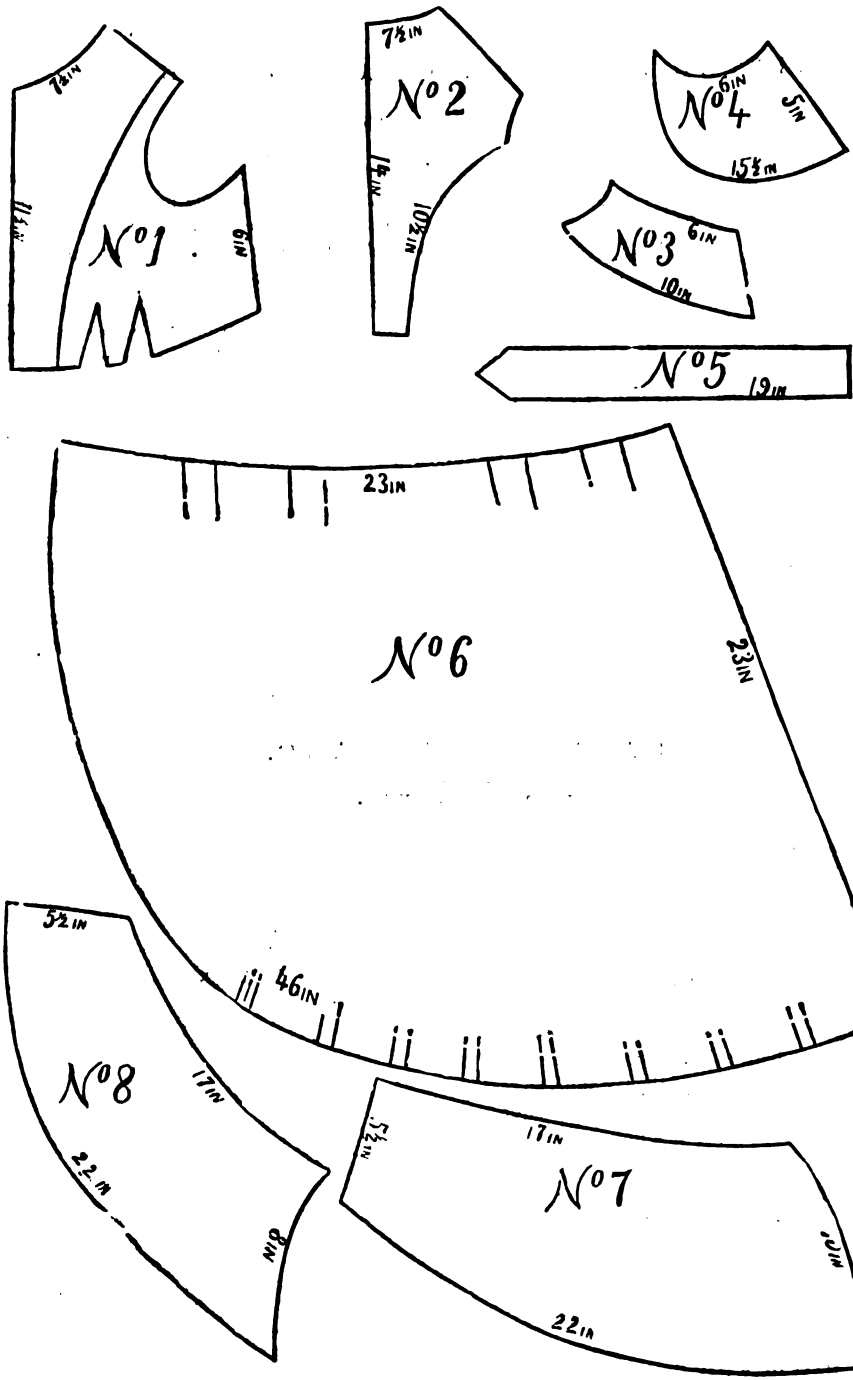

This Casaque is especially suitable for spring and early summer. It has great style, and yet is not extravagant. The diagram, it will be seen, gives the size of each piece, and is arranged for a lady of medium height. From the diagram, cut a paper pattern.

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TATTED EDGINGS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

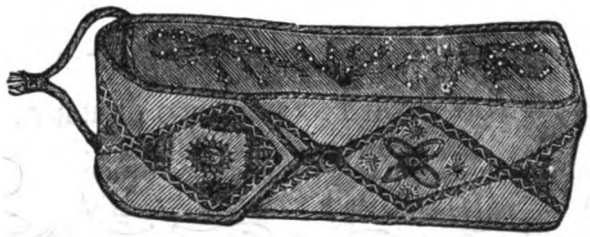
No. 1 —Tatted and Braid Edging.—The tatted eyes contain twenty-four double knots, and are looped on to the braid after the twelfth.

No. 2 consists of alternately large and small eyes, worked with the shuttle thread alone, and joining scallops with the helping thread. Each large eye contains ten double knots, one picot, ten double knots; each small eye contains six double knots, one picot, six double knots; a

joining scallop contains six double knots. The concluding row, worked with two threads, contains six double knots between joining and picot.

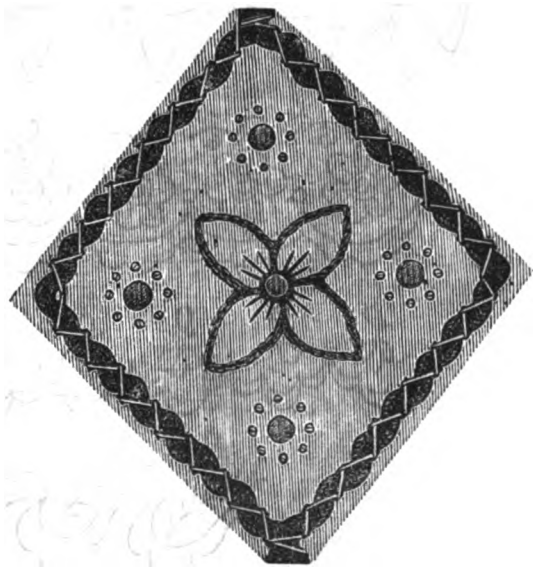
CLOTHES-BRUSH POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials.—Twenty-four inches of drab or gray cloth, black and scarlet Andalusian wool, some narrow scarlet waved braid, narrow black braid, some fine black worsted cord, and gray lining, one button.

The pocket is made in three pieces. The back, front, and ends are in one; the sides are put in; one end of the straight, long piece is turned over to form the flap. Nos. 1 and 2 give designs in the proper size for ornamenting the front and back of the pocket. The braid, as will be seen by referring to the design, is fastened with stitches of Andalusian wool—the black braid with scarlet, and the scarlet braid with black stitches. The pocket must be made to suit the size of the brush for which it is intended. The strip should be about twenty-four inches long and three inches and a half wide, and the sides must be



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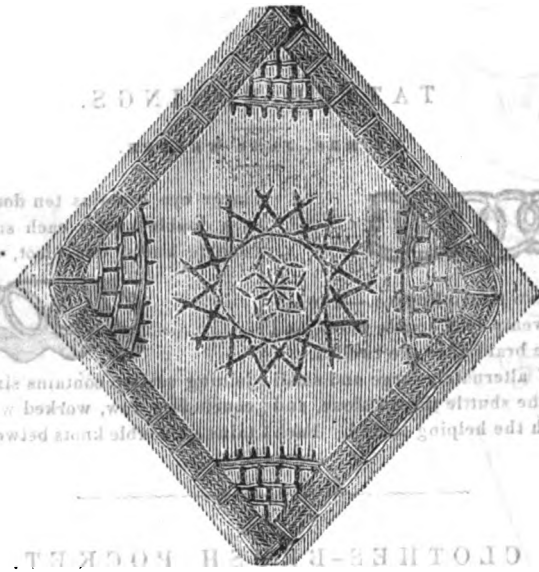
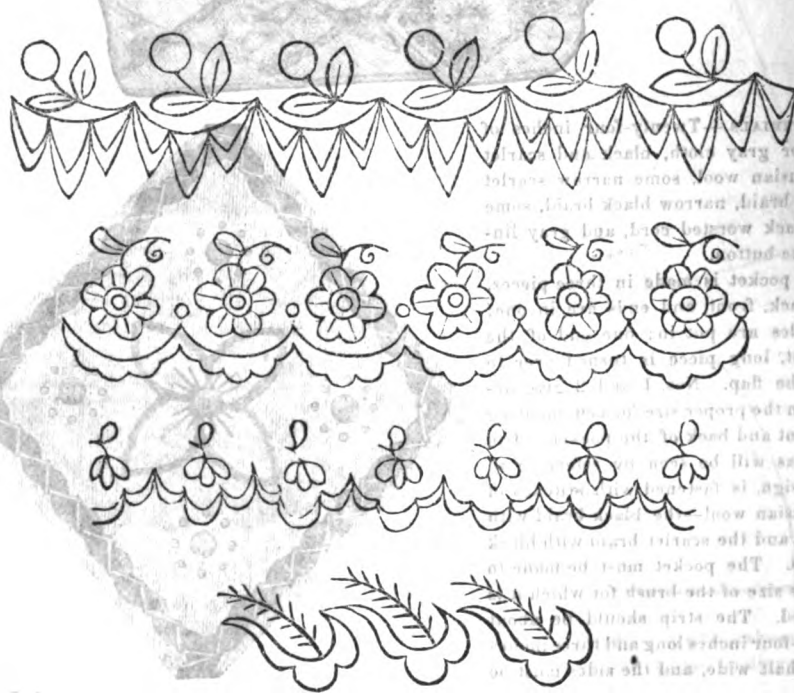


two inches and a half wide, and about seven inches long. When the separate parts are joined, the pocket must be lined and a cord sewn round. This cord also forms a string to hang the pocket by, and a loop to fasten the flap to the button.

EDGINGS IN EMBROIDERY.



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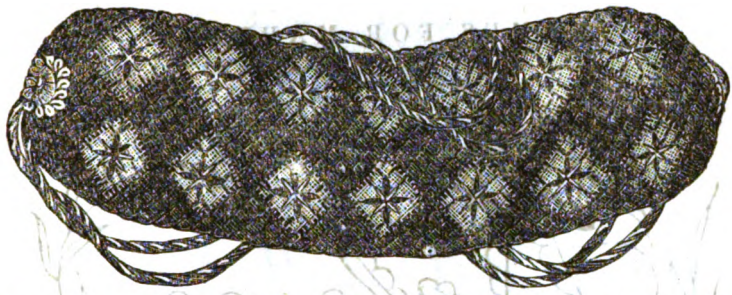
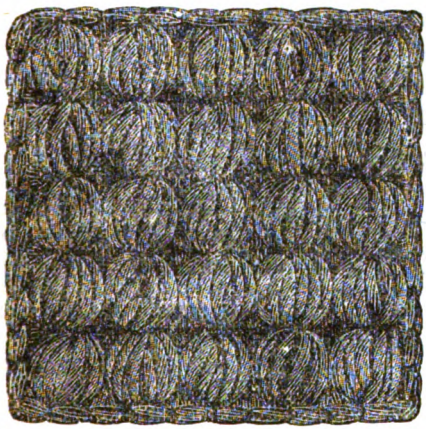
CHAIR-BOLSTER—CROCHET AND TRICOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



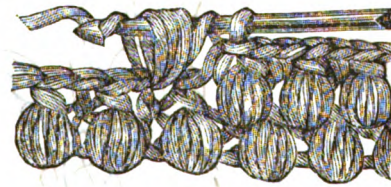
MATERIALS.—Lilac, white, red, and black Berlin wool, yellow filoselle silk, tricot hook, No. 10, (bell gauge.)

Our model consists of lilac and white squares embroidered in black, red, and yellow. No. 1 gives the whole arrangement of the bolster. For the lilac square, No. 2, make a chain of



eleven stitches rather loosely, upon which work the pattern, as represented in No. 4. Begin with one double. Then loop the thread round the needle, and draw a long loop through the next stitch; repeat this at the same stitch three more times. Fasten the three loops and the three stitches made out of one stitch by drawing the thread once through, and the two remaining loops by drawing the thread through again. The first row consists of one double and one of the above patterns, alternately; ending with one double. Turn the work round, and crochet on the wrong side the second row plain in double stitch, always inclosing both stitch threads of the preceding row. The square is five patterns broad and five long. For the white squares, No. 8, commence with fourteen stitches, and work eleven rows high in tricot. Work a row

of double round the square with lilac wool, then ornament it according to the design with three long, double stitches, of the same color, on each side of the square. The little leaves of the



flower are worked with red wool and yellow silk, with an edge of black wool stitches extending from the middle. The center is worked with yellow or black knot-stitch. When all the squares are completed—thirty-two lilac and twenty-seven white—join them with one row

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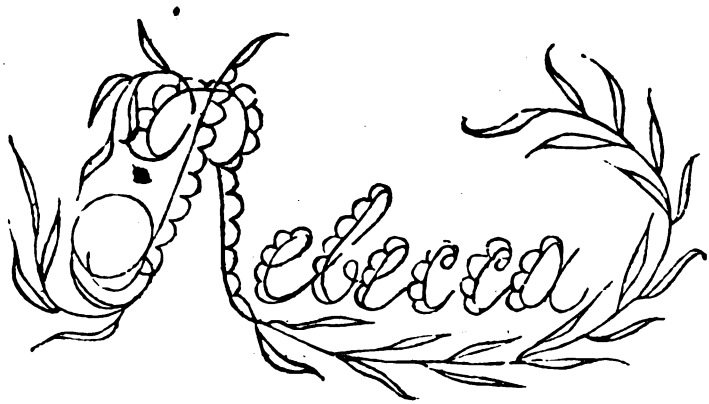
of double in lilac wool in such a manner that the points of two squares of the same color meet together. The bolster must, however, be so arranged at both ends that the four lilac squares always join each other. Make the bolster of wadding, feathers, or horse-hair. A cord and rosette, ornamented in the middle with a button covered with silk, completes the work.

NAMES FOR MARKING.



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TOBACCO-POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Chamoise leather, black velvet, red, green, yellow, blue, and purple sewing-silk, one spool of fine gold thread, silk and gold tassel, one yard of cord to match.

Cut the bag the required size, pointing it four times at the bottom; then, out of the scraps of velvet, cut the imps without the pipes which they hold; gum them carefully (as seen in the design) upon the leather before it is sewn up, sewing them in place with the red silk in fine button-hole stitch. Embroider the pipes in yellow silk. The diamond pattern at the bottom, and the half diamonds below and above, do in variegated colors in chain-stitch. Join the bag at the bottom and side; finish with tassel, using the cord for the strings. This "Pouch" will be very effective and inexpensive.

EMERY-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE materials for this pretty affair are half a walnut-shell, some calico, red velvet, emery, black sewing-silk, varnish.

This Emery-Cushion is made of calico, filled with emery, and covered on the top with red velvet, ornamented from illustration with point Russe embroidery of black silk.

The Emery-Cushion must be of the size of the nut-shell, into which it must fit, and be gummed in.

The shell is covered with varnish, so as to appear polished.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Extravagance and Display have run riot, in our great Atlantic cities, during the winter just ended. The entertainments have been of the costliest kind. To such a degree has this gone, that even the daily press, though generally not given to such protests, has felt called on to cry out against the race of luxury and folly. Money has been wasted by tens of thousands, we might say by hundreds of thousands, in the ostentatious display of flowers, viands, wines, etc., etc., at dinners, receptions, balls, and weddings. Think of a lunch of thirteen courses! Yet such entertainments have not been the exception, but the rule, among the would-be-fashionables of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

Surely this is all wrong. Two-thirds of the families, which entertain in this manner, cannot afford it, but are driven to it by the natural, though mistaken, desire to rival their richer neighbors. The remedy lies with the latter. Why will not a sufficient number of our wealthiest and most cultivated families agree not to entertain except in such a manner as will place reciprocation within the means of all? For, as things now go, the nicest people, very soon, will be out of society altogether. Few ladies will consent to accept civilities which they cannot return, and as soon as dinners, receptions, and parties become too expensive, the best people will decline to attend, or to give, entertainments. Society will then be left only to the merely rich. When things have come to that pass society will be essentially vulgar.

For real culture avoids everything like mere display. A parade of superior wealth is always offensive. The most civilized peoples have always avoided this exhibition of bad taste, and avoided it just in proportion to their refinement and elevation. The savage delights to parade his finery in order to make his comrades jealous. Barbaric kings waste millions on jewels, costly stuffs, gold table-services, brilliant equipages, and all the other gewgaws that betray the childishness of themselves and their subjects. Of all peoples that have ever lived, ancient or modern, the Athenians, in the time of Pericles, had reached the highest degree of culture. Yet the Athenians, beyond all other people, were the simplest in dress and living. Private ostentation was almost unknown in the great city of Greece. Luxury and show was left to the Persians, or, as the Athenians called them, and on this account justly, the Barbarians.

What we say of our great cities is true also of our towns and villages, at least in a degree. The love of display is extending over all the land. It is eating out the heart of the republic. The simplicity of manners, the plain, yet elegant style of entertainment, which so charmed the French officers, when they came here, as our allies, in the war of 76, have almost entirely disappeared. Why not go back, at least in some degree, to those halcyon days? We appeal to the sex, for with them, not with men, it rests to bring about this reform. Ostentation is not refinement. True elegance is not display. We can dress well and entertain well, without a snobbish waste of money. Let us do it!

We Guarantee No Articles advertised on our cover or other advertising pages. We only present the claims of the advertisers, *on their own showing*, to the patronage of the public. If you wish additional information, write to the advertisers, and not to us. We assume no responsibility.

For Two Dollars and a Half we will send a copy of "Peterson" for one year, and also a "Star of Bethlehem."

Scanty Skirts, or the Reverse.—Our Paris correspondent writes to us as follows, apropos of the prevailing fashions in skirts:—"On the other hand, another category of women have long indulged in unsightly scantiness of skirts, and, at the present time, a woman so dressed looks anything but respectable or genteel. A lady well-known in the fashionable world here, was not long since refused admittance to an hotel because her toilet bore too close a resemblance to an umbrella-case. 'We do not receive ladies unattended,' was the remark made, and when the new arrival had given her name and title, the ferocious hotel-keeper simply remarked, with many apologies, that he had been led into error by the scantiness of her skirts. But since the new season, ladies have run some risk of being unfavorably judged, if they presented themselves in too voluminous a toilet; the fact is that a lady should have just enough *tournure* not to resemble either a stem of asparagus or a shapeless bundle of clothes."

"Lippincott's Magazine" announces an original novel, by Anthony Trollope, to be begun in the July number. "Lippincott's" is a periodical of the same kind as "Putnam's" and the "Atlantic," and is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Nos. 715 and 717 Market street, Philadelphia. It is comparatively a new undertaking, having been commenced only eighteen months ago; but it has already established its claim to rank with its rivals; and this fresh proof of enterprise will add greatly to its reputation. We have always believed that Philadelphia was the proper point from which to issue a magazine like "Lippincott's." The city is, geographically, better located for the purpose than any other. Its central location has a tendency to give to an editor, living in Philadelphia, a greater breadth of view, and hence a more distinctively American feeling, than if he resided elsewhere. The subscription price of "Lippincott's" is four dollars a year.

Superior in Every Respect.—The Clark County (Ky.) Democrat says:—"The home where Peterson's is not a regular and welcome visitor, is like a flower without perfume, a song without music, a sunless sky, a waveless sea, a songless bird. The last number of this charming monthly is before us, and a superb one it is. Only two dollars a year, and superior in every respect to two-thirds of the higher-priced magazines."

The Waverley Novels.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just issued the cheapest edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels to be had anywhere. Each novel is printed in double-column octavo, at twenty cents a novel. Or the whole twenty-six novels may be had, in five volumes, in paper covers, for five dollars. At these rates, the publishers will send, post-paid, either a single novel, or as many as the buyer may select, or the whole set, complete.

Taste in Dress does not mean extravagance. It is knowledge of the fashions, and good taste, that saves you your money. The duty of every woman is to look as pretty as she can, and a suitable, yet tasteful dress, adds greatly to beauty.

When Subscribers wish the directions of their Magazines changed, they must send us the old address as well as the new one.

Marry for Merit and not for money. The latter may be lost, but the former lasts forever.

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"Boiled" Hair.—Frizettes, over which chignons are arranged, are too warm and heavy for summer. A plan for dispensing with them and making a fine display of a small quantity of hair is called "boiling." The braid is plaited in innumerable tiny braids and put in a pot of boiling water. After it has been boiled for three or four hours, it is dried by "baking" in an oven. When the small braids are taken out the hair will be crimped in the style now so fashionable, and the crimp will remain permanently, defying all moisture to make it limp. The crimps make the hair stand out so lightly that frizettes are not needed. It is then loosely plaited in a large "three plait" to form the chignon, and after being wound into shape is held securely by an invisible net. Such chignons weigh only two and a half or three ounces, and may be readily put on without the aid of a hair-dresser.

Gift Enterprises of every kind should be avoided. They are only lotteries in disguise. You are sure, in the long run, to lose money by them.

It is Never too Late to subscribe for this Magazine. Back numbers, from January, inclusive, can always be supplied.

Where No Premium is Asked we will send three copies for $1.50, as we did last year.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Hans Breitmann's Party. With other Ballads. New and Enlarged Edition. By Charles G. Leland. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—When the first edition of this work appeared, in the summer of last year, we spoke of it in the very highest terms. Nothing that has appeared, on this side of the Atlantic, has been so good of its kind, if we except the "Bigelow Papers." These latter, as our readers know, are humorous poems, written in what is supposed to be the Yankee vernacular. "Hans Breitmann" is also in verse and is full of humor, but is written in broken German, or rather Pennsylvania Dutch. Of course, in both cases, something of the fun comes from the dialect which is used. But in both cases also there is often real wit besides. The English critical journals, never very lenient to American authors, have recognized the merit of "Hans Breitmann." A very elegant edition of it, with a glossary, has been printed in London. In the United States, the popularity of the book has been so great that a new edition has been called for already, and we have it now before us, with additions and an improved typographical appearance. Of the very many good things in this volume, which were not in the earlier edition, are "Hans Breitmann's Christmas," and "Schnitzerl's Philosopede." Price seventy-five cents.

Pre-Historic Nations. By John D. Baldwin, A. M. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a treatise on some of the great peoples and civilizations of antiquity, and an inquiry into their probable relation to a still older civilization, which its author suggests may have been that of the Ethiopians, if not the Cushites of Arabia. It is a book of mark. A comprehensive index adds greatly to the value of the work, at least for purposes of reference.

The Blameless Prince, and other Poems. By Edward Clarence Stedman. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.—Mr. Stedman has been recognized, for many years, as one of the most graceful of our younger poets. His "Alice of Monmouth," and his "Poems, Lyric and Idyllic," have had a more than usual degree of success. In this, his last collection, we think he improves even upon himself.

The Wife's Messengers. By Mrs. M. B. Harton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The purpose of this story is excellent. The story itself is also well told. The volume, like all the publications of this house, is very handsomely printed.

He Knew He Was Right. By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Anthony Trollope is not a genius, as Charles Dickens is, but the persons in his novels are much more natural. His young girls especially are very life-like. In this, his last story, what can be better done than Nora, or Dorothy? They talk and act exactly as well-bred young women do, and yet each is different from the other, and capitally discriminated too. His men are not quite so good, but they are well depicted also. "He Knew He Was Right" is not as pleasant a novel as some of his others; it seems almost impossible, indeed, that any husband could be so foolishly jealous; but there is a good deal of interest in the story, and there is one character, at least, that of Miss Stansbury, which is quite original. American readers will hardly forgive the portrait of the Minister to Italy, which has been drawn satirically and without much regard to truth. The edition before us is in double-column octavo, profusely illustrated with wood engravings.

Her Majesty's Tower. By William Hepworth Dixon. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is not so much a description of the ancient Tower of London, as of the various eminent persons who have been imprisoned in it. In this way, sketches are given of Charles of Orleans, Lord Cobham, Courtenay, Cranmer, Latimer, Northumberland, Norfolk, Raleigh, and others. It is a chatty, agreeable book, without much depth in it; but it pretends to nothing more; and will find a large circle of readers. A map of the Tower, as the Tower was in Queen Elizabeth's time, illustrates the volume. As there have been few changes, in the last three centuries, in this venerable pile of buildings, a study of this map will give a person, who has never visited the Tower, a very fair idea of this palace and prison of the English kings.

Villa Eden: The Country House on the Rhine. By Berthold Auerbach. Part I. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is the first part of a new romance by Auerbach, the author of "On the Heights," etc., etc., originally written in German. The translation is by Charles G. Shackford. The book will, we predict, have a very large sale. Few romances have appeared, for many years, that have been so popular, with a certain class of readers, as "On the Heights:" and "Villa Eden" is not inferior in merit or interest to its predecessors.

The Gain of A Loss. By the author of "The Last of the Cavaliers." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.—Some publishing firms, by their taste in the selection of the works they print, acquire such a reputation, that their imprint, seen on a volume, is a proof that the book is worth reading. Leypoldt & Holt are one of this class, and "The Gain of A Loss" is a fresh proof of their discernment.

Peg Woffington, Christie Johnstone, and other Stories. By Charles Reade. 1 vol, 16 mo. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.—This is the eighth, and last, volume of Fields, Osgood & Co.'s edition of Reade's novels. As we stated, in our last, the volumes are handy and neat. The price is low, too, viz., one dollar a volume, or eight dollars for all.

Think and Act. By Virginia Penny. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.—A series of articles pertaining to men and women, work and wages, by Virginia Penny, a well-known writer in the cause of the sex. A really valuable book. The volume is very neatly printed.

The Changed Brides. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another novel from the fertile and absorbing pen of the author of "Fair Play." The edition is a very nice one.

Griffith Gaunt. By Charles Reade. With Illustrations. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A double-column, octavo edition, bound in paper, with illustrations, price twenty-five cents only.

Virginia Graham. The Spy of the Grand Army. By Justin Innes. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Loring.—A cheap, double-column edition of a new American novel.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE MASON & HAMLIN IMPROVED VOX HUMANA, introduced a few months since by the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company, proves the most popular improvement ever made in instruments of the class. The Company are now several hundreds of organs behind orders, though producing over five hundred per month. This improvement gives better quality and much greater variety to the instrument, including really very beautiful imitations of the violin, and other orchestral instruments. It is far in advance of all previous attachments of the class, not only in the beauty of its effect, but also in the ease with which it is used, and its freedom from liability to get out of order.

The Mason & Hamlin Company now have orders for their Organs from almost every civilized country in the world, but also from some that are not civilized. From England, France, and Germany, Australia, India, China, and the various South American States they have frequent orders. This illustrates what can be done by producing the best thing of its kind, selling it at the lowest price, and then letting people know by advertising that it is "the best and cheapest."

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—The American Agriculturalist says of this Tea Company:—"Before admitting their advertisement, we learned that a large number of our clerks and others had for several months been buying their Tea and Coffee from this Company, without its being known who they were; and that they had been highly pleased with their purchases, both as to quality and price, and were all recommending their friends to the same course. As we have published the advertisement for many months, and received no complaints, we conclude there is no humbug about the establishment."

ECONOMY IN HOUSEKEEPING.—The Gospel Banner says:—"Peterson's Magazine contains everything that can be desired in a Magazine of the kind. It gives more for the money, and of a better quality, than any other. It is emphatically the Magazine for the times. In addition to the superb steel engravings and colored fashion-plates, it prints numerous wood-cuts of the newest bonnets, hats, caps, etc., etc. We find, in the April number, all the latest Paris, London, Philadelphia, and New York fashions described in full. Its household receipts are famous. It must be economy in housekeeping to take Peterson's Magazine."

SO GREAT IS THE reputation of the MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS, that no one doubts their superiority; and when, after having uniformly taken the highest prizes at American industrial exhibitions, they carried off the medal at the great Paris Exposition, it was regarded as a matter of course. Objection was made, however, that, as is the case with many best things, the prices were high. A material reduction in prices removes this difficulty, and these famous Organs are now sold at prices of common instruments of the class.

TEN YEARS.—Miss L. Harris, of North East, Pa., writes to Wheeler & Wilson as follows:—"I have used my Wheeler & Wilson Machine ten years without repairs, not only for family sewing, but for all the stitching I could get to do, from the heaviest beaver to the finest muslin. In six months I made alone on the Machine, twenty-five coats, seven vests, ten pair of pants, twenty-four shirts, and a number of cloaks, etc."

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS have the largest and best catalogue of cheap novels of any publishing firm in the United States. Catalogues sent, gratis, if written for, postpaid. Address, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this periodical at reasonable rates. "Peterson" is the most valuable vehicle in the United States for advertising, for it has a larger circulation than any other Magazine, and goes to every town, village, and cross-roads in the Nation. For terms, etc., address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"THE CURSE OF GOLD" is the title of a new novel, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, which has never appeared in "Peterson's Magazine," but which has lately been published, in a handsome duodecimo volume, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, price $1.50 in paper, or $1.75 in cloth.

FRAGRANT AND PLEASING.—The Pittsburg Christian Advocate says:—"Colgate & Co's Toilet Soaps are widely known. Fragrant and pleasing, they have a softening influence on the skin."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

We give this month more of *Baron Brisse's* receipts.

Codfish a la Bechamel.—Soak the fish for twenty-four hours in river water, if possible, and renew it two or three times; take it out; scrape it carefully, and put it to cook always in cold river water: skim it until the moment the water boils, then take the sauce-pan off the fire, cover it, and after a quarter of an hour take out the codfish, drain and dish it. Put in a sauce-pan some butter, flour, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, parsley, and green onions, chopped fine, and cream in proportion to the flour. Place it on the fire, and let it boil up once. If the sauce is too thick, add a little more cream, and pour it over the codfish, which should be kept hot in its dish. You can likewise cut the fish in thin slices, spread it out on a buttered plate, cover it with the sauce, powder the whole with bread-crumbs, mixed with grated cheese; sprinkle with a little melted butter, place the dish on hot ashes, covered in a Dutch oven with fire on the lid, and serve as soon as it browns.

Tipsy Cake—Composition: Quarter of a pound of sponge biscuits; quarter of a pound of maccaroons; strawberry or raspberry-jam; a pint and a half of whipped cream, flavored with vanilla; a glass of white wine, and a small glass of brandy. Dispose in an ornamental dish a layer of sponge-cake; a layer of sponge-maccaroons; a layer of jam, and sprinkle the whole with white wine and brandy, with whipped cream above. Recommence all the layers, and terminate at last with the whipped cream. Let it remain half an hour, and serve.

Chantilly Cream.—Of all cold desserts, Chantilly cream is the easiest to prepare, but on condition of having rich cream worthy of its name. Mix the whites of two eggs with a quart of rich cream, beat it to a snow by means of a little whisk. Add then, but without ceasing to whip, half a pound of powdered sugar, and flavor with vanilla, orange, essence of coffee, or any desirable extract. Pile it up in a glass dish, surround it by sponge-cakes, and serve.

Dutch Sauce.—This must not be confounded with "white sauce." Flour enters into the composition of the latter, but is excluded from Dutch sauce. Put a quarter of a pound of butter in a bowl with the yolks of three eggs, some salt, and a small spoonful of vinegar; heat in a "bain marie" until it thickens, and at the moment of serving add lemon-juice.

MEATS, ETC.

Egg-Sandwiches.—Hard boil some very fresh eggs, and, when cold, cut them into moderately thin slices, and lay them between some bread and butter cut as thin as possible; season them well with pepper, salt, and nutmeg. For picnic parties, or when one is travelling, these sandwiches are far preferable to hard-boiled eggs *au naturel*.

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Grenade of Veal.—Cut some veal into pieces about two inches in length, and lard each piece. Butter a mould, and place the pieces round, and fill up the mould with veal quenelles; cover it over and put it in an oven, and let it remain in an hour and a half. Before you serve, drain off any gravy, and turn it out on a dish; put it in the oven to dry, and then glaze it. Make a sauce with the gravy of the grenade, strained first, and add a spoonful of wine to the sauce. Truffles will improve the flavor; or you may serve round it a ragout of mushrooms, or a puree of green peas. It is good hot or cold, but, if the latter, do not serve peas with it.

To Choose Lamb.—The vein in the neck of the fore-quarter of lamb ought to be of a fine blue; it is then fresh; if it is of a green or yellow cast, it is stale; if in the hind-quarter there is a faint, disagreeable smell under the kidney, or if the knuckle is limp, it is not good; if the eyes are sunk, the head is not fresh. Grass lamb is in season in April or May, and continues good till August. House lamb may be had in great towns generally all the year round, but it is in its highest perfection in December and January.

Veal Rolls.—Cut some slices of veal very thin, and divide them into neat pieces. Lay on each some good forcemeat, seasoned high; roll each up tight, and tie them with coarse thread; put them on a bird spit, after dipping each in the yolks of eggs well beaten, flour them over, and baste them with butter; half an hour will do them. Have a good gravy ready, with truffles and mushrooms chopped, and after dishing the rolls pour the gravy round them.

Collops of Beef.—Cut the piece of beef in slices as thick as a finger, dip them either in drippings or in melted butter or oil, mixed with parsley and onion finely chopped, and salt, pepper, and nutmeg; when well impregnated, incrust them with bread-crumbs mixed with a little grated cheese; broil them over a gentle fire; then serve, either with lemon, or with any kind of sauce.

Cray-Sauce for Roast-Beef.—Grate some horseradish very fine, to which add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, some salt, and mustard; add cream in discretion; all to be well mixed to about the thickness and consistency of well-made bread-sauce.

VEGETABLES.

Potato-Cakes.—Boil the potatoes well. When they are thoroughly done, peel them and rub them through a hair-sieve. Put what comes through the sieve into a pint of milk, boiled with the peel of half a lemon, a lump of sugar, and a little salt. Work up the whole, and add the yolks of six eggs. Then put some clarified butter into the mould, so that it may spread all over; this being done, put two or three large handfuls of crumbs of bread, and spread them equally on all parts of the mould; which must then be filled up with the potato mixture. Dip a brush into some hot butter, and sprinkle it gently over the contents of the mould, which strew over a second time equally with crumbs of bread, that the gateau or cake may be made a fine color. You may occasionally add dried currants, or dried cherries; sometimes flavor with noyau, maraschino, or vanilla, etc., to create a variety of names or tastes. Bake in an oven moderately heated, and when you turn it out of the mould be particular not to break the cake.

Potato-Tarts.—Boil and mash the potatoes. Mix with them some currants, sugar, a little cinnamon, the yolks of three or four eggs well beaten, and some cream, so as to make a rather thin mash. Put this into a dish surrounded with a little puff-paste, and bake until it is brown. It must be done very rapidly in a brisk oven, and especial care taken that it shall not be baked too much. Send it up with sugar strewed over the top.

Peas au Sucre.—Boil the peas and throw into cold water, then put them in a pan with a little butter, a tablespoonful and a half of sugar, a tablespoonful of broth, one yolk of egg; stir fast, and they are done.

DESSERTS.

Jelly from Gelatine.—For a quart of jelly dissolve an ounce of the gelatine in half a pint of cold water, then pour on it a pint of boiling water; stir till the gelatine is completely dissolved, and add lemon-peel and sugar to taste. When quite cold, whisk up the whites of two eggs, and three or four shells, put the whole into a stew-pan, and set it on a gentle fire to boil up (be sure not to stir it;) as soon as it does so remove it immediately from the fire; gently put in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and allow it to stand five or ten minutes before passing it through the jelly-bag. If not clear enough the first time this must be repeated. When perfectly clear, add half a pint of wine, and let it stand till nearly cold before pouring into the mould.

Bread-Pudding.—A very good pudding may be made by soaking the pieces of bread in boiling water till soft, then add milk, sugar, spice, and a few currants; either bake or boil. A small piece of good dripping or butter much improves the pudding, which, with the addition of an egg, is fit for nursery dinner or luncheon. There are various ways of usefully disposing of pieces of bread. If soaked in boiling water, and when partially dried they are baked, they make a sort of "pulled bread," to eat with cheese; or they can be fried or soaked in the dripping-pan, or dried in the oven, and then grated and used as bread-crumbs for game, etc.

Solid Custard.—One ounce of isinglass, two pints of new milk, one dozen of bitter almonds, pounded, the yolks of four eggs, sugar to taste. Dissolve the isinglass in the milk, add the pounded almonds, put the mixture on the fire, and let it boil a few minutes. Pour it through a sieve, then add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten; sweeten to your taste. Put it on the fire until it thickens, stir it till nearly cold, and put it into a mould.

Lemon-Sponge.—Half an ounce of gelatine dissolved in three-quarters of a pint of water, add the juice of two lemons, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and the whites of three eggs. Let the mixture stand before the fire for some time, and then whisk it up for three-quarters of an hour, and put it into a mould.

CAKES.

Rock Biscuit.—Six eggs, one pound of sifted sugar, half a pound of flour, a few currants. Break the eggs into a basin, beat them well until very light, add the pounded sugar, and when this is well mixed with the eggs dredge in the flour gradually, and add the currants. Mix all well together, and put the dough, with a fork, on the tins, making it look as rough as possible. Bake the cakes in a moderate oven from twenty minutes to half an hour. When they are done, allow them to get cool, and store them away in a tin canister, in a dry place.

Sweet Biscuits.—Rub four ounces of butter well into eight ounces of flour; add six ounces of loaf-sugar, the yolks of two eggs, the white of one, and a tablespoonful of brandy. Boil the paste thin, and cut it with a wineglass or cutter; egg over the tops of each with the remaining white, and sift on white sugar. Bake in a warm oven.

Scotch Cakes.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, three ounces of butter, three ounces of lump-sugar, sal ammonia about the size of a hazel-nut; warm the butter in a little milk, and mix the whole into a thick paste. Cut into small rounds, and bake in a cool oven.

Cinnamon Biscuits.—Half a pound of dry flour, one pound of lump-sugar, finely sifted; one pound of butter, powdered cinnamon to judgment. The whole to be mixed with a glass of brandy or rum, then rolled very thin, and baked in a quick oven.

Genevieve Pastry.—Quarter of a pound of almonds, pounded, half a pound of fresh butter, ten ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, ten ounces of flour, sifted, four eggs. Mix well, and bake thirty-seven minutes in a moderate oven.

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FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE AND GREEN CHANGEABLE SILK.—The lower-skirt has a deep gathered ruffle, headed by two bands of brown and yellow changeable silk. The upper-skirt is made as a polonaise, buttoned down the front, and trimmed to match the skirt.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OR HOME-DRESS, FOR A YOUNG LADY.—The under-skirt is of mauve-colored poplin, and quite plain; the upper-skirt is of white mohair, striped with mauve; it is plain, looped up at each side by large bows; wide mauve sash tied at the back.

FIG. III.—DINNER-DRESS OF PINK SILK.—The under-skirt has one very deep ruffle put on in full plaits, and trimmed by two bias folds of white satin. Over-skirt with a long train, trimmed with lace and satin; this skirt is short in front, and looped up at the side by a large white satin bow. The high waist is with a deep scalloped basque in front, a hood-shaped pelerine at the back, and a double trimming fastened together by pink bows down the train. *Marie Antoinette* sleeves.

FIG. IV.—TRAVELING-DRESS OF BROWN SERGE.—The lower-skirt is of brown, with wide stripes of green; the upper-skirt is of brown, striped with a darker shade of brown, bound with green, and looped up at the sides by cross-pieces of green. Small basque, trimmed with green and with green silk revers. Brown straw hat, trimmed with corn-flowers, completes this elegant costume.

FIG. V.—SHORT DRESS FOR A WATERING-PLACE.—The under-skirt is of blue silk, trimmed with two puffings of the same, gathered some distance from the edge. Upper-skirt of plain brown grenadine, gathered lengthwise and looped with black ribbon. The grenadine waist is made low, and is worn over a high, white body with long sleeves; over this is worn a black lace body, with black silk bretelles. This is a simple, yet very beautiful costume.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with eight fluted ruffles. The upper-skirt has but one ruffle, and is looped carelessly up to the waist at the back. Black silk basque without sleeves, but with a large cape.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS FOR A WATERING-PLACE.—The under-skirt is of pink and white striped silk, made quite plain; the upper-dress is of pearl-colored silk, open in front, and with a train finished with a ruffle; this train is made to loop up so as to form a pannier. The waist is plain with *revers*, and the cuffs formed of the striped silk.

FIG. VIII.—MORNING-DRESS OF VIOLET PERCALE, figured down the front with black.

FIG. IX.—BACK VIEW OF A BLACK AND WHITE PLAID SUMMER POPLIN HOUSE-DRESS.—The bias bands are bound with black velvet.

We also give in this number new styles of making white summer bodies, waists, capes, etc.; also a sample of making a plain, looped-up skirt at the back, with a double pannier, by drawing the skirt up to fall over the bottom.

The two bonnets have coronets formed by roses, the one made of blue tulle has a great quantity of small pink roses; the one of black lace has roses of a much larger size.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In woolen goods, chintzes and percales, stripes are very popular; though some of the newest percales has a striped under-skirt, with the upper-skirt plain, and of the color of one of the stripes. These percales come at nine dollars the dress pattern, and the woolen goods from thirty-seven cents to one dollar and fifty cents per yard, according to the quality. There is also a pure goat's hair of one color, and which sheds the dust, is one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard. This is a remarkably nice material for a cool summer or spring weather, and comes in all colors. There is a poplin mohair at from seventy-five cents to one dollar per yard, which is very beautiful for children. It comes in blue and white, pink and white, green and white, violet and white stripes of the most exquisite hues. Black silks of good quality range from two dollars and seventy-five cents to six dollars per yard; and the self-colored silks of the better make are usually higher than the plaids. Three dollars and fifty cents to five dollars per yard is the price.

Small checked silks are one dollar and seventy-five cents per yard, and fine stripes are two dollars and fifty cents per yard. These are in all colors, and make useful and beautiful spring dresses. Among the newest silks are changeables, with small chene figures in them; they are three dollars and twenty-five cents per yard.

The styles of trimming dresses are so various, that we can only refer our readers to our fashion-plate and wood-cuts for the newest patterns. All dresses will be worn very full at the back, but not too much puffed out. Trained skirts are as popular as ever for the house, and these are trimmed with ruffles, quillings, bands, and puffings to suit the fancy of the wearer. Some of the mohair walking-dresses are made with one skirt, with several small ruffles, and with a moderate length basque; this is very simple and pretty. A beautiful short walking-dress of check silk is made with five narrow bound ruffles on the bottom skirt; the upper-skirt and body are cut in one, like a deep basque, made full at the back and on the hips, and is trimmed with one ruffle. This basque reaches to the top ruffle of the lower-skirt, and is a good deal looped up with bows. This very stylish dress costs seventy-five dollars. Another silk, with a fine stripe, is made with three or four pinked out ruffles on the bottom; the waist of this dress is plain, and over it is worn a kind of bretelle cape, the long, wide ends of which fall on the skirt back and front, and reach to the ruffles on the skirt. This cape is trimmed with a pinked out ruffle. A young lady can wear a white body under this and give it a most dressy appearance, as the bretelles do not meet either back or front. The price of this costume, in a fine striped silk, is eighty-five dollars, and two hundred dollars in a rich black silk.

BASQUES, both tight-fitting and made loose and belted in, are worn, and the styles of trimming are innumerable, depending very much on the wearer's taste.

BONNETS are still made high and very small. The high chignons have become the rule, and in consequence bonnets, excessively small, continue to take up the least place possible upon heads altogether hidden under a superabundance of hair. The newest bonnets are only tiny bits of straw or wire-frame to hold a quantity of trimming. A French straw bonnet, of the smallest possible proportions, is trimmed with a bunch of ribbons, which stand straight up in front, embedding a large rose; this is sold at the moderate price of thirty dollars.

As will be seen, by our wood-cuts, a great many curls are worn, and puffs and braids in the most complicated styles. But few ornaments are worn in the hair, the *chevelure* itself suffices; and if one thinks of the price of curls, frizzles, and braids of artificial hair, one understands that this is no matter of economy.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED MOHAIR FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—It is made with one skirt, and has a ruffle reaching to the front width, which is cut long and plain. Where the front breadth is joined to the side ones it is trimmed with a row of buttons. A small, plain basque finishes the costume.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED SILK FOR A YOUNG LADY.—The lower-skirt has two ruffles, headed by a band of green silk under a guipure lace. The upper-skirt is trimmed in the same way, with the ruffles running up each side. Plain body, with small bretelle cape.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF WHITE DOTTED MUSLIN, trimmed with blue.

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J. R. JONES, *President.*

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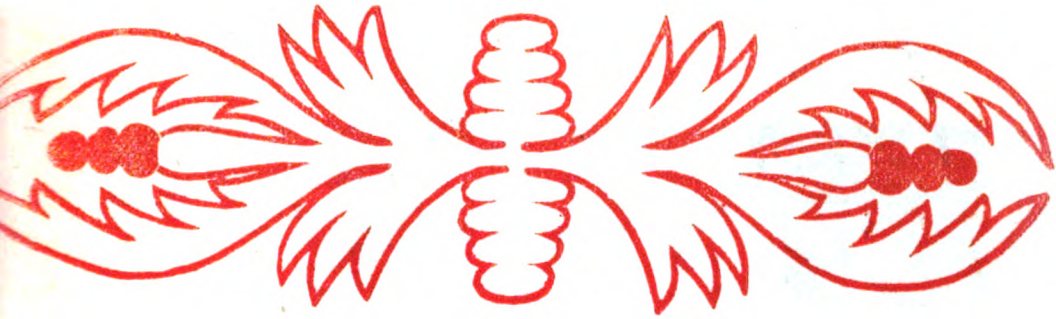

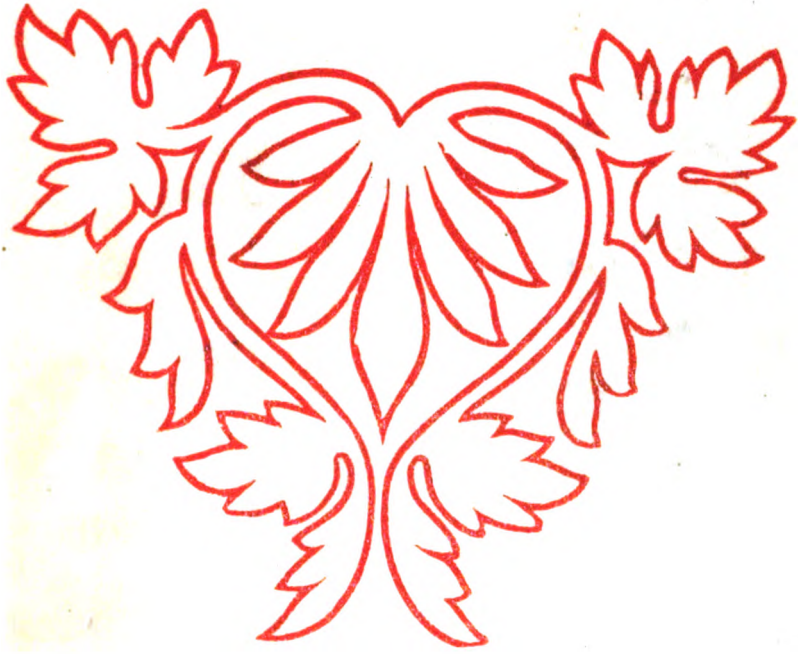

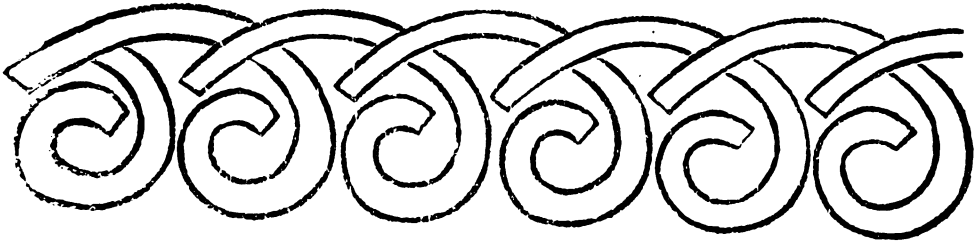

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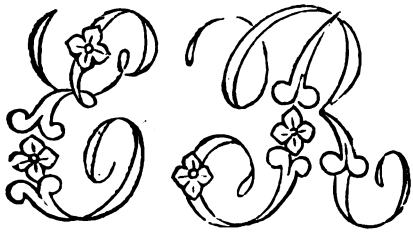

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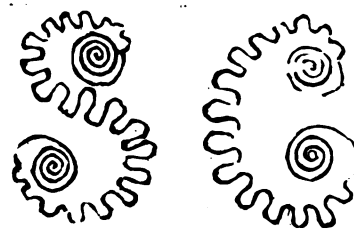

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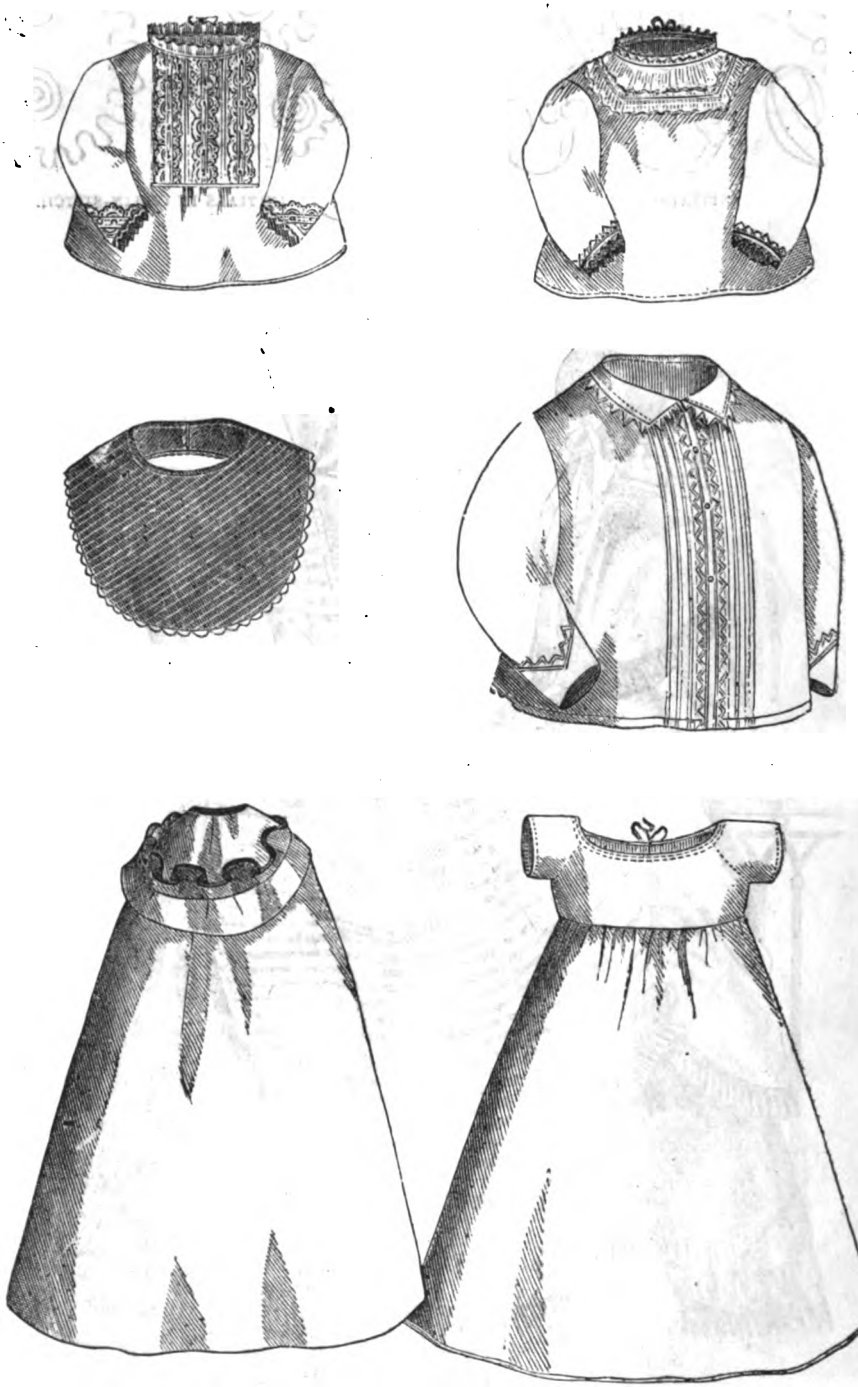

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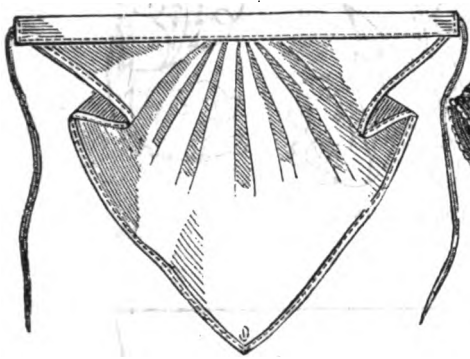

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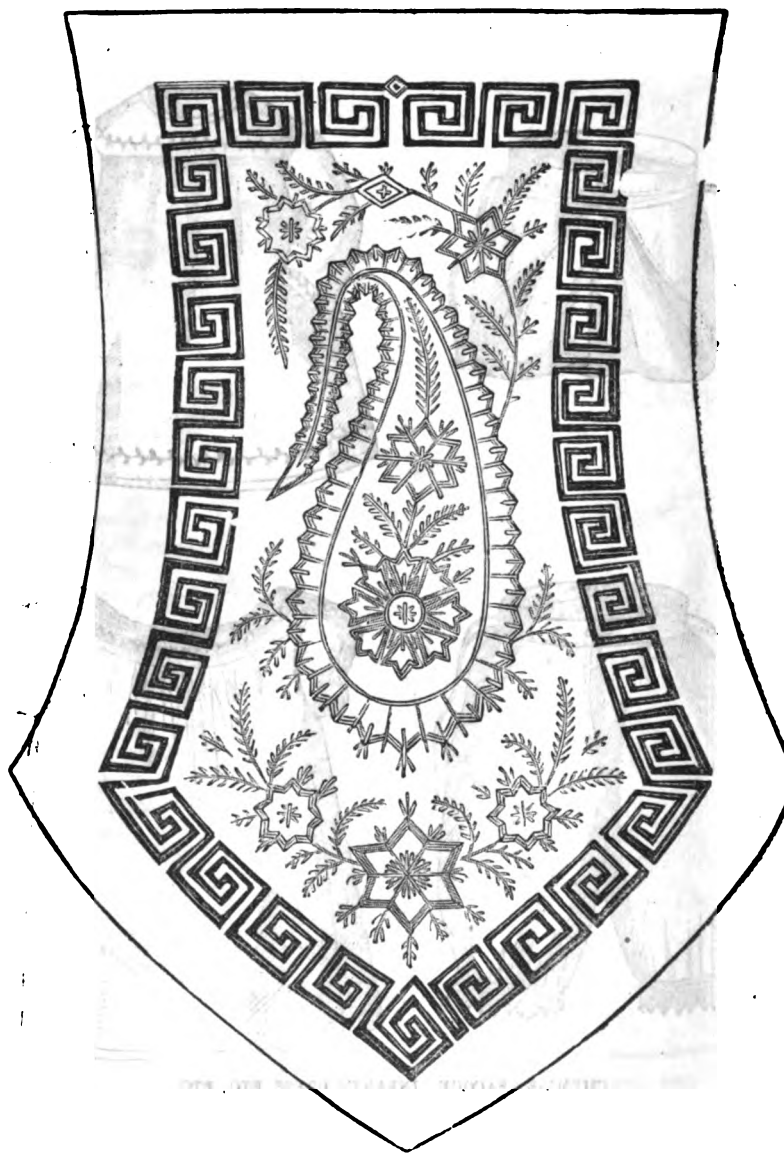

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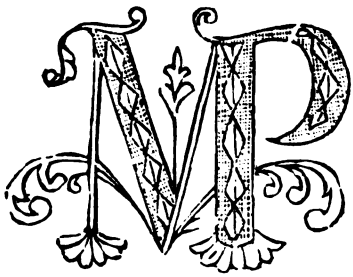

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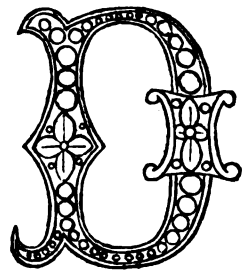

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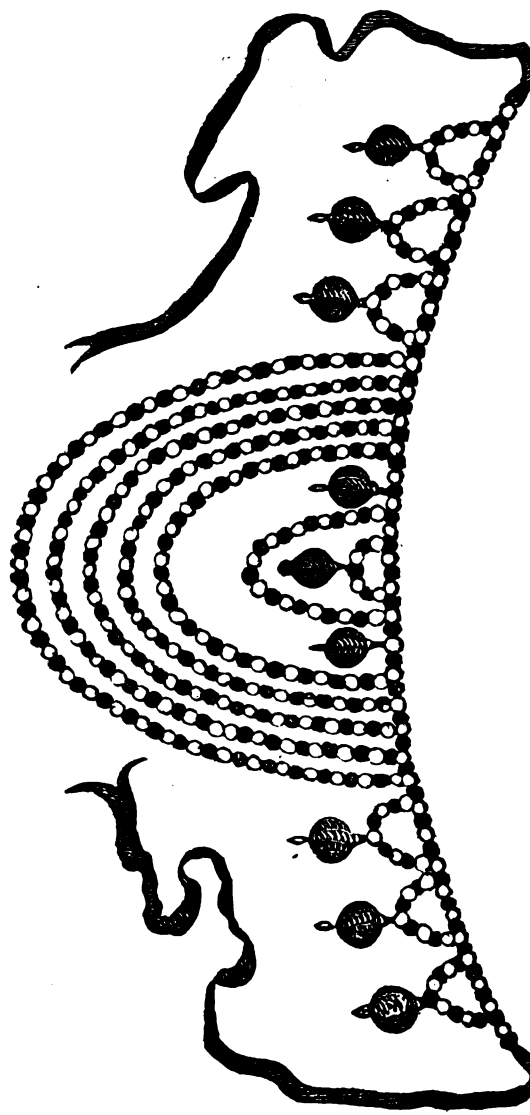

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BALLAD.

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2. Something to love when the clouds grow dark, And the au - tumn winds a - rise; When de-
3. Something to love when the flow - ers fade, And the joys of our bo - som die; When

earth looks drear, and hope fades out, And the world grows dark and cold. We may
cay is stamped on the wea - ry earth, And the stars grow dim in the skies. We may
those we love grow carelessly cold, And all the world - ly pleasures fly. We may

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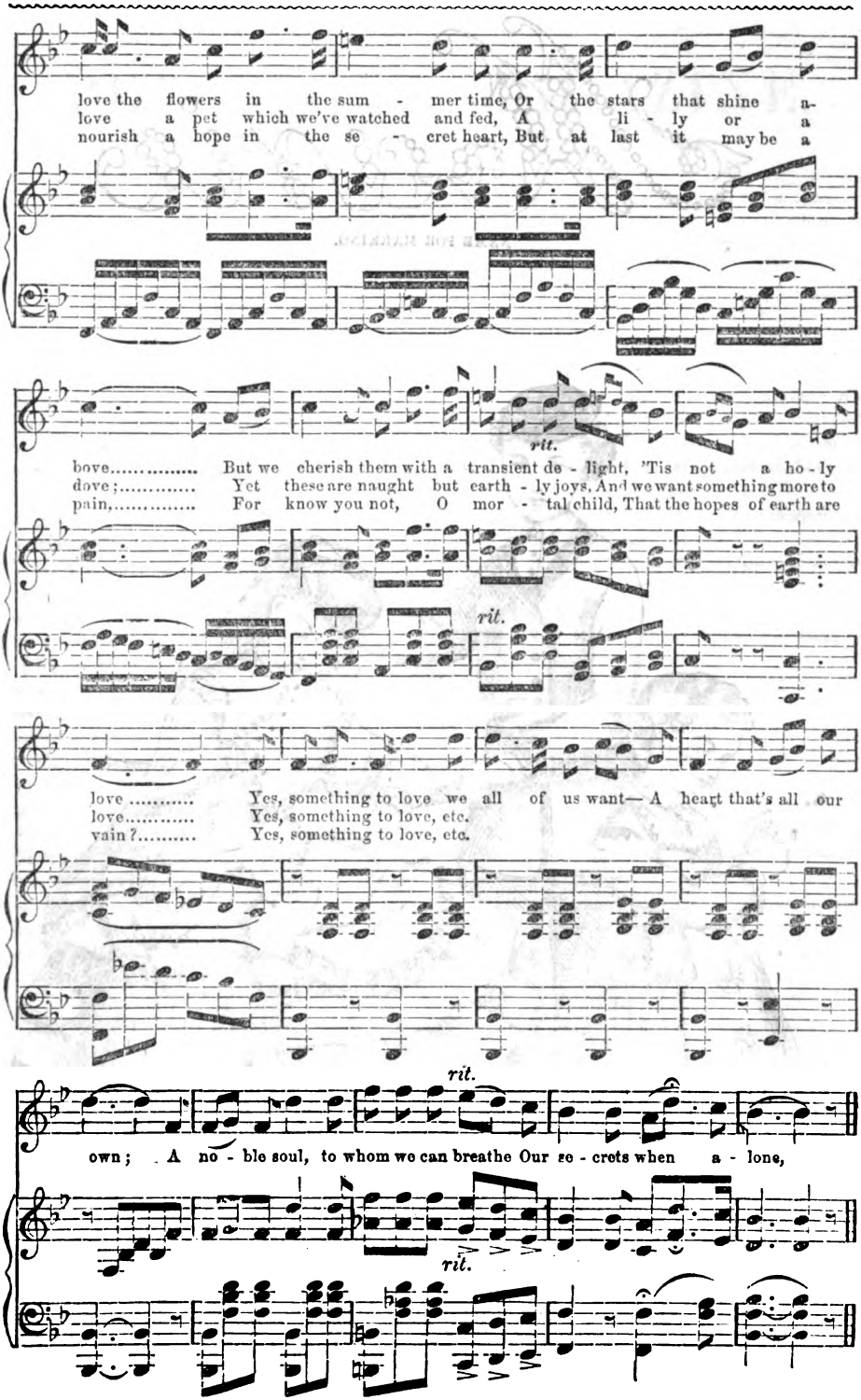

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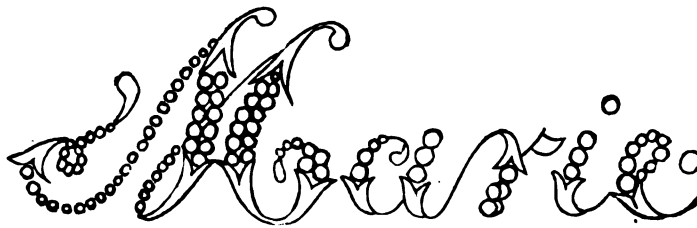

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VOL. LV. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1869. No. 6.

ON THE TERRACE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

A CONFIRMED old bachelor. Oh, bless me! yes; the most settled and hopeless of old bachelors, John Ackerman, aged—well, somewhere between thirty-five and thirty-eight. Not so ancient, after all, you see; but he might have lived a century for any chance there was of his being deluded into playing Benedick to any woman's Beatrice.

With unmarried men in general there always seems some probability of their being ensnared some time. Everybody says of you and me that an avenging fate will overtake us at last.

But nobody ever said those things of John Ackerman. All his friends had laughed for the past ten years when they saw any new feminine waste her smiles and witcheries upon him.

He was a studious, bookish man; a lawyer by profession, and a hard-working one; shy and retiring, and with the most exalted opinion of women—albeit he chose to admire them at a safe distance. He never went to parties; never dined out, except with a few old friends in the quietest way; and more than once had been known to retreat incontinently after reaching a house, and being warned by the jingle of voices that he had been deluded into meeting sundry of Eve's daughters.

His only relaxations were the opera and his pipe—those two amiable weaknesses ought to recommend him to you if you have any soul whatever. He was rather a fine-looking man, though he had not the slightest idea of it—fancy that! He was a quiet, reticent person; strangers thought him stiff and proud; but nobody knew him without liking and respecting him.

One spring, as the warm, lazy days came on—those days when ordinary people have neither energy nor will, John suddenly discovered that something somewhere within the complicated interior that he owned, like less rigid and worthy mortals, was somewhat shaky and threatened to give way.

John was astonished at himself, and somewhat indignant, for he had always been as tough as a Polar bear, and, beyond occasional colds, had never known a day's illness. He was not ill now, it was only that he seemed to have no energy left. When he sat down it was hard work to get up; he could not fix his attention on either books or work.

He looked so worn and done up that people noticed it; and at last he gave way and went to the doctor, prefacing his account of his feelings by the announcement that there was nothing on earth the matter with him.

"You tell me how you feel, and I'll decide that," said old Dr. Graves, in his blunt fashion.

So John had to out with the pains, the languor, the inability to think; and the doctor poked him in the ribs, and slapped him on the back, and went through with the round of unpleasant familiarities in which doctors consider themselves at liberty to indulge.

"Humph!" said Graves, and sat down opposite, placed his hands on his knees, and looked John full in the face, and John looked at him with an amused smile. "Humph!" said Graves again. "Grin if you want to."

"I will," said John; "and you can humph as much as you please."

"I shan't ask your permission," said the doctor.

"You're a bear," said John, who enjoyed the drollery of the thing in a quiet way.

"And you're a fool!" said Graves. "Most men break themselves down by all sorts of spreeing! You're doing it by hard work—one's just as much suicide as the other. You're overworked," the doctor went on. "You always had a tendency to liver complaint, and now you're getting a weak chest. Knew you would, last winter, when you were so obstinate about that cold."

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"Glad of it, aren't you?" laughed John. "Well, what am I to do?"

"Leave your books, burn your papers, lock up your office, and clear out;" and the doctor slapped his right knee three times.

"Can't—business——"

"Drop that!" growled Graves, savagely. "Never allow that here! If you were to die, your business would have to go into other hands, wouldn't it? Very well—you're dead. Now listen to me."

"But, doctor——"

"You're dead, I say; so you're done with business. Go into the country—you own a place; plough, ride horseback, fish, play, lie in the sun; don't read, don't think; take the powders I send; eat raw beef, drink ale; fall in love, if you can, just to distract your thoughts, and clear out—God bless you!"

John knew there was no appeal from old Graves' dictum. He was, and is a wonderful physician, and had the most marvelous faculty of looking through a fellow, body and soul, that ever human being possessed—very uncomfortable it was sometimes.

The doctor sent him off, but he talked more plainly first There was nothing for John's case but perfect freedom from care, country life, and so on. No reason why he should not be well by autumn; but if he neglected himself he would die, or, what was worse, become a miserable invalid.

Home went John and made his arrangements; his mind once settled, that did not take long. He left the office in proper shape; wrote to the sister and her husband who rented his country-place; packed his traps, put his meerschaum in his pocket, and started for the Berkshire Hills.

This was in May. By the middle of June John began to feel very sensibly the benefit he was receiving from the doctor's prescriptions, and really enjoyed the *dolce far niente*—excuse me, but there's no English phrase exactly expresses it—with a very good grace.

He put business out of his mind; read only a few novels, and liked them; rode, and drove, and walked, and was getting up an appetite; could sleep eight hours on a stretch, and breathe without feeling as if somebody had slyly thrust a penknife under his ribs.

The middle of June, I said: the loveliest weather imaginable, the delightful scenery of Berkshire about, and an excuse for being indolent: what could a man ask more, especially if he had his pipe and dog, and no woman to play the deuce with him?

Ah, that is what I am coming at! There was to be a fancy party at Inglewood, in the daytime, a sort of *fete champetre*, at old Mrs. Morris' country-seat, the place next to John's, and what should come, one day, but an invitation to that very party. John stormed, and used strong language about "fools and fancy parties," and sent a regret, quite civilly worded, of course, for he was a gentleman, and then took to his pipe. His sister expostulated "Do go to oblige me," she said. "No, not even to oblige you, sis," was his reply. "At my age, make a fool of myself!" But, strange to say, when the day came, John felt unaccountably lonely and unsettled; he would take a walk, he thought: the afternoon was so beautiful; and before he knew it he had crossed his own grounds, and was in those of Inglewood. The sound of music rose and fell on the soft air. There was a dance indoors, the heat having driven the guests there. Hardly conscious of what he was doing, John made the circuit of the grounds, until he found himself directly in the rear of the house. Then, remembering that he had declined Mrs. Morris' invitation, and fearing all at once that he would be recognized, he turned to plunge into a dark copse that came close up to the mansion on this side, when all at once there came a rustle of silk that made him look up.

Heavens, what a strange sensation! As he thought afterward, when he got home, and was coolly smoking his meerschaum, what was there in a handsome face, and the sheen of satin, to make his heart leap into his throat? But, for the moment, he was struck motionless, as it were, with this vision of beauty. It was a young girl, not so very young either, well! a superb woman, say of two-and-twenty, who had come out on the terrace, and now leaned on the stone balustrade, to breathe the fresh air, and, perhaps, to be alone for a minute or two. She was dressed in the costume of a court beauty of the last century, in a robe of richly-flowered silk, a very becoming dress for one with her brilliant complexion, and stood, holding a feather-fan, such as our grandmothers used, so as to shield her eyes while she looked out into the grounds. John, for a moment, as we have said, was paralyzed by this vision of beauty; then he thought what a nice mess he would be in if she saw him. "Looking and acting like a fool," he said to himself. "What a precious ass I've been."

Poor fellow, he actually broke out into a cold perspiration. He dare not move, lest the noise might catch her ear.

After an interval of a minute, perhaps—but it seemed to him an hour—the fair apparition, with what he thought a sigh, withdrew.

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"Gods! what an escape," said John, as he jumped the fence, and dove into the woods. "How did I ever come to go there when I knew of the party?"

All that evening, all that night, he thought what a fool he had been; and he continued to think of it the next day. At last, toward afternoon, he took his pipe and went out.

There was a lovely grove stretching between John's place and Inglewood; and it was a spot that John greatly haunted during the long golden afternoons. He would lie on the soft, dry moss, and look up at the blue sky through the interlacing boughs, while Punch, the dog, slept at his feet. Here John would smoke his pipe, and indulge in desultory, delicious reveries, such as only come in perfection when one is recovering from the lassitude consequent upon ill health and over fatigue. Here he went that day.

He was lying, thinking of the afternoon before, not quite certain that he had not fallen asleep, when suddenly up bounded Punch, and plunged off in his fiercest canter, with a perfect rattling volley of barks.

John, roused suddenly, heard a feminine voice, not shrieking, but calling bravely,

"Down, Punch—down, old fellow! Don't you remember me? Oh! you wicked old doggie!"

Up started John in confusion, and stared with all his eyes. At a little distance stood a young woman, in round hat and stylish walking-dress, with her face partially turned from him; and she was patting Punch's head, and Punch submitting to it like a philosopher, and changing his bark to a snort of satisfaction with as much ease and as little grace as a modern statesman changes his politics.

Then the lady turned and flashed a pair of handsome eyes on John; and as well as his startled wits would let him, he saw a rather tall young woman, with a quiet, somewhat haughty face, and that peculiar air about her which we call thorough-bred from lack of a better word. He almost jumped out of himself, for it was the face of the beauty, he had seen on the terrace, the afternoon before.

"How do you do, Mr. Ackerman?" said she, calmly. "Punch is more civil than you, he comes to meet me. He paid me a visit, too, the other day, which is more than you have done—it was an unexpected politeness, for he had never known me, and you had."

John tried to smile and bow, and went toward her, feeling as if he was walking on his head, and with no idea whether she was a wood-nymph come over to the new world, or the enchanted princess, or a court beauty of the days of Louis Quinze, or anybody else pretty and dangerous. He felt as he would have liked to have rubbed his eyes, to see if he was dreaming.

"Dear me! how dazed you look," said the young lady, laughing. "You make me feel that I am doing something quite improper! Pray, look a little less virtuous and severe, and allow me to present you to Miss Miriam Rolleston."

"Good gracious!" cried John, with more truth than gallantry, "I did not recollect you in the least."

Miss Rolleston laughed outright.

"Melancholy Jaques could not have answered an intrusive young woman better," said she.

"I meant," stammered John, "that I was so surprised, so——"

And he broke down and looked helpless.

"It is not wonderful that you had forgotten me," replied Miss Rolleston, still patting Punch's head and ignoring his awkwardness. "It is seven years since we met, and I was only sixteen then."

"I am very glad to see you," said John, choking a little. "I didn't dream of your living—here;" then he looked about and remembered where they were, and didn't know how to get out of the fix.

"I am staying at Inglewood with my aunt—we only came two or three days ago. What a pretty wood this is; I think I should like a hermitage here. I saw you at church day before yesterday—you have changed very little. Your sister stopped and spoke, and is coming to see us. Why didn't you come to the fancy party? Why did you let your sister come alone?"

John remembered it all now; but he had been thinking of something else on Sunday, and paid no attention to his sister's remarks. As to the question about the fancy party, he thought the least said on that subject the better.

"Punch," said Miss Rolleston, "I am tired with my walk and shall sit down," and she did.

John stood by, and she sat looking up at him, talking easily and naturally; and as her face brightened and lighted up with smiles, he forgot his embarrassment in wondering at her beauty and her grace, and the pretty way in which she said even the commonplace things natural and proper to the occasion.

When she rose to go, of course, John accompanied her; and when they reached the grounds of Inglewood, Mrs. Morris was coming out to meet her niece. She rushed at once into a sea of small talk, after the fashion of elderly ladies, scolded him for not having come to her party, and even made him stay to luncheon. John

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quite enjoyed it all, except when he took time to marvel at himself; and whenever he did that, his confusion came back, because he could see Miriam Rolleston watching him with an amused smile, which showed she knew exactly what he was thinking.

It was late in the afternoon when John traveled home; and he had to tell his sister what had happened, and she laughed at him somewhat, but he did not seem to mind.

That was the beginning, but by no means the end. John saw a great deal of Mrs. Morris and her niece. Miss Rolleston never hesitated to call his services into requisition, or to show that she valued his society. To John's surprise he found himself going to picnics, playing croquet, and doing a variety of things he would never have dreamed possible.

He did not know much about women, had always abhorred young ladies; but Miss Rolleston was so unlike his received ideas of the race that he did not know where to place her. Most girls had a smattering of knowledge of all sorts, a great deal of it objectionable; they talked incessantly, flirted, giggled, had opinions on every subject, from the shape of Noah's ark to the last marvel in psychology, (this was John's belief, you understand;) but it was so different with Miriam Rolleston.

Singularly free from affectations, so independent and fearless, as occasionally to awaken comment from the censorious; admirably educated, well read, talking just enough, and in a delightful way with it all, when she chose to lay by her pride; as full of fun as a child, generous, impulsive, and handsome, too—a woman of the best type; no wonder ignorant John was dazed!

She was greatly admired; men flocked about her—even girls liked her; she was the center of attraction wherever she appeared. She treated John as she might have done an elder brother, and for a good while John liked it, and at last he didn't.

Up came a party of men from town and stopped at the hotel in the village, and Howard Marksley was among them—a dashing young fellow, rich, and all that, and a great favorite with women.

The first time John went to Inglewood, after his arrival, there was Marksley quite at home, and John learned from his laughing confessions that he had come up wholly on Miss Rolleston's account, and he expected her to be very good to him in consequence.

Of course, John got the idea that Miriam Rolleston was in love with the fellow; went home moody enough, and, sitting alone in his room, suddenly discovered what ailed him—he loved Miriam himself.

John absolutely could not believe his senses! He fully expected to hear Gabriel blow his trumpet, and see the world come to an end. Then he thought, as well as his whirling brain would permit, and knew that for him the world had come to an end—the old, dull world, whirled quite out of sight, and he had been caught up into a new realm, where there was neither sun or moon, but just the delicious glory that only love can make.

He sat and watched the stars out before the first dazzling radiance faded from his vision. He told me of it himself, long afterward, and I think I never envied a man so much. Whether it ended in disappointment, agony, lasting unhappiness, I think no man was ever so much to be envied.

Through all those years he had kept heart and soul pure. He had bowed at the shrine of no false idols; he had not even dreamed a boy's dreams. And it all came at once, the power, the bliss, the ecstasy of loving, which other men waste in so many shallow channels, that by the time the real love comes they have half lost the power of feeling.

The day was breaking when John crept away to bed, and he slept, slept a long, dreamless sleep, and woke with the common light about him, the dreary actual in full force, and remembered his insanity, and knew how vain it was. He did not deny that he loved this woman—he thanked God for it; and being a good man he had the right—ah! think of all that means. But he knew that the hope, which comes once to every human being, must be crushed under foot, and by its expiring light he must see his new world sink into chaos and darkness.

For two days he kept away from Inglewood. His first resolution had been to leave the place—to go, oh! anywhere, only to put leagues of sea and land between him and all that must mock his desolation. But for the first time in his life he found himself weak to carry out a resolve, and so lingered.

At the close of the second day there came a dainty note for him—he knew the writing. It was from Miriam Rolleston, and she wrote:

"If you are dead and buried, aunty desires your nearest relatives to make a sign, that she may plant a willow over your resting-place, believing that what Owen says of women must be true of the opposite sex, that those free from faults slumber under that very unpleasant species of tree.

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"If you are in the flesh, she desires that you will appear at Inglewood to-night and join our mild festivities. If you are a melancholy shade, you are to come to us like the ghost of the Commandatore to Don Giovanni, and reproach us with our frivolity and general wickedness.

"This for my aunt. It seemed more proper that I should write at her dictation; but as I cannot bring myself to be proper any length of time, I echo her command, and you must obey, *la reine le vent.*"

He read the note, and read it again; then he did what was so foolish, but so nice to do, he kissed it, and muttered insane things over it, and felt something moist just back of his eyelids, and an uncomfortable tightness in his throat, and a sudden tendency to sniff, as if he had taken cold.

You need not laugh. It's the most heavenly thing in the world to be a fool! The trouble with most of us is, that we know all the while we are only shamming love, however hard we try to believe ourselves in earnest.

But it was all earnest to John. There were no unpleasant memories to intrude; no sad eyes to haunt him; no angry words to come back and reproach him with their ghostly sound.

He went to Inglewood that night, and Mrs. Morris was very kind; Miriam was kind, but graver to him than her wont, and he wondered if she suspected, and meant to show him how mad he was.

There were young people present, and there was music and dancing, and flirting, and an impromptu cold supper; and Miriam was in great request and in her highest spirits, only now and then John saw the grave look steal over her face when she glanced at him. He thought she suspected, and was sorry for him. He was good enough, and his pride was sufficiently of the right sort for him to be able to endure her sympathy—to ordinary flesh and blood the most detestable boon that friend or foe can confer.

Howard Marksley was present, the life of the room—the best dancer, the easiest sayer of witty nothings, as much sparkle and foam as a bottle of champagne; and John looked at the great, handsome, elegant blonde fellow, and wondered why he should have been so different, but was not even bitter about it—poor old John! he was terribly crushed.

"We are going to Lebanon to-morrow," Miriam said, coming up to Ackerman in the supper-room; "we want you to go with us, please."

She said it in her pretty, coaxing way, such a contrast to her frequent imperiousness. John's rebellious heart gave a great bound, but he subdued it.

"I'm afraid I can't," he said, confusedly, and went on with a string of excuses, all lies, of course.

She even tried to persuade him—a great deal for her to do; but John held firm. Suddenly her manner changed, the proud head lifted, the mouth took its haughty smile.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "I fear I have been rude in teasing you; but there's nobody to talk to aunty and the elderly ladies."

It was a pettish, rude little speech, very unlike her; and having made it, she went straight away from him and stood laughing with Marksley, and John's poor heart went down, down into the blackness.

He could not bear it long. After they went back into the parlors, he stood and watched Miriam whirling through a waltz in Marksley's arms; and when she sat down again, he went up to her and said humbly,

"I am afraid I vexed you, Miss Rolleston! I'll put by my letters, and I'll try to be as agreeable as I can to your aunt, or any other of the elderly ladies."

Miriam colored, and held out her hand.

"I beg your pardon," said she, "I was horribly rude! But I did so want you to go—I was annoyed that you could refuse me so little a thing."

John felt as if his face were a book, in which men might read strange matters; but he could not control the working of his features.

"It's—it's all right now, anyway," he said. "I'll bid you good-night."

Miriam Rolleston was looking full at him with a grave, earnest expression.

"Are you not well?" she asked.

"Not quite, I think; growing elderly, you know;" and John tried to laugh, and his merriment was a miserable failure.

He shook her hand, and turned to go. She made a movement, her lips stirred as if she had a mind to speak; then she checked the impulse, and John went slowly out of the room.

As he reached the door, he paused and looked back; the music had struck up afresh. Miss Rolleston was just joining the dancers, again with Marksley's arm about her waist, Marksley's handsome face bending close toward hers.

John carried that picture home with him to his lonely room, and the images haunting his eyes did not help sleep—poor old John!

The expedition came off next day; the visit to the horribly neat Shaker dwellings; the mournful sight of those pale women moving

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about like ghosts; the desolation of order and neatness which the whole place produces, at least on an ill-regulated mind like mine.

But it was a very gay party, and nobody seemed to mind, unless it was John; and as he kept his word and devoted himself to the elderly ladies, he had not much time to think, for they all talked, and talked at once, across each other, interrupting each other, after the fashion of women; and John wondered that they never had to stop for breath.

They all went back to John's sister's to a late dinner; and John, being a sort of host, had to come out of his dullness and exert himself a little; but before the evening came to an end he had made up his mind.

About leave-taking time there began to be talk concerning a party to Graylock, to come off three or four days later.

"What do you say, Mr. Ackerman?" asked Mrs. Morris.

And John answered with a quietness that astonished himself,

"I expect to leave for town to-morrow night, so I shall not be able to join you."

There were exclamations, persuasions, regrets; but John held firm; Miss Rolleston said not a word. When she was going away, she gave John her pretty hand, and observed quietly,

"I shall expect you in the morning at twelve to bid me good-by."

She went off, and those words deprived John of any hope of sleep. He had meant to spare himself the pain of saying farewell; but she willed it, and he must submit.

He went to the house at the hour appointed, and found Miss Rolleston alone in the library. They talked for some time—John wondered at his own calmness. She was a good deal more nervous than he, and seemed constantly checking words that would rise to her lips.

He spoke of going to Europe. Neither could have told how, but it led to her describing some picture in Venice she wished him to see. That reminded her of a small Corregio she had inherited from her father—Mr. Ackerman must see it, and she had it brought down.

It was a marvelous little thing; they talked about it awhile, then John rose to take his leave. It was very hard work. He was near breaking down, and she did not try to help him out. Suddenly he discovered that he was tangling himself dangerously in his speech, and he said abruptly, from sheer idiocy,

"I wish I could take that picture. I suppose you would not part with it."

"I cannot." She stopped, laughed nervously, and added, "Whoever takes that, has to take me."

He was looking at her. Something in her face—a blush, a startled look—great heavens! had he gone mad.

"Miriam!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she whispered; "but, oh, John! I didn't think you would make me propose to you," and she hid her face in her hands, and cried and laughed together.

They had been married a year, and she was holding a little baby up for him to kiss, before she told him that she had loved him from the time she was a dreaming girl of sixteen.

She told him, too, she had recognized him, from the terrace, the day of the fancy party. She had expected to see him at the ball, and had been hurt at his not coming. What he was doing there, clandestinely as it seemed, she could not conceive.

"But it's all right now, isn't it?" she said.

John thought it was.

ASLEEP BY THE BROOK.

BY A. BOND.

A rosy face is pressed to mine,
  Soft, golden ringlets kiss my brow;
The loving arms that wont to twine
  Round me, are quiet now.

Two pattering feet, of fairy size,
  Are wearied with the chase of June;
Even the Daisy shuts her eyes
  In sleep, this Summer noon.

How shall I move, and leave her here?
  Will she not wake when I am gone?
Steal softly! hush! ah, needless fear,
  She heeds not, sleeping on.

To look at her, I blame my heart,
  And grieve that it can be so dull
To make its own Faith's glorious part,
  So slow Love's flowers to cull.

I watched her struggling hard to sleep,
  Because we bade her rest at noon;
Tight shut the bright eyes tried to keep,
  But sleep fled like a tune.

At last, with one long, weary sigh,
  She ceased to struggle so for rest;
And then it came—as, quietly,
  She lay against my breast.

So let me cease, in self-despair,
  To seek Thy rest through toil of mine;
And lay my heart with all its care
  And weariness on Thine!

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THE STORY OF MAGGIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 363.

CHAPTER IV.

A REACTION came upon Maggie's triumph, when she was ashamed of herself for having used him so, "so outrageously!" was her phrase. What would he think of her?

He would know now that she was affected by it, when he held her hand at coming, or going, and kissed her—kissed her exactly like a good, affectionate father, as he would be if he only had children. Been married eight years, and had no daughters; and he was trying to find them in other peoples' houses; had found her, and liked her, green, foolish, uncultivated, ignorant, ill-mannered as she was, compared with him, and with the young ladies he was accustomed to.

"Oh, mother Ida!" Would she never be done doing the things that, when they were done, would trouble her?

She supposed she would never see him again. Of course, he felt himself insulted; outrageously insulted, as he was.

This was the third day, and she had heard nothing about him; she hadn't inquired. She would not allow herself to. Only, on her way above stairs, where Anna already was, she would say, "Sister Ann, sister Ann, is there any one coming?" that was her utmost inquiry, answered only by a smile, as Anna, upon Maggie's entering, looked up from her sewing.

She tried hard to keep him out of her thoughts; that is, she tried hard to banish the thought of him whenever she found it there. And she did so. But she soon found it there again. If she only knew where he was, and how he felt toward her; that he had gone somewhere where he would never think of her again, where he would be happy, she would feel well enough. Only, she did want him to feel friendly toward her, if he ever did think of her. She would like to know that wherever he was, ever so far off, they were friends; and that when this life, which, it seemed to her, had plenty of trouble of one kind and another in it, was over, they would meet where there couldn't be anything wrong; where everything was beautiful, and everybody good; where the streets were of gold, and the gates of pearl, and where God would be with us all to keep us in eternal safety.

Her eyes, fixed on the distant hills, were swimming in tears. She wanted to have a good cry, she said to herself. "It would, perhaps, ease me of this load here," rubbing her heart. "But I will not! I will not let myself. I will brighten up and go down stairs and work. I'll find father and be very pleasant to him, and see if he will not be pleasant to me, as he used to be."

She went down with animation, dragging her fingers along the balusters, skipping, warbling,

> "For I behold the smile at last
> That lights our peaceful home."

At the kitchen-door she encountered her father. "Father, I want to go out into the garden, to see how the melons and marrowfats grow. Have you been out there to-day?"

As the reader knows, this was not said to get him to his neglected garden-culture, but he took it so; because, long after her mother and Anna were done urging him, she, who was his pet, could get him out to those same vegetable quarters, where, together, they soon laid low myriads of overtopping weeds.

So he turned away, muttering that "Some folks he knew of had better be minding their own garden. Hers was there," pointing to the kitchen, where Mrs. Waters was filling the boiler for tea.

"Can I help you, mother?" inquired Maggie, shrinking from her father's harshness. Her mother, who seemed always to know how it was down in the heart of each of her children, looked up pleasantly, saying, "There isn't anything to do but lay the table, and I can do that. I would like your company though. Charley was going to the North Road to take depositions; he called and wanted Anna to ride over with him, and she has gone."

The pleasant looks and voice went to Maggie's heart, and were balm to it. She commenced helping to lay the cloth, thinking that if fathers were cross sometimes; if sisters did have their lovers, and care little about others; if one did have trouble, one needn't mind it very much, as long as one had a mother to go to.

"Anna asked Charley what had become of Mr. Butler," resumed Mrs. Waters, speaking from the closet, where she was picking up the

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forks. "We haven't seen him for a long time, you know. Charley says he went to the White Mountains Tuesday, where his wife is with a party. He has written, since he went, to see if Mrs. Chase will board his wife and her sister, who is there with them, awhile; and she has written that she will. She expects them to-day, Charley said; and——"

"John—Taylor—John—Taylor," they heard one say, in a voice that sounded distant, and was; it came across two or three gardens, but marvelously distinct and musical. "John Taylor, come to supper."

It was Webster calling John Taylor over from the farm-house to the mansion, to enliven a little his otherwise solitary meal.*

Both paused in their conversation and their work to listen; as, in Catholic lands, when "the Cathedral bell proclaims the hour of 'ovation,' or prayer; and the note is responded to from the belfry of every church, and the sweet bells of the convents among the mountains, the muleteer pauses in the midst of the road; the shepherd on the fold of the hill, and remains motionless, for a time, murmuring his evening prayer."

"Did Anna tell you what Charley says about Mr. Butler?" asked Mrs. Waters, when their vespers were over.

"No," was the faint-hearted reply. And after a pause, during which Mrs. Waters was busied with her bread-toasting, "What does he say?"

"He says he's quite a man among them in Boston. There was something about him in one of the papers, about his being one of the most promising, industrious artists in Boston; and about his being up in Franklin, New Hampshire."

"'Whither he repaired some time since,'" Maggie now heard her father say, as he came out from the sitting-room, holding a newspaper high and away off from him, a look of dog-like maliciousness on his features, "'some time since, where he has been pleasantly engaged, as we learn, in collecting studies of some of those fine scenes of the early life of the great statesman,' ('m yes,) of the great statesman; 'with intervals at angling.' Oh, indeed! I should have said with intervals of going into Major Waters', to see the Major's handsome daughter, Miss Maggie. That's what I should have said," with cruel looks on Maggie, cruelly enjoying her confusion.

And then his tone melted. For looking back only fourteen years, he saw the happy, little creature running to meet him, her hair blown back by the wind; felt the soft arms round his neck, hugging tightly, tightly; and her kisses in showers on his neck; and off the poor father went, hiding himself among the bean-poles in the garden, standing there to think of then and now; of what his strong drink was doing to him to bring him low, and lay him, perhaps, in a drunkard's grave. Who knew? He had seen more than one man so laid, who began and went on just as he began, and was going on. Oh, God! what was there for him? what help? what hope? Oh, God!"

Now he read his paper mockingly; for he had that day been many times to his bottle, and so he was not himself. "'We are sure of his ability to do ample justice to whatever loveliness in nature' (or in human nature) 'he may find; and shall look for something to grace our next exhibition—something possessing the double interest of a beautiful work of art, and a copy of one of the scenes connected with the early life and struggles of Boston's favorite son.' Yes, 'Boston's favorite son.'"

He kept up the abuse, with little intervals between, throughout supper-time; and then went off to abuse himself; to think of Mrs. Waters and Maggie's wounded looks; wondering what would become of him if he went on so; thinking that, as it was, it would be better for all concerned, if he were dead and buried out of sight forever.

CHAPTER V.

MAGGIE thought that if, on his return, Mr. Butler showed her any of the gracious old condescension, if he spoke to her at all, she would know that he was the best-hearted man in the world. Anybody but the best-hearted man would proudly absent himself from the place where such rudeness as hers could the second time assail him. Going to bring his wife and her sister. Did not this prove that with him all was right, with her all wrong?

She could never apologize, for she did not want him to know what foolish, unjust suspicions had entered her mind; but if he gave her the opportunity, she would be so respectful as to make it all up. And, oh! would not she be almost too happy to live then?

"Happier than you are, or know how to be, birdie!" speaking aloud now to the sparrow

* "You may, if you please, bring me up a small leg of veal and two pairs of chickens. Half a dozen fresh lemons, and a dozen fresh oranges, would be agreeable; and if you think of anything else that would be tempting to a man of little appetite, you may have it put in the basket." Mr. Webster's letter to Fletcher Webster, Franklin, July 14, 1852.

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singing on the top of the maple before her window. "Darling!" still speaking to the bird, as she watched to see him "pour his throat." "Your name is White-throated Sparrow. So he calls you. So we call you. I wonder what name you call yourself by, you beauty—you beauty!"

He met her exactly in the old way; looked her steadily, and with aspect the most friendly, in the face, and told her how great the mountains were; as they were about to separate, informed her that he had his wife and her sister with him at Mrs. Chase's, asking her to make them an early call with her sister; bowed low, touching his hat, and was on his way to the roof that held his wife; while Maggie, dizzy with grateful thoughts, affected almost to tears by finding that the self-respect which fled in that dark hour of awakened distrust, and which, since, strive as she would, she had been unable to recall, had returned now, of its own accord, and taken its old place in her heart beside his respect, just now so unmistakably reassured to her.

Not one of these thoughts could she speak to the mother and sister, whom she found out in the back room, with their heads together over a cheese rebellious about again entering its hoop. But she said, "We met Mr. Butler, Anna and I, and he wants us to call very soon to see his wife and her sister. We will, won't we?"

"I guess so," puffing, using her strength and attention on the refractory cheese.

So she went up to her chamber to write one of her long letters to her only brother, Herbert, as she often did when Anna was too busy, or too indifferent to listen to her appeal.

CHAPTER VI.

"They're green—they're what *I* call green! not accomplished at all; every way common sort of country girls," Mrs. Butler would say of our Maggie and her sister, when speaking of them to her husband; although that she "fancied" them, as, in her conversations with her sister and landlady, she owned that she did, was shown by the assiduity with which she "cultivated their acquaintance;" calling upon them at whatever hour of the day, entering without ringing, and noiselessly picking her way on to kitchen, pantry, garden, or wherever they happened to be engaged; getting Maggie out to walk with her, or over to her rooms to sit with her; saying that "Butler was off somewhere on one of his everlasting tramps, Jule up stairs writing her everlasting letters, and she was as lonesome as she would be in a dungeon—just as lonesome."

But when she had got her, the utmost she could do to "amuse" her (the reader will observe that I put what the Germans—or, at least, what one German calls geese-feet each side that lady's characteristic phrases) was to ply her with gossip, until Maggie, with hot cheeks and vexed spirit, said she must go.

"You a'n't going one step! Let me tell you what sort of person Mrs. Carroll Kent, of Boston, is. You've heard of the great Mr. Carrol Kent, the richest man in Boston? She's his wife, and I wish you could see her; for, of all the women *I* ever beheld, she is the—— now there comes Jule down stairs. She can come now, I've got other company, and don't want 'er. And, if I live, there comes Butler! Well, there now. You may as well go home, and I'll go with you."

Maggie was not long in learning where Mrs. Butler's sole interests lay, in all her husband's conversations with herself or others, upon such subjects as in his mind had particular importance. It was in contradiction, ridicule.

"Poh!" would she energetically say, giving her head a toss. "What do you know about that, please tell me? You've never seen much of the Waldens, to my certain knowledge; and what you say of the daughter is all your imagination, and nothing else in the world. She isn't considered at all talented, girls—not at all."

"Mrs. Butler," said her husband, astonished at her vulgarity, many times as he had witnessed it.

"It's the truth, and I'll leave it to anybody in Boston that knows. The whole thing lies in a nutshell, Miss Maggie, and I can tell you all about it. She did paint a piece and get it into the exhibition, some way, nobody knows how. Or, if anybody does, I don't, and I don't care. I don't care if she paints a thousand pictures, better than anything Raphael himself ever did, she don't know much; and of all the dowdyish-looking bodies *I* ever saw she takes the palm. Ha! ha! and you'd say so yourself, if you saw her. I wish you could; and then you'd know how much dependence there is to be placed upon what he says. I know now," a lull diffusing itself over her exterior, like a vicious Grimalkin's, when she has gnawed and clawed your good-natured inclinations, for a little sport, quite out of you. "I'll tell you now, just for the fun of it," she continued, "what she had on at one of Mrs. Brace's receptions when we were in New York last winter. In the first place, she had on a——" and now there was nothing for her husband and her visitors to do but to sit

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and listen to her descriptions and her laughter, at the greens and blues, and pinks and scarlets, "all mixed up together," so she affirmed, in Miss Walden's "rigging." Only her sister, sitting at a distant part of the room, did occasionally look up over her newspaper, or pamphlet, to say with more or less exasperation, "Ah, pah! Georgiana, you talk like a girl. Who doesn't know that the woman of real genius is the last person to care what colors she wears?"

"Jule is vexed," laughed Mrs. Butler. "I knew she would be. You ought to say, Jule, 'Now *I*,' for this is your way of proving things, '*I* do so, and so;' and it's proved." Her sister, who, after speaking, immediately resumed her reading, made no reply, although her pretty, expressive features showed that she heard.

"Have you read the little poem I——" now began Mr. Butler, addressing Maggie; but—"Now don't, Gustave, I'm tired and sick of your 'Have you read?' and your 'Have you seen?' and I'll bet she is, only she don't like to shew it. Go to the post-office, come, and see if there's anything. Or go and call on Mr. Webster; or, I've hit it now, go and call on your brother artist, that has come up from Boston to paint the creature that threw that great John Taylor over his head with his horns. Come, go, we want to have a real good time, doing what you call gossiping."

She had a way of setting her teeth, pinching her lips, hissing, when she said such things to him, which I aver was terrible to be seen in a wife speaking to her husband. She hissed; good ears being near, they heard it.

"A'n't you going? If you are, do be about it. You've got my chair, and I want it."

It was not heat, wrath, on his face as he went slowly out, but anguish muffled close. He looked like a man dying. He went to the garden. The girls saw him there walking, his hands locked behind him, his eyes on the ground, a few minutes afterward, when they were coming away; for, against Mrs. Butler's remonstrances, they took their leave very soon after he went.

Did not Maggie's heart, tender toward every suffering creature, (whether she loved it or not—nay, loving it the moment she saw it suffer,) swell and ache for him? She wanted to go up to the garden-fence, she said to Anna, and speak to him, to let him see that it made her like him as she had never done before, seeing how his wife treated him. It was a shame; it made her almost hate Mrs. Butler, she was so unlady-like, so bitter, so cruel! She would think the woman would be too ashamed ever to look them or him in the face again.

CHAPTER VII.

But she was not. A party, including Mr. Webster, a friend or two of his, who came up from Boston the day before, some of his old village friends and acquaintances, went the next day up to Webster Lake, where the great man kept a boat; and the Butlers and our friends, Charley Edgerly, Anna and Maggie, went with them.

Finding one of the lovely spots—of which there are so many at the edge of this beautiful sheet—there they stood, and sat, and walked about, feasting their souls with the beauties Nature ever holds in store for such of her children as seek them. At least, this is what the great man did, shedding on the girl at his side, and, indeed, in a greater or less degree, upon the whole party, a portion of his reverent love toward

> "Nature's quiet halls,
> Where, like a saint, she stands at prayer;"

and especially toward this, the scene of many a tyrst, as boy, as man; as a man advancing toward his proud zenith, as a man with tired brain, tired spirit, walking "the downward way" to the grave; as to-day he came, to this, perhaps, his last tryst on earth. He felt, at any rate, that his time for trysting was over—nearly over; this, perhaps, was the last. So he shed also some portion of his sadness upon nearly all.

But chiefly it fell upon the young girl at his side, who already had had lately so many tastes of life's pain, that she also, looking abroad, said within herself that she did not believe she was ever going to be really merry again, as she used to be. She believed she would always, after this, have a pain in her heart for something, or somebody; just as now she had a pain for Mr. Webster, and for him—her eye resting on a gentleman, at some distance, in conversation with her sister and Charley.

It was Mr. Butler, with whom she had not yet spoken. But she wanted to speak to him, and show him how friendly she was, now she had seen, with her own eyes, how much he had to bear from his wife.

As for the latter, she was causing her presence to be felt through the company, sailing round there in search of a better place.

"I'm looking to see if I can find a better place," she kept saying to whatever acquaintance she jostled; finding fault with the too much shade here, and the too much sunshine there; saying that she was in hopes to find somewhere a good place to sit down in; snarling at her sister's recommendation of a large, mossy rock

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jutting over the water's edge—a seat that all we frequenters of the resort remember as one that even the daintiest fairy must love to set her foot upon; answering, "You don't know what kind of a seat I'm after; you may just keep your advice to yourself, if you please;" and to Charley, in suppressed tones, saying, as she steamed up to that trio, "Mr. Edgerly, isn't there a better place somewhere by the lake, where all can sit down, if they want to? There don't seem to be any such a spot here anywhere. Butler," snarling now, "can't you find a place by looking a little? at least, where one can sit down? I should think you might, if you tried; and if you can, I wish you would; I am tired almost to death—there!"

Charley, to get the curtain down at once upon Mr. Butler's mortification, went with alacrity, taking Anna along, too, to show her the rock the fairies must like; seating the ladies and himself there, and beginning to talk of the island midway in the lake before them. Love Island, it was called, he informed Mrs. Butler, because the loons had it for their laughing-place; looking to see her frowns disperse. Lifted a little one moment, the next they settled again; and she said to them, "See that Butler now," indicating his new neighborhood at Webster's right arm, by tossing her hand in that direction. "That's his way of attending to his wife! It's the way it is with the men, after they get you and your fortune, Miss Anna; you'd better look out while it will do some good, perhaps. All love and honey before you're married, it's all gall and wormwood afterward. It is—you don't believe it now, I see; but you'll believe it some day. Here's Webster all this time, and his wife at Marshfield, I suppose; here are Scott and Harris, their wives at Newport, pretty likely; they were there when we left Boston. And so it is, the world over—and you'll find it so."

Maggie's "Good-morning, Mr. Butler," and her "How do you do this morning?" were hearty ones, when that gentleman, upon the desertion of his party, approached the spot where she stood. A quick, warm hand, that could cling to her friends until she or they died; that could, and certainly would cling the closer, the greater their need of her, was extended to him while he was yet several feet distant.

Something took Mr. Webster away soon after, and then Maggie had one of her "good times," standing with him, her good friend, looking at the shades on the opposite shore, which was deeply wooded, and in many places delightfully indented, forming coves.

"Pleasant resting-places," Maggie said, withdrawing her large, pensive eyes, and fixing them on Mr. Butler.

One great charm for Maggie, in being with him, was that he understood not only her speech, but her silence. "Every word I speak, and every word I don't speak," she said, the next morning after this, in her letter to Herbert. The other great charm, of which she did not speak, was that all their thoughts and feelings seemed so to run into each other as to be one. She felt herself to be one with him; a state that, with the wholesomest, the eternally pure and right modifications, ought, as I suppose, to be universal on the earth, so that our indifferences, bickerings, grudgings, would all be replaced by the "brotherly love" we read of in the Book of God, and we would all be "one in Christ Jesus." But this state not having become universal, (by ten centuries, perhaps,) not having become anything so diffused, as one would think it ought, after eighteen hundred years under Christ's lessons and example, Maggie, like a very large portion of the world, often felt herself in a desert place, where one time she shivered with cold, and another was parched with heat, and was so thirsty—oh! so thirsty, and so hungry! where she often felt as if she must escape or die. She felt many little animosities at times, (or, in her overstrained love of approbation, fancied she did,) touching her here, touching her there! An animosity, even half a dozen animosities, might at any moment, when she was having ever so good a time, come and spoil it all.

And besides this, people wouldn't understand her. Even Anna, with the same father and mother, rocked in the same cradle, wouldn't; but would say, "That's all Greek to me," not with ill-nature, but with indifference. Even her minister, who in the pulpit said such beautiful things, (as she thought, although Anna often said she couldn't see them,) who was so kind and pleasant, laughed at a fancy of hers one day, (it was something about birds and flowers being immortal, I believe,) and said, "Beware, my friend Maggie, beware of abracadabra;" and then asked her if she had ever read Southey's "Doctor."

Oh, dear! what did she care for Southey's Doctor, unless he was a poor chap that not even his minister could always understand.

Now, as the reader knows, Maggie was not of that class of self-conceited young persons, who believe themselves so wise that nobody can be found to understand, and, to make use of their pet word, appreciate them. She thought it was

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because she had such queer, foolish notions, that people could not be expected to understand them, unless, like Mr. Webster and Mr. Butler, (and like her minister too, generally,) they knew so much that they were able to understand all things, and everybody; something as the good God does, and so to be the best, kindest friends in the world, except God, to one who had such odd fancies and thoughts as she had, and could not help speaking them sometimes. Or, unless they were like her darling Herbert, loving, wise, everything sweet and noble, and so able to understand all things.

She wrote to Herbert the next morning, saying many of these things to him; "and," said she to Anna, who came in, "I am calling him all the pet names I can think of, I love him so! And here is something I've said to him. I've said, 'Only think, next December, the tenth day, I shall be seventeen years old!' And I have told him he must hang a wreath on his chair, and think I placed it; that I will hang wreaths all over the house, and think he placed them."

Mrs. Butler, at the same hour, was writing to a friend, "taking off," as she said to her sister, the party at the lake. "As for Daniel Webster," she wrote, "he was the most common-looking man of the lot; and if you had been there, you would have said so. Sat on a stump, part of the time, talking with Squire Cullen about oxen and cows—Devons and Durhams, and short-horns, and about potatoes. Isn't he great? I, for my part, doubt if there is a great man anywhere, or a great woman. I think it's all talk, and nothing else. If there are any such, I've never see them."

CHAPTER VIII.

The great man had gone back to Marshfield; the mansion was shut up; no lights shone from parlor or hall, nor from the single chamber, where, to a late hour at night, a lamp had gleamed faintly through the closed curtain. And "now came the winter of Mrs. Butler's discontent."

"If there's any one thing I dislike more than I do anything else in the world," she said, one evening, when she came in with her husband, "it is seeing a large house shut up like that. I a'n't afraid of it, as some are; but I can't bear it, it looks so gloomy. *I* sha'n't stay long after this, for it is the dullest place that ever *I* got into; and I've had a pretty wide experience of dull places, too, in my day. Now, now!" laughing, cuddling closer to Maggie, "I've thought of a thing I'm going to do. Something that'll make him stare, I guess," tipping her head and winking toward that part of the room where her husband was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Waters and Anna. "It'll wake him up a little, I think; at least, enough so that he will say, 'Well, now that's queer!' He's going up somewhere near the other villages in the morning, to get views of the meeting of the two rivers, I just now heard him telling your mother and sister; and when he comes back, he wo'n't find me, or my trunk either. I shall be on my way to Boston. If that don't work him! Not that he'll mind it; but I guess he'll be a little astonished." She laughed.

Maggie had never seen her so elated, or so handsome. She remembered Mrs. Butler having said to her one day, "I'm a handsome woman when I've a mind to be—do you know it?" Now she understood what she meant.

"My child," spoken near Maggie's ear, while Mrs. Butler was standing to take leave, showing Mrs. Waters and Anna how she really had only that one glove to her hands; she had torn them to pieces, or lost every other one—and the words, the tone thrilled her with an indescribable delight; for was she not his child, the child of his interest, his affection? he with gray hairs, she could see them plainly between her and the light; she a little girl only two or three years ago! He was holding her hand, too, having taken it, you see, as he had already taken her mother and Anna's in bidding them "good-night."

He had scarcely had a chance to speak to her before during the call, Mrs. Butler had all the while been laying so close siege. Now he must make amends to his affection for her, hers for him. He pressed her hand between both his, and seemed as if he could not let it go. "My child," he again said, his eyes, in which Maggie could discern no less suffering than attachment, fixed on hers.

CHAPTER IX.

There are not many finer views than the one Mr. Butler, the following morning, went up to sketch. It was the peninsula where the two rivers, the Winnipiseogee, from the lake of the same name, and the Pemmigiwasset, from the White Mountains, unite to form the Merrimack; a spot tranquil as the morning sky, only the fourth of a mile, or so, below the two villages, where the Winnipiseogee, merriest, most accommodating of streams, has been turning ponderous wheels, setting and keeping in motion the machinery of shops and mills, as well as hundreds of human feet and hands.

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When he called that evening to show it to them, he said, without looking up from the sketch, "Mrs. Butler has gone."

"Yes."

And that was all. Only there was that in the looks of each, which showed that the matter was understood by all.

He was not gay; but if Atlas, in his day, could have felt the mountain slide away from his shoulders, I think the change in him would have been about the same our friends saw in Mr. Butler. He had, besides, had a day of delight in his art. I suppose that had something to do with his tranquillity.

He had something there, he said, that he wanted to copy before returning to Boston; while the subject was uppermost in his mind, while he was near it, so that he could run up any day and be baptized in it anew. And this he very soon decided to do, sending to Boston for perquisites.

CHAPTER X.

There was hardly an evening that he did not come in. Sometimes it was to read a bit, or whole pages, to them out of Ruskin, or some other author equally fine; sometimes to show them a beautiful thing in the "Art Journal," when it came; at other times, when he was too tired for reading, or picture-seeing, to get the girls to play and sing some of their simple, but sweet pieces; and on Sabbath evenings, some of the quiet "Sunday hymns," as they all, with tender reverence, called them; and day by day he seemed to grow before them in all the elegant qualities that go to constitute what we call "a perfect gentleman."

Of course, Anna, Maggie, and Charley also, for he soon became, at these hours, a guest nearly as constant as Mr. Butler, could not for weeks be sharers of his enthusiasm, without corresponding enlargement of their notions of art, literature, science, life.

"He is the making of us all—Charley and all; Charley above us all," would Maggie say to herself. That is, she said it to herself after having once said it to Anna, getting for her answer, "Oh! I don't know about its being exactly so. I, for my part, don't see why Mr. Butler is not getting as much from Charley's good sense and judgment, as Charley is getting from him. I have known one of Charley's intelligent questions, or remarks, to clear up a knotty subject a good many times; but I suppose you haven't. You don't think much of Charley."

Here she pouted a little; and so our child reflected that, after that, she would be careful, because she really was beginning to like and respect Charley very much, now he was beginning to evince some other claim to these sentiments beside his plodding industry.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

WINTER.

BY MRS. W. N. MAYFIELD.

The far-off sun withholds his warmth,
  And Nature, chilled and cheerless, stays,
Weeping, in sleety tears, her loss,
  And mourning all the dreary days.
Through naked woods a sobbing sound,
  In frozen fields a dumb despair;
Dull murmurs from the ice-bound brook,
  And snow-birds plainings in the air.

No promised Spring in earth or sky;
  No whisperings of balmier time;
Yet the New-Year glides swiftly on,
  And Summer shall make glad his prime.
Alas! when Winter comes within;
  When chill and darkness shroud the heart;
For it no second Spring shall dawn,
  When once its sunshine doth depart.

A SONNET.

BY D. P. STARKEY.

Oh, beauty, glory, gladness, passed away!
  Ye that once shared the empire of my life!
  When I was careless whether love or strife
Wrung me or ravished me—and both were play!
Whither, and wherefore, have ye turned and fled—
  Fled, and refused to take me with you, too,
  Who loiter here, with nothing left to do
But wish myself unborn, or with the dead?
Would that as friends depart we too grew old,
  At each bereavement smit with partial death,
Less keenly wrung o'er each successive mould,
  Till happy with the last to yield our breath!
Thus might this heart, amidst the gathering gloom,
Escape its worst of woes within the tomb.

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MR. KING'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

"My dear, I think we are all here. We may go down to tea," said Mr. Jonas King to his wife, looking round upon a cheerful little company in his own house.

"No; there is one more come," said a voice behind him.

Mr. King looked round with a start, and beheld a tall man standing in the door-way, whose hat nearly touched the top of it. He glanced at his wife, who also stared at the new-comer in astonishment. Stepping up to him, he said, "You are a stranger to me, sir. To what do we owe this honor?"

The tall man, without moving a muscle of his face, took out a card and handed it to Mr. King, who looked at it, and turned pale.

Then he said, with many a pause and catching of his breath, "Won't you, sir—a—lay aside your hat and—a—accompany us down to tea? Our friends here were—ha! ha! about to give us the pleasure of their company, and we should be—a—happy—oh, yes! very happy! to have you join us."

The unknown had heard this speech with his deep black eyes fixed immovably upon Mr. King to the end, without taking advantage of the many pauses and hesitations to "cut in," as school-boys say, or bridging them by sympathetic smile or bow. He now slowly replied, "I will certainly remove my hat if I should join you at tea; but hadn't I," glancing at the company, "better wait for you here?"

"Oh, no! Come down and take a cup of tea—take a cup of tea," said Mr. King, fussing with his bunch of seals, and looking everywhere but at the stranger.

"As you please," said the latter. "Perhaps you will introduce me to your wife."

"Oh! ah! excuse me," said Mr. King. "My dear, this is Mr. Lining, from ——," the place was inaudible.

Mr. Lining bowed low.

"The young lady on your right," pursued Mr. King, "is Miss Madison, a young neighbor of ours; and next to her is Mrs. Madison, her daughter—that is, her mother. Mr. Lining, ladies; and further on is Mrs. White," pointing to a spinster of thirty-five, "and her three daughters, and Mr. White."

They went down to tea. "I feel queerish," whispered Miss White. "It makes me think of Faust and Mephistopheles. You know he said he'd wait for him. Don't you think the lights burn a little blue?"

"Mr. King has committed a murder in a foreign land," said her friend; and both looked at the light-hearted, nervous, little man, and tried to fancy him the hero of a tragedy.

"Maybe it's a sheriff's officer," continued the last young lady.

"No, it can't be that," said Miss White; "for he would have sent in word for Mr. King to step out in the hall."

"Is that the way it's done, dear?" returned her companion. "I don't know much about it. We have never had such a visitor."

"Mr. King," said his wife, severely, "does your friend take tea or coffee?"

"Coffee, thank you," responded a hoarse, deep voice.

"Cream and sugar?" continued the lady, looking entirely away from him.

"No cream."

The black dose was sent with looks as black. Mr. King gave an imploring glance at his wife.

After what seemed an interminable evening, the host and hostess were left alone with the stranger. "My dear," said Mr. King, "I met Mr. Lining, at least, I heard of him in—a—at the South. Perhaps he will be persuaded to spend the night with us. Could you not, sir?"

The invitation was accepted.

"Have you been long in this country?" hazarded Mr. King.

"Some time," replied his companion. "In fact, I never have left it."

"Never left it!" echoed Mr. King. "Why, I understood——"

"You understood? I beg your pardon!" said his companion.

"Oh! nothing, nothing!" said Mr. King.

Again that fixed look, like the ghost in Hamlet.

Mr. King accompanied his guest to his room, and hoped he would find everything to his satisfaction.

"Yes," replied the tall man, in deep, sepulchral tones, "I think I shall find everything to my satisfaction."

Mr. King shuddered, and left him.

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"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. King, as soon as he gained his own room, "who is this man?"

"Don't talk to me!" said Jonas, tearing off his coat and cravat distractedly—"don't talk to me!"

"But I want to know who he is, and where he comes from"

"I can't tell you. I don't know."

"Where did you ever see him?"

"Never saw him in my life before—never want to again."

"What does he want?"

"I know no more than you do."

"Why did you ask him to stay all night then?"

"Woman, you will drive me crazy! Will you let me alone? I shall sleep up stairs to-night," and, seizing his dressing-gown, he marched off to an upper room.

There he sat down on the side of the bed to ruminate. What should he do? What would become of him? He wanted to rush out of the house, but no more thought of attempting it than a rush to the moon, for he felt a perfect certainty of being heard, and stopped as he passed his guest's bedroom door. He threw up the window and examined the surroundings, with an idea of letting himself down by the waste-pipe. Then he thought of the roof, and the possibility of finding an open trap-door on some roof in the row, and descending by it; and, providing he escaped being shot as a burglar, what excuse could he give for preferring that front door to his own as a mode of exit? Then he plucked up his courage. After all, what need he fear? He locked the door, barricaded it with furniture, and went to bed.

It was neither forgery nor murder. There was a woman at the bottom of this ba[illegible] since the days of Eve—— Finish th[illegible] for yourself.

In Tonawanda, a village in Georgia, there was a brook, and beside it a row of magnolias, and beneath them a walk which people called Lover's Walk; and there was a Rose Lining, a sweet, little, dancing creature, and Jonas King walked in that walk with her.

He left. She died. The physician of the village shaped his diagnosis rather by Washington Irving's soft-flowing periods than by any medical authority, and said some harsh things of Jonas King. Jonas remembered a glimpse he once caught of her pale face, with the great, black eyes gleaming out of it, exactly like those eyes in the room below; he remembered her aged parents turning away from the grave of their only daughter. He had once gotten a letter from her brother, a stripling of sixteen, dated in China, he thought, saying fiercely that when he came home he would settle his account with him. But what could the beast mean to do? Surely, he could not sue for damages—the great Consoler had healed all wounds. And a pistol, or a cowhide—why, he would have used them at once.

As Mr. King lay there he felt the steady gaze of Rose Lining's eyes—he heard her voice. Ay! what was that beside him? He started wildly up—it was nothing. Then he tried to compose himself to sleep.

About two o'clock he heard a slight noise at his door, and his wife's hurried whisper through the keyhole. Thunder and lightning! In his insane selfishness had he left his precious wife and babes exposed to he knew not what machinations! He sprung from the bed, tore down the barricade, dashing to the floor some rare old china, which his wife had inherited from her grandmother, which he had placed on the top of the chairs piled on the table.

"Good heavens! what is the matter?" cried Mrs. King.

"What is the matter?" cried Mr. King.

"The china! the china!" reiterated Mrs. King. "What have you done? Are you crazy?"

"Where is that man?" asked Mr. King.

"In his room, I suppose."

"What has he done?"

"Nothing; but I was afraid to stay alone. And you—what is the matter?"

Just then a door opened below. "What is the matter?" said the voice of the stranger guest.

"Nothing—nothing!" returned Mr. King, hastily. "I—I was only—a—taking a little gymnastic exercise."

"Taking a little gymnastic exercise!" echoed a deep voice. "Ho—ho! ho!"

"He may well laugh!" barked Mrs. King.

"Do you call that a laugh?" said her husband.

"Yes. What do you call it?"

"I call it the cachination of a—— My dear, the children are down stairs: you had better go back."

"Not alone! I cannot sleep alone in that room to-night."

"Well, I'll go, too," ejaculated Mr. King; and hand-in-hand the two spouses, wrapped in their long, white night-gowns, descended the stairs on tip-toe. As they gained the foot, the spare-room door opened again, and the same deep, hollow tones said, "Has anything happened? Can I do anything?"

Mrs. King screamed, and flew into her own room. "No!" thundered Mr. King, and banged his door.

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"Jonas," almost shrieked his wife, "you must tell me what this means!"

"Clarissa, be quiet! I can tell you nothing."

"I must know, I am almost crazy. Have you been doing anything dreadful?"

"I may do something dreadful if I am provoked," said Mr. King. He was regaining his courage now; besides, he could always bluster to his wife. "Let us try to sleep now," fulminated he. "God only knows what the morrow has in store for us."

As this comforting postulate could not be controverted, Mrs. King tried to make as good a pillow of it as she might.

The next day came.

"Are you at leisure this morning, Mr. King?" questioned the tall man.

"N—no—not exactly," stammered he; "that is—I have to go to business now. If—a—you—a—could come back to dinner. We dine at four."

"As you please," said Mr. Lining.

"Jonas," said Mrs. King, when he went to get her market-orders, "I want to speak to you again about my mother. I am going to write to her to-day, and——"

"Clarissa," interrupted Mr. King, "your mother can't come to live here. I say so for the hundreth time; the house isn't big enough."

"It seems big enough for all the stray waifs that come along," responded Mrs. King, tartly.

"There never was a house yet big enough for a man and his mother-in-law."

"But, my mother——"

"Oh! hang your mother!" roared Mr. King, and rushed out of the door.

Who so merry as Mr. King that evening? He kept up a running fire of small talk, allowed Mr. Lining no opening for business; and when ten o'clock came would not hear of his leaving. "Stay awhile with us!" he said, hospitably. And to his wife he added, when they were alone, "For God's sake, don't provoke him, Clarissa."

"How long is this to go on, Mr. King?" said his helpmate, in reply, in a tone of cool, concentrated indignation.

"How can I tell!" groaned the wretched man.

"How can you tell? Are you going to take no measures about it?"

"Couldn't you put a little arsenic in his coffee?" suggested he.

"Mr. King, are you serious?"

"Perhaps I may be," returned he, gloomily. "Can't you think of anything you could do?"

"Oh, yes!" rejoined Mrs. King, sarcastically; "think of anything *I* could do! Why don't you think of something you could do?"

The next morning, before they went down to breakfast, Mrs. King began again on the subject of her mother.

Mr. King was tying his cravat, and began to hum an air. At this his spouse lost all patience.

"Mr. King, are you listening?" she cried. "I don't believe you hear a word I say!"

"I know it all, my dear," said he. "I've heard it often enough—filial affection, declining years, sympathy, society, and all the rest of it."

"Will it never be possible to make you see the thing in the right light?"

"With my mind's eye," said Mr. King, throwing back his head in an attitude, "I look into the dim future, and I can see no possible combination of circumstances which can change my opinion."

Mrs. King regarded him with a look of angry contempt. "I know something that would," she said. "If dear ma had the prospect of a hundred thousand——"

"Oh! in that case, my dear," interrupted he, "my duty to the children—ahem! might lead me to smother my—ahem! But she has not such prospects, has she! She has no rich brother to leave it to her, and she won't invent a patent medicine, will she? As you are so severely critical, my dear, we'll say probable. I know of no combination of circumstances, the most remotely probable, that would induce me to consent—there."

"Well, if ma can't come here, that man shan't stay. I'll go and order him out of the house myself."

"Stop, stop," cried Mr. King, all in a tremble. "No, since it's come to that, I'll do it myself. But you don't know what you drive me to do."

He rushed down stairs in a state of despair. There sat the incubus. "Sir," said Mr. King, "I should be glad to know now the nature of—a—your—a—you have been here a long time—and—a—of you—a——"

Mr. Lining had turned slowly, and brought to bear upon the speaker that deep, penetrating gaze that had for two days thrilled his very marrow; and he first got confused, and then broke down altogether, as we have seen. Poor Mr. King expected every moment to see a pistol brought out.

"I beg your pardon; I did not catch your words," said the guest, rising up taller and taller, as it appeared to his host, till he stood in the same attitude as he had stood the night of his arrival.

Mr. King rushed up stairs to his wife's bedroom.

"Turn him out of the house as soon as you

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like," cried he, insanely. "Call a policeman! Do anything. Only get him away."

"Did he refuse to go?" asked Mrs. King.

"I—I didn't ask him," stammered her husband.

"Did not ask him! What on earth did you ask him then?"

"He—he knows what I mean."

"Are you crazy?" said Mrs. King.

"No; but I soon will be," said the unfortunate man, clutching two handfuls of hair, as if about to tear them out.

Mrs. King sunk on his shoulder at this sight, overcome.

"Jonas," she cried, "whatever fate this man holds over our heads, be it disgrace or abject poverty, let us welcome it as preferable to this. You have me and the children left. We will bear it together."

"Bosh!" was the answer to this heroic speech.

Mrs. King burst into tears.

Mr. King rushed down stairs again and met Mr. Lining. A bright idea had struck him, and a new despair gave him fresh courage.

"Come up with me!" he said. "Do you see that woman weeping? Do you know who is the cause of it?" in low, concentrated tones.

"Most certainly I do not," Mr. Lining answered.

"You are the cause of it."

"*I?*"

"Yes; she wants your room for her mother, who is coming to live here; and you—you don't settle your business and go."

"This is very extraordinary, Mr. King."

"Oh! confound your dignity and your surprises!"

"Permit me to remind you——"

"Oh! yes, yes, I know; but out with it now. Anything is better than this suspense, man! My mother-in-law even is better—and that's what you've driven me to!" said the wretched being, tossing his hands aloft.

The guest answered, calmly, to this burst,

"Let us step down stairs, Mr. King, and all I have to say can be soon dispatched."

"Jonas, don't go with him," shrieked Mrs. King; "he'll kill you, and just when we were going to be so happy with dear ma, and all."

"'Dear ma!' Oh, Lord!" ejaculated Jonas.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the stranger, after a stare of astonishment at Mrs. King.

In ten minutes Mr. Lining and portmanteau were going down the street. His sole business, it appeared, was some message from Mr. King's early associates in Georgia. His host had so delayed hearing them, and at the same time so urged his staying, that he had thought he might as well "put up" in such comfortable quarters as at a hotel, during his visit to the city, which was only for a couple of days. As to the dreaded "youthful affair" of Mr. King, he made no allusion to it whatever.

But though the guest was out, the mother-in-law was in! Jonas King was held to his word. Curious, wasn't it, that Mrs. King should owe "dear ma's" society to Rose Lining, her husband's early flame.

CROSSING THE LINE.

BY FREDERICK WILLIAMS.

'Twas on the Equator's circling line,
One pleasant Summer's day,
When blew the zephyrs soft and mild,
And gently dashed the spray;
I gazed down through the milky foam,
And fancied I could see
The mermaid's ocean caverned home,
Far down beneath the sea.

I gazed upon the broad expanse
Of ocean wave, and air;
And far-off roamed my wistful glance
O'er scenes that spread out fair.
I marked the wavelets ebb and flow,
They kissing seemed to meet;
And softly there they come and go
With lightly-tripping feet.

And onward sped our gallant ship,
With white wings broadly spread;
The wavelets kiss her bow that dip
The deep she seems to tread.

The setting sun doth now decline;
The West wave gloweth bright,
As we sailed the Equator's circling line,
On the evening of that night.

But distant on the horizon's band,
A small, dark cloud appears;
At first no larger than my hand,
But spreading as it nears.
And then the blast blows fierce and loud,
And hoarsely roars the sea;
And on the white-capped billows crowd—
They foam upon our lee.

And all night long, till break of morn,
They raged with awful zest;
But when Aurora brought the dawn,
Then sank the ocean's breast.
The fierce winds calmed their savage fray,
The bright sun began to shine;
And again a pleasant Summer's day,
We sailed the Equator's line.

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AN INNOCENT FLIRTATION.

BY ISABELLA M'LEOD.

THE house was such an one as you will scarcely find out of New England—a fisherman's house, as you could see at a glance; but something more, the home of a household refined and cultivated beyond that which might be expected from their position. It had happened thus; it does happen, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, in so many instances in New England, that one ceases to wonder at the result. John Clarke, a fisherman, and the son of a fisherman, had married a woman in what might have been called elsewhere a higher station than his own. She was the daughter of a lawyer in a neighboring town, a woman of superior intelligence; a woman who had been well and carefully educated, and at the same time (for Providence was good to John) a woman of sound common sense, and of a warm, loving heart.

Whatever any one else may have thought, and doubtless among her friends there were some whose opinion was that she might have looked higher, John's wife never imagined that she had made a mistake; never felt that she could look down upon her husband because he did not appreciate Chaucer, could not quote Goethe. To her he was the one man in all the world, loved and reverenced for the true nobility of soul she knew so well; and on that foundation had been built as happy a home as one could wish to see. Sons and daughters had been born to them, and had grown up around them healthy, happy children, causing much gladness, little anxiety to their parents; and when the old nest had proved too small for the numerous nestlings, the present one had taken its place—the house with which I began my story.

It stood near the shore, looking over the little bay, and then far out to the wide Atlantic. Never mind the exact latitude and longitude. Next summer, when you go to the sea-side, you may look for it, if you will, and find it, if you can; but I shall not help you by pointing out the spot upon the map.

In front, there was a long, low piazza, with clematis and morning-glories twining around the pillars that supported it; then a stretch of gravel—and even at high tide, a strip of clean, yellow sand; and beyond, the sparkling sea, with the fishing-boats lying at anchor. Back of the house lay the trim little garden, with its beds of vegetables and flowers; the field where the cow was kept; the neatly-arranged wood-pile—each and all bearing the marks of the thrifty hand to which they belonged.

Within doors, on one side of the passage, was the ideal Yankee kitchen, perfect in all its arrangements for doing the greatest amount of work with the least expenditure of time and strength; on the other, the pretty, tasteful parlor, whose whole appearance would have astonished any one but an American, so unlike was it to anything which you will find in a fisherman's house in other parts of the world. Simply furnished, but having that indescribable air of refinement impossible to imitate, it gave evidence of the presence in the house of a lady's hand and a lady's eye. The books that filled the shelves of the bookcase were well-chosen, and had been well-read; there were no gaudy-colored pictures on the walls, but a few engravings and photographs, on each of which the eye could dwell with pleasure; and at one side of the room stood an open piano. Not a very handsome, or very modern instrument, to be sure, but one which had been well cared for since the day when it was given to Mrs. Clarke, the most valued of all her wedding-presents. Never made the children's plaything, and never allowed to stand unused and untuned, it was still capable of giving forth music sweet to the ears of the whole household when touched by the fingers of the mother, or of the daughters, whom she had taught. Two windows of this room opened on the piazza; the third had a different view, from it you looked northward up the bay to the point of land where the light-house stood, with a number of fishermen's shanties clustered around it. At this window, busy at her sewing-machine, sat Ellen Clarke, the eldest daughter of the house; and now and then she paused in her work, looked out, and her eyes brightened as they rested on one of the small houses, newer than the others, and a little apart from them, standing out, white and fair, against the deep blue sky. Shall I tell you her thought? To that house she was to go, in a few months, the bride of Ralph Weston, the handsomest and cleverest young fisherman on all the neighboring coast. Ralph's own hands—hands which, to quote Mrs.

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Stowe, "had never seen the thing they could not do," had built the shanty which was to be their home; and no royal bride ever looked on palace or castle with half the pride that filled Ellen's heart, as she gazed on his work begun and ended out of love for her. Like her mother before her, she was quite content to be a fisherman's wife; she did not dream of any lot brighter or more blessed than her own. She had been accustomed to work; she had health and strength, and she did not dread the cares that would devolve upon her when she should be mistress of her own house. Ah, no! many a dream she dreamed of the coming days when her hands should minister to all Ralph's wants; when she should find it her duty and her joy to make his home the brightest spot on earth for him.

The busy click of the sewing-machine alone prevented her from hearing a step on the gravel outside, and she did not look up till the light from the window was darkened; then, as she raised her head, it was imprisoned between two hands, rough, brown hands they were, but hands whose touch could be as gentle as a woman's; a pair of honest, blue eyes looked into hers, and reflected back the sudden brightness they found there; and Ralph Weston bent his head and kissed her, as he had a most undoubted right to do.

There was nothing of the coquette in Ellen; if she blushed, it was only with gladness as she exclaimed breathlessly,

"Why, Ralph, I did not think you could come so soon."

"Neither did I; but I find I must see the sail-maker this evening, and I came to ask you if you would like to go with me."

"If mother can spare me." And she started up to go and inquire. Mother was in the kitchen, just beginning the preparations for supper, and there she always expected Ellen's assistance; but she had not outlived her own romance, she had not forgotten the days before her own marriage, and so the answer was a ready assent. The daughter gave her a bright smile of gratitude, and ran up stairs for her hat; and then Mrs. Clarke went to the door and looked with proud, pleased eyes after the young couple as they walked down the shore.

Two little sisters were building houses with the bright-colored pebbles.

"Going for a sail, Ellie? Oh, Ralph! won't you take us?"

"No," said the young man, decidedly, but not unkindly. "I'd rather not, to-day."

There was no remonstrance. Even the children knew that what Ralph Weston said he always meant; and they went on with their work, while Ralph helped Ellen into the boat, and got up the sails. Away they went before the light, southerly breeze toward the light-house point, beyond which lived the sail-maker.

"I'm going to build myself a new boat next winter," said the young man. "What shall I call it, Nellie? Would you like it named after you?"

"No."

"Neither would I; I'm glad we are agreed. Folks differ; but I never could understand father calling his smack by mother's name, having it in every fellow's mouth—the 'Mary Jane,' the 'Mary Jane' everlastingly. I don't choose to have it so with my wife—it is a sort of taking her name in vain."

He said it quite reverently, and Ellen understood him.

"When are you going to sail to-morrow?" she asked.

"About five. Do you remember this time last year, Nellie?"

"Yes," she said, simply; but the color deepened in her cheeks—the memory seemed a pleasant one.

"I hadn't thought till then that you could love me——"

"Ralph!" she said, entreatingly; but he went on.

"You are so different from me, so different from all the other girls."

A smile sparkled out through the tears that filled her eyes.

"As different, perhaps, as you are from all the other men; we are even there!"

He smiled, too, but added gravely, "The year has convinced me. I shan't be ashamed to confess that my wife is wiser than I——"

"Not wiser, Ralph," she interrupted, "not wiser. I may have spent a little more time over my books; but no one gets wisdom out of them."

"You will not be ashamed of me, Nellie?"

It was less a question than an assertion, he felt so sure of her love.

"Ashamed? If I could tell you how proud I am, how thankful that I can look up to you——"

Her voice failed her.

"Foolish little girl!" he said, gently, laying his hand on hers; "after that I'll never say you are wise again."

"Consistent!" she exclaimed, "when I have just spoken the only wisdom I can boast."

"You'll always have the last word, come what will. But tell me about those boarders you're going to have?"

"I don't know much to tell. Mrs. Jones' house

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is full, and there has been some mistake; they thought she had room for them. They are old friends of some of her folks, and she is anxious to accommodate them, so mother said they might have the spare room. There are two of them; gentlemen from the city, Mrs. Jones called them —I don't know their names."

"It will give you a good deal more to do."

"Yes; but I don't mind that now." With a sigh as she thought of the coming weeks, for Ralph was to be absent some time on a fishing cruise.

"Don't overwork yourself," he said, with a shade of anxiety in his voice—the only anxiety he felt in connection with the matter.

He did not ask whether the gentlemen from the city were young or old, married or unmarried—what difference could it make to him? He was too true-hearted to have one doubt of Ellen's loyalty; he loved too reverently to tease her by a joke on such a subject, as some men might have done.

Afterward Ellen remembered that conversation, and its one note of warning struck by his tender thoughtfulness for her. "Don't overwork yourself, Nellie."

Presently they rounded the point, and passed a small schooner lying at anchor.

"I wish uncle Sam would sell that old craft," said Ralph, "she isn't fit for her work."

"He says he means to after this season."

"Yes. So he's been saying for two years; but when he gets back safe from one trip, he thinks he'll risk another. It's tempting Providence, to my thinking."

"Is he going to-morrow?"

"No; not for another week. You can send me a letter by him, Nellie."

"Yes. I'll remember."

They had reached their destination. Ralph went ashore to attend to his business, Ellen sat in the boat watching the varying hues cast upon the water by the setting sun, dreaming waking dreams, such as come to most women once in their history, and either grow into the better reality of a love-crowned life, or fade away and leave the whole world dark and dim by contrast. Which should it be with Ellen? She had no doubt, no shadow of a fear.

Early the next morning, the "Mary Jane"—the schooner belonging to Ralph's father—set sail, and was off to the fishing-banks. From her window Ellen watched with tear-dimmed eyes, and waved her handkerchief as long as she could see the response sent back; then turned to the day's work with nervous eagerness, thankful for anything which might make the time pass more swiftly. That evening the two boarders were to arrive, and their room was to be made ready for them.

Would you be shocked at seeing my heroine down on her knees washing the painted floor? Then you must not follow her through that first day of her lover's absence, for such work must be done in every house—and in John Clarke's there was no one to do it but the wife and daughters. Their hands were not so soft and white as those of some idle, city belle; but they were ladies, nevertheless, in all true refinement of feeling and manner, and would have been accepted as such in any circle where gold is valued above tinsel.

Evening came, and found all in readiness for the two city gentlemen; and just before supper they made their appearance—two brothers, the elder about thirty-five years of age, the younger ten years his junior. The latter is easily disposed of—a fair specimen of the average young gentleman of any of our large towns. Passably good-looking, endowed with sufficient brains to make his way in the world, and with self-conceit enough to make the most of all his other qualifications, Frank Curtis held himself immeasurably superior to this fisherman's family. He treated them with politeness, of course, but rather from respect to himself than to them, and made no attempt to cultivate their acquaintance. The young lady with whom just now he fancied himself in love, was staying at Mrs. Jones' boarding-house, and consequently it was very little that any member of John Clarke's household saw of him.

The elder brother was quite different; the editor of a city paper; he had traveled, he had seen the world, and had taken a pretty accurate measure of its attractions. He had come here to rest, and at a glance he saw that he had fallen on his feet. There was a special charm for him in these simple, unsophisticated people; they interested him greatly, and in return he was quite willing to interest them. He was gifted with conversational powers, that made him eagerly welcomed in the most brilliant circles of the city where he dwelt, and he did not scorn to use them here; at the same time he had the gentlemanly tact to avoid making himself the chief speaker. So he talked with John Clarke on that first evening, and the plain fisherman bore his part in the conversation with manly sense and dignity, and with the consciousness that he was giving as well as receiving. Need I say that Mr. Curtis soon became quite a member of the family, liked and admired by each one, from the father down to the youngest child?

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Will you blame Ellen very much that, day by day, this stranger interested her more and more, that the time of Ralph's absence did not prove half so dreary as she had expected? She was just at the age when a young girl aspires to something above herself. She had been thrown very little into the society of better educated people; and here was a man whose every-day conversation seemed to lift her up into a higher realm of thought and feeling. And he was so kind. In the morning he was always in his own room writing; but in the afternoon he would come down stairs and sit in the piazza; and then, as she stood at her ironing-table, with the door open, or sat at her sewing, he would remember her presence with some little mark of attention.

"Miss Ellen, just listen to this." And he would read to her some bright thought from the page before him, and watch with interest the deepening color, the lighting up of the eyes that proved his auditor's appreciation; then tell her his own thoughts, and ask for hers. Oh! the insidious flattery of being so taught that to such a man her views and opinions could be a matter of any consequence! It was the only kind of flattery he ever offered her; he treated her always with deferential courtesy, he never descended to a word or tone of familiarity. Sometimes in the evening he would go out rowing—he liked the exercise, he said; then he would ask Ellen to accompany him, but never alone; some of the children always shared the invitation. When he was tired, one of the boys would take the oars, and he would tell them stories, wild legends he had picked up in other lands, or repeat some simple poem, made more beautiful by the melody of his tones; and Ellen would listen as eagerly as the youngest child amongst his auditors—and for the time she was quite as happy as they.

As happy? Yes, with Ralph absent!

Now and then there crept over her a little shadow of discontent with herself; but she dismissed it at once. "He was too noble to wish her to sit pining in his absence, too kind to deprive her of an innocent gratification."

So he was; but for that very reason was she not all the more bound to guard herself jealously for his sake?

At the end of a week there occurred a little incident which might have aroused her, but that she found a scape-goat at hand ready to bear the blame.

She had not forgotten Ralph's letter; written at intervals, it was ready now. The next day uncle Sam would sail; she would go to his house after supper, and give it to him with her own hand. So, when the time came, she went to her room and got it, came down stairs, and said to her mother,

"I'm going over to uncle Sam's to give him my letter for Ralph."

Mrs. Clarke looked up in surprise.

"Why, my dear child, he's gone—he went this morning."

"Gone!" exclaimed Ellen, her heart beating so hard and fast it almost choked her. "Gone! I never heard of it. Why did no one tell me?"

Her younger brother, standing at the door, said,

"I told you yesterday."

She turned on him fiercely.

"You did not; how dare you say such a thing, George!"

"I did," reiterated the boy; "at least, I tried to; but Mr. Curtis was reading to you, and you wouldn't listen, and then I forgot."

"It was very careless, very unkind of you," she began; then she turned away. "Mother, what can I do?"

"I am very sorry, Ellie," said her mother, "I thought you knew it, and had taken your letter. But it can't be helped now. Ralph will know it was an accident; uncle Sam will tell him we are all well."

Poor comfort! She went away to her own room, tore up the letter, and cried bitterly.

"Mr. Curtis was reading to you." There was the sting; but for this new interest she would have been herself at uncle Sam's every day, watchful of all the movements, lest he should go sooner than she had expected—and for the time she wished Mr. Curtis and his reading at the farthest end of the earth. She could not bear to think of Ralph's disappointment, yet she pictured it all to herself—uncle Sam's schooner coming in sight, a boat putting off from the "Mary Jane," the eager question, the unexpected reply, the blank, incredulous look in the eyes all sparkling with hope before. What would he think of her—that she was careless, forgetful? Oh, no! and the contrast between what she knew he would think, and the real truth smote her with a keen sense of pain.

But it is much easier to indulge in self-reproaches in the darkness and alone at night, than in the full sunshine of the morning; and the next day Ellen laid all the blame on George, for his carelessness in forgetting to deliver uncle Sam's message, then dismissed the matter from her thoughts, as there was nothing she could do. Mr. Curtis was doubly kind that morning, told her how much he had wished for her the previous evening to share the enjoyment of the

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sunset with him. "Every pleasure is doubled by dividing it with an appreciative companion," he said; then asked her if she would walk over to the light-house with him in the afternoon. She consented, and all day long thought more of her own coming pleasure than of what was going on just then at the fishing-banks.

Yet Ellen would have repelled with indignant scorn any hint that she was disloyal to Ralph—she was only diverting herself in his absence.

And Mr. Curtis—did he not see through this young girl's interest in him? He had heard of her engagement; did he see no danger in the amusement he had found to occupy his leisure hours? Not he; he would have laughed down such a suggestion; he would have told you he was not vain enough to think that every woman he saw was ready to fall in love with him. On his table lay a portfolio, containing an unfinished letter, and in it there was a very truthful account of all his thoughts and feelings in regard to Ellen—a very glowing picture of this "wild-wood flower," this "simple child of nature."

"A talk with her rests me, darling, almost as much, and in the same way, that the children's hour does at home," he wrote; and the letter was addressed to his wife, who was absent in the West, visiting her parents. His wife! a woman, he would have said, whom no man in his senses could for an instant forget for the sake of a child like this fisherman's daughter. But why had he never mentioned her to Ellen, or to any of the family? Partly because a certain pride in Mr. Curtis made him very reticent about himself and his own affairs—his conversation was free from all personal allusions. But it is scarcely to be wondered at that his simple entertainers, taking it for granted that a man who never speaks of his wife and children has none to speak of, did not make any inquiries about his family.

Mr. Curtis certainly meant no harm; but he did not remember that

> "Evil is wrought for want of thought
> As well as want of heart."

And so matters went on for a time. Little by little Ellen learned to sigh over some want in Ralph which she had never discovered before; to wish that in this or that the man she loved were more like this new-found friend; and so to fall from the height where she had stood—a woman proudly thankful, humbly content with the lot which God had appointed her in life.

Why did no one warn her, do you ask? Because no one saw. Both her father and mother had such implicit confidence in Ellen, such unbounded admiration for Ralph, that no thought of danger suggested itself. She was to be awakened, but not by them.

Three weeks passed, and the time came for the return of the "Mary Jane." Ellen's heart woke up, and she was all eagerness, as day by day she watched and waited. If her mother noticed an unusual restlessness in her manner, it was easily accounted for; when Ralph returned the wedding-day was to be fixed. Was it strange that her child should be a little nervous at the prospect of leaving the old house for the new? So reasoned Mrs. Clarke, not knowing her daughter's heart; for in truth Ellen dreaded to see Ralph, to put him beside Mr. Curtis, and judge between them, though, at times, she longed for his coming with an unconscious instinct that it would set her free from the tangle in which she was caught.

They were just rising from the dinner-table when a neighbor looked in.

"The 'Mary Jane's' in sight; I thought as how some of ye might like to know."

One appealing look at her mother and Ellen was off. Down to Mrs. Weston's house she hurried, everything forgotten but this—"Ralph is is coming."

Ralph's mother received her gladly. "I thought you'd be along, Ellie; there she is," and she pointed to the schooner, which Ellen scarcely needed to have pointed out to her; then bustled about in busy preparation for the return of her husband and son.

Ellen ran down to the shore and strained her eyes to catch sight of one figure on the deck. On came the schooner, more rapidly now as her sails caught the fresh breeze. What was it that suddenly sent the blood from Ellen's cheeks, and made her grasp something to support her? The blue ribbon Ralph had taken from her one day for a "private signal," as he said, and which he always fastened to the main-sail, to say to her eyes alone, "All is well!" was nowhere to be seen; and as the schooner tacked, her colors floated slowly out at half-mast.

Ellen staggered back to the house with a face so ghastly white that Mrs. Weston flew to catch her.

"Ellie, Ellie! what is it?"

"I don't know," she gasped; "something is the matter, the flag is only half-mast high."

Yet she felt that she did know only too well, even while she spoke.

By this time other eyes had seen the fatal signal, and one after another the neighbors came in. Soon a crowd of anxious faces was gathered at the little wharf. Mrs. Weston was there, and Ellen; but no one ventured to speak to them till

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the wife and mother turned round, and said sharply,

"What are ye all doing standing there? Can't some of ye take a boat and bring us word which of them it is?"

Then she broke down, and the women gathered about her trying to soothe her, while the men took her hint, and soon two boats put off from the shore.

The schooner was at her mooring before they reached her; there was a little delay, then one of them returned to give the news. No one spoke as it approached, and not a word came from the boat till her keel grated on the sand. Then a boy sprang out, the one who had been first to offer to go. He walked up to Mrs. Weston, every muscle of his face rigid as iron.

"It's not for you," he said, huskily, "your folks is all right. It's my father was drowned at the banks—they've brought him home. Let me go—let me go. I must tell my mother."

Mrs. Weston burst out sobbing, "Oh, my God! my God! what am I that mine are spared!"

As for Ellen, without a word, she fell down in a dead faint.

When she recovered, she was lying on Mrs. Weston's bed, and her own mother and Ralph's were bending over her.

"Tell me, tell me," she entreated, and they told her.

Jack Henderson, uncle Sam's best hand, had fallen overboard from the "Sea-Gull," and was drowned.

"And Ralph?" she asked, eagerly.

"Ralph staid with uncle Sam. He sent a letter for you; father brought it up."

She opened it, and read. Part of it ran thus:

"I missed my letter terribly, but I am sure it was not your fault; and now that I know you are well, I can wait a little longer. I could not refuse to stay and help uncle Sam; we will be home in a few days. Don't be anxious."

"Don't be anxious!" With his own words ringing ever in her ears, "It's tempting Providence to go in that craft." Her punishment was not over yet.

The days went on, but brought no news of the "Sea-Gull;" then the weather changed, and a north-east gale set in and lasted three days. Ellen's unspoken dread grew into agony, and she wondered at the apathy of all around her; no one seeming to share her fears.

But when, at length, one and another began to say, "It is very strange." "I don't like the look of it," she resented with angry scorn the idea that danger was possible with Ralph on board. Her face grew thin and wan, and her mother, listening at night, heard her moving restlessly about, when she should have been asleep. What could any one do to comfort her?

Mr. Curtis was truly sorry, deeply concerned, and tried to show his sympathy; but she turned from him with such evident aversion, that for once his self-love was penetrated, and he felt that he had given offence.

A fortnight, and the worst was known. Another fishing-vessel came in, and brought the news that the "Sea-Gull" had left the banks soon after the "Mary Jane."

"Just before that north-east gale," said one of the men; and when Ellen heard those words her heart died within her. Uncle Sam's schooner was not fit to encounter rough weather, Ralph himself had said so.

Oh! the agony of the poor girl as she looked back over the past, realized her lover's true worth, her own folly, and felt that God had taken him from her just when she had proved herself unworthy to be his wife. What was there before her now but a life of unavailing, bitter regret?

Her mother tried to comfort her, to whisper some word of hope, but she turned away.

"Let me alone," she entreated, "don't speak to me. I can't bear it yet." And they left her alone with her great sorrow, whose keenest sting was hidden from all other eyes.

One afternoon, when every one else had gone out, she took her sewing to the back-door, and sat there; she could not bear the sight of the once-loved sea.

Presently a shout came to her ears, borne over the water from a boat that was rounding the point. She sprang to her feet, then sank down again with a bitter sigh, and burst into passionate tears. "Why should any one be so cruel as to imitate *his* call, cheating her into the belief that she had heard the voice silenced now forever?"

Had she been on the piazza she would have seen that there was an unusual excitement in the quiet little village. A crowd gathered on the wharf, cheers went up, and hats and handkerchiefs were waved as the shout she had heard was recognized; but she did not see, and no one thought to go and tell her.

No one? There was a quick, firm tread on the gravel, the door was opened without the ceremony of a knock, and in tones she could not mistake, she heard her name called, "Nellie, Nellie! where are you?"

With a wild cry she fled to him, and Ralph caught her in his arms, and she wept and sobbed upon his bosom.

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Then it all came out how the "Sea-Gull" had encountered the gale, and had sprung a leak; how the water had gained on them, though they worked night and day, until at last they were obliged to abandon the sinking schooner and take to the boat. Fog had followed the gale, and the boat had been carried out to sea, picked up by an outward-bound vessel, whose captain and crew had treated the shipwrecked men like brothers; and after two days, transferred them to the ship which had just landed them at their own door.

"One day, Nellie," said Ralph, gazing earnestly into her eyes, "I never thought to see you again till you came to me in heaven."

But at that she trembled all over, and cried so piteously that he saw how greatly the shock had altered and weakened her, and he would tell her no more.

Then and there ended Mr. Curtis' reign in John Clarke's family; he saw it at once, and very gracefully accepted the altered situation, taking his place among the hero-worshipers; for soon uncle Sam's version of the story came out, and it was known that but for Ralph no one would have returned to tell of the loss of the "Sea-Gull."

Ralph was pleased with Mr. Curtis, and the two became very good friends; but there was always a little shadow over Ellen's face, as she saw them talking together. She had never kept back a thought of her heart from Ralph, but how could she tell him this thing? Mr. Curtis helped her; he came in one evening with an open letter in his hand, and found her with Ralph in the piazza.

"Miss Ellen," he said, holding out a photograph, "this is for you; my wife sent it, with her best thanks for your kindness to her husband."

Ellen's heightened color might have passed for a mere blush of pleasure, as she took the card in her hand; but in that one instant her womanly instinct took the measure of the man before her. He had deliberately avoided all mention of his wife while he amused himself with her. Her cheeks burned with shame, and as she thought of Ralph, with his straightforward honesty and singleness of purpose, she realized how immensely superior he was to such a man as this.

She bent over the picture, and a very lovely one it was—a young mother with her baby in her arms, and another little child standing at her knee. The photographer had done justice to his subject.

She looked up. "Thank you! It is very beautiful." Then, in a tone whose meaning was quite unmistakable, she added, "I should think you would be very proud of your wife, Mr. Curtis."

He laughed a little uneasily. "Of course, I am." But there passed through his mind the thought that he had given little proof of it—and he turned and went into the house.

"Ralph, I want to speak to you," said Ellen, resolutely.

"And I to you, Nellie," he murmured, with a smile. "I have a question to ask."

"You must listen to me first. Come."

They walked along the shore till they reached a quiet spot where they were not likely to be disturbed; there they sat down upon some drift-wood, and Ellen began. It required more courage than most girls possessed, more faith in her lover, to make such a confession—but she told him all; how her vanity had been flattered by Mr. Curtis' attentions; how she had given herself up to the pleasure of his society until she had neglected everything else, and so lost the opportunity of sending her letter. She kept back nothing, and her auditor listened in silence.

"Ralph! Ralph!" she said, at length, "I am not worthy of you; but you will believe that in heart I was true to you. Do not despise me as I despise myself."

He laid his hand upon her head and looked into her face; if his own was graver than was its wont, there was in it no shadow of distrust.

"Nellie," her said, tenderly, "I cannot hear such words spoken of you, even by yourself; we will let the past alone, for the future I can only ask——"

She interrupted him there.

"Tell me first that you forgive me."

He bent his head and kissed her brow and her lips.

"There can be no forgiveness between us, Nellie, because there can be no willful sin. You have shown me to-day the depth and strength of your love and your faith. I am more than satisfied."

After a few minutes, he added, "Come, we will go up to the shanty, and see if the walls are dry. You shall give me the answer to my question there."

I am afraid Mr. Curtis had not Ellen's courage, or her high sense of honor, for he made no confession to his wife; but when he went away, a few days afterward, he sat for a long time in the train, thinking over the summer's events, and finally made this resolution: "Never to be kind to any young lady in the same way again, whether she is a fisherman's daughter or not."

Let us hope that he may keep it.

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A MODERN LORD OF BURLEIGH!

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"LUCINDY!"

"Marm?"

"Will thee run out to the three-acre lot and tell Lewis that the wagon is waiting, and it's most time for the train. And, Lucindy, I'll skim the cream for tea; and as soon as thee comes back, get the raspberries from the cellar."

Lucindy nodded, as she gave her ruddy arm a final scrub with the towel.

"There's him now," said she, getting as far as the door on her errand, and there, stopping short, "I can git the berries, and skim the cream, too, marm. It'll be last night's milk, though, for them men was awful sharp-set at meal-time, and I had to disturb the morning pans, and they hain't had time to riz since, I guess."

Up from the meadow-path rang a clear, mellow sound of whistling, coming nearer and nearer; and the old lady's face brightened with her pleasant smile as she went over to the kitchen-door to speak to the new-comer. He came leisurely along, swinging a scythe carelessly in one hand, and holding a bunch of laurel in full bloom in the other.

"Well, aunt Rebecca," and from his rather unusual height he looked down affectionately at the little Quakeress, "I've found some of your favorite flowers in the bush-pasture, and brought down a few to dress-up the best room. It's early for laurel yet, however; most of these are buds, you see."

"Thank thee, Lewis! Thee most always has a thought for thy old auntie. But just see the hour; I was sending Lucindy to put thee in mind that Kate and Billy were standing at the gate."

He glanced up at the kitchen clock.

"Twenty minutes yet, aunt; Kate and Billy will take me up to the station in half that time, easily."

"And how long will thee spend dressing?"

"Not a second; aunt Rebecca, I'm surprised at you. The idea of your advocating any putting on of fine apparel! Miss Helena Stratherne will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with my hodden-gray suit, for you may depend that she will see nothing else during her sojourn at Brooke Farm. Civilization and I have not shaken hands yet; and it will take more powerful temptations than a fashionable young lady to make me appear in broadcloth. Aunt Rebecca, I wish I were back among the lion-hunters, or the tigers of the Scinde, it doesn't matter much which. Graham got along without me always, and most of the world here forget my existence, except uncle Ben and yourself."

"Did thee think I would ever forget thy mother or thee?" she said, reproachfully. "Nay, Lewis, she was the light of the old home; and I wearied for her sorely, when thy father took her to England. Thou hast her eyes and smile; the rest of thee is all like thy father's house. As for Graham, thee knows it is but natural that in the gay city of New York he forgets the Brooke Farm friends. Lewis, there! thee will be late for the train, and I stand gossiping here when I should be fixing Helena Stratherne's chamber," and she gave him a gentle shove toward the gate.

"Good-by, then," said he, stooping to kiss her with a reverent tenderness that brought the color to her faded cheek, "and remember our agreement—that you are never to give any extra information about me to this troublesome guest. If you do, you'll wake up some fine morning and find that I have suddenly departed for India, or Hong-Kong;" and with a boyish, ringing laugh, he sprang into the light wagon, and drove off.

Notwithstanding his plea of having plenty of time, Lewis only reached the station as the cars backed away from it across the bridge. There was the customary bustle of passengers to and fro; and as his horses were young and gay, he contented himself with sitting still in the wagon, and looking over the crowd for the young lady.

"There's the Brooke team now, marm," piped a small treble voice at his side; and, turning quickly around, Lewis glanced up into Helena Stratherne's face, as she stood in some perplexity, questioning her boy-porter. And, having once looked, he found it difficult to prevent himself from absolutely staring at the apparition.

In these days, when even commonplace-looking girls may, by attention to dress and good taste, make themselves almost pretty, many a one passed for a beauty who has not the smallest pretension to being anything of the sort. Now this girl was the exceptional one, and, therefore,

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deserves more than a passing notice. Her hair was ruddy gold, not auburn, not red, and yet not golden, but a marvelous mixture of all three; and she wore it, in all its glorious coloring, falling over her shoulders, down below her waist, partly in curls, and partly in soft, heavy waves. Her features were small and regular, and the face, consequently, rather cold and haughty. Her skin was fair and delicate, without a particle of pink on it; her eyebrows and eyelashes were black, and the eyes themselves a warm, soft hazel. I said her face was cold—and so it was; but there were rare moments when Helena Stratherne's eyes and smile belied the fact, and then woe betide the unlucky wight who thought himself proof against her winning, witching beauty! At the moment when Lewis' eyes fell upon her, she was feeling downright cross, (if the truth were known,) because she had been obliged to come alone from town, and had found no one waiting for her arrival. She was so accustomed to rule every one about her in a certain languid, stately style of her own, that her father's sudden defection, that morning, had seriously put her out. Benjamin Brooke, the kindly old Quaker-farmer, had been for many years a clerk of her father's, and occasionally, when the hurried lawyer could steal away from his office, he ran up for a few quiet days at the Brooke Farm. This year, from some caprice, Helena had totally declined to leave the city with any of the numerous friends and relatives who were desirous of her company at watering-places. The whim was the more inexplicable because it had been developed just after the commencement of her engagement to Graham Ronalds, who always spent his summers in a *bijou* cottage at Newport. Ronalds opened his lazy, gray eyes, when Helena told him, nonchalantly, that she was sick of Newport; and he plaintively asked her if she would oblige him to go to some out-of-the-way place. To which speech she made stately reply that Mr. Ronalds must amuse himself in his fashion, and she only claimed the same privilege. "Of course, you will let me know if you want me, and I'll run off for a day at any time, Helena," said he, apologetically; and his lady-love giving an indifferent assent, truce was proclaimed. But Mr. Stratherne found his daughter somewhat difficult to please in her ideal of "a place to rest oneself;" and one day, by happy inspiration, he suggested a trip to Brooke Farm. Helena brightened at the prospect, (she had seemed a little ill and weary of late,) and upon receiving a formal answer to the letter begging an invitation for her, she started off at a day's notice, and was, therefore, obliged to travel alone; and I have left her standing on the platform, while I explained the cause of that little frown on Miss Stratherne's fair face.

Lewis jumped down from his wagon, and addressed her.

"Miss Stratherne, is it not? Mrs. Brooke has sent me to drive you down to the farm."

Helena turned and looked at him.

"Very well," said she, after a moment's pause, as if to assure herself that there was no mistake. "I wish you would have my luggage sent down immediately;" and she climbed up the side of the wagon in a fashion that showed her entire ignorance of that style of vehicle, as Lewis gave the necessary directions to the boy.

Lewis took another look at his companion, as he lifted the reins. She had thrown herself back in an attitude of careless grace, and seemed to have almost forgotten his existence. As she sat in her quiet corner, the look of annoyance faded away, and a softness crept into her eyes, and lingered around her mouth, as she gazed off on the blue Berkshire Hills. The man studied every line of the lovely face, at first stealthily, then, growing bolder, with keen scrutiny. As Miss Stratherne's eyes returned from their journey, she met the gaze of her companion, and instead of flashing an angry reproof at him for his impertinence, she surprised him by saying, with a half-smothered sigh,

"Do people have much to worry them in this placid-looking place, I wonder? I would like to get into that nice little boat out on the river, and lie with my face to the sky, and float on—on—no matter where!" Then, with a faint awakening of interest, "Does Mrs. Brooke have a boat?"

"Yes," said Lewis, laconically.

"Do you ever go out in it?" turning around and running her eyes over him for the first time.

"When I am not too busy. It's haying-time now, and Friend Brooke has been short-handed; besides, I am rather more inclined for a tramp over the hills after a day's work; it rests me more than rowing."

"Oh!" slightly disappointed. She sat still for a moment, and then asked, in a puzzled tone,

"Did you say that you were one of Mr. Brooke's mowers?"

"Something very much like it," said Lewis, with a smile of merry malice, that unfortunately escaped her eyes. "I plough occasionally, or anything else that comes handy. We Down-East farmers stick to our work pretty well."

Miss Stratherne gave a small shiver. If there was a being for whom she entertained profound

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horror, it was an "uncivilized Down-Easter," as she conceived that genus to be. What had possessed her to talk to the man? Now he would be sure to presume upon her condescension, and get odious and familiar! She gave a pettish tug at her blue veil, meaning to draw it down and subside into dignified silence, but the string broke, and a gust of air coming inopportunely, caught the gauze and wafted it up over her head. If it had gone sailing away, no harm would have come of that broken string, but it flew straight in the face and eyes of the mare, Kate. They were coming down a sharp hill, before turning into the road that led to the door of Brooke Farm; and Kate, never too peaceful an animal, even on ordinary occasions, snorted, took the bit between her teeth, and bolted headlong down the hill. Billy, the other horse, resisted for a moment her bad example; but the mare frightened him with her frantic plunges, and by this time the unhappy veil floated over to his side of the road, so his last remnant of good temper vanished, and he joined in the race with all his might. Lewis strained at the reins until Helena could see the veins stand out like whip-cords on his hands and wrists. Down the hill, faster, faster, dashed the frantic horses; there was a gasp of fright from Helena as they neared the turn.

"Sit still, for heaven's sake, no matter what happens!" said Lewis, shortly, and sternly, as he saw her gathering her dress in her hand, as if for a wild spring. He twisted the right-hand rein again over his wrist, intending to turn the horses straight to the fence, and stop them, if possible, before they reached the gate; but at that critical instant the treacherous leather gave way, and the rein broke short off in the middle. One sickening second of suspense and despair, as the wagon whirled from side to side, then poising himself on the tottering seat, Lewis gave a leap, and landed on the pole, just by the mare's heaving shoulders. Two quick jerks, to right and left, at the check rein, a word of command to the other horse, who, recognizing his familiar voice, obeyed it, and slackened his pace, and the horrible danger was over; another moment, and they turned safely past the iron gate-posts, and entered Brooke Farm.

Lewis sprang to the ground and stopped the horses, and turned to see what had become of his companion.

"Miss Stratherne, were you much frightened? I cannot leave their heads to come and see; but I will lead the horses up to the door, unless you prefer to get out and walk."

There was no reply; and, in some surprise, Lewis walked around to the other side of the horses to catch a glimpse of her. A look at the ghastly face was sufficient; without a moan, or sound of any sort, she had fainted away in her seat, and the magnificent, ruddy hair was trailing down on the floor of the wagon. This was pleasant! If he moved the vehicle she might fall out, and now——

"My goodness sakes alive!" Lucindy's uncouth tones fell on his ears with a sensation of immense relief at this moment. "Law, Mr. Lewis, what hev you been up to, now?"

"Is Amos up at the house? Just call him." Away ran Lucindy, and in a few moments returned, bringing Amos, and aunt Rebecca also.

"Unharness the horses and take them to the barn, Amos. Aunt Rebecca, don't be so frightened; no bones broken, she has only fainted. I can easily carry her up to the house," and Lewis lifted the young lady in his strong arms and strode up the gravel-path, aunt Rebecca and Lucindy following. Having finally deposited Miss Stratherne on her own bed, in the pretty, clean guest-chamber, he looked at her beautiful white face as he laid her down, and went off to the kitchen, saying to himself, "I always was a fool about a woman's beauty. Heaven preserve me from this piece of fashion and frivolity!"

Miss Stratherne came out of her swoon in due course of time, and was kissed and petted by aunt Rebecca in a way that caused the lovely hazel eyes to open with a stare of amazement at first, and then to fill with tears.

"Nobody kisses me since my mother died," said Helena, with a little sob. "You are very kind and sweet."

"There, there, dear," said the little Quakeress, soothingly; "thee can come down to tea, or have it up here if thee pleases. Hadn't thee better go to bed?"

"Yes," said the young lady, "I think I will; and I should like my tea here, if it's not too much trouble."

Off trotted aunt Rebecca, leaving Lucindy, much to the annoyance of Miss Stratherne, who seemed chiefly desirous of shutting her eyes and keeping quiet—an utter impossibility while Lucindy's tongue ran volubly on with comments upon the runaway, which she had happened to see from the bush-pasture, when she went to call the "folks" to supper. At last, to the relief of her guest, aunt Rebecca's step was heard, and she came in with a tray full of edibles that almost made Helena feel hungry to look at. Such puffed, soft biscuits; coffee, with a delicious perfume; raspberries, both red and white; and a little comb of the clearest, purest honey,

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flanked by a few pink slices of ham, and a nicely-broiled chicken. Aunt Rebecca gave her little chuckle of satisfaction, as she saw Helena begin to eat with such evident relish.

"It will do thee good," said she, drawing out her knitting as she sat down by the bedside; "the air and food among the Berkshire mountains will be just the thing for thee. I am sorry that Kate and Billy gave thee such unkindly welcome; Lewis said he never saw the mare so frightened."

"It was dreadful," said Helena, with a shudder. "I wonder we were not all killed; and we should have been, except for the wonderful strength and courage of your——" She hesitated, not knowing quite how to express herself, "your farmer. What can I do for him, Mrs. Brooke? I would not exactly like to offer him money. Isn't there some other way? He seemed rather intelligent; and," with a sudden flush of crimson, "are all your Berkshire farmers on such a grand, gigantic scale?"

"Not all," said aunt Rebecca, with a funny twinkle of her blue eyes. "Lewis was a lovely boy, and he is a handsome man—very!"

"Then you have known him always?" with much curiosity.

Again aunt Rebecca smiled, and this time unmistakably.

"I think thee mistakes a little; Lewis is my husband's own nephew, Helena."

"Oh!" rather a mortified and surprised exclamation; then, after a moment's pause, Miss Stratherne continued,

"Please thank Mr. Brooke for me when you go down stairs; I will try and do so myself tomorrow. I hope I am not giving you a great deal of trouble;" and the beautiful hazel eyes flashed their softest, sweetest look at the dear old lady, and went so straight to her heart that, after tucking her visitor snugly in bed, aunt Rebecca trotted down into the sitting-room, and told Lewis that "Helena was just, for all the world, as sweet as a rose, and it was all nonsense for him to talk so hardly of cityfied young ladies." To which Lewis responded by an incredulous laugh, and a remark about the efficacy of new brooms; ending, however, with one of his gentle kisses, whereat the kind aunt's indignation evaporated immediately.

Helena made her appearance down stairs the next morning in what she called very good season; but Friend Brooke had been at work for two hours past, and Lewis also, so she ate her breakfast alone, and was waited upon by Lucindy, aunt Rebecca leaving her bread-pan occasionally to see how her guest was progressing. So, after breakfast, Helena proceeded to explore the farm. It was all new and charming to the city girl, and she so far forgot her dignity as to actually run, and picked her way over stones and briars in a frolicsome fashion that would have caused her languid *fiance* to open his eyes with disgust. Over in the bush-pasture she caught a glimpse of the figures of several men, and thought she distinguished the tall form of her yesterday's acquaintance. As she was looking curiously about, she saw, under the tree where she stood, a very suggestive tin pail, and two books thrown down beside it. Curiosity prompted a peep into the pail; yes, lunch, and looking extremely tempting, reminding her of her last night's supper. She laughed a little as she put the books back. "Dante's Inferno, in the original tongue, and a volume of Greek plays! What a phenomenon! Do most of the Berkshire farmers devote their lunch hours to such studies? This is absolutely a touch of romance; I must try and cultivate him," and Helena wished, restlessly, that he would look over in her direction, and come to rescue his property.

"What a nice place to rest—the farmer must have a taste of the Sybarite in his composition. I'll sit down under the bushes and startle him a little when he comes up. How quiet that stream is! Oh, brook! I wish I were as peaceful as you are. I'm sick to death of New York, and still, I suppose, I should be just as weary of Brooke Farm in a twelvemonth. What a goose Graham is! Oh, dear! The sight is so pretty on those stones—like the leaves again[illegible] window last night, it flickers, flickers," a[illegible]na was fast asleep.

About half an hour after this, Lewis came briskly down the path, a[illegible] did not see the sleeper until he almost stepped upon her dress. Then he drew [illegible]p breath of satisfaction, a[illegible] stood gazing at her very much as he would at a beautiful picture. She looke[illegible] child as she lay there, the hauteur and [illegible]or which repelled him gone out of her face, one fair, white arm above her head, and the red-gold hair waving down on the grass. Without a movement to warn him, she opened her eyes quickly, and woke; and then, as he drew back, with a slight, very slight bow, she flushed suddenly over face and throat.

"I must have fallen asleep—how absurd!"

"Very," said Lewis, deeply; for something in her voice annoyed him.

"Oh! how ungrateful I am!" with sudden change of manner, as she moved toward him, and held out both her hands, "Mr. Brooke,

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don't be disdainful. I want to thank you for all your bravery yesterday."

He was disarmed instantly; the soft tone, the simple, unaffected manner, won him as surely as her beauty had done, and lulled his suspicion of her immediately. He took the hands gently, almost gravely, and said, with much gracefulness,

"How could I be disdainful when you are so kind! I am glad you had nothing worse than a fright to remember your ride by."

"I was courageous not to scream, I suppose," she said, a little archly, glancing at him.

"Exactly," returning to his abrupt speech, which she had, for a moment, surprised him out of.

"May I have some of your lunch?" said Helena, seating herself, and registering a private vow that she would not be rebuffed in this way. "Oh, how wise!" as he handed her the pail, with a grave smile.

"Is this your first experience of country life?"

"Yes; and I like it. If it were only summer always!"

"Why?"

"Because, then, I should like to live here; as it is, a country winter would kill me. I should die of pure inaction."

"How do you know that?"

"I am too much spoiled by the purples, I suppose! Why, Mr. Brooke, you would not put roses out-of-doors in the sun, would you? and mine has been a sort of exotic life, you know."

"So I imag[illegible] And you like that style of thing? You [illegible] consistent, Miss Stratherne, in one breath [illegible] tell me that you like our country calm, and home-life, and in the next I hear you desire for town, its gaieties, frivolities, and nonsense."

"If you have had no experience of our 'frivolity,' you need not condemn it so cavalierly," she said, s[illegible] She had been queen so long among her [illegible]ers, that the idea of a presumptuous farmer rebuking her pursuits made her very angry.

"But, for all that, you know my remark is justified, and that, moreover, in your heart you agree with me," he replied, with his tantalizing smile.

She bit her lips, too vexed to answer.

"Come," said Lewis, bending down toward her, as she sat eating her lunch in angry silence, "we were getting along so nicely. My tongue is a blunt one, and you are not accustomed to contradiction. Suppose we make an agreement not to quarrel, if we can help it?"

And so, against his better judgment (which warned him to keep away from the beautiful stranger) Lewis made his peace, and Helena gave him her hand in token of forgiveness. And after the lunch was eaten, she coaxed Lewis into leaving his work for half an hour, and actually made him take a ramble through the woods with her.

Now this state of amity was entirely too pleasant to last; and on the fourth day the pair had a very sharp argument, which Helena resented for an entire day, and at the end of that time was heartily ashamed of herself. Lewis took no notice of her penitence; but after a time received her into favor again, and smoothed her ruffled pride very deftly and kindly. They were together almost constantly; and aunt Rebecca used to smile mischievously over her knitting, and exult privately over Lewis' changed ideas of her guest. And thus, no one being on hand to warn her, Helena drifted with the tide, and was happier, for the next month, than she had ever been in her whole life.

One night, in August, aunt Rebecca gave Helena two letters, one from her father, the other with a Newport post-mark. Lewis, sitting out on the porch, watched her face as she read. He thought she looked pale and annoyed as she finished them, and spoke to her.

"Miss Stratherne, I got the boat ready for you this afternoon, and you did not come down to the shore. Would you like to go out on the water to-night? I must have a look at the horses first, but if you will walk down, I will meet you there."

"I should like it," rising slowly. Then, as Lewis walked off, she stayed behind to speak to aunt Rebecca.

"Mrs. Brooke, I am afraid I shall not be here longer than next week; papa is going to Newport, and I promised to go myself."

"So soon? Why, Helena, thee has just begun to look rosy."

Helena laughed a little; the roses must surely exist in the good Quakeress' imagination, for her mirror told her that her pearly skin was as devoid of color as usual. But the laugh died away, as she went slowly down the path to the river. Lewis was not there, and she stepped into the boat, as it lay moored to the shore, and sat for a few moments looking off on the water. Tears slowly welled up in the proud, calm eyes, and dropped reluctantly into her lap, as, with a gesture of undisguised anger, she tore one of her letters into fragments, and threw it over the side of the boat. As she did so, she became aware that Lewis was standing beside her.

"What is the trouble?" he asked, in a slightly

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agitated voice, stepping into the boat, and rowing out into the stream.

Helena's sobs came thicker and faster; for her very life she could not answer, though it hurt her pride horribly to have him witness her tears. At last she raised her head.

"I am sorry to be so foolish. It was only the clanking of the chain against an old sore, which, coming unexpectedly, was more than I could heal."

He gave her a look, so grave, so tender, that her eyes sunk.

"I don't know why you should be fettered against your will," he said, quickly. "If you are as brave as you are proud, you will not do, through cowardice, anything that you may live to repent. Can I help you? Tell me about it."

She would have denied his right to know any of her affairs had his tone been a whit less humble and kind. As it was, she broke forth with sudden passion,

"Live to repent! Yes; and not the less because I am walking into the prison with my eyes open. You may have heard of my engagement to Graham Ronalds——" She paused, with so scarlet a blush that she did not see his sudden start. "You don't know him? Well! he is rich, *blase*, inoffensive, but—a fool! Ever since I was sixteen years old, my father's ambition has been to have me make a grand match; and Graham is the wealthiest bachelor of our set. He is English on his father's side, and but two removes from a baronetcy, with a large American property, inherited from his mother. Is not this a fair prospect? I thought so once, and in a certain sense I do so still, only love was never mentioned in our bond! How can I go back from my plighted word?"

Again a pause, but Lewis said nothing.

"I don't know why I should tell this to you. I am very reticent, partly from circumstances, partly from inclination. Do you wish to know why I still mean to marry that man, though I despise him? Because I love the pomp and state in which I have been bred, (a fine illustration of the beauty of the hot-bed, forcing-house principle!) because I could not bear to live poor. You called me a coward a moment since. Well, I am one. I go to Newport next week, and the tears you saw me shed were the last rebellious throbs of my girlhood."

Suddenly, with a quick movement, he leaned down and kissed the girl with passionate fondness.

"How dare you!" she cried, wrathfully, as she drew back.

For a moment his face grew dark as her own; then he said, softly,

"Forgive me; you know my secret now—I love you. Oh, Helena, darling! the wealth and pomp that you say you covet are not sufficient to make you a happy woman; and there are more trials than those of a modest competence. I am not so *very* poor, (for uncle Brookes will leave me this farm, some day,) and I love you with a love that you will not find in your palace-home, and a tenderness that does not always come with a prospective baronetcy. You were brave to own boldly to me your worst fault—your love of wealth; be braver still, and give yourself into the keeping of a true, honest heart."

She did not answer, and she looked so white that he thought she was fainting. But she waved him off, as he bent toward her.

"I am rightly punished for my condescension," she said, with cutting coldness. "What do you take me for? I would make a fine *chatelaine* for Brooke Farm, would I not? Mr. Brooke, put me ashore instantly, and I will try to forgive you for your presumption, and to forget it."

If Miss Stratherne thought that this Berkshire farmer was to be judged by the standard of her ordinary lovers, she found her mistake. He waited with calmness, even courtesy, until she had finished speaking, and except that he became almost as pale as herself, he showed no sign of feeling, but with a hautier that matched her own, he rowed swiftly and silently ashore. He made no appeal to her woman's heart to reconsider her cruelly-worded d[illegible]ion; and when Helena went angrily and al[illegible]o the house, she felt a sore pang at the r[illegible]rance.

"He did not much care," she thought, "o[illegible] he would not have taken a dismissal so coolly. Oh! what a fool I have been!"

And then she marched in stately wrath up to her own room, and fought her battle out alone, and in darkness.

The next day was Sunday, [illegible]lena, fearing to meet Lewis at table, had, under pretence of a headache, declined coming down stairs until she thought he was safely out of the house, and gone to church. Even then, she scarcely liked to venture into the sitting-room, or the kitchen, so she concluded to go into the "best room," and was a little surprised to find the door open, as, usually, no one sat there save herself. But she had taken only a single step into the room, when she discovered the very person she sought to avoid, lying on her sofa—yes, actually on her own particular sofa, fast asleep! Now there is no doubt that if Lewis had been awake, and had thus intended without

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invitation, he would have received the stateliest of bows, perhaps not even that; but in the present case, it was well for his infatuation that he was unconscious of the loving, tender eyes that gazed at him. As she looked, she confessed to herself the reason why she had grown so bitterly weary of her engagement; why she had been thinking angrily of him all night; why she had shed those tears yesterday. Yes, she loved him! Farmer instead of aristocrat, poor instead of rich; but I doubt exceedingly whether she would ever have conquered her baneful pride sufficiently to tell him so, had it not been for one of the curious and special providences that seem to befall lovers. As she stood gazing at him, her eye became suddenly attracted by a slow movement of the huge, old-fashioned portrait that hung directly over the sleeper's head. Only the previous day she had called Mrs. Brooke to see if it was not insecurely hung; and, oh! heaven have mercy! it was falling now, and the distance of the room between them. The cry she uttered was not more swift than her bound to his side—there was an awful crash as the picture dropped, and Lewis started up unhurt; but the fair, delicate arm that had turned the huge mass aside, fell, broken on his breast. The room whirled, and with a sharp cry of agony, she fainted in his arms.

Fortunately for Helena, aunt Rebecca had not gone out; and great was the old lady's terror at the downfall of the portrait, and the serious accident in consequence.

"Helena, dearest," whispered the lover, as aunt Rebecca went to dispatch Lucindy for the doctor.

"Oh, Lewis!" said the soft voice in dismay, as his hot tears fell on her white arm, "what does it matter? I half broke your tender heart yesterday; and surely my broken arm to-day was fit punishment for the abominable pride that I have nursed all my life, until I think I must have been almost unbearable. I was sorry before I got to the house, and by the time I got up stairs I could have——"

"Poor as I am, Helena? Ah! how could I ever suppose it would be otherwise, if you let your dear, little heart speak!"

But Miss Stratherne's heart was one thing, and her ambitious papa's another, as the pair found two days later, when that gentleman appeared at Brooke Farm, accompanied by Graham Ronalds, who, hearing of his *fiance's* accident, had exerted himself to leave Newport for two days. And Mr. Stratherne walked in at a most inopportune moment; for Helena, restless with pain, fancied herself easier if held in Lewis' arms, and she had just thrown her lovely head on his broad shoulder, as she met her father's astonished and angry gaze. Mr. Stratherne's oath was drowned in his daughter's pleading.

"Papa, dear, dear papa, don't be angry! Wait a moment, and hear how it all came about."

But the furious father attempted to take her away from Lewis, striking her broken arm carelessly, and causing Helena to give a cry of pain. Lewis darted up.

"Take care, sir!" Then more softly, "Mr. Stratherne, if you will listen——"

"To a beggarly adventurer? No!"

"For shame," said aunt Rebecca's indignant voice; and over her shoulder, a languid tone that Helena recognized, said clearly and boldly for once,

"Beverly! Dropped from the clouds, by Jove!" and Graham Ronalds took Lewis' extended hand and wrung it heartily.

"Lewis, as thy play has come to a rather disagreeable end, thee had better explain it," said aunt Rebecca, coolly, as the bewildered group stood eyeing each other.

Mr. Stratherne found his voice at last.

"Young man, who upon earth are you, and what do you all mean?"

Lewis took Helena's hand with a reassuring smile for her,

"Lewis Beverly Ronalds, major in her Britanic Majesty's Guards!"

"Only my eldest brother," murmured Graham, lazily. "Aunt Rebecca, he's cut me out of everything since the days when we were boys, and you used to give him the largest apples. I did not know that Helena was falling down upon my relations when she banished herself from Newport."

"On my word of honor as a gentleman, Graham, I never knew until three days ago that Miss Stratherne was your promised wife. I would have put miles between us had I known it at first; but I won her heart in spite of pride of birth, love of wealth, and her prejudices of education. Brother, forgive me!"

"Quite a romantic story," said Graham, a flush of color crossing his pale face. "None of our house ever stooped to deceit, Beverly, nor do I accuse you of any now. I never was one of your hot, love-making style of people; but I wish you all success in your wooing, and Helena certainly makes something by the exchange—you gigantic soldier!"

Major Ronalds wrung his brother's hand again and again; and in compassion for Mr.

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Stratherne's and Helena's bewildered faces, aunt Rebecca took up the explanation.

"There is more good in thee than thou hast credit for, Graham," said the kind old lady, her eyes glistening. "My mind misgave me after Helena came, when I saw she was so fair and sweet. Friend Stratherne, when Benjamin's youngest sister died, her boys were brought, for a time, to my home, and left in my charge. At the age of ten, his father took Lewis, his eldest son, to England, where he has lived ever since. Graham, as thee knows, preferred this country; and there is much land and money of the Ronalds here as well as there. Lewis can tell thee best of his wanderings over land and sea, and the treachery of a woman that caused them, and made him so cold and suspicious of all the sex. I promised to keep his secret when he arrived last June—he did not care to have his name and wealth known; and when Helena fell into the natural mistake of calling him by the name of Brooke, he would not let me correct her, though it might have prevented some of the mischief. It was no conspiracy against thee, Helena, and I hope none will think it so."

Mr. Stratherne set forth his apologies and gratification in a long and somewhat pompous speech; but Helena hid her face in her lover's arms, and whispered softly, with a mixture of tears and smiles,

"I do not deserve it! Oh! I do not deserve it! Teach me to bear prosperity well and humbly. I shall never call you anything but Lewis"—and she kept her word.

When the party went to Saratoga, a few weeks after, they attracted much attention, as much from Major Ronalds' giant height and aristocratic face, as from Helena's beauty, and the arm that she still carried in a sling. The romance of the story was well kept; and to this day there are few outside of the family who know why Miss Stratherne married the English major instead of his brother, or what a strange romance, incredible, at first sight, in our prosaic age, was acted among the Berkshire Hills by a modern "Lord of Burleigh!"

MY VISION.

BY ROSA HARTWICK.

The Angel of Slumber had lulled me to rest;
My worn heart was pillowed on Night's quiet breast;
My temples were throbbing and beating with pain,
For sorrow and weeping had wearied my brain.
Against the soft pillow, so cool and so white,
My hot cheek was pressed in the hush of the night.

I heard a low rustle, and close by me there,
I saw a sweet Angel, with long, sunny hair;
Her garments were snowy as ocean-tossed spray,
Or the blossoms that whiten the meadows of May;
And the face was the face of a dear one, I knew
By the love in the beautiful eyes shining through.

She kissed my closed eyes, and my hot, fevered cheek,
Yet never a word did the smiling lips speak;
She wound her white arms 'round my neck, and a space
Her long, sunny tresses swept over my face,
And her eyes, looking deep in my heart, eased its pain,
And stilled the wild thoughts that were racking my brain.

When I woke in the morning, my vision had fled;
But I kissed the dear pillow where rested her head;
And by the new beauty on earth and in air,
I knew that at midnight my darling was there.
And when the dark shadows creep over the plain,
I know she will come and sit by me again.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

He sits within a ponderous chair,
His head bent low upon its arm;
And radiance plays upon his hair,
His cheeks glow bright and warm.

The blue veins swell upon his brow,
And cut their cords across his neck;
Sleep soothes his feverish pulses now,
Keeping their play in check.

His little brother now has touched
His falling hand with pouting lips;
And he, impatiently, has clutched
Away the finger tips.

And now the dreaming boy awakes,
With half a shout, and half a cry,
And like a sunbeam brightly breaks
The light from his dark eye.

Upon that brow, in language free,
As if 'twere written with a pen,
We read, and know that he will be
A worker among men.

Who guides him up the slippery way
And steep, oh! may they guide aright!
Through morning's light and evening's gray,
Keeping the end in sight.

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HOW I FOUND MY MISSION.

BY P. B. SANDS.

When I was a little girl, an old lady told me I had a mission, and if I did not fulfill it I had better never have been born. As it was then too late to stop that important event, I determined to be faithful to my trust.

But knowing I had a mission, and finding out what it was, were entirely different things. All the little girls I read about, that fulfilled missions, had a drunken father, a wicked mother, or a crippled sister, whereas all our family were absurdly sober, moral, and healthy. Then, too, those remarkable girls, after vainly endeavoring to produce the desired reformation, had a happy faculty of dying, which event always made the drunken father a sober, virtuous, and highly intelligent man, the mother a saint, and I think, although I will not be too certain, it also restored the limbs of the crippled sister.

When about seventeen, I began to search earnestly for my mission; but that article was not to be found. I tried all kinds of things. I even had my head examined, in hopes the phrenologist could discover something; but with the same inevitable result. Once I tried Charity, but, alas! it came to a sudden and violent end.

There was a poor woman in whom I was very much interested. She said she had the consumption. The last time I went to see her, she could just speak in the faintest whisper. She was talking about her coming death, and asking me to take care of her children, when one of said children came in, and seeing the dainties on the table, began to eat voraciously. Its mother, suddenly forgetting all about her consumption, sprang up, shook the child, and boxed its ears in the most natural manner possible. I saw she was as well as I was, and a thousand times stronger. I have never been charitable, in that way, since.

It will be useless to try to tell of my mishaps and adventures, in search of my mission; but I must give my experience of school-teaching.

One summer, I went to my aunt in the country, and while there heard of a school that needed a teacher. I determined to apply for it. In vain my aunt and cousins tried to dissuade me. They said it was the worst school in the State, the term had only been commenced seven weeks, and there had already been two teachers. But the more they talked about the difficulties of the situation, the higher my courage rose; the more they told of the mischievous boys, the greater certainty I felt that they were

"Foemen worthy of my steel."

My aunt went with me to Mr. Smith, the school-commissioner. I must say my mind misgave me when I stood in his presence. He was a short, portly man, with a certain air about him, which said quite plainly, "I am a very remarkable person: if you cannot perceive it, I am sorry for you."

He was also lame, one leg was about four inches shorter than the other, which discrepancy caused his head to describe a series of circles whenever he walked.

I passed a very good examination. Mr. Smith congratulated me, then made me a very extraordinary speech. Here it is verbatim.

"The teacher has a noble mission. To her belongs all the praise that will be bestowed on the generation to come. There is no great work, but she laid the corner-stone: no good deed, but she gave the first impulse.

"Oh, my young friend! it is the greatest mission the earth affords; be proud of it, rejoice in it, and be happy.

"And if any ask you what your life-work is, tell them it is to educate, to refine, to ennoble; or, to use the words of the poet, 'To teach the young ideas how to shoot.' Tell them all this, and they will like you."

He ended up very unexpectedly, and remarked that "it was a warm day."

The next week I went into the village, where my future labors were to be. I was to board with an old lady, a widow Jenkins. At the tea-table I met another old lady, who was very curious concerning me. As soon as I was seated she began her attack.

"They do say you are going to teach school."

"Yes," said I, obedient to orders, "I am going 'To teach the young idea how to shoot.'"

"Dew tell!" exclaimed the amazed old lady. "Why our last schoolm'am das'sent touch a gun."

By the next evening it was reported all over the village that I was going to exercise my pupils in firing at a target; that report was the ruin of me. It attracted all the adventuresome spirits within a radius of five miles, and kept at

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home the quiet, studious children; for, as Mrs. Jones observed, she "guessed she was'ent going to have her Johnny blown up with powder."

A school begun under such auspices could not succeed. There were but few girls—poor, frightened little things, who crowded into that part of the school-room where I sat, as if I were some protection. The rest of the room was occupied by the boys. And such boys! Every one of them was possessed by the demon of mischief—and a most ingenious demon it was, too. It never did the same thing twice. It always came out in some startling manner, at the very time I thought it exorcised forever.

I have often amused myself since in working a problem about those boys, and I have found by accurate calculation, that if their ingenuity, their persistence, and their boldness, were directed toward the progress of civilization, my school would shoot ahead, and arrive at the millineum full a thousand years before the rest of the world.

It is impossible to tell what they did; a word will tell what they did not do—study. I scolded, pulled their hair, and used my ruler. They regarded me with as much attention as they would a large fly, far less, in fact, for one of their amusements was catching flies.

The only time I had any peace was during their recess. It was as grateful as a green isle in a stormy sea.

School had been commenced about two weeks, when I received a visit from Mr. Smith. He came in the much-enjoyed recess.

He examined the girls, and was pleased. He congratulated me, and I felt very grand. In an evil hour he asked to examine the boys. I rang the bell. In they came, stamping, pushing, laughing, and jumping over the benches. Mr. Smith was horrified. Mr. Smith expressed his horror. He then, to show them, limped out and in again, made his bow to me, quietly took his seat, and told them to do the same—and they did it, every one of them limping across the room as if being lame. A scene followed; Mr. Smith got up, sat down, got up again, commenced, "Madam," but something choked him; and, miserable I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which the school joined. The commissioner glared at me a moment, then left abruptly, slamming the door. I received my discharge that evening, and went home.

I have never sought for my mission since. But my husband, for I am married now, sometimes asks me, saucily, if I haven't found my mission. I suppose he means, vain fellow, in him and the children. But, like all men, he is, you see, intolerably conceited!

COME WITH THE SPRING-WINDS AND BLOSSOMS.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Come with the Spring-winds and blossoms, my Violet!
Starry-eyed Violet! tender and sweet!
Come with the perfume of buds through the sunset;
Come with the dews on your rose-tinted feet.

Lean from the heart of the calm little Blossom,
As leaneth a star from the mystical blue
To the black of a tempest, and over my bosom
Drop the fine gold of your tresses anew.

Come! On my rose-vines the sunset is lingering,
Lighting the green leaf, and lighting the gray;
And the fair Spirit of Silence is fingering
All the white keys of the jubilant Day.

Yet, can I lift for the Night's tender kisses,
Lips that are red with the rare wine of song,
And brows that are radiant, remembering blisses
That throbbed through the heart of Aprils agone.

Remembering all your low laughter, and missing
The tenderest notes from my life's broken psalm;
Oh, Blossom! shine sweet thro' the night of my wishing,
And lean to my heart from the heart of the calm.

She comes with the Spring-winds and blossoms, the Violet,
Lost from the green of a morning ago,
And held, like a lily, through all the white sunsets,
Sleepily, dreamily, under the snow.

She comes from the soul of the silence, my Blossom;
My starry-eyed Violet, tender and sweet!
But Paradise-buds are too fair on her bosom—
The Paradise-dews are too bright on her feet.

Too fair and too bright for a gaze that is human!
It is not for me—the sweet dawn of the day,
And not for my hands—the weak hands of a woman,
To hold in their clasping, an angel astray.

Still, still do I lift for the night's tender kisses,
Lips that are red with the nectar of song,
And brows that are radiant, remembering blisses
Throbbed through the heart of the Aprils agone.

And smiling to think how the dainty-faced Violet,
Borne from the clay on a cherubic wing,
Has oped her blue eyes far beyond the white sunset,
And blossoms anew in the Paradise-Spring.

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MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 392.

CHAPTER IX.

MARGUERITE was still at the Swan, waiting with great anxiety for the appearance of Jaque, for the landlady of the hotel had so often repeated and improved upon the exploits of the day before, that she was getting weary of the subject and almost ashamed of the whole affair. She had noticed that the chamber which she occupied was by no means exclusive to herself. Dame Tillery not only kept coming and going, but now and then other persons would drop in with her, and remain to listen while she related the wonderful exploits of the day before; but always mystifying the position, and speaking of the queen as if she were some court lady walking by the place where Dame Tillery was milking quite by chance.

The truth was, Dame Tillery was almost as shrewd as she was loquacious. She dearly loved talking, especially about herself; but she also knew the danger there was in handling the name of royalty with too great familiarity; so she managed to win considerable glory out of her confriers by weaving her narrative up into a half romance, in which the queen was shadowed out as a high court lady, whom she had rescued from the most imminent peril by rolling in the grass, throwing her milking-stool in the right direction, and performing other great feats of valor.

Sometimes the dame would appeal to Marguerite to confirm her story, which grew and grew till the young girl became weary of hearing it, and shrunk from giving the confirmation so often demanded, at which the dame would laugh, and repeat herself again with liberal additions. Thus the time was spent between young Richelieu's visit and the return of Jaque.

Among the persons who came and went so unceremoniously to her room, Marguerite noticed a little creature scarcely larger than a child, but with the lines and expression of a man past thirty-five in his dark and shrunken face. Threads of gray were in the coarse, black hair, which fell a good deal over his forehead, and that sharp, fox-like look of the eyes no child ever possessed. It could only have been learned by experience in the world. This little personage never spoke, and seemed scarcely to listen; but occasionally Marguerite caught a glance of those keen eyes, and wondered who he was, and why he regarded her so furtively all the while Dame Tillery was talking.

At last Jaque came, breathless with haste and bespattered with mud, for he had traveled at a furious rate, and almost despaired of reaching Versailles in time for the promised interview. The little personage we have spoken of was lingering near the door when Jaque passed through, and he placed himself in a position to listen so quietly that no one observed him.

"I am ready!" exclaimed Monsieur Jaque, wiping the beaded perspiration from his face. "The horse I rode fell lame; for the roads are heavy, and I pressed him hard."

Marguerite sprang up all in a glow of expectation when she saw Jaque. She had waited so long, and watched so earnestly, that it seemed like a release from prison when his rude, kind face beamed upon her.

"You have been to Paris?" she said. "You have seen my mother? She knows that I am safe?"

"Yes, I have seen your mother. She knows that you are safe. I left her upon her knees, thanking the blessed virgin for the great hope I brought her."

"But you should not have been so certain—my heart fails me when I think of going to the palace. While she is beaming with hope, I may bring nothing but disappointment."

Monsieur Jaque saw that the nerves of this poor girl was shaken with too much thought; suspense had left her almost hopeless. He sat down by her side and kindly encouraged her. During the conversation he spoke of her father by name. "When this great and good man was set free, some clue would be found to the person who had sent him there, and thus torn out so many years of his life. That person, whoever he or she was, should meet with severe punishment—the people would attend to that. For his part, to avenge the wrongs of this man should be the one object of his life."

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Jaque, supposing himself alone with Marguerite, spoke in his natural voice, and with some energy. All the time that Indian dwarf lingered near the door and listened. As the conversation went on his face contracted, and his eyes gleamed—the conversation interested him deeply, there could be no doubt about that.

After awhile Dame Tillery presented herself, ready for an excursion to the palace. The amplitude of her dress, and the gorgeous incongruity of colors with which she arrayed herself, fairly brightened the old rooms and filled them with the bustle of her presence, as she passed through into the chamber where Marguerite was sitting.

"Ah, monsieur!" she said, in high good-humor, "I am glad you are ready, for we should have been greatly put about for some one to give us countenance before the king, not that it is needed, now that we are friends with her majesty, but one likes to go with a party; besides, you were of some use. I shall take great pleasure in saying that much to their majesties, you can depend on me for that."

Monsieur Jaque looked at the woman from head to foot, half in anger, half in amusement.

"Are you preparing for a visit to the palace, dame?" he inquired.

"What—me? Who else should go? Did not her majesty say to her deliverers, 'Come in the morning that the king may thank you?'"

"But she spoke particularly to the demoiselle, as I understood it."

Dame Tillery turned scarlet in an instant; all her garments began to flutter ominously. She turned upon Marguerite.

"Does the demoiselle, then, reject my company? Does she fancy herself able to penetrate to the presence of the queen without me, that is what I wish to know?"

This terrified the girl. She turned pale and shrunk away from that angry face.

"After taking her with me to that little cottage, and placing her in the way of favor; after saying what I did about her resemblance to my own precious child, who will this day protest in heaven against such ingratitude to her poor mother; after adopting her, as it were, into the very bosom of the Swan, she empowers this rude man to say that she alone was invited to the presence—that I am nobody. I, who flung myself headlong in the path of that infuriated cow. Oh! the ingrate—the ingrate!"

Here the dame flung herself upon a chair, took out a voluminous pocket-handkerchief and applied it to her face, while heaving sobs shook her frame.

Marguerite was distressed by all this. She arose and laid her fair hand caressingly on the dame's broad shoulder.

"You mistake," she said. "I do wish your company. You were kind—very kind to me. I shall never forget it. My good friend here meant nothing that could wound you. Perhaps he is a little too thoughtful of me over others; but you will forgive that—you who are so kind."

Dame Tillery wiped her face, hushed the sobs that were heaving her broad bosom, and, opening her arms, gathered Marguerite in a warm embrace.

"I knew—I knew she could not look so much like my child and be an ingrate," she said. "It was all a mistake. Monsieur meant no harm. It is only my sensitive nature, that is my chief fault. I strive to conquer it, but cannot. Kiss me, child, and we will think no more about it. You understand, all is forgiven, everything forgotten? It must not wound her majesty by anything that seems like discord—we who saved her life only yesterday."

Marguerite obeyed this request, and kissed the plump lips of the dame, casting a pleading look at Monsieur Jaque, who was by no means satisfied with the conclusion of this little scene, but would rather have died than dispute that lovely girl in anything.

"Now it is all over, except that crying always makes my poor eyes as red as a ferret's; but a little fresh wind will change all that," murmured the dame, drawing forth a huge green fan, with which she deliberately commenced cooling her face, the motive power being one fat hand laid in her lap, which moved the enormous fabric with a slow, continuous motion, that kept all her ribbons in a flutter, and soon reduced the redness of her face into a glow of self-complacency.

One thing was certain, Dame Tillery never remained many minutes together without finding something to say. Just now her mind was occupied by two important subjects: This visit to the palace, which she had assumed the right to make, and the arrival of a guest at the Swan, who had brought her no little tribulation.

"Would you believe it, monsieur," she said, addressing Jaque in the most confidential manner, "just as I am getting on such excellent terms with her majesty comes an annoyance—something that threatens to bring disaster, if not disgrace, upon our house. Last night a carriage drove up directly from Paris, and a lady got out so quietly that I didn't know she was there until the carriage drove off, and she came in with a little mite of an attendant, that

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woke me up to what I was risking the minute I sat eyes on him. The woman asked me for a private room. I was just going to say that we hadn't an empty chamber in the Swan, when she walked up stairs, followed by her attendant, and, pushing a door open, took possession, as if it had been her house instead of mine.

"'Get me some supper, and see that my people are made comfortable,' she said, throwing her cloak off and sitting down. 'We have had a long ride, and are hungry.'

"She spoke like a princess, and waved her hand as if that was enough to make any one obey her. I did not move. I knew the lady. Years had changed her, and the ups and downs of life had done their work on her face—but I knew her. Now, tell me, can you guess who the woman was?"

Monsieur Jaque moved his head impatiently.

"How should I know, dame?"

"True enough. There may be found so many women traveling from Paris to Versailles, any day of the week, that guessing at this one might be hard. Well, will you believe me when I say——"

Here the dame arose, drew close to Monsieur Jaque, and whispered so loud that Marguerite heard her.

"It was the Countess Du——"

"What, that infamous woman!" exclaimed Monsieur Jaque, now thoroughly interested, "at Versailles, too? Why, it is understood that she is in England."

"I tell you she is in this house, with Zamora, that pestilent dwarf that every one hated so. I saw him prowling along the passage just as you came in."

"But what is the woman doing here?"

"That is the question, monsieur. She looks anxious and unsettled, older, too, and worn; but there may be found many persons in Versailles who would know her at the first sight, and many of them would not mind doing her an injury. The truth is, I tremble to think that this person is under my roof. If the queen should hear of it, that would be the end of my visits to the Swiss cottages."

"But she must have some strong motive for coming so near the court, dame; this woman, who comes from the dregs of the people, is worse than an aristocrat. It was her cruelty that choked up the Bastile with innocent victims. With her malice and her beauty she ruled the old king, and oppressed his people, till they hate her even yet when her power is gone."

"Well, as I was saying, she wanted supper, and I ordered the best of everything; went into the kitchen myself and made a delicate pote with my own hands, for she has pleasant ways; and I saw that a purse, which she held in her hand, was heavy with gold. When she had eaten and drank a glass of wine, the anxious look went out from her face, and she insisted that I should sit down and sip a glass of wine with her. Well, this was a change—I can remember when it was almost as much as one's life was worth to approach her without leave. I sat down. Why not? The queen had permitted it in her presence, and I had no need to stand afraid of this woman who would not dare present herself before her majesty. Thinking all this, I took the glass she offered and drank the wine, waiting quietly to learn what she wanted of me.

"Well, she began by asking questions about the townspeople; then spoke of the court, and wanted to know the smallest things that was going on. I told her everything. Why not? There is no secret about it. The king is getting more and more unpopular every day—the people will not trust him; and they hate the queen—yes, hate is the word; while I, yes, since yesterday, I adore him. They do not understand; but the time will come when Dame Tillery will enlighten them——"

"But you were speaking of this woman," said Jaque, impatiently. "She was questioning you about their majesties."

"I was about to say that, monsieur, when you interrupted me; but it was all questions—not a morsel of news did she give me in return; and when she had got all out of me that I had to tell, the politeness with which she permitted me to withdraw was enough to aggravate a saint. Now this is what I want to know—what brings the woman here? Her coming is an insult to the people. They hated her when she lived here, and they hate her worse now, for she was of the nobility only by the fraud of a marriage, and was always hard and cruel to the class she had first disgraced, and then left."

"For a higher range of infamy!" muttered Monsieur Jaque.

"Exactly," answered Dame Tillery. "That is why her coming here seems so wonderful; but her impudence is something beyond belief. It is not very long since she came here one moonlight evening, when the great waters were all aflow, and seated herself, side by side, with her majesty. The whole town rung with this audacious boldness; but the queen knew nothing about it, I am told, and never dreamed that the lady who sat so quietly beside her, not once looking out from behind her veil, was, in fact,

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the Countess Du Barry, a creature from whom she had always turned her eyes in scorn while she was Dauphiness of France."

Here Dame Tillery ceased walking up and down the room, and closed the huge fan, which had waved faster and faster as she grew more angry and vehement, using it now as a baton.

"I hear a knock at the door," she said. "It is the voice of that young man, the duke. Do not be frightened, mademoiselle—remember, I am with you."

Marguerite did not hear these encouraging words; her eyes were fixed on the door, her breath came hurriedly. She knew that the most important event of her life was approaching, and the terror of it made her pale and faint.

Monsieur Jaque arose, took his cap from the table, and stood ready for anything that might arise.

As these three persons waited in breathless expectation, the Duke de Richelieu entered the room.

"Come," he said, addressing Marguerite, "their majesties will see you."

CHAPTER X.

A MORE beautiful woman than Marie Antoinette was not to be found in all Paris. Above the medium height, splendidly proportioned, and graceful in all her movements, she possessed a presence that was more than queenly. In her first youth she had been gentle, caressing, and so "pure womanly," that her simplicity had been a cause of complaint with the royal family. But time, and the cares of her regal station, had deepened these qualities into the elegant repose of assured power; and, added to that, anxious lines had begun to reveal themselves faintly on her beautiful forehead, and around a mouth that had at one time known nothing but smiles.

On the day we present her again to the reader she was at her toilet, and surrounded by the ladies of her household, beautiful, stately, and given up to the strict etiquette of the court, as if they had never seen a Swiss cottage, or dreamed that butter could be made with human hands.

"This young person has seen us at our play, where she, in reality, had no right to know the persons she met. She must be made to feel that the dairy-maid, whose life she saved, is a creature to be forgotten, or we shall have those vile prints in Paris touching up the scene with malice for their Paris readers."

"Ah! it was, perhaps, imprudent to admit her," said the proud Duchess de Polignac. "Just now your highness cannot be too careful. This demoiselle, modest as she seems, may be nothing but a spy of the people."

"She is not that," answered the queen, with generous warmth. "No one can look upon her face and believe ill of her. She is a brave, noble young creature, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude that shall be right generously paid."

"As all your majesty's debts are," murmured the grateful little Madame Campan, who loved the queen with all her heart.

The queen turned a bright look on the fair, plump face, and replied with a beaming smile,

"Your flattery always comes from the heart, my Campan, and we find it pleasant."

All this time the queen was standing among her ladies half-dressed; garment after garment had been handed to her by the lady-in-waiting of highest rank; and now she stood with her neck and shoulders exposed, her white arms folded over her bosom, ready for the robe which was to complete her toilet, and a little impatient of the etiquette which prolonged her hour of dressing. Directly the robe of crimson velvet was looped back from her white brocade underskirt, and with exquisite yellow lace falling from her elbows and around her bosom, she walked out of her dressing-room a queen in every look and movement.

In the audience-chamber, attached to her own apartments, she found the king aroused to keener admiration and deeper tenderness by her late danger. He approached her with smiles of welcome, and pressed his lips upon her hand as if she had been a goddess, and he her slave; happiness gave grace and quick intelligence to his face; for when Louis the Sixteenth thought from his heart, the result was always correct and full of tenderness.

"We have been waiting for your presence, almost with impatience," he said. "My heart will never rest till it has done something to reward the man who saved me and France from a great calamity. This person is now waiting."

"But there is another, sire; a young girl, fair as a lily, and as modest. She must not be forgotten."

"We forget nothing which relates to our wife and queen. No one ever gives her help or pleasure unthought of. The demoiselle is also waiting—shall they come in at once?"

The ladies of the household had ranged themselves behind her majesty with more than usual regard to appearances. Some of the king's gentlemen were present; and, in fact, it might have been some foreign ambassador that their

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majestics were about to receive, rather than a poor girl and a worthy man from the city.

The queen gave a smiling glance at her mistress of ceremonies. Directly the door opened, and Marguerite was led into the room by the young Duke de Richelieu, who seemed as proud of his charge as if she had been one of the highest born ladies in the land. Behind him Monsieur Jaque walked alone, his head just visible over the broad shoulders of Dame Tillery, who spread her enormous fan as she crossed the threshold, and set out a courtesy so low and profound that she came near falling headlong at the queen's feet, in her bungling effort to recover herself.

The mistress of ceremonies, terribly shocked, made a dignified motion that Dame Tillery should draw back; but the good woman placed herself at Marguerite's side, shook out her skirts, and settled into a position, smiling broadly upon the mistress of ceremonies as if a mutual understanding on all subjects of court etiquette had existed between themselves from the cradle up.

The queen, who sometimes enjoyed the discomfiture of her own hard task-mistress, where etiquette was concerned, cast a quick, mischievous glance on her ladies, and allowed a faint smile to quiver on her lips. But for that smile Marguerite would have been completely bewildered. She saw the same faces that had met her the day before, but so changed in expression, so rigidly proud, that their very identity seemed doubtful. The long, trailing robes, the elaborate head-dresses, the floating masses of yellow lace were so unlike the short, rustic dresses in which she had seen the same persons only a few hours before, that she could not realize her position. The queen saw her embarrassment, and hastened to relieve it, and with a gentle smile she extended her hand.

Marguerite fell upon one knee and touched the hand reverently with her lips, then with a gesture of exquisite modesty, looked up to the beautiful face bent over her, and clasping her hands, broke forth in a voice so sweet and pathetic that it seemed breaking up through tears.

"Oh! sweet lady! you promised to pardon my father. He has been in the Bastile since I was a little child. Only as a beautiful shadow can I remember him—but you will set him free. I shall look in the eyes which they tell me were always soft with infinite tenderness. I shall come here some day when you show yourself to the people in your carriage, or on the balcony, and together we will look upon the benefactress who has brought him back to life. Then his grateful heart will give you blessings, while I, oh, lady! I will work for you, pray for you, die for you! Indeed, indeed I will!"

"My good girl, you were very near doing that yesterday," said the queen, taking those two quivering hands in her own, and pressing them, while her fine eyes filled with tears; "but it is the king who grants pardons. We shall soon learn if he can withhold anything from the person who was so ready to come in between his wife and a great peril."

As she spoke, Marie Antoinette gently raised the girl from her kneeling position, and led her to the king. The poor girl would have knelt at his feet also, for no homage seemed sufficient for the great boon she was asking; but Louis received her hand from that of the queen with such kindness, that the impulse of humiliation was lost.

"Tell us," he said, "all that relates to the father you would have us pardon. This is the first time that we have heard of his name, or knew of his incarceration."

Marguerite gave her father's name, and told so much of his history as was known to herself. She spoke low and rapidly; her eyes were suffused, her voice was full of tears. The name, uttered more than once, reached the queen. She was seized with a nervous dread; she seated herself; the whiteness of her face alarmed the persons who surrounded her, and, before any one of her ladies could approach, Dame Tillery swept forward, opened her fan, and planting herself directly in front of the queen, commenced fanning her with both hands so vigorously that all the lace and ribbons on the royal dress fluttered as if a high wind were passing over them.

The queen looked up. The consternation of her ladies at the ponderous attentions of the dame, struck her with a sense of the ridiculous so exquisite, that all the superstition which had shaken her nerves fled at once; she leaned back in her chair and laughed outright.

The king, who was listening intently to Marguerite, looked toward his queen as the light, musical laugh rippled by him, and frowning a little, drew the young girl further down the room, for his interest in her story was becoming almost painful.

"And this Dr. Gosner was not a native of France, you say?"

"No, sire, he was a born subject to the great Empress Maria Therese, and at one time had frequent access to her highness. His name, I think, must have reached the queen, for she seemed to remember it."

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"And you have no knowledge of the charges made against him?"

"Sire, we did not know that he was in prison for many years after he left us."

The king looked grave and distressed. The very name of the Bastile had become a subject of solicitude to him. This prison had been, century after century, so completely a portion of his kingly prerogatives, that he could not hear of a cruelty practiced there without disturbance. "What," he argued to himself, "will the people say when I let this wronged man out among them. His very presence will create a tempest of discontent."

Marguerite saw the cloud gathering slowly on his face, and her heart fell.

"Oh, sire! have compassion on him. Think what it is to live, year after year, without a glimpse of the blessed sunshine, without knowledge of anything once beloved, without occupation, buried, but not dead."

The poor girl spoke with some vehemence. She was losing all hope; this hesitation in the king terrified her.

"There is little need to remind us of all this," answered the king; "but it is sometimes very difficult to redress wrongs for which others are alone responsible. This is an act of which we knew nothing; but when it once becomes public, great blame may be cast upon the throne for an injustice for which no living man is answerable"

"Nay, sire, the people are not so unreasonable."

Louis shook his head, and smiled gloomily.

"They will rather rejoice, sire, that present mercy is strong enough to undo the cruelty of the past."

Louis hesitated. He was never a man of prompt speech, and the difficulties which this question of mercy brought to his mind were strong and numerous.

Marie Antoinette, having recovered from the impulse of merriment that had seized upon her, turned her attention once more toward the king. She saw that the young girl had become fearfully anxious, and that a look of sullen thought was creeping over her husband's face. She arose from her chair, and walking across the room, drew near the window to which Louis had retreated.

"Sire," she said, laying her hand on the king's arm, "is it that you hesitate? Can the price be too heavy which you pay this brave girl for Marie Antoinette's life—for she saved it? But for her intrepid act, that stout man, yonder, would never have spung upon that beast as he did."

"Can we refuse her? No—a thousand times, no!" answered the king. "But how to accomplish it. When we release this poor gentleman, it will be to assail ourselves. The people clamor over every new revelation of wrong done by our grandfather as if we were directly in fault."

"But his release is right in itself, sire."

"It is impossible to suppose otherwise; but the most difficult thing in the world sometimes is to redress a long-standing injustice."

Marie pressed her white hand still more caressingly on that arm, and the sweet persuasiveness of her speech was enforced by the expression of her face.

"Ah, Louis! I have promised. Remember, it was your wife who was saved."

The heavy features of the king brightened; he took the white hand from his arm and kissed it tenderly.

"It was only of your future safety I was thinking," he said. "The people are so ready to clamor against us, and this will be a new excuse. But it shall be done. This day I will speak to the minister."

"To the minister, sire! Ah, no! Write it yourself. I must see this young creature made happy before she leaves the palace. Step to my cabinet, Louis, and write the order with your own hand."

She drew him gently with her while speaking, and they entered a little cabinet, or boudoir, in which the queen usually spent her hours of retirement. Drawing her husband up to the ebony desk, she gently forced him into the cane-chair that stood before it, arranged some paper before him, and put the jeweled-pen in his hand.

"Now," she said, leaning over his chair, and bending her cheek almost to a level with his, "now write the order, if you would not have me kneeling at your feet."

Louis dipped the pen in the crystal inkstand, which stood upon golden supporters just before him, and began to write. A sunbeam struck the single, large diamond that flamed on the handle, and quivered over the signature as it was formed. The queen smiled; it seemed to be like a good omen.

"Ah!" she whispered, "how pleasant it is to make others happy; but, alas! our lives must be spent in atoning for the wrongs that were perpetrated before we were born. This poor man now was imprisoned by your grandfather."

"Worse than that," answered Louis, gravely. "This wicked act belongs to Madame Du Barry. My grandfather probably never knew of it."

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"That horrible woman!" exclaimed the queen. "How much misery she brought upon France!"

The king, who had signed the pardon, laid down his pen and stood up.

"Let us be merciful, my friend, even to this woman; some good there may be in her. Since the people we love so well have begun to say harsh things about us, we should be careful not to join them in reviling others. Let us bury the sins of that old man in his tomb. Our Lady forbid that we should be called upon to excuse or answer for them."

"But this woman—oh! I remember her so well! She was my enemy! She hated me from the moment I entered France an inexperienced girl. My cheek warms even now when I remember how she was forced upon me before I could understand her position, or protect myself from her society."

The queen spoke with angry vehemence; she had of late been subject to these sudden outbursts of feeling. The hard throes of life accumulated on her so heavily, that her naturally sweet temper was sometimes submerged in the sea of troubles that beset her. The king took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"Be calm, my angel, be calm! It grieves me that reminiscences of this woman can disturb you so. Remember, my own, it was by your advice that we left her in undisturbed possession of the estates she had gathered together."

"The estates? Why—yes! Let her keep them. They could not again become appendages to the crown without disgracing it. Besides, at the last she was humble enough; and you know, my good friend, the daughter of Marie Therese never does battle with a fallen foe?"

"Well, let this woman pass," said Louis. "Pleasanter things await us in the next room. At least, we can give real happiness to this young girl."

"And I had forgotten her; let us go! Every moment is a year to her; let us go!"

There had been nothing but semi-whispers in the reception-room since the royal personages left it. Marguerite stood where she had been left, near the window, growing paler and more hopeless every moment. She had seen the darkened countenance of the king, and it struck her to the heart. After that one night of hope the reaction was terrible.

Louis and the queen entered the room together, but so quietly that the poor girl did not know of their presence until they stood close by her. Then she looked up with sudden affright. A mist came before her eyes, and through it she saw a paper in the king's hand.

"Take it," said the queen. "It is an order for your father's release. "Take it, and remember that now and always the Queen of France is your friend——"

She broke off suddenly, and uttered a sudden cry. Marguerite, in reaching out her hand for the paper, had dropped like a dead creature at her feet. Then Monsieur Jaque, who had stood near the door, watchful, but inactive, came forward, and, kneeling on one knee, lifted the fainting girl in his arms. She was deathly white, and the stillness of the grave seemed to have fallen upon her.

"Joy has killed her," said the queen, pressing her hand upon the pale forehead. "We were too abrupt. The poor child had lost all hope, and we brought it back too suddenly."

"Is that the pardon?" exclaimed Monsieur Jaque, forgetting the rank of those he questioned.

"It is the order for her father's release from the Bastile," answered the queen. "Where no crime has been committed it is impossible to grant a pardon."

"Ah! she will live to hear that!" cried Monsieur Jaque, gazing steadily down into the pale face. "Look up, little one—look up, and bless with a glance of your beautiful eyes the—the—"

Monsieur Jaque broke off in confusion; words were upon his lips which he would not have dared to utter for the whole world. He looked around, and made a motion to unclasp his arms from around that inanimate girl; but that instant her eyelids began to quiver, and her lips parted with a struggling breath.

"Look up; do not be afraid to smile. It is a pardon—it is all you want," whispered the strange man.

A smile dawned softly over those pale lips, tinting them like a rose.

"Are you sure—are you quite sure?" she murmured, fixing those velvet eyes on the rude face bent above her.

"Indeed, he is quite sure," answered the queen, with tears in her eyes; "the order but now dropped from your hand. It is the king's gift."

Now the color came back to Marguerite's face quick and warm. She withdrew herself from Monsieur Jaque's arms, and stood up trembling with joy, as a rose quivers when the first gush of morning sunshine bursts upon it.

"Oh, this is joy!" she said, lifting her eyes to the queen, "this is joy! I never knew what it was before in all my life. Let me go—let me go, that I may tell her! She is waiting: she sits with her hands clasped, holding her breath till

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I come. Oh, lady, forgive me! joy has made me wild. I forget that it is the queen to whom I speak, or that this is the king, at whose feet I should throw myself. I only know this, the happiest mortal that ever drew breath is prostrate before you, overwhelmed with the gratitude for which she has no words."

Marguerite was on her knees, her face uplifted, beaming with smiles and glistening with tears. The queen bent down and kissed her. Good-hearted little Madame Campan sobbed aloud, at which the mistress of ceremonies drew herself up and frowned darkly. In all her experience it had not been considered etiquette for a Queen of France to shed tears in her audience-chamber. No wonder the pillars of state were tottering under such innovations.

After the first ecstasy of her gratitude had subsided, Mrguerite arose and retreated toward the door, drawing close to Monsieur Jaque. Dame Tillery followed, and seeing her flushed face, opened the green expanse of her fan, and shed its cool air upon her, whispering,

"Hush! hush, little one! do not weep any more—remember, I am here to protect you. See, her majesty is smiling; that is because she knows that Dame Tillery is caring for you. Why, there goes monsieur up to the king—what confidence, what audacity. I, who have so much greater right, hesitated and lost the opportunity, being modest."

True enough, Monsieur Jaque had respectfully approached the king, but not before he was informed by the young duke that her majesty desired it. Up to this time Louis had not looked directly at the man. His attention had been so completely taken up by the emotions of that beautiful girl that he had given little heed to anything else. But as Jaque came slowly toward him he remembered the features, and a slight frown contracted his brows.

"What, our strange locksmith!" he muttered. "Can this man have been of service to the queen?"

"Sire," said Marie Antoinette, "this is the person who conquered that wild animal. The heroic girl would have died for me, but his strength saved us both."

Louis hesitated, cleared his throat, and, after a moment, addressed the man as if he had never seen him before.

"You have rendered the queen a great service," he said, "and for that we are glad to thank you, not in words alone. A king has always the power to be grateful, and here he has the wish. Name the thing you most want without hesitation."

"Sire, I wish to speak with the king and Queen of France alone."

Again Louis frowned; he had not forgotten that interview in his work-shop, and the bold words spoken there.

"It is an unusual request," he said, glancing uneasily at the queen; "and one which her majesty must decide upon, and that after she has been fairly warned of the free speech which may await her compliance."

"Ah, Louis! I can deny nothing to this man—he has saved my life."

"I know," answered the king; "but that does not give him a right to lecture his monarch."

"He will never attempt that," answered Marie Antoinette, smiling. "Let us go to your private cabinet, sire; this good man has some favor to ask, and is modest. Why not see him alone?"

Louis made a motion with his hand. A door was opened, and he led the queen from her presence-chamber into a small cabinet, to which he was followed by Monsieur Jaque. Here the king seated himself, after first conducting the queen to a chair. He was very grave, and seemed to be dreading that some unpleasant subject might be forced upon them; but Jaque stood in the presence, modest, grave, and unpresuming as a child. The king could hardly recognize in that still face the man who had almost terrified him the day before.

"Now speak freely," said Marie Antoinette, who had no idea that this person was not an entire stranger to her husband, "speak out your wishes. It is our desire to gratify them."

"Lady, I but ask the privilege of free speech."

The king moved uneasily in his seat. He had grave fears that even gratitude would not make Marie Antoinette tolerant of such bold language as he had listened to the day before; but the lady answered,

"But a moment since we desired you to speak freely."

"Then I will but ask his majesty to remember all that I said to him yesterday."

"Yesterday!" exclaimed the queen; "and you saw his highness yesterday?"

"Yes, madame. I intruded myself upon him, rudely, perhaps, for I am but one of the people; and I said things that would have cost me life or liberty had they been uttered to his grandfather; but they were honestly said, and our good king forgave their roughness because of the truth that was in them."

Monsieur Jaque bent his large, earnest eyes upon the king as he spoke, and, spite of himself, the monarch bent his head in grave assent when he ceased speaking.

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"Madame, this is what I said to the king: 'The people of France and the nobility of France are at variance; light has broken in upon the ignorance of the masses. They begin to look up to heaven and ask if they are not men? If they are to be downtrodden forever and ever by the dominant classes? They look at your nobles, and measuring them by the standard of real manhood, find that their strength lies in traditions, that their privileges are hedged in by benefits wrested from the labor and strength of the people they despise. That, strip them of their jewels and their laces, they are less than men.'"

"Be still!" cried the queen, rising from her chair, scarlet with indignation. "It is men like you who teach these heresies to the people. I wonder if, in truth, you have dared to be so bold, that the king did not place you under arrest. But for the service which I cannot forget; but for that, sirrah, you should only leave this cabinet for the Bastile."

"Still his majesty will not send me there for better reasons than that I chanced to seize an infuriated beast by the horns, when he might not even have been dangerous—pray mention the ridiculous feat no more. I claim no gratitude for that, and only remember it because it has been the means of bringing me here. If that poor act can induce you to listen with charity, the reward will be too much."

Marie Antoinette seated herself again.

"We have promised that you should speak freely, and will be patient," she said, fairly biting her lip to keep back the haughty words that crowded to them.

"Madame, I have offended you, when it was my desire to be of service. Forgive me!"

"What is this service?" inquired the king.

"There lives a man in Paris, sire, who would be a firm friend to the king and queen of France, were his friendship desired. This man was born a noble, but his quick intellect, burning genius, and indomitable will, carried him out from them into the great masses of the people. Still he possesses the instincts of his race, its power of command, its love of true royalty. But, above all, he adores France as the people adore him."

"Go on," said Marie Antoinette, in a cold, almost harsh tone, "let us have all the noble qualities of this wonderful man."

The voice cut through Monsieur Jaque's enthusiasm like a knife. He stopped, caught his breath, and looked into the proud beauty of her face with an earnest glance of reproach, which was absolutely pathetic from its intensity.

"Madame," he said, at last, "I think you guess who I am speaking of."

"Perhaps," answered the queen, with a cold smile. "But go on, the king listens."

Monsieur Jaque knew well enough that it was the queen to whom he was to address himself. When the two royal personages were together, her energy was sure to prevail. While he looked proud and unyielding, he seemed anxious, if not distressed.

"This man, lady, can be the friend of royalty and the friend of the people; take him into your councils—not publicly, that might not be prudent—but let him come to you, time by time, fresh from the people; let him bring the two elements of human power, statesmanship and labor, into harmony. He can do it—he will do it. It is the work for a great mind like his."

"And what is the name of this wonderful personage?" inquired the queen, speaking in cool and bitter irony.

"The Count de Mirabeau."

"Enough!" cried the queen, rising from her seat. "When we need the help of this admirable gentleman, he shall be notified. But the monarchy of France is not so near its downfall as to require support like that."

Louis arose, greatly agitated.

"My angel," he said, kissing her hand, "is not this a rash message? Can we afford to repulse a man like this?"

"When we cannot, the monarchy of France is no longer worth preserving," answered Marie, vehemently. "The royalty of a great nation must protect itself—the trust is too stupendous for demagogues. No, sire, it is not rash."

"But we may, perhaps, wish to reconsider," expostulated the kind monarch "Let us send him at least a courteous message."

"Frame it as you will, sire, only let the rejection be positive. From my first sight of this man Mirabeau, I detested him."

"Ah, lady! you could not understand how this great man adored you," said Jaque.

Marie Antoinette drew her figure proudly up to its full height, glanced at the king, and turned upon Monsieur Jaque.

"You have our answer concerning this person. Now say what can be done for yourself."

"Nothing! I ask nothing—accept nothing! But the time will come when you will seek this man—he who is now spurned a second time from your feet."

Before the queen could answer this audacious speech, Monsieur Jaque had left the cabinet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE CAVENDISH TOBACCO-POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—A piece of scarlet cashmere, two skeins of black embroidery silk, one skein of white, a few needlefuls of green and blue, and one ball of fine gold thread.

A tobacco-pouch is one of the very few articles of fancy work which form an acceptable present for a gentleman; and it is one, therefore, of which new models are often demanded by our subscribers.

Our present model (which we give in the front of the number) is worked in Indian embroidery, a style of work very fashionable just now. This embroidery is a mixture of point Russe and overcast-stitch, but its peculiar character is that it is always worked in various brilliant colors. In this instance the material is red cashmere; the pattern is worked in bright-colored silks and gold thread. The outer border is a Grecian pattern, in fine black silk and gold thread.

Four parts similar to our pattern are required for the pouch. We give the design, which must be traced upon the cashmere and repeated four times. Each part is then embroidered, and they are afterward joined together by seams hidden under an edging of black and gold gimp cord. The pouch is lined with kid. Silk tassels are added at all the lower corners, and brass rings are sewn on at the top, inside, through which gimp cords are run to gather up the pouch at the top.

These cords are finished off with silk tassels.

BRAIDED SLIPPER: IN COLORS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number we give a pattern, printed in red, for a Braided Slipper. The heel and toe are both given. The design may be copied in many ways. It may serve as a bath-slipper, when it should be made of either white felt, or what is commonly called "ironing-blanket," of an extremely fine quality, and braided with scarlet worsted braid; the soles are made of the same material as the rest of the slipper, and bound round previous to being seamed to the front with broader scarlet braid than that used for braiding. The design may be also copied with violet Russian braid on a black velvet ground, the outlines being further edged with fine gold cord. Kid is also a favorite material for slippers; and kid of a gray tint, worked with either scarlet or pink, is very effective. In all cases where expense is not an object, gold braid or gold cord added to the edge of braid always enriches the general effect. Lastly, the design may be worked out by a sewing-machine.

We also give, on the same page, a pattern in braiding, which may, likewise, be used for a slipper. The pattern, as we give it, will do admirably for the heel, and with a little skill it may be adapted for the toe also. Both are very elegant in style.

ARMENIAN COLLAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS collar, a design for which we give in the front of the number, must be made of two kinds of beads—coral and gold, coral and jet, gold and jet, or any combination of color to please the wearer.

Take a strong silk thread and string sixty-five beads of alternate colors. Fasten the silk at either end in such a way that the beads cannot slip off the thread.

Take a long needleful of silk, pass the needle

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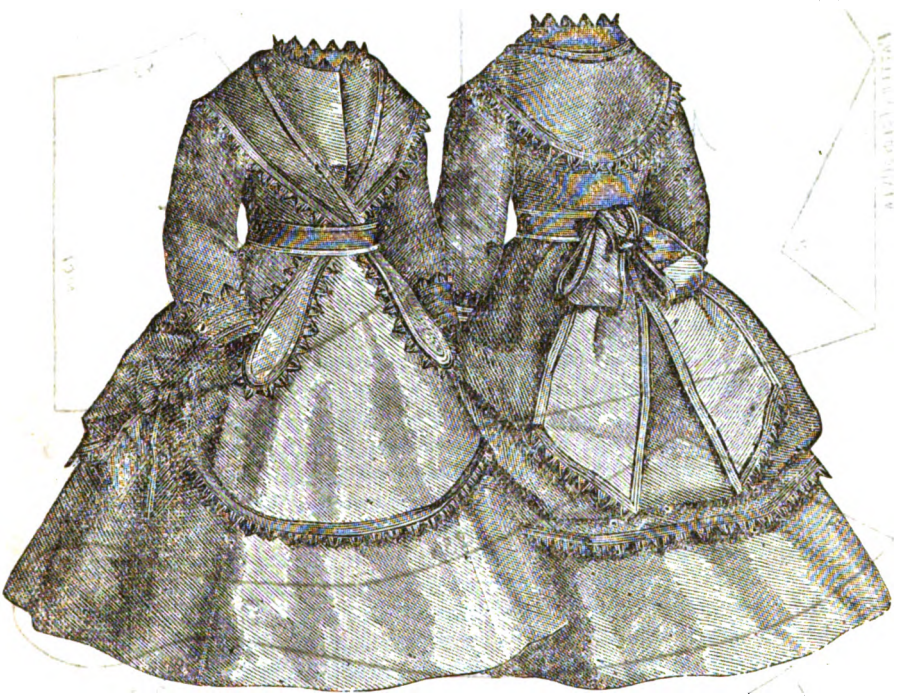
through the first two beads of the collar, thread five beads, then a large bead, then a small bead; pass the needle back through the large bead, then through the fifth bead; string four beads, pass the needle through the sixth and seventh bead of the long string previously made, and repeat mark to mark, substituting the twelfth and thirteenth for sixth and seventh.

Make a third pendant, and then string ninety-five beads for the longest row, seventy-nine for the second, sixty-nine for the third, fifty-seven for the fourth, forty-five for the fifth, and thirty for the sixth; five beads form the pendant in the middle.

A pear-shape pendant is prettier than a larger bead. Fasten scarlet velvet, or a ribbon woven with gold thread, to either end of the collar.

WATTEAU DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This costume is of white and black striped material. The first skirt is plain; the second is trimmed with a scalloped border formed by folding into small points a strip of the material, and with a plain cross-strip. It is looped up on either side with bows. High bodice, pelerine fichu, round at the back, with crossed lappets in front, passed under the sash, trimmed like the upper-skirt. Sash of the same material as the skirt, edged with a cross-strip, and finished off at the bottom of the lappets with a scalloped border.

On the next page we give a diagram, by aid of which it may be cut out.

No. 1. Half of Front of Bodice.
No. 2. Half of Back of Bodice.
No. 3. Half of Side of Back of Bodice.
No. 4. Sleeve—Upper and Under Side.

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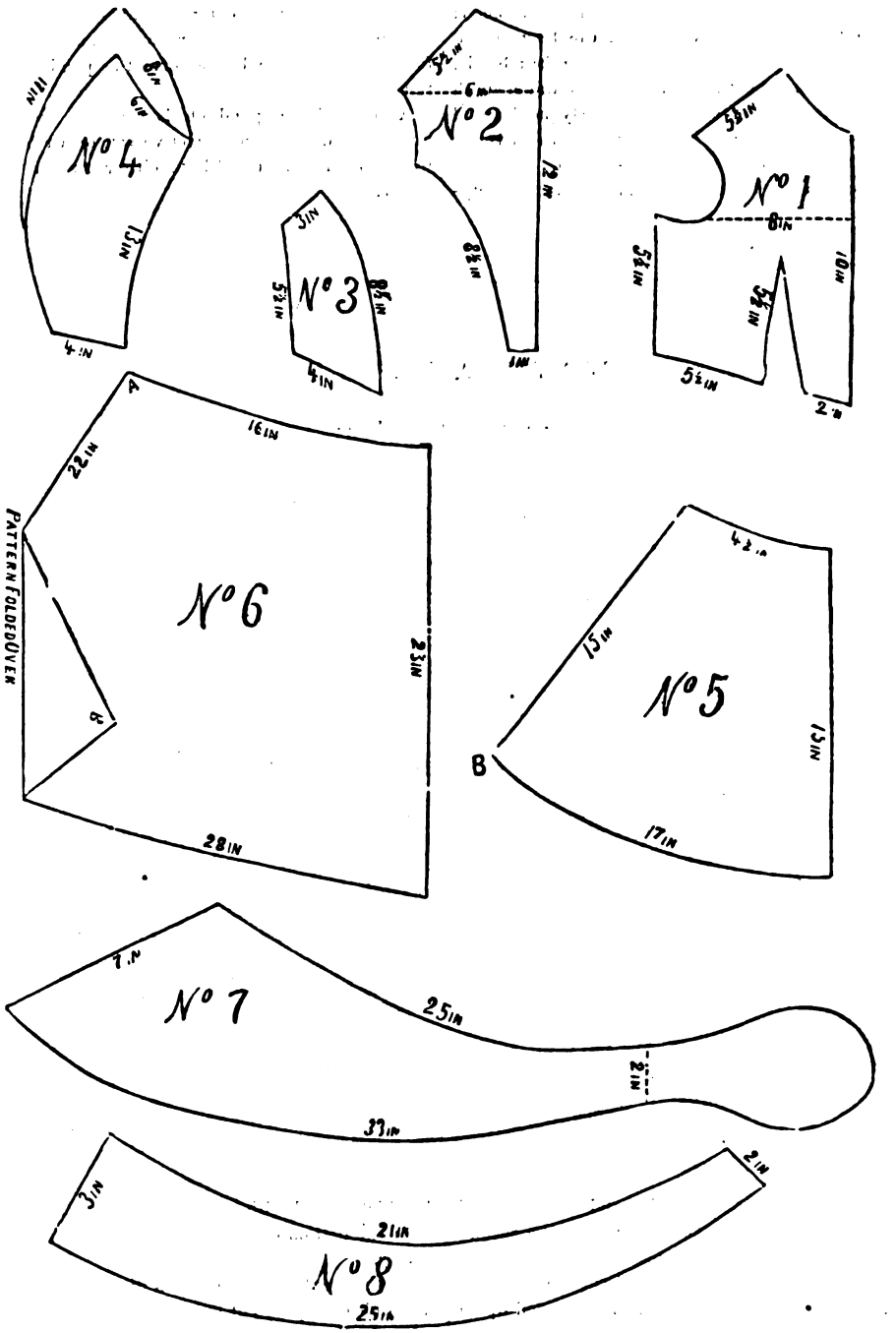

No. 5. Half of Front of Skirt.
No. 6. Half of Back of Skirt.
No. 7. Half of Cape.

No. 8. Band for Looping up the Skirt.
This costume is one of the prettiest, and most fashionable, that has come out this season.

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where he abode many years. After his death it remained long in the custody of his descendants, and by its beneficent presence shed peace and plenty over all the country round. But the guardian of the Sangreal must be pure in thought, in word, and in deed; and at last it befell that a young monk to whose charge it was committed forgot his vow, and it vanished from the sight of men; and then over all the land of Britain came down the iron age of violence and oppression and distress. At last Arthur ruled over the people, and brought back a little of the old order to the country. And one day, when all the Knights of the Round Table were feasting with the King at Camelot, suddenly a soft radiance illumined the hall, and the air was filled with sweet odors, and there entered the room the Holy Grail, veiled in robes of samite, and passed slowly down the apartment. Then up rose in his seat Sir Gawaine, the courteous knight, and vowed a solemn vow to go upon the pilgrimage of the Sangreal, and one after another the rest of the knights followed his example. Then appeared an old man leading by the hand a youthful knight of fair countenance, and the old man said, "Peace be with you, fair sirs! I bring here a young knight of the line of Joseph of Arimathea,"—and the name of the knight was Sir Galahad. Now at the Round Table there were twelve seats, for the twelve disciples, and one for the traitor Judas, and in that seat none had ever ventured to sit, since a bold Saracen who placed himself therein was swallowed up; and it was called the Siege Perilous from that day. But there sat Sir Galahad unharmed, and on the table before him appeared these words: "This is the seat of Sir Galahad, the good knight." And they marvelled greatly, and said, "Surely this is he who shall achieve the adventure of the Sangreal." Then shortly they celebrated a solemn mass, and set forth each upon his own way to seek the Holy Grail. Many a strange adventure had they; but I will tell you only of what befell two of them,—Sir Launcelot du Lac, the bravest and most accomplished of the Round Table, and Sir Galahad, the youngest of them all.

Sir Launcelot du Lac wandered on through pathless forests, and came at last to a stone cross, near which was an old chapel; and, looking through a chink in the wall, Sir Launcelot espied an altar richly decked with silk, and on it a tall branched candlestick of pure silver, bearing lighted tapers. And he would fain have entered, but there was no door, and, sad at heart, he laid him down upon his shield beneath a tree at the foot of the cross. And as he lay between sleeping and waking, there came a sick knight borne in a litter, who lamented and complained, crying, "O sweet Lord, how long shall I suffer thus before the blessed cup shall appear, to ease my pain?"

And then Sir Launcelet saw the candlestick come out before the cross, and the Holy Grail with it, borne on a salver by invisible hands, and the knight was healed of his disease; and then the tapers and the cup returned into the chapel, and all was dark. The knight knelt before the cross, and gave thanks; and as he arose he beheld Sir Launcelet sleeping, and wondered that he could rest thus, while the holy vessel was present near him. "I trow," said his squire, "that this man is guilty of sins of which he repenteth now, and hath not confessed";—and they departed, and Launcelot

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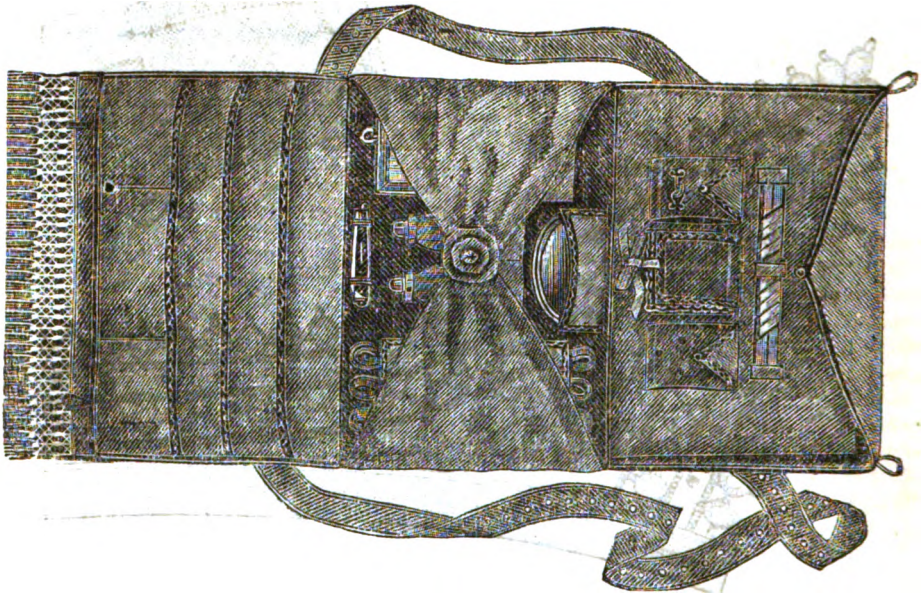
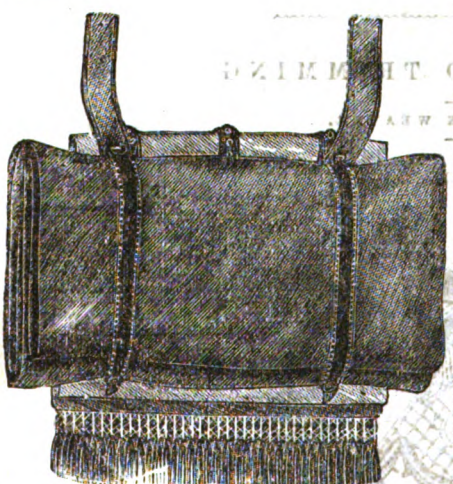
LADIES' TRAVELING-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



As shown above, the whole pocket is quite flat. The middle part, which forms the hinder wall, contains all the pockets and requisites for traveling.



Outside are India-rubber bands to fasten it to the cloak, etc.

The pocket part is of strong gray linen, twelve inches broad and twenty-eight inches long, and covered outside with the same material as the traveling-dress, inside with colored wool or silk. It must be remembered the part that folds over (the front wall) must be about an inch and a half longer than the two others, so as to cover the filled pockets.

For the inner part, cut the rectangular pasteboard the proper size, sew whalebone bars on both the long sides, and cover it with the woolen stuff. On one side a three-inch broad and seven-inch long glass is placed, fastened in a short pocket underneath, and with a strap above.

This glass is bound with ribbon, and covered at the back with a lining and a thin cardboard. For the comb-case, nail-brush, etc., cross-strips are placed; opposite the glass is a case for working materials of the same size. The stuff part has a cardboard lining about an inch shorter, so that the straps for the different utensils may lie flat. Underneath are different kinds of cotton, plaited, also fastened with straps. These parts are stitched to the *necessaire*. The space left in the middle is for a *bonbonniere*, two little bottles, and a knife; all held by pockets and straps. At the narrow sides the double lining, which reaches as far as the middle, is drawn to

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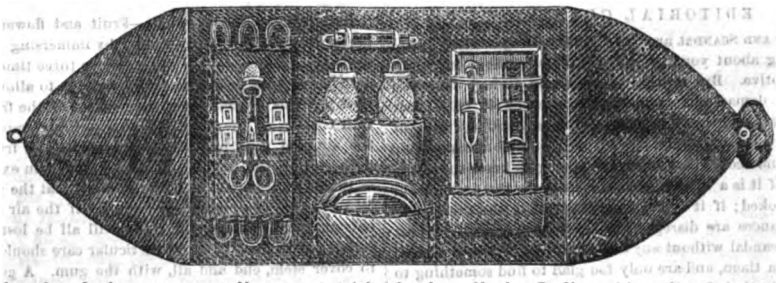
a point and closed with a stuff rosette. The inner part of the pocket that turns over has a deep pocket with a flap, formed by a fold laid in. Upon the upper part of this pocket are, as

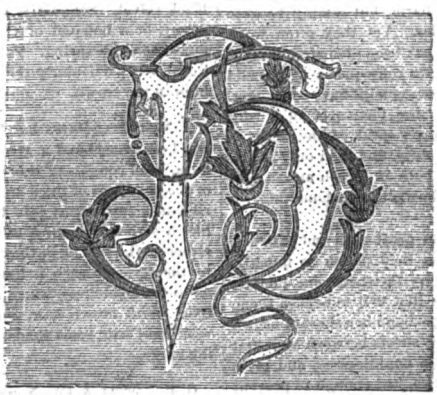


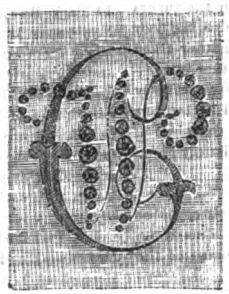
shown in the design, two smaller ones with flaps, for hooks and eyes and buttons; between these is a needle-book fastened by a bow, and over this two pieces of tape are held by cross-straps. The front part that turns over has three graduated pockets over each other, extending to the end.

The shortest pocket part is stitched with the middle part so as to form three compartments. All the pockets and straps are ornamented with binding, stitching, herring-bone stitch, or button-hole stitch, etc. Tassels are placed on the front wall, stuff folds with satin, and satin buttons along the middle, and a tassel falling on the broad fringe ends in a point. Upon the back wall the India-rubber bands are fastened to the whalebone before mentioned, placed upon the pasteboard. The pocket is hung over the shoulder by a strap of lined satin, two inches broad, ornamented with large buttons, with which also the large inner pockets are closed. The latter hang over the strap that goes round the shoulder.

The front flap of the pocket is closed by the loops of the back wall being brought to the ends of the line of under pockets.

MONOGRAMS.





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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Gossip and Scandal are two different things. Mere gossip is talking about your neighbor's affairs, without any malicious motive. But scandal is repeating a story that you know is damaging. Sometimes the story is true. But generally it is grossly exaggerated, if not entirely without foundation. Very rarely, indeed, when an unfortunate affair of any kind occurs in a family, do strangers know the whole truth. If it is a wrong that has been done, the provocation is overlooked; if it is a mere indiscretion, the mitigating circumstances are disregarded. Persons frequently repeat tales of scandal without any evil intention. But many, alas! delight in them, and are only too glad to find something to say against their neighbor.

There is a class of people, for instance, who secretly envy others their successes, and who, therefore, are always ready to give such rivals a stab in the dark. Sometimes they have an idea they have been slighted by these persons. This is particularly the case where an old acquaintance has got rich. They cannot forgive that these more fortunate individuals should have finer houses, or more elegant furniture than themselves, and hence they never omit an opportunity to say something disparaging, or, when this cannot be done, at least to sneer. Such people are the pests of society. Their unhappy organization makes them a curse to themselves and to everybody else. They are your real scandal-mongers. They go about, like rag-pickers, raking in the dirt, but looking not for gems, but for mud to throw at others.

Less faulty, but still censurable, are your gossips pure and simple. These talk solely to hear themselves talk. They chatter, like so many silly magpies, about this and that neighbor, not intending to do harm, but simply because they are impertinent busy-bodies. Yet they often work great mischief. Many a friend has been alienated, many a family circle torn by dissensions, in consequence of the idle and unfounded stories which these gossips have set agoing. Truly has Scripture said that "the tongue is an unruly member." Take our advice! Never speak of the affairs of others, unless it becomes your duty, and then only in the kindest spirit. In plain words, both in speech and in conduct, do unto others as you would wish to be done unto.

Drying Wild Flowers requires great skill and patience, as these fragile blossoms of the field perish so quickly. The points to attend to are to dry the specimens quickly, thoroughly, and with a pressure that will not crush them. A good method is to place each specimen in a sheet of brown paper, and interpose several empty sheets between each that is filled; then to place them in a napkin-press, and press them gently for the first day or two, just enough to prevent the leaves and flowers from shriveling. When the papers are quite damp separate them, and spread them on the floor of a room where they can dry a little, then gather them together and place them again in the press, rather increasing the pressure. This operation should be repeated daily till the flowers are quite dry. A quicker and better, but more troublesome way, is to shift the flowers daily out of their damp papers into hot and dry ones, immediately pressing them down.

We Guarantee No Articles advertised on our cover or other advertising pages. We only present the claims of the advertisers, *on their own showing*, to the patronage of the public. We assume no responsibility whatever.

Fresh Fruit and Flowers.—Fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum-arabic in water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface of the fruit with a thin coating of the gum, which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents the decay of the fruit or the withering of the flower. To insure success in experiments of this kind, it should be borne in mind that the whole surface must be completely covered; for if the air only gains entrance at a pinhole, the labor will all be lost. In preserving specimens of fruit, particular care should be taken to cover stem, end and all, with the gum. A good way is to wind a thread of silk about the stem, and then sink it slowly into the solution, which should not be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum undissolved. The gum is so perfectly transparent that you can with difficulty detect its presence, except by the touch. Here we have another simple method of fixing the fleeting beauty of nature, and surrounding ourselves ever with those objects which do most to elevate the mind, refine the taste, and purify the heart.

The New Straw Bonnets are low on the forehead, and advance somewhat in a point in the center. Fringes of various colors will be the general trimming for straw bonnets; and these will assimilate well with the Indian shawls that are to be converted into mantles, and with the French cashmere costumes that are so fashionable. Straw bonnets are also to be trimmed with black velvet; a bow of it ornaments the top of the head; and below the bow there is a large scarlet poppy which falls over the chignon. The strings, that are tied simply under the chin, are likewise black velvet. Sometimes a large rose takes the place of the poppy, or a bouquet of violets, which are always favorite flowers in the spring. Toquet hats will be more popular than ever, particularly the "Valois" toquet, which is very high in the crown.

A New Head-Dress has been introduced at Paris, which has been considered a great success. It is called the "Canova," and consists of a bow of hair *a la grecque* at the top of the head, and of thick tresses plaited wide. Colored satin ribbon is introduced into these plaits, and it sets out full like a series of small *bouillonnes*. A satin bow is fastened either at the side or in the center of the forehead, according to the style of each individual face, and this bow terminates the head-dress, which is novel, and uncommonly effective. With brown hair, pink satin ribbon looks well; and with light hair, some shades of pale green produce a charming effect.

G. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York, have just issued an American Newspaper Directory, containing accurate lists of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Territories, and the Dominion of Canada, and British Colonies of North America. The volume also contains a description of the towns and cities in which they are published. To advertisers especially the work will be of value, for it gives the circulation of each newspaper and periodical, and, so far as we have observed and know, gives the circulation accurately.

For Two Dollars and Fifty Cents we will send a copy of this Magazine for one year, and also a copy of the "Star of Bethlehem."

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

My Recollections of Lord Byron; and those of Eye-Witnesses of His Life. By the Countess Guiccioli. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a very disappointing book. No one, probably, knew Lord Byron better than the Countess Guiccioli, and, therefore, when these recollections were announced, every one expected to have many of the disputed points in his character and life at last cleared up. But the countess tells little that was not known before. The volume, in fact, contains very few of her personal recollections, but is made up, almost entirely, of what has been written in favor of Byron by others. Those who hoped to see the real causes of the poet's separation from his wife revealed in this book will be entirely disappointed; the countess speaks, indeed, of Lady Byron often, and always disparagingly; but we are given no new facts; and hence are as much in the dark as ever. Perhaps the countess really knows nothing; perhaps she thinks it would be a breach of confidence to tell. The admirers of Lord Byron, however, will still find much in the work to interest them.

Fishing in American Waters. By Genio C. Scott. With One Hundred and Seventy Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is the work of one who seems as fond of the "gentle sport" as ever was old Isaak Walton himself. Mr. Scott has had a very large experience in fishing in the United States, and there is hardly a place on the coast, or elsewhere, which he has not visited for that purpose. The book is enriched with a description of the progress of fish-culture, in Europe and America, accompanied by pencil-sketches illustrative of the art of hatching and rearing fishes, including stairs and fish-passes for enabling fishes to surmount mill-dams and falls. The engravings are numerous and good, and the typographical appearance of the volume excellent. We know of no work of the kind which combines more useful and agreeable information.

The Villa on the Rhine. By B. Auerbach. Volume I., 12 mo. *New York: Leypoldt & Holt.*—This edition of the first half of Auerbach's new novel, contains a portrait of the author, and a biographical sketch, written by Bayard Taylor. The volume is very neat and compact, being in small duodecimo, with the type neither too large nor too little. It is the edition which is published, in the United States, under the sanction of the author, and for which he receives a honorarium, as he calls it, or, as we would say in English, a per centage on the profits. The volume is printed on cream-colored paper and is handsomely bound in cloth. All the publications of this house are neat, and sometimes they are very elegant.

Phineas Finn. By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This novel has great merits, but also serious defects. The sketches of Parliamentary life are capital. But the story, as a story, is a failure, for the hero, after falling in love with three women successively, finally marries the weakest of all, and the one, too, he would have been least likely, in real life, to marry. The volume is illustrated.

Wishing and Seeking. By the author of "Snow-Storms," and "Sunbeams." 1 vol., 16 mo. *Philada: J. S. Claxton.*—A well written story for juveniles, with an excellent moral. The volume is illustrated.

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BARON BRISSE'S RECEIPTS.

We give this month a few more of Baron Brisse's receipts.

Duck and Turnips.—The duck being drawn, truss it like a fowl; fry it in butter until nicely browned, then take it out of the sauce-pan and replace it by turnips cut in equal slices; when the turnips begin to color, powder them with a spoonful of sifted sugar; stir constantly, and when of a proper brown, take them out as you did the duck. In the same butter, and in the same sauce-pan, put some flour, and let it brown also; then mix it with water, or still better, some broth; season it with salt, pepper, and pot-herbs, and at the first simmer put back the duck. When it is half cooked, add the turnips and let it finish slowly; take out the pot-herbs, untie the duck, surround it with turnips, skim the gravy, cover it therewith, and serve.

Kidney-Pies.—Cut into thin slices about as large as a penny-piece, some veal kidneys, from which the skin and fat have been removed. Melt some good butter, season it with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Stir in the sliced kidneys, and when they are still saturated, distribute them in small patty-pans lined with puff-paste. Cover these with the same paste, cutting a hole in the middle, and having previously moistened the inner edges to make them unite; let them bake quickly in a moderate oven, after which fill them up with rich gravy and serve. This preparation requires but little time; it ought not to be made until a few minutes before serving.

Veal a la Menagere.—Melt a good lump of butter in the pan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and let it brown gradually while stirring. Next put in the piece of veal and turn it until well moistened. Then pour in some hot water, and stir until it boils. Season now with pot-herbs, salt and pepper. Let it cook gently, and at the end of an hour add the vegetables, onions, carrots, mushrooms, etc., with which the dish is to be garnished. These vegetables being cooked, serve the piece of veal imbedded in them, and with the sauce poured over. If it is desirable to have the sauce thick and light-colored, mix it with some yolks of eggs. In this case sprinkle in a little vinegar.

Fish-Soup.—Soak some crushed dried peas, previously well washed, then put them to cook in warm spring or river water. After softening, pass them through a colander, so as to form a thin *purée*. Take, afterward, some scraps of fresh fish, put them in a sauce-pan, with an onion stuck with one or two heads of cloves, slices of carrot and pot-herbs, salt and pepper; moisten with half water and half broth; add bread crumbs and a lump of butter; let the whole cook thoroughly, and then strain through a colander. In the south of France this fish-soup, which everywhere can replace that of meat, is prepared with oil instead of butter.

Breast of Veal a la Provencale.—Cut the breast into small square pieces, place them in a sauce-pan with some spoonfuls of oil, butter, or drippings, onions, cut in thin slices, a bay-leaf and thyme, chopped finely, salt and pepper. Cover the sauce-pan, and cook slowly for two hours with fire above and below, taking care to stir the contents from time to time. Some minutes before serving add a little soup stock and a large spoonful of chopped parsley; put it back on the fire, detach from the bottom with a wooden spoon; let it cook an instant and serve.

Hash.—Chop the meat fine; put over the fire in a pan some sliced mushrooms, parsley, and scallion, moistening either with soup-stock or with drippings and water. When the mushrooms are cooked, just before serving, add the hash; season it highly; let it warm without boiling, and arrange it on a dish in the shape of a dome. If you have not meat enough you can make the dish go further by adding poached eggs.

VARIOUS KINDS OF PASTRY.

In making pastry the cook should be particularly clean and neat. Her utensils should be kept in order, and when they are done with, they should be carefully cleaned and put in their places. Her paste-board and rolling-pin, let it be remembered, should, after using, be well scoured with hot water alone. She should not use soap or sand. A marble slab is preferable to a board for rolling paste. Both

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are generally made too small to be convenient. Three feet long by two feet wide is a good size. In making a paste a good cook will have no waste of any kind, and particularly she will not make more at one time than she wants, under the idea that she can keep it in flour till the next time of making; for it is ten to one but that the old paste will spoil the new. No flour except the very best can be used for fine descriptions of pastry, and in damp weather it should be dried before the fire, but not scorched. Clarified dripping, good lard, marrow, salt butter, well washed, may be used for ordinary pastry; indeed, if they are pure and sweet, they will form good pastry, with good flour and good management. In wealthy families, however, where economy is not an object, and everything for the table is required to be of the first quality, the safest plan is to use the best fresh butter. The fat that settles on stews, and on the broth in which meat had been boiled, may be used for pastry, that is, provided it is tasteless. Suet is sometimes used for meat-pies, but, though it makes a light crust when hot, it does not eat well when cold.

A great deal more butter, or fat of some kind or other, was formerly directed to be used in making pastry than at present. For ordinary purposes, half the weight of lard or butter is sufficient, but in the richest crusts the quantity should never exceed the weight of flour. Eggs may be added to enrich the crust; use no more water or other liquid in making paste than is absolutely necessary, or, in other words, take care not to "put out the miller's eye," that is, to make the paste too moist. The great thing is to incorporate the flour well with the fat, which you cannot do if you allow too much water or milk in the first instance.

The under or side-crust, which should be thin, should not be made so rich as the top crust, as otherwise it will make the gravy or syrup greasy. All dishes in which pies are to be baked should be buttered or greased round the edges to prevent the crust from sticking, and if there be an under-crust, all over the inside, and the same must be done with tins or saucers.

There is a number of other little things to be attended to in making pastry, which we will enumerate in as few words as we can. Fruit-pies, or large tarts, should have a hole made in the middle of the crust.

Raised Crust.—Put two pounds and a half of flour on the paste-board, and put on the fire, in a sauce-pan, three-quarters of a pint of water, and half a pound of good lard; when the water boils, make a hole in the middle of the flour, pour in the water and lard by degrees, gently mix it with a spoon, and when it is well mixed, then knead it with your hands till it becomes stiff; dredge a little flour to prevent it sticking to the board, or you cannot make it smooth; then set it aside for an hour, and keep it cool; do not roll it with your rolling-pin, but roll it with your hands, about the thickness of a quart-pot; cut it into six pieces, leaving a little for the covers; put the left hand, clenched, in the middle of one of the pieces, and with the other on the outside, work it up against the back of the left to a round or oval shape. It is now ready for the meat, which must be cut into small pieces with some fat, and pressed into the pie; then cover it with paste previously rolled out to a proper thickness, and of the size of the pie; put this lid on the pie, and press it together with your thumb and finger; cut it all round with a pair of scissors, and bake for an hour and a half. Our good old country housewives pride themselves very much upon being able to raise a large and high pork-pie. This crust will answer for many meat and other pies baked in dishes or tins.

Sweet Paste.—This is suitable to fruit-tarts generally, apples, perhaps, excepted, for which we recommend a puff-paste. To three-quarters of a pound of butter put a pound and a half of flour, three or four ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, the yolks of two eggs, and half a pint of new milk. Bake it in a moderate oven.

Flaky and Short Crusts.—In making a flaky crust, a part of the fat should be worked with the hand to a cream, and then the whole of the flour well rubbed into it before any water or milk is added. The remaining fat must be stuck on the paste and be rolled out. For crisp crust, by far the most wholesome, the whole of the fat should be rubbed in and thoroughly incorporated with the flour. Water or milk may be added when this is done, and the dough, or rather paste, made up. The pie-board and rolling-pin should be well dusted with flour, and the dough should be well beaten with the pin to thoroughly mix it, and render it light. Mind, in rolling out paste, do not drive the pin backward and forward, but always keep rolling from you. In making flaky crusts the paste must be rolled out thin, and the fat, or butter, laid all over it; then roll it up and beat it till it puffs up in little bladders; it should be then finally rolled out and put in the oven as quickly as possible.

Icing Pastry.—When nearly baked enough, take the pastry out of the oven and sift fine powdered-sugar over it. Replace it in the oven, and hold over it till the sugar is melted a hot salamander or shovel. The above method is preferred for pastry to be eaten hot; for cold, beat up the white of two eggs well, wash over the tops of the pies with a brush, and sift over this a good coating of sugar; cause it to adhere to the egg and pie-crust; trundle over it a clean brush dipped in water till the sugar is all moistened. Bake again for about ten minutes.

Puff-Paste.—This paste is nearly the same as what we have called flaky crust, and, of course, made upon the same principles. If eggs are desired, allow three yolks to a pound of butter or lard. Rub a fourth part of the fat to a cream, then mix the eggs with it, and afterward the flour. A very little water will suffice to wet it. Beat it with the pin to make it flaky; roll it out thin three times, putting in a portion of the fat each time, and roll it from you; after each rolling beat it well.

Crust for Savory Pies.—To two pounds of flour, one and a half of butter or lard, and the yolks of three eggs; rub part of the fat to a cream with the eggs, then rub in the flour; wet with cold water, and roll out with the remainder of the butter. This crust is suitable for pigeon, rabbit, hare, and other savory pies.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE AND BLACK SILK.—The black skirt is trimmed with alternate ruffles of black and blue silk; and the side, which is of blue silk, with two puffings on each side of the same, and ornamented with black bows without ends. A deep sacque of blue, trimmed around the bottom with ruffles of blue and black silk; it is cut square in the neck, and is fastened down the front with black bows. The coat-sleeve has a deep cuff of black edged with lace. A very small bonnet of black net, with a blue coronet front, ornamented with tea-roses at the side. A short veil falls over the chignon.

FIG. II.—WEDDING-DRESS OF WHITE SILK, trimmed with white gimp on the high waist, and at the bottom of the front of the skirt. The train is formed by three silk flounces, which narrow as they run up the side of the skirt, and are finished by a gimp tassel fringed with white beads. A fan-shaped sash at the back. Half wreath of white myrtle, and very long tulle veil.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF SULTAN-COLORED FOULARD.—The under-skirt is of the same material striped with black, with a broad bias ruffle at the bottom. This skirt is a good deal puffed up in the back; the upper-dress is not plain, gathered up at the sides, and has a plain waist and sleeves. Head-dress of white lace, with two scarlet poppies in front.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE FRENCH MUSLIN OVER PINK SILK.—The skirt is long, and is trimmed with several

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flounces, and is caught up by bows of black velvet. There is a full puff at the back, with a large black bow at the waist. The high waist is trimmed square, with a ruffle.

FIG. V.—HOUSE DRESS OF GREEN AND WHITE STRIPED CHAMBERY GAUZE.—The skirt is cut about half a yard from the bottom, and has a flounce of that depth put on in full pleats. This flounce is ornamented with bows of green ribbon; four bows of ribbon also ornament the sides of the front width of the dress. The body is cut half low in the neck, and worn with a pleated under-body; bows finish the sleeves at the top and wrists.

FIG. VI.—SEA-SIDE DRESS.—The under-skirt is of dark-blue summer poplin, trimmed with three rows of black silk quilling; the upper-dress is of gray poplin, trimmed with one row of black quilling and rosettes, and gathered up at the seams. This skirt is made so as to lengthen or shorten at the pleasure of the wearer. The body and sleeves are of gray poplin. Cape of blue poplin, with a small pointed hood. Chinese-shaped hat, trimmed with blue.

FIG. VII.—SEA-SIDE DRESS OF CRIMSON CASHMERE.—The skirt is trimmed with a ruffle of cashmere put on loosely, a pleated ruffle of crimson silk and a puffing of cashmere; the body and sleeves are plain. The cloak is of gray and white striped summer cloth, is without sleeves, and forms an upper-skirt; it is deep back and front, and is looped up at the sides. It has a Capuchin hood of crimson cashmere, which may be worn over the head at pleasure.

FIG. VIII.—DINNER-DRESS OF WHITE CHAMBERY GAUZE.—The first skirt is made with a long train, and is covered at the top with a tunic *pouf*, edged with a *bouillonne*, and looped up at the sides. The low, square bodice terminates with a sash tied at the back; the sleeves are replaced by an epaulet formed with a double plaiting. Hair powdered and adorned with a satin bow.

FIG. IX.—BLUE SILK DRESS.—The skirt is covered with narrow pinked-out flounces, alternate pink and blue; it is covered with a blue tulle skirt; low bodice, trimmed with several narrow frills of pink and blue silk; sash tied with a large bow at the back. A wreath of pink roses in the hair.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We have but little to add this month to our very full descriptions of fashions for May. All dresses for the street are short, that is, just escaping the ground, not exposing the ankle, as they are sometimes worn. Flounces are generally worn, a great many narrow ones, if there is but one skirt with a casaque or mantle, two or three narrow ones, or one or two breader ones, if two skirts are worn. The sacques, mantles and capes, worn with costumes, are of innumerable patterns, and they can be either of the same material as the dress, or black.

Toilets of grenadine or Chantilly gauze are very becoming for young ladies. They should be trimmed with colored satin, either bias pieces of the material edged with small quilling, or light plisses or ruches made entirely of the satin.

Open skirts, forming a tablier, may be made in tulle or tarlatane. In this case, medium width flounces are placed round the lower-skirt, headed by a ruche or *bouillonne*, and the tunic, which is long, is opened at the sides of the front, and fastened by light wreaths of flowers ending in a bouquet.

Fringe of small pearls or beads of sky color, or with tags and tassels of gold, blue or green flies, bees, and butterflies of prismatic hues, are ornaments fashionable for the trimming of evening-dresses, as well as light, mossy fringe, or blond of all colors embroidered with pearls, gold or silver. We must not omit to mention the little satin bows edged with lace, which are so much worn just now as cravats with morning costume.

SASHES still form an important part in our toilets—it is no longer a more or less wide ribbon, simply tied—it is a series of loops, of rosettes, of lapels without end. The *Cimarpe* sash loops up the skirt into a puff at the back; it is made of wide satin ribbon and consists of a prodigiously large bow, with very short lapels, fringed by unraveling the edge of the satin. The Moorish sash, of wide, gros-grain or satin ribbon, is of splendid colors, and the Persian sash, of magnificent double-faced satin, black on one side, and colored on the other, is embroidered on each lapel with a peacock's feather, so perfectly well imitated in color and relief, that one would think it was a natural feather applied upon the satin.

Some coiffures appear to us less exaggerated than those of the beginning of winter. At any rate, there is a decreasing in the volume of the chignon, rendered more graceful by the long curls of which it is most frequently formed. Ladies begin to perceive that they render themselves really too ugly by overloading their heads with false hair, and well understood coquetry brings them back to the principles of good taste.

BONNETS are as fantastic and varied in shape and trimming as the dresses with which they are worn. Two, which we give in our wood-cuts, are among the newest. The first is the *Butterfly-Bonnet*, made of black lace. A long lace lappet is passed across the top of the head, and crosses below the chin under a black velvet bow. Above the forehead there is a large bow composed of double loops of lace; it is ornamented in the center with the variegated body of a bird of Paradise, the tail of which falls at the back over the chignon. The second is the *Punchon Pouf*, ornamented at the top of the forehead with a bouquet of white feathers, fastened down with a double bow of Persian-lilac velvet. A long, white blond lappet is carried under the bow, partially veils the front hair, and under a lilac velvet bow. The ends of the lappet fall in front of the waist.

We also give two cuts showing how the small mash veil is worn. It will be seen that it is put straight across the front of the hat or bonnet, *not* following the slope of them, and pinned on the chignon with jet hair-pins. Some wear veils of tulle or lace about a yard long, which can either fall back over the chignon, or be brought forward and fall over the face: these veils are attached to the back of the bonnet. For a very dressy occasion, the veil may consist of a wide tulle scarf lowered over the face; it is fastened to the chignon, and forms long flowing ends that fall over the shoulders. When the veil is made of pink tulle, the wearer looks like Aurora herself, enveloped in pink clouds.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED CASHMERE.—The skirt is made very full, so as to lie in deep box-pleats; the jacket is cut in four flaps below the waist, and is trimmed with black velvet. Black velvet rosettes down the front of the skirt. The body has a rolling-collar, trimmed with velvet, and is worn with a white habit-skirt.

FIG. II.—BOY'S DRESS OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH.—The trousers are in the Knickerbocker style. The coat is trimmed with black velvet, and has a black velvet rolling-collar. High white vest.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED FOULARD, trimmed with maroon-colored silk. The skirt has three ruffles bound with maroon silk. It is trimmed with a ruffle of the same, is cut deeper in front and at the back, and fastens at the side of the corsage in a point about the middle.

FIG. IV.—LITTLE CHILD'S DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE.—The cloak is of white cloth, spotted with blue, is lined, scalloped, and bound with blue silk, and has a little round hood, also lined with blue. White hat and blue feather; blue boots.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In our plate of linen, which consists entirely of articles for children's wear, with the exception of the dressing-sacque, will be found very useful hints for mothers. The simple flannel cloak or wrapper we especially recommend, as well as the woolen protector, to be worn at night; the upper pattern shows the article when made, the lower one when on; a button-hole is worked in the corner, and the string passes through it.

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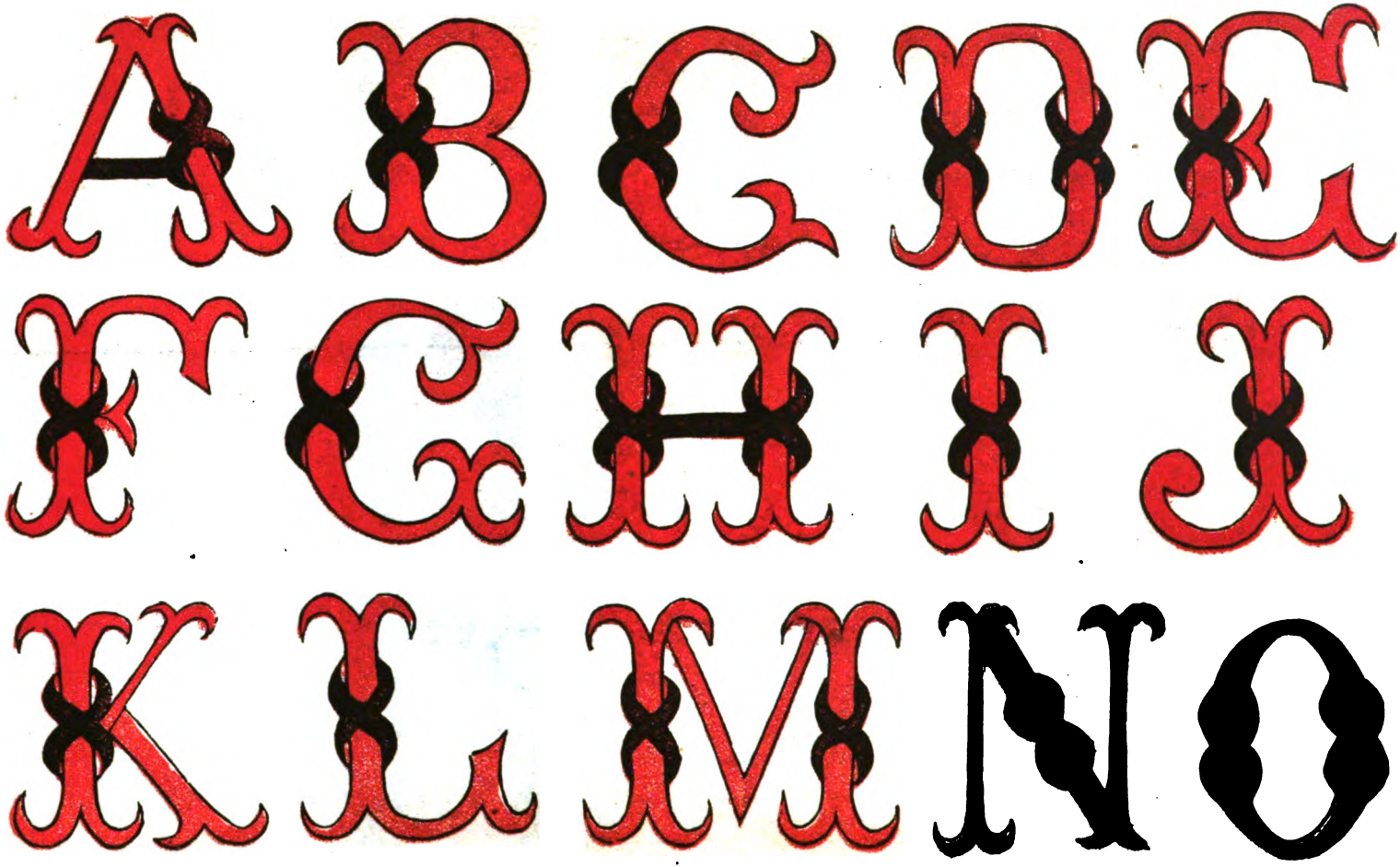

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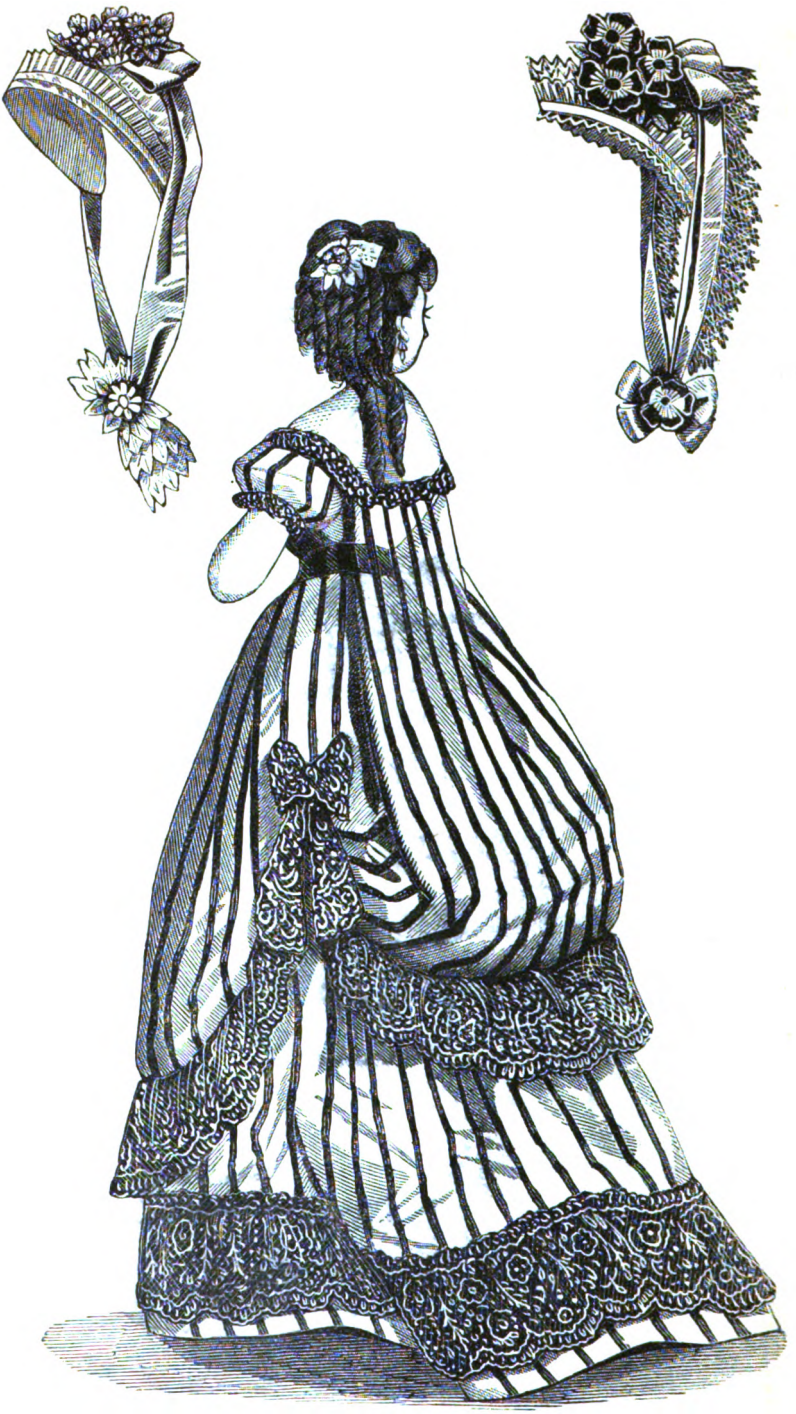

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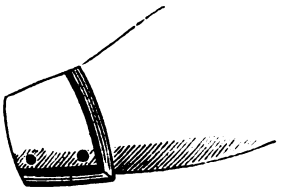

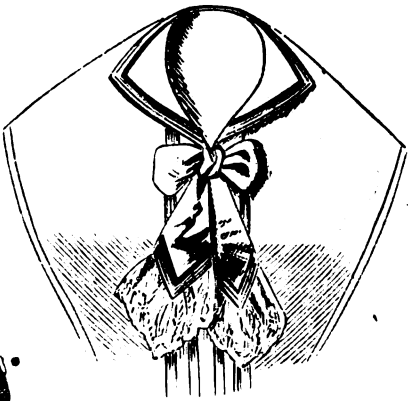

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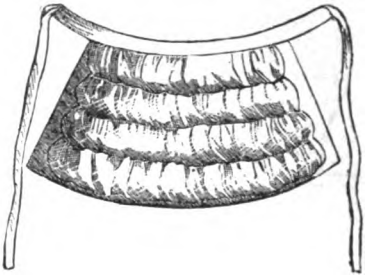

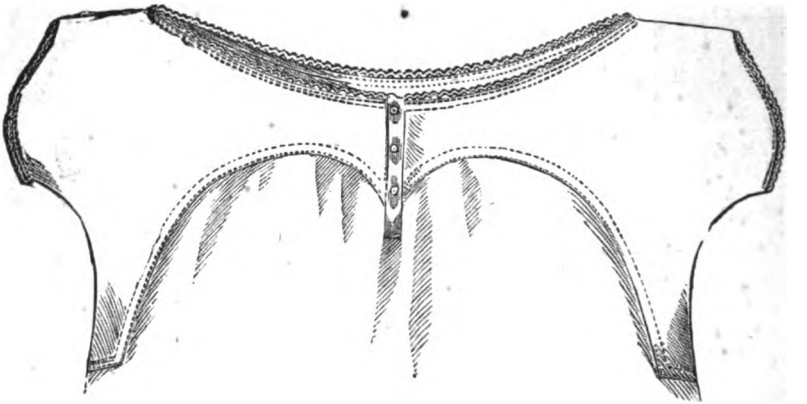

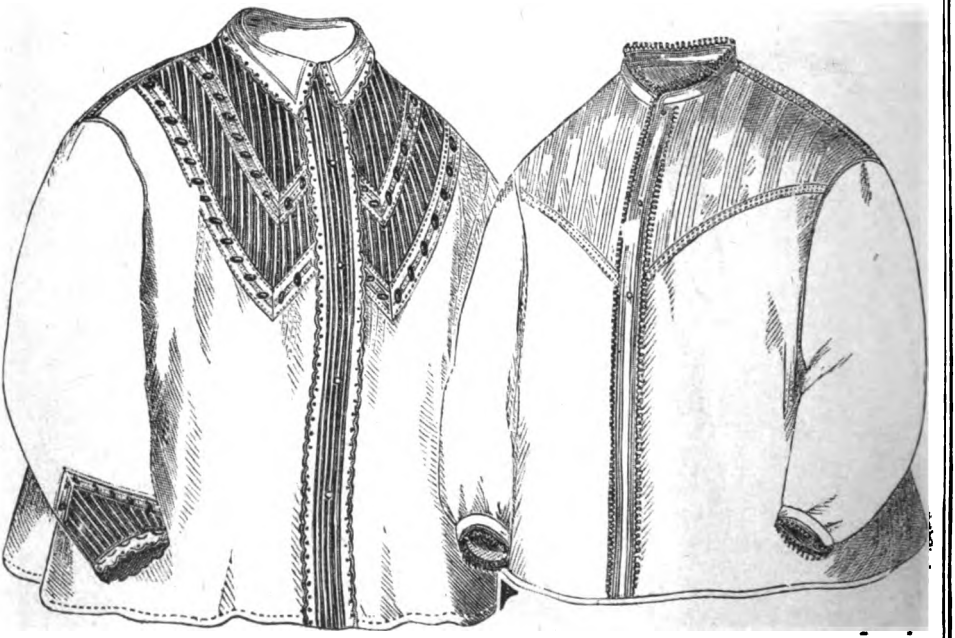

PANNIERS. CHEMISETTES, ETC., ETC.

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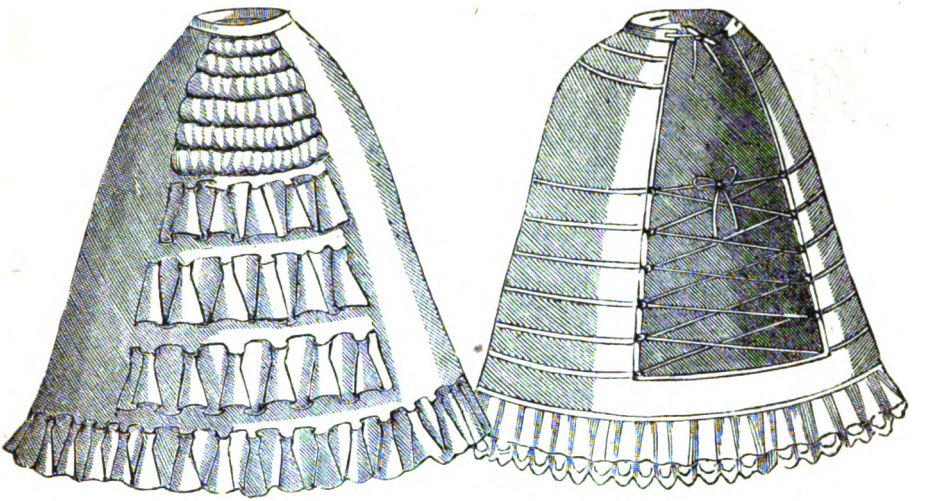

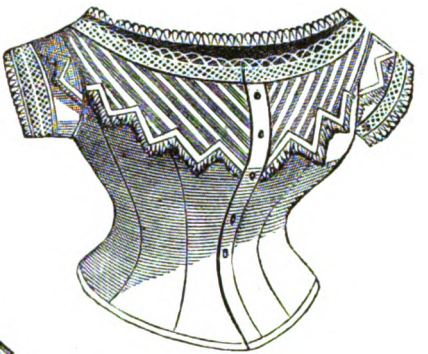

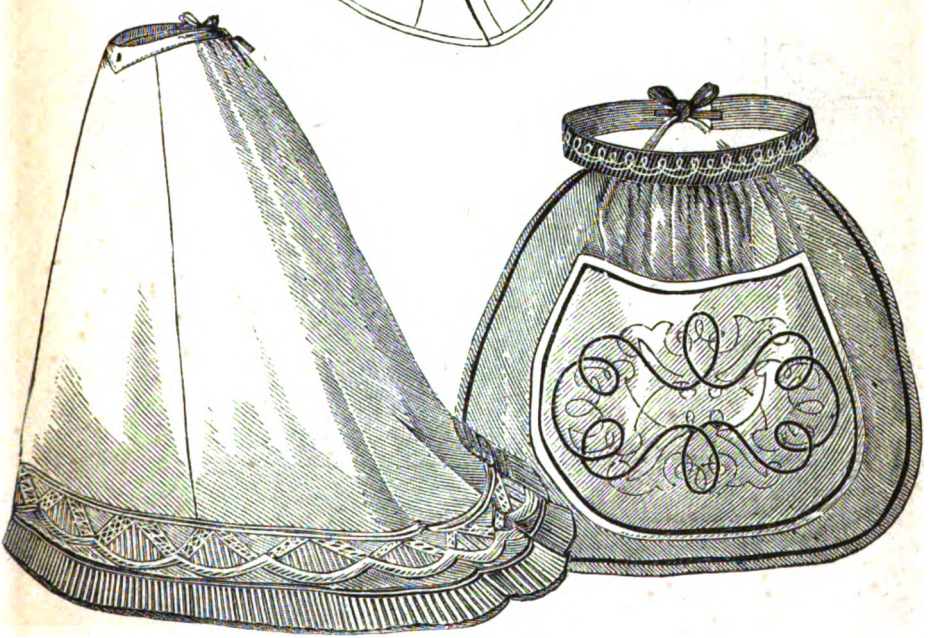

CRINOLINES. SKIRTS. CORSET BODY. APRON.

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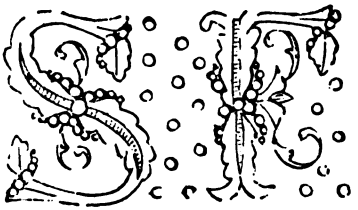

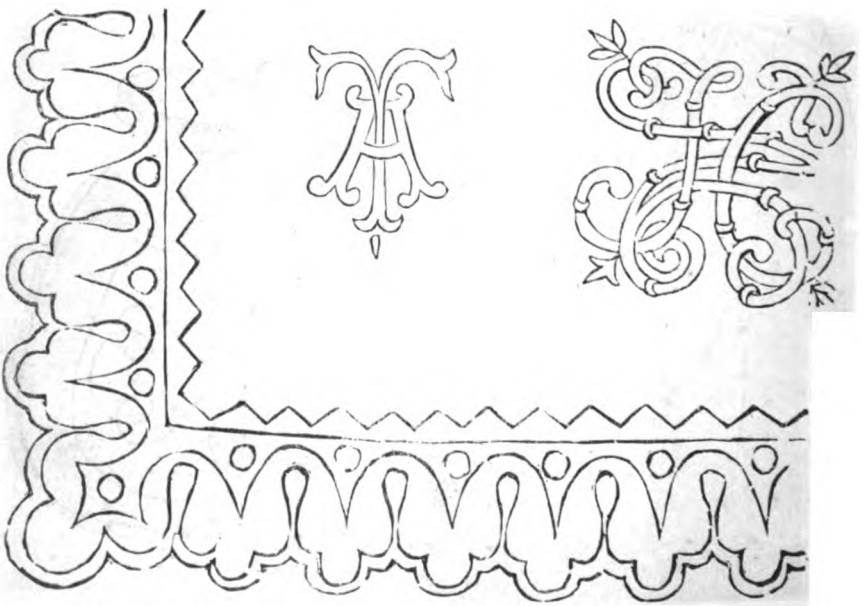

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER. NAME FOR MARKING. MONOGRAMS.

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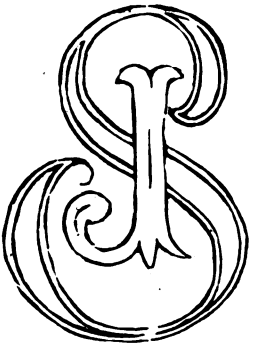

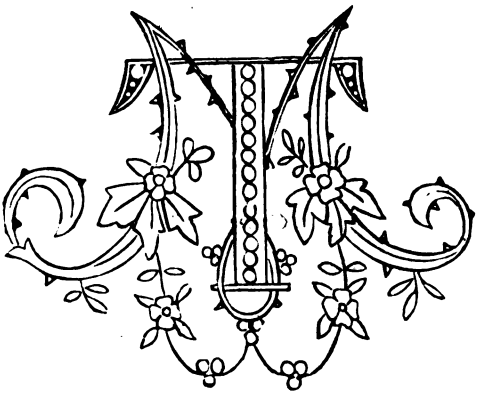

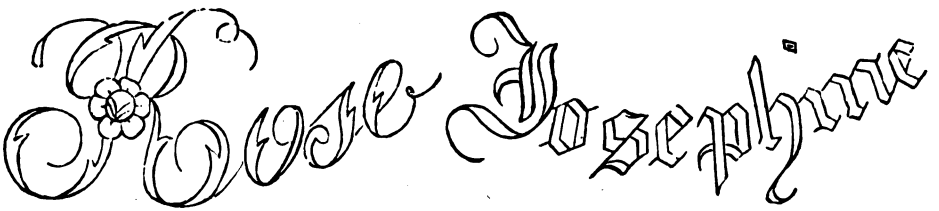

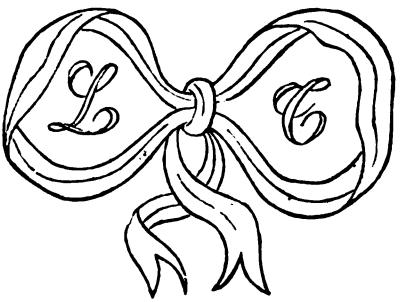

MONOGRAMS. NAMES FOR MARKING. HANDKERCHIEF CORNER. INITIALS.

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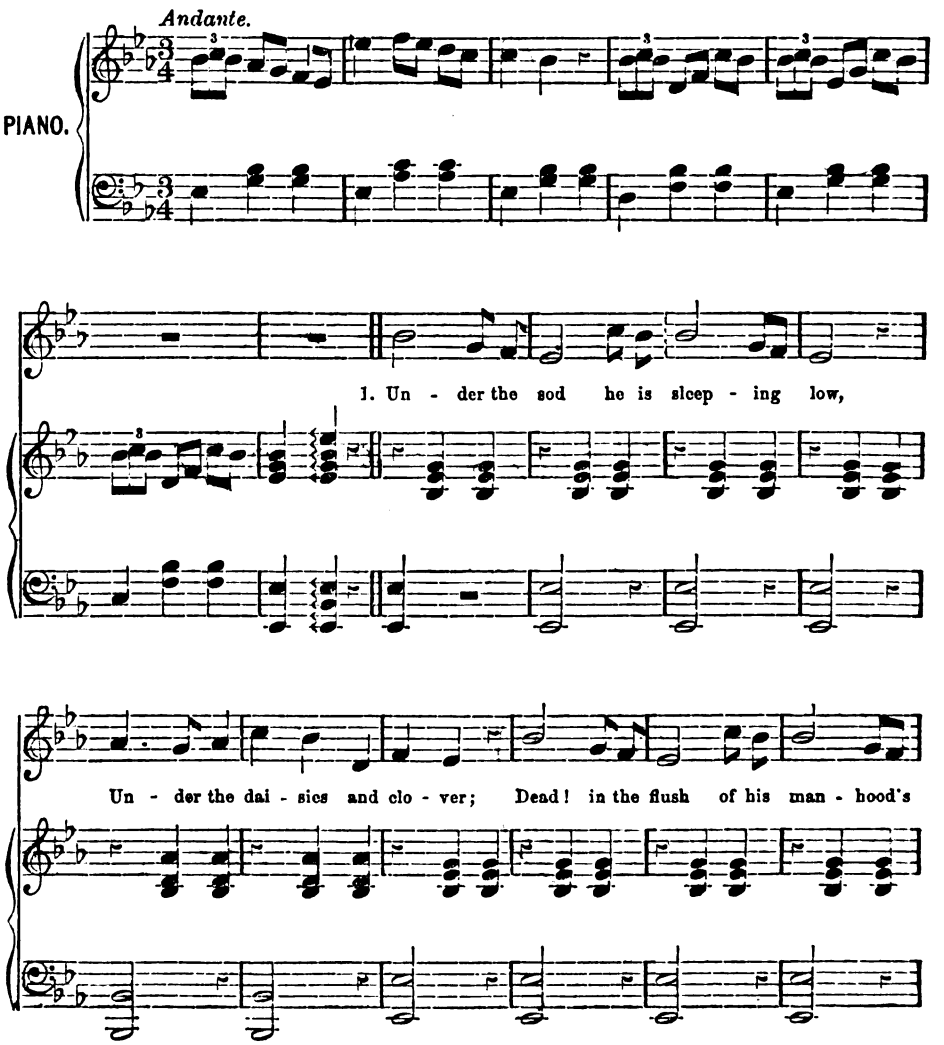
UNDER THE SOD.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.



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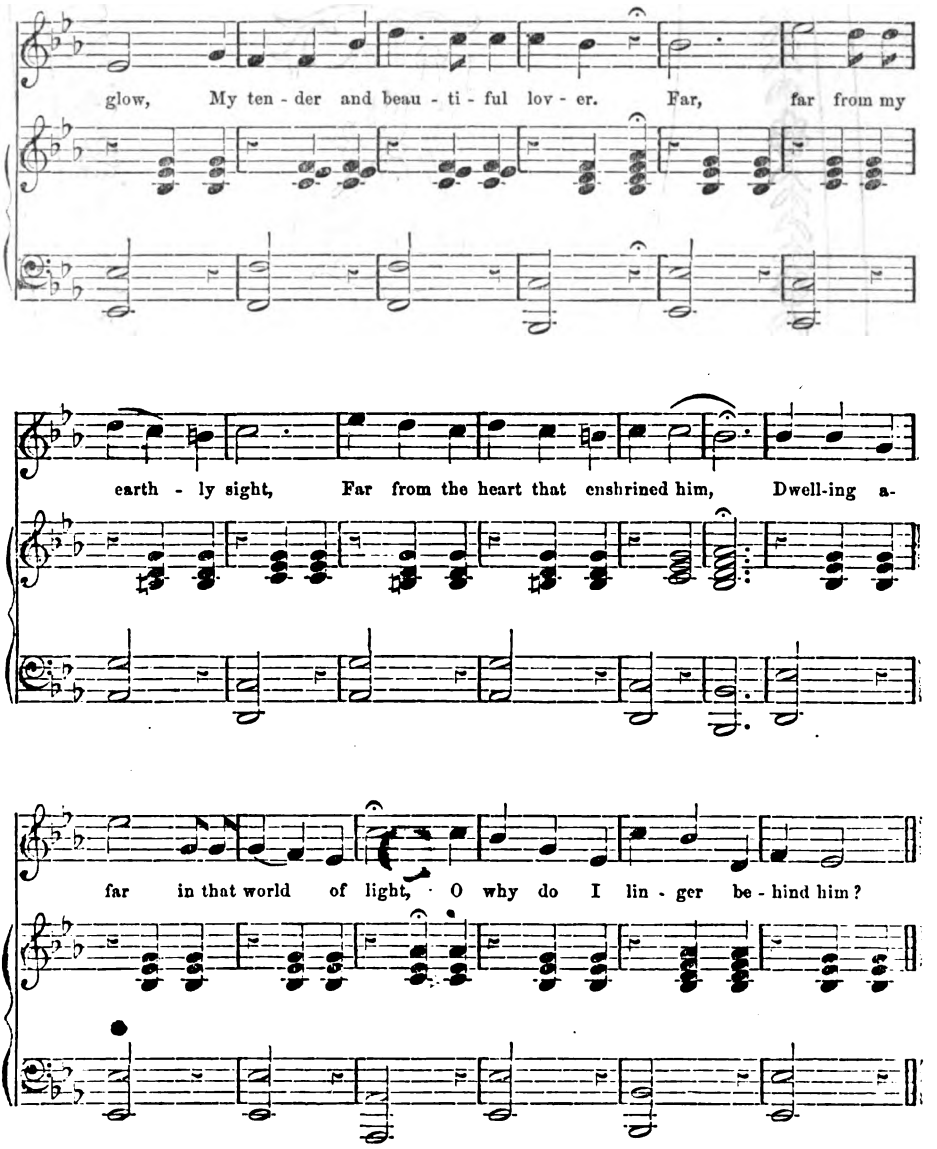

2 Under the daisies my true love lies,
With the pale mould for his pillow;
Quenched is the glow of his love-lit eyes,
And dreamless his rest 'neath the willow.
Fair, fair, with a tender grace,
The daisy and butter-cup lingers,
Decking the sod of this hallow'd place
With tender and delicate fingers.

3 Though the bright sun of his life had set,
When from my presence they bore him,
Still he is living, and loves me yet,
And still in my heart I adore him.
Roll, roll, ye resistless years,
Gather us quickly, pale Reaper;
Safe are they sheltered from earthly fears,
Each dreamless and motionless sleeper.

4 Tender and true was thy heart, my love,
Loyal the troth that we plighted,
Soon we shall meet in the mansions above,
And meeting shall be reunited.
Joy, joy to the wating heart,
Life and its sorrows are over,
Soon I shall clasp thee, no more to part,
My tender and beautiful lover!

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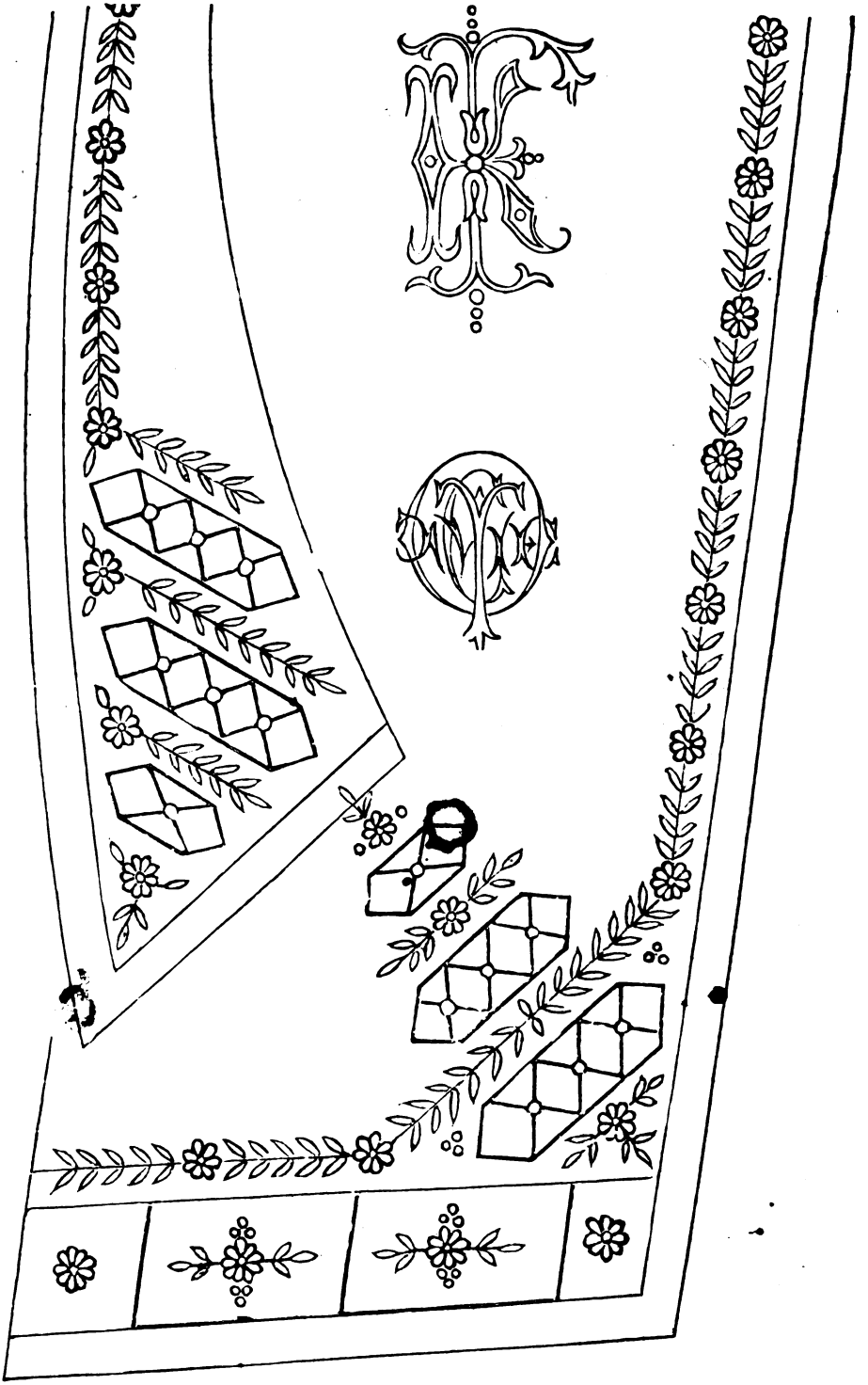

COLLAR AND CUFF. MONOGRAMS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVI. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1869. No. 1.

THE TWENTY-DOLLAR NOTE.

BY HELEN R. THORNTON.

"MY dear, what do you think?" said the wife of the Rev. Mr. Vivian, almost in tears. "Jane, whom we thought so much of, is a thief."

"Impossible, my love," was the answer. "Jane, our chambermaid! Whom we have known so long! Whose probity we have seen tried so often!"

"It seems incredible, I know," replied Mrs. Vivian, excitedly. "But there is no doubt of it——"

"No doubt of it?"

"Yes! You remember giving me, as usual, the marriage fee, after pretty Miss Howard's wedding—don't you?" Her husband nodded. "Well, my dear, I was tired and sleepy, for we came home very late, and instead of locking up the money, as I ought to have done, I pinned it, by one corner, to the pin-cushion on my dressing-table. Yesterday morning, when I came to look for it, it was gone. I have searched everywhere, but cannot find it. Now, nobody had been in the room but ourselves and Jane."

By this time, Mr. Vivian himself began to look almost as serious as his wife.

"You are sure," he said, "that nobody else has been in the chamber?"

"Why, my dear, you know we always keep it locked, and that Jane is the only servant who has a pass-key. No burglar could get in."

"You have looked everywhere?"

"Everywhere. Through all my drawers, in the pocket of the dress I wore, on the floor, under the bed, in every possible place. But it was really not worth while looking, for I am positive I pinned the note to the pin-cushion. When I went to look for it, after breakfast, it was gone. Jane had been doing her chamber-work, as usual, while we were at breakfast, and is the only person who could have stolen it."

"Have you spoken to Jane, yet?"

"No. I thought I would consult you first. Hadn't we better have her trunk searched, secretly? If we let her know she is suspected, she will find some way to hide the note away."

"I am glad you have not spoken to her. It is no little matter to take away a girl's character."

"But the proof, my dear?"

"The proof looks strong, but is not conclusive. Suppose, just suppose, that, after discharging Jane, and so destroying her character, you should discover, some day, that she was innocent. I think I will take a look at the room myself."

"It's really a waste of time, my dear. I have looked everywhere. Still," hesitatingly, "it is but right to give the poor girl every chance."

"I should know the note, if I saw it, anywhere," said Mr. Vivian. "It was a peculiarly marked twenty-dollar greenback, not a national note, but a legal-tender, and stained with ink at one end. The stain attracted my attention particularly. It was as if a thumb, wet with ink, had been laid on the note. The impression was very distinct."

An hour's search, however, only confirmed Mrs. Vivian's story. The note was nowhere to be found. Mr. Vivian had been so thorough in his examination, that he even looked under the lining of his wife's dress. "Sometimes," he had said, "money slips out of a pocket, and gets between the lining and the silk: I knew of a case where a diamond ring was lost, in that way, for weeks." But no note was concealed beneath the lining.

Mr. Vivian desisted at last.

"I cannot believe it," he said. "I will not give up my faith in Jane."

"But who else could have done it? I would not have believed it either. Let us go up stairs and search her room. She is busy in the kitchen and will not know it."

"No, my dear. If we search her room, it is

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due to her to tell her, first, of our intention. Let us do nothing underhanded."

"Then shall I call her?"

"I suppose there is nothing else to be done," said Mr. Vivian, wearily, but as if he only half assented to the proposition.

Mrs. Vivian moved toward the door, but before she had reached it, her husband started to his feet.

"Stop," he said. "I have it."

His whole face had lightened up.

"I have it," he said. "My dear, have you never seen mice about? They generally infest every house."

"Mice!" Mrs. Vivian laughed. "Why, my dear, are you crazy? Mice don't eat twenty-dollar notes."

"But have you ever seen mice in this room?" persisted Mr. Vivian.

"I have heard them, at night, occasionally, but I have never seen them. But what can that have to do with the money?"

"I am certain now. I should have searched everywhere, in any event; but now I feel sure the mice have done it. Don't look so incredulous, my dear. A mouse wouldn't eat a bank-note, she would rather have a bit of cheese, but she might think the note would make a very nice nest for her little ones. We must have the carpets up."

"Oh! Mr. Vivian, what do you mean? Take up the carpets, and have the room to clean again, and everything upside down——"

"My dear, I will begin at the most likely place: by the hearth, say. I will take out the tacks myself, and very carefully: there shall be no dust made, I assure you. Perhaps we will not have to look far."

Mrs. Vivian knew, when her husband spoke in this mild, yet decided manner, that there was nothing to do but to yield gracefully. She went, therefore, to a closet, and brought out the tack-hammer.

Mr. Vivian, clergyman as he was, did not disdain to get on his hands and knees, and begin to draw the tacks. He had loosened the carpet for about a yard, when he cried suddenly,

"Ah! here is a mouse-hole, at any rate."

Mrs. Vivian, by this time, began to catch the infection of his excitement. She leaned over him breathlessly.

"I will feel down the hole," said her husband. "The handle of the hammer is thin, and this iron at the end will catch the note, if it is here. Ha! there's a rustle; gently now. Bless my soul, if this isn't the very note."

Sure enough, there it was! A crisp, twenty-dollar bill, with the ink-stain on one end. A bit of one corner was gone, about a quarter of an inch, but otherwise the note was perfect.

"Mistress Mouse found she could not drag the note to her nest, it was too stiff, it has stuck half-way, she has torn off the end, you see, in her struggles," said Mr. Vivian, rising to his feet and triumphantly holding up and shaking the crisp, rustling note.

Mrs. Vivian burst into tears.

"To think," she said, at last, "that I came so near discharging Jane unjustly. I never again will believe my own eyes."

"My dear," answered Mr. Vivian, "we were both to blame. We ought to have had more faith in Jane. It will teach us, I hope, never to be hasty in forming opinions. Especially should we be careful not to condemn others, without, at least, ample evidence."

THAT JUNE.

BY MARION WINSLOW.

Though cloudy years the glow comes back,
  Of that bright June-day's mellow light;
I watch the sunlight's golden track,
  The happy swallow's Eastward flight.

Around me floats the azure haze,
  The same soft, fleecy, silvery sheen,
That robed those happy, careless days
  Of blue-eyed June and sweet sixteen.

We wandered on, dear—you and I;
  Our light laugh broke the quiet air;
We went, we scarce knew where or why,
  Save that the June-woods were so fair.

Up sunny slopes, through silent glade,
  Along the river's mossy bounds,
Until we reached the woodland shade,
  With all its marvel of sweet sounds.

Oh! humming bee! Oh! singing birds!
  Blue-bells that ring your life away!
Bring back to me the loving words
  That fled with you that Summer day.

Ah, me! A quiet grave-yard lies
  Just where we walked that golden day;
And burning tears from countless eyes,
  Have washed the blue-bells' bloom away.

Yet these a little while doth part;
  From these green mounds sweet hopes are born;
But this sad grave within my heart
  Hath never resurrection-morn.

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A BOARDING-SCHOOL ROMANCE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

MISS DRUMMOND was very much agitated.

So much so, indeed, that she had quite broken the symmetry of the procession on which she prided herself, and advanced hastily from the rear to the middle of the line, dragging by the hand her youngest boarding-pupil, pretty little Minnie Somerville, aged five, whose father died before she was born, whose mother married again, and then died, whose step-father took to himself a second wife; and the poor baby, who now belonged to no one in particular, was consigned to the tender mercies of Miss Drummond, proprietress of Southbrook Seminary.

Dragging this infant with her, and quite unmindful of the lovely calm of a June morning, and the beautiful service in which she had just been engaged, the wary maiden, who had spied danger ahead, made at once for what she considered the weakest portion of her forces, or the portion most liable to attack; gazing, with eyes full of thunder and lightning, at the two daring men-creatures so comfortably propped against a tree, and evidently attitudinizing for the express benefit of these miserable girls—the miserable girls seeming, by some force of attraction, to turn toward them as they walked, very much as heliotropes turn to the sun.

It was quite a picture: the pretty stone-church in the distance, from which Miss Drummond never allowed her flock to emerge until the congregation had all departed; the long, winding walk of elms, clothed with tender June greenness; the "rose-bud garden of girls," two and two, like the animals in Noah's Ark—quite an old rose-bud in front, as old as twenty, who was talking and smiling assiduously to her companion, a stout girl with large feet, and eyes that saw nothing but the two gentlemen; then came a hatchet-faced girl in a huge *sombrero*, and a plain-featured one in a trying turban; and, just about the center, where she made the most show, and attracted the most attention, that dangerous Miss Berks, called by her intimates, "Pansy."

She was one of those girls who are always in the center, place them where you will; and now, as Miss Drummond tried to see her with the eyes of the two young men, the troubled spinster found her most inconveniently lovely, from the bewitching straw hat, with its wreath of pansies and veil of floating gossamer, to the beautifully-slippered foot, which the minx was just lifting the skirt of her white dress to display. She had mistrusted those great, half-closed eyes, that looked for all the world like two soft, dark pansies, as soon as she saw them—they seemed to speak of breakers ahead; but these pretty, stylish girls were very ornamental, and the sum per annum for Miss Berks' tuition was not to be despised.

There was a sort of mystery in her arrival—her coming had evidently been very hurried, and the lady who accompanied her, and called herself her aunt, was so agitated as to seem scarcely conscious of what she was saying. What if the young lady had been turned out to pasture in this quiet New England village, because she had proved quite unmanageable to her friends at home?

The idea was not pleasant to Miss Drummond, as she contemplated the two attractive-looking youths who stared persistently at the fair procession, and seemed to be saying, each in his own mind,

> "Come one, come all! this *tree* shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I!"

Dogs, too! the wretches were, doubtless, staying at the hotel, and, perhaps, meant to make a summer of it.

This was a fine state of things! when she had purposely selected this quietest of all country villages as a desirable field for educational purposes because of its very dullness, in addition to its beauty—Southwood being one of those remarkable places that progress backward instead of forward; and all who came to enjoy the shade of its elms, were regaled with stories of former gayeties when there had been a law-school and a boys' academy in the place, both of which institutions were now defunct. Especially was this hard on Miss Drummond's young ladies, who frequently wished that their sojourn at Southbrook happened thirty or forty years ago.

People in predicaments of all sorts think with the rapidity of drowning men; and those, and many more ideas had ebbed and flowed in Miss Drummond's brain, while she was walking through the avenue of elms as close as possible to Miss Pansy Berks.

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The gentlemen had doffed their straw hats at the first approach of the fair students, and remained bareheaded until they had passed. That silly Martha Hemp, the fat girl with the large feet, must attempt to pat the little curly dog that frolicked around the larger one—an attempt so awkwardly made, that the young men involuntarily smiled; and poor Martha had bread and water for her Sunday dinner as a punishment for her forwardness.

Just once had Miss Drummond noticed a sudden start, and an expression almost of fear on the pretty features of Pansy Berks; beyond this, however, she seemed quite unconscious of the admiring glances directed toward her. The girls in the rear had behaved remarkably well; and a pert Miss of twelve, who tried to copy Miss Drummond, and was disliked by the school accordingly, even tossed her head and frowned severely as she passed the strangers.

"That girl," thought the troubled preceptress, as Pansy came to the dinner-table in the same white dress, and a very becoming shade of paleness on her rounded cheek, "is entirely too pretty; I wish I had known a little more about her before I received her. I must watch her sharply."

Miss Drummond had cleared her throat, and almost uttered her usual form of address, "Young ladies," when, hastily recollecting that it might be better to ignore the subject altogether, she skillfully turned her intended speech into something else.

The pretty ones, who had immediately appropriated the lawless glances that so troubled the worthy spinster, indulged in stifled laughter at the failure of their threatened lecture; while the plain ones were quite disappointed that their trifling companions had escaped so easily.

At their afternoon siesta, there were such snatches of conversation as,

"Elegant, I think!"

"Which one, the shorter?"

"No; the one that smiled so saucily."

"Splendid eyes!"

"So aristocratic!"

"Which is it to be, Pansy?"

"Do hush! there's one of the teachers!"

"That horrid child!"

"Old drum," etc., etc.

All this went on in one of the rooms, where three or four rose-buds, doffing their dresses, had tumbled upon the beds to "have a good time."

Miss Drummond may have suspected something of this, but you cannot hang a person on suspicion; and she preferred taking her own nap to wandering about the corridors on an investigating tour. She had, moreover, the comfortable conviction, based upon her experience in the article of girls, that, if not engaged in this particular manner, they were doing something equally objectionable.

The next morning, Miss Drummond received a fresh shock.

Two cards were brought to her in the schoolroom, with the announcement that two gentlemen awaited her appearance in the parlor. The shock, however, did not come until she stood face to face with the visitors; for, expecting to see respectable fathers of families, who had called with a view to placing their daughters in her care, she had arranged her mouth in "prunes and prism" shape, and entered, with a dignified inclination of her head, to encounter the two worthies who had so boldly regarded her flock the day before.

The cards bore the names of "Frederick Willmore," and "Clifford Willmore, Jr.," brothers, she presumed, (Miss Drummond was fond of "presuming,") and she wondered for which of her lambs they had come to make overtures—such unmitigated brass was equal to anything.

It was plainly written in the lady's face that she recognized her visitors, and that her voice was still for war; the elder of the two gentlemen, Mr. Frederick Willmore, therefore, took it upon himself to smooth her ruffled plumes as soon as possible.

"I hope," said he, with great suavity of manner, and a becoming diffidence in the presence of so superior a person, "that Miss Drummond will not consider our visit premature, nor intrusive, when I have explained its object. I think I have not been misinformed, madam, that you are a devoted worshiper at the shrine of science?"

Miss Drummond looked very hard at the speaker; his phraseology was agreeable to her ear, for science was her speciality, a hobby that she rode to the verge of madness, and she had even been complimented with the *soubriquet* of "the Drummond light;" but she had not expected any allusion of this sort from such a quarter, and, therefore, she looked very hard, indeed, at the gentleman, who seemed to regard her with a mixture of admiration, respect, and diffidence.

He was not at all disagreeable to look at; and although only twenty-three, a slightly bald spot on the top of his head, and an expression of quiet gravity, added at least ten years to his age, and quite destroyed all suspicion of flightiness. His companion was evidently younger,

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with a bright, laughing face, and a very manly figure.

Mr. Frederick Willmore informed the lady that they were uncle and nephew; that their object was science, which took the form of chemical lectures and experiments—the nephew was a most useful assistant, and had made some remarkable experiments of his own; and it rested entirely with Miss Drummond whether, for a consideration, uncle and nephew should give her flock the benefit of a scientific lecture.

Miss Drummond listened and considered. Chemicals, with horrid, pale-blue lights, that make every one look livid and dreadful; snapping explosions, and all sorts of sudden and unexpected sputterings and noises, were very dear to her heart—a chance like this had not offered before, and might not offer again; the men were perfectly civil on a near approach—and before the interview was concluded, a lecture had been arranged for that very evening. There was no difficulty about terms; the gentlemen mentioned a reasonable sum, and Miss Drummond, who believed that the imparting of knowledge, as a general thing, was very badly paid, made no attempt at a reduction.

The visitors took a respectful leave, with a promise of punctuality, and grateful thanks for Miss Drummond's patronage.

As soon as it was convenient to say it, the younger gentleman remarked, "You didn't think it necessary, uncle Fred, to offer the old lady a sample of my cologne? or to inform her of the horribly-burned finger I got with that rosin? I have 'made some remarkable experiments,' haven't I?".

Uncle and nephew laughed together at various recollections of this sort; but the former suddenly grew gave, as he said,

"I only hope that I may not blow the whole concern up, to-night! I shouldn't like that, especially with Heart's-ease in the case."

Master Clifford looked unutterable things at the bare suggestion; but when they returned to their quarters, and rummaged their stores of bottles and powders, the evening arrangements afforded such amusement, that the landlord stole up once or twice to investigate the meaning of the explosive "ha! has!" that reached them below, but stole back again without being any the wiser.

When school was over, Miss Drummond unfolded to her pupils the entertainment in store for them that evening; but took good care not to inform them that the gentlemen they had encountered the day before were to be the lecturers.

The result was a general commotion.

Excitement was so scarce at Southbrook Seminary, that anything like a break in the monotony was hailed with rapture. The men were, probably, fossil remains—such men always were—but, nevertheless, they were better than nothing; and it was perfectly delightful to have something to dress up for. A few timid ones had a horror of the explosions, and threatened to run away if there was electricity; but when the servant-maid, who was questioned, gave a highly-colored report of the gentlemen's appearance, their fears were quite forgotten in the general ecstasy.

"Think of it, girls! those magnificent individuals, whom we admired so yesterday, condescending to go about lecturing! I really believe they are humbugs of some sort—perhaps princes in disguise, come to carry the choicest of us off. You needn't flame up so, Pansy Berks, just as if it could be you! But what have you been doing to yourself, to-night? I declare, you are lovelier than ever—isn't that scandalous, girls? Just look at her!"

And holding her off at arms' length, the mischievous girl enjoyed the flush that overspread Pansy's peach-blow cheeks, contrasting so prettily with the golden hair; that a single knot of lilac ribbon set off to great advantage.

"What business have you with black eyes and golden hair, I should like to know?" continued the rattlebrain. "You've appropriated the charms intended for at least half a dozen of us, and should be indicted for the crime. Pay a fine, you selfish girl! of at least one kiss apiece."

All rushed at her in a sort of tempest of admiration; and Pansy's cheeks burned; and she laughed nervously at the strangling embraces that were showered upon her. She seemed strangely excited that evening.

Then drawers were tumbled out, and trunks overhauled; and heads were tied up with ribbons in a marvelous fashion, as though the owners feared they might come apart. There was a perfect buzz of, "How do I look?" "Isn't that sweet?" "Perfectly lovely!" "What a fright!"

"Young ladies, not so much trifling. Dressing hair should not be the business of life." This was Miss Drummond's voice speaking through the ventilator.

"Easy to talk, when she has just one hair behind, and one at each side! Can't take her long," answered some sauce-box's voice in the dormitory.

Her companions giggled, after the fashion of school-girls generally, and braided, and frizzed,

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and crimped—and finally descended, quite a charming bevy, with the "queen rose," that happened to be a Pansy, in their midst.

The school-room is illuminated; and the youthful-looking lecturers, bowing profoundly, advance to the platform usually occupied by Miss Drummond, and display quite a formidable show of apparatus. A becoming expression of gravity sits upon their faces; and after a short pause, Mr. Frederick Willmore takes the lead, and begins to handle his subject in a very interesting manner.

His hearers wonder that they ever thought chemistry dull; but when he mentions the astounding fact that "A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailfuls of water"—Miss Drummond glances triumphantly around, as though she would say, "Do you hear that? Is it a rational proceeding for a woman to break her heart for forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, and five and a half pails of water?"

There were the usual experiments—the rapid pouring of one glass of liquid into another; powder thrown into flames, queer blue lights, sputterings and explosions; little shrieks from the audience, and queer shadows on their faces—Miss Drummond, in particular, assuming a pleasing aspect, not unlike the Witch of Endor; when suddenly there came total darkness, and a general consternation.

"Do not move, if you please," said the lecturer's voice with perfect coolness, "this will be of short duration, and is necessary to produce a particular effect."

At the same moment, Pansy Berks felt something tightly pressed in her hand; and, shaking all over, she quickly transferred the paper to her pocket.

The lights reappeared by degrees, and with them a queer figure that frightened the timid ones nearly out of their wits. It was difficult to decide what it was composed of, but flame seemed to emanate from it; and seen at first, in total darkness, the effect was quite startling.

Miss Drummond graciously expressed herself pleased with the lecture; and even invited the gentlemen to favor them with a second one. At first they seemed unwilling; but after a little consultation between themselves, they promised a course of varied experiments for the next week, and left their audience in a state of pleasant excitement.

The girls were all raving about the younger Mr. Willmore, the one who didn't speak, but helped with the experiments. He was certainly very handsome; and there was so much in his face, it was difficult to realize that he was only a boy of eighteen. A great, six-foot fellow, too, with shoulders that looked capable of bearing the world—and such a smile!

"How he did look at you, Pansy!" exclaimed her rattlebrain friend. "I don't believe there's a mite of a chance for any of us!"

Pansy stooped suddenly for something that she had not dropped; her complexion was undergoing as many changes as the chemical lights. The girls thought her a little queer in the matter of the handsome strangers; and it began to be whispered about that she must be engaged.

The next day, Miss Drummond's procession was out for a walk, and came close upon the lecturers; so close, in fact, that Miss Berks' veil was blown in the face of one of them, who restored it to her own fair hands with a grateful bow, as though she had done him the greatest possible favor.

Miss Drummond tried to lecture the young lady for not managing her veil properly—she had not seen something suspiciously like a letter, that went with the veil; but it seemed so absurd a cause of complaint, that she made very little of it.

The second lecture came off at the appointed time, and was attended by another eclipse of kerosene. Again, Miss Berks felt a rustling, something slipped into her hand; and again, she put it away for future reference.

And one fine morning, [illegible]g, after, Miss Pansy was not to be fou[illegible] had "folded her tent like the Arabs," [illegible]ded in darkness away. Miss Drummon[illegible]ived a note in a masculine hand, which rea[illegible] follows:

"Honored Madam—I have only taken what legally belonged to me; and at some future time Mrs. Clifford Willmore will make all necessary explanations. Your obe[illegible] servant,

"C. Willmore."

When Miss Drummond had read this over three times, she began to realize that an elopement had taken place, and that those dangerous-looking black eyes had justified all her fears.

Such a scene of excitement as followed this discovery! Scholars and servants were severely interrogated; but Miss Berks had taken no one into her confidence, and none could throw the least light upon her movements. There had been a halo of romance about her from the very first, but this last chapter quite reached the climax—if they only knew which of the two she had run away with!

In a very aristocratic suburb of a large city,

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there was a particularly aristocratic street, or "lane," as everything was called there, where nobody who had anything to do with buying and selling ever presumed to establish themselves.

The grandest of all the "places" on this exclusive lane was owned and occupied by Mr. Willmore—father to Clifford, and brother to Mr. Frederick Willmore. It was a beautiful home—picturesque, solid, and comfortable; and wealth and taste had gone hand-in-hand in the designing of the house and laying out of the grounds.

Next door, which was a few squares off, a very pretty cottage, that did not aspire to be a "place," was the residence of Miss Lingle, a single lady of comfortable means, whose solitude was enlivened by a very pretty little niece, with black eyes that made sad havoc with the susceptible hearts of all the boys in the neighborhood. They had comical ways of showing their admiration: such as prowling around the lane in bodies of four or six, watching, at night, for Miss Pansy's shadow on the window-blind; and bestowing gratuities of from ten cents upward on an old colored man who did Miss Lingle's garden chores, for any bits of information respecting the whereabouts or occupations of "the young Missus."

This gang of admirers seemed to take comfort in perching themselves on the fence of an opposite lot, watching the in-goings and outgoings at the cottage, much to Pansy's amusement, who was not at all disturbed by their proceedings, and was quite content to remain a child as long as her aunt desired.

Clifford Willmore, who was at the head of this youthful band, considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having the good-will of Miss Lingle, and being permitted to go in and out at the cottage very much as he pleased. Not a few airs of superiority did he assume on the strength of this; and he had informed his rivals in confidence that, as soon as Miss Pansy was seventeen, he intended to speak to her aunt. They took this very good-naturedly, without abating their own admiration in the least, and looked up to Clifford with equal pride and affection.

He was certainly a remarkable boy, and more manly at fourteen than many men. Those dark-gray eyes of his would flash and glitter with noble anger, or melt with the softest love-glances; and his face was a perfect kaleidoscope of expression. While plunging with the greatest vim into all sorts of boys' sports, he was no less devoted to study; and his course of reading was quite different from that pursued by boys generally. As he was the only child of wealthy parents, who looked upon him as a perfect prodigy, Master Clifford had his library, and his laboratory, and his printing-press, and whatever else his princeship might happen to consider necessary to his happiness.

He was not a bit spoiled, however, but was quite as unselfish and pleasant-tempered as though he had been one of ten sons. His uncle, who was only four years his senior, was an excellent substitute for a brother; and when at home from college, succeeded in making the great house very lively.

Mr. Frederick Willmore did not wonder at the boys' admiration for little Miss Heart's-ease, as he called her; and declared that, if they had left him the ghost of a chance, he should certainly go in and try it. He was quite a venerable being, however, in Pansy's eyes; and if that small damsel had been conscious of possessing a heart, she would certainly have bestowed it upon his nephew.

This same nephew had ventured to present his lady-love and her aunt with two bottles of cologne of his own manufacture, of which Miss Lingle kindly said that she had seen worse, and Pansy pronounced it "lovely." Clifford's scientific experiments, however, were pursued under difficulties; and burned fingers, and face, and threatened eyes, frequently testified that his enthusiasm exceeded his knowledge.

He seemed to flourish, in spite of these misadventures; and the years sped on and brought him to his eighteenth birthday, and Pansy to her sixteenth. They both came on the same day: and Miss Lingle gave a very pleasant little party to celebrate the double event.

It was certainly Clifford's duty to be very happy on this auspicious occasion, when good wishes were showered upon him as thickly as nuts in autumn; but he was not happy, and the party seemed to him just the stupidest gathering he had ever attended. A scowl and a smile struggled together on his handsome face whenever he caught sight of his divinity; for Pansy seemed to have suddenly blossomed into full beauty, and floated about like a lovely flower, bestowing pleasant smiles and words upon several brainless whiskerandoes from the city, whom Clifford longed to shake out of their patent-leather boots.

He caught the young lady somewhere in a vestibule, as she was on the wing, and proceeded to administer quite a scolding for her want of devotion to himself. It was a most eloquent, and rather a novel, outbreak; but Miss Pansy, instead of "owning her faults, her

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evil behavior," tossed her little golden head, and laughed at him!

He was quite beside himself with anger and jealousy, and resolved to establish a claim as soon as possible to have and to hold this wayward young maiden.

Perhaps, as Miss Lingle sat in the shadow of her red damask curtains, the next afternoon, and listened to the boyish eloquence poured into her ears on behalf of her little niece, her thoughts may have drifted back through the years to some sunny day in the past, when lover's words were uttered not for another, but for herself. Perhaps this gave a tremor to her voice as she answered the boy kindly, bidding him say nothing of the kind to Pansy, who was quite too young yet to listen to love-making—but to wait patiently for a year or two; and then, if Pansy were willing, and his parents gave their consent, why they might think of it.

Miss Lingle knew that, in a worldly point of view, this would be a most desirable match for her little girl, and this very consciousness made her all the more cautious. Perhaps she felt an excess of delicacy on the subject; but she was resolved that neither parents nor neighbors should be able to say that she had tried to secure the heir of the Willmores for Pansy.

Clifford fumed and fretted over fancied slights from Pansy, and plagued Miss Lingle and himself whenever he had a chance; and finally, he took a severe cold by plunging into the river to rescue a small boy of depraved instincts, whose drowning would have been a blessing to his family, and the world at large. Violent fever soon set in; the great house was still and darkened; and the bright, boy-face was seen no more in his accustomed haunts.

Miss Lingle was kind and neighborly, and much troubled about her favorite; while Pansy, in a shy way, felt dreadfully for Clifford. It seemed so unnatural that he should be sick and helpless; but in a startingly short time word came to Miss Lingle that Mr. Willmore's heir was dying, and she was requested to bring her niece at once to the house.

The poor child was white with terror, as they entered the sick-room; and there sat Clifford, propped up in bed, looking so wan and ghastly, and his great eyes seeking hers with such a hungry look. The fever had subsided; but the physicians said he was dying, and the only thing now was to give him all he wanted, and let him die in peace.

What the young gentleman pleased to want, at this unseasonable hour, was nothing less than the hand of Miss Pansy Berks. He had raved about it in his delirium; he could die happily, he said, if Pansy were only his wife for a few minutes; and his obedient parents, who would have made an attempt to get him the moon, if he had asked for it, immediately took measures to gratify this more reasonable desire.

Miss Lingle was astonished beyond measure at Mr. Willmore's urgent request that the marriage-ceremony should immediately be performed between the children.

"It can do no harm," said he, without giving her time to remonstrate; "a clergyman will come from town on the shortest notice, and the knowledge that any such ceremony has taken place can be strictly confined to those immediately engaged in it. It need never be known that the young lady is a widow; but I shall provide for her as I would for my own daughter; and the boy has so short a time to live, that it would be cruel to refuse him."

Mrs. Willmore added her tears and entreaties; Pansy was too frightened and sorrow-stricken to offer any objection; and before evening, the boy and girl were pronounced "man and wife."

When Pansy, in obedience to that faint voice, pressed a good-night kiss on Clifford's brow, she never expected to see him again; and tormented with the recollection of various little girlish naughtinesses, in which she had lately indulged, she spent most of the night in crying and bewailing her sins.

But Clifford was alive the next morning, and the next, and the next after that; his hurried nuptials seemed to have had a favorable effect upon him; and, much to every one's astonishment, he was soon pronounced out of danger.

Poor Miss Lingle! her feelings were quite indescribable in this perplexing dilemma: and when she fairly realized that the ungrateful youth was evidently determined to live, after all the trouble that had been taken to insure him a comfortable departure, she pounced upon Pansy in a state of distraction, and consigned her at once to boarding-school as the nearest approach to a Protestant convent.

Dreadful! she thought, to contemplate two infants, aged respectively sixteen and eighteen, actually presuming to call themselves married! (as they undoubtedly were) and dreadful to think of anything like coldness from Mr. and Mrs. Willmore, who, perhaps, would never have countenanced their son's fancy, except in expectation of his speedy death.

So, Pansy, very much bewildered at the turn affairs had taken, was hurried off with great privacy to Southbrook Seminary; and with a

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very indistinct idea of what ought to be done under the circumstances.

When the youthful bridegroom was made fully aware that he could not be permitted to see his wife, nor to hear from her, or even to know where she was, he was seized with a fit of virtuous indignation.

Mr. and Mrs. Willmore deeply regretted their haste; not that they had any objection to Pansy in herself—but who wanted a son married at eighteen? They quite approved Miss Lingle's course; and poor Clifford found that lady inexorable.

At this juncture uncle Fred returned from college, "for good and all," and deeply sympathized with his injured nephew. The two had many confidential discussions, and got up various ingenious schemes for the discovery of Miss Pansy's whereabouts. Their efforts, however, were constantly crowned with failure, until one day the old colored man was waylaid with a letter for Miss Pansy Berks, Southbrook Seminary, Southbrook, Conn.

Master Clifford was seized with a sudden desire for traveling, which was hailed by his bewildered parents as a favorable sign; and they immediately prepared the troublesome youth for departure, and generously provided him with no end of comforts and spending-money.

Frederick Willmore was quite ready to accompany him—and the two started for the Lakes, but managed to do them up in an incredibly short time, and then switched off to the New England village.

Their plan was a very ingenious one, and their joint fondness for chemistry enabled them to carry it through without blundering. They were astonished at their own success in obtaining an entrance so easily into Miss Drummond's stronghold; and the letter placed in Pansy's hand, in that moment of darkness, was too moving an epistle to be disregarded.

It urged upon the young bride the propriety of transferring herself without delay from Miss Drummond's protection to her husband's; and the writer strongly hinted at his determination, in case of her refusal, to catch another fever, and die in earnest.

Pansy was terribly frightened; but she loved Clifford, and she had an idea that, somehow, wives were expected to do as their husbands told them. She didn't really know whether she was married or not; but Clifford and his uncle declared that she was—and it was certainly rather a queer thing to keep a married lady at boarding-school. It couldn't be exactly wicked to run away with one's own husband.

A very dainty, timid little note was lodged in Mr. Frederick Willmore's hands while Pansy disentangled her veil; but the note expressed, though in somewhat obscure language, that "Barks was willin';" and Clifford threw his hat in the air in a perfect gale of delight. This unusual style of doing things was quite exhilarating—ten times better than being married quietly and respectably; and the two arch-conspirators laid their heads together again on the grand subject of getting Pansy off.

This was all arranged before the next lecture; and the second billet directed the trembling damsel just what to do. Pansy did it; and found herself at midnight whirling rapidly off beside Clifford to the train that was to take her straight back to her astonished aunt and parents-in-law.

It wasn't just pleasant, at first, for the seniors to find that their nicely-laid little plan had been defeated; but Pansy cried, and Mr. Willmore, Senior, had her in his arms before he knew it, and Clifford and his mother came together by the force of mutual attraction—and the two headstrong children were kissed and forgiven.

Miss Drummond had almost resolved to receive no more pretty pupils, and quite resolved to admit no man upon the premises, come in what guise he would, when a very sweet, explanatory letter from the anathematized Miss Berks, mollified her ruffled feelings. She even went so far, in her address to the "young ladies," as to say that, although she must condemn running-away of all kinds as generally prejudicial to the well-being of society, there might be extenuating circumstances in the case of a bride running away with her husband.

FAIR AND FALSE.

BY FANCY WILD.

Bright as the diamonds are,
Is her eye of the softest blue;
She shines as a beaming star,
But her love and heart are untrue.

And her words, though soft as the skies
Of the fairest of Summer days,
Are only deception and lies,
That leads the fond heart astray.

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BY THE SEA.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was the dullest of dull November days, and Grafton Warner moodily paced up and down the long veranda, and looked out toward the sandy beach; between him and it the South Bay lying turbid and dark under the solemn sky; beyond, glimpses of the white surf dashing up from the sea with a hoarse murmur, as if the waters were discontented as most human things.

It was down on the sandy shore of Long Island, Grafton had joined a party of fellows for a week's shooting of ducks and yellow legs, with even a promise of wild geese; but he had been there several days, and so far the expedition had proved a failure. His companions were not among his intimates, nor did he sympathize much with them, except in the matter of sport. They lived for business or their professions, and knew scarcely more about a life such as Grafton had led, than if they had been cowled monks in a cloister.

It was sober old Richard Roylston, who had persuaded Warner to join them. He liked Grafton from boyish associations, and, perhaps, had more influence over him than anybody else. He had known of a scrape Warner was getting himself into, just from idleness and general recklessness, and so had coaxed him to leave town. The other men wondered among themselves why Roylston had brought him, and regarded the elegant dandy as a rather sulky, tiresome individual.

Not that Grafton was in the slightest degree effeminate; a good shot, capital gymnast, amusing and witty when he chose, but thoroughly spoiled. He was completely the creature of impulse, and it was a mere chance whether a good or bad one was uppermost. Honorable where men were concerned, utterly faithless with women; more imagination than heart, which, of course, led him always to suppose that he was in earnest; idle, rich, handsome—you can understand that he must have made his fair share of trouble during the twenty-eight or thirty years that he had walked this mortal vale!

Suddenly the ill-shaped, creaking old stage came round the turn of the road and jolted in at the open gates. Grafton looked out through the cloud of smoke he was just puffing from his great meerschaum—his storm-pipe, as it was called by those who knew his moods—and catching sight of two women, mentally anathemathized them as a pair of cats.

Up came the old rattletrap to the steps, and Grafton could do no less than move forward and open the door.

"Why, Mr. Warner!" exclaimed a voice.

Grafton looked. An elderly feminine face, decorated with puffs of gray hair, was staring into his, and he recognized old Mrs. Annesly, whom he had not seen for the last three years.

He knew what was coming, or, rather who—her niece, whom he had not met for the same length of time; whom he had left a girl of eighteen, loving him with all the romance and poetry of that age, and whom he had devoutly hoped not to see again, for his conscience had never been quite at ease where she was concerned.

He had gone further than mere flirtation with her; had actually been engaged; but he could not trust himself so far as marriage. Moreover, he was so circumstanced at the time that such a step would have left him unpleasantly situated in another quarter, and Grafton had a horror of scenes, like all selfish people.

So he had left Maud Annesly; had told her that fate parted them, and all that pretty nonsense which men talk when they want to break a vow—and she had let him go. She had let him go; but he knew that he had broken her heart, and no memory had ever so mournfully haunted him as the misery in her eyes, the despair in her voice, when she acquiesced in his wish. He remembered how, in her anguish, she had so far forgotten her woman's place as to tell him that she would wait—months, years, patiently, believing him if only he could say that he would return. Then her humiliation, when she found that she had shamed herself in vain; the scorn, the wounded pride for herself, not for him, she had faith in him—yes, it was not pleasant to remember.

And here she was again! What a diabolical chance! Would she faint—make a scene? All these recollections, followed by the last selfish thoughts, flashed like lightning through his mind, while he was helping Mrs. Annesly to emerge from the old cart, and get up the steps.

He turned, but before he could reach the carriage-door, out stepped the younger lady,

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flung back her heavy traveling-veil, extended a daintily-gloved hand, and said in the softest, most indifferent voice, "How do you do, Mr. Warner? Really, I believe one would stumble over old acquaintances, if one went to the antipodes, wherever that may be."

And the calm, gray eyes gazed into his with that far-off look which it is so aggravating to meet; and the beautiful mouth seemed divided between a smile and a yawn; and Warner stood absolutely stupid with surprise at this apparition, so unlike anything that he had expected to behold.

The difference between a chrysalis and a gorgeous butterfly! No love-sick, sentimental girl, but a handsome, stylish woman, with the aplomb of thirty-five.

"You seem half inclined to dispute our identity," continued Miss Annesly. "I don't wonder—I feel like somebody else! Aunty, were you ever so tired?"

"Never," returned the old lady. "Where's the landlord? I want rooms—I'm just worn out! Don't tell me the house is closed—I mean to stay. So call him," and she thumped vigorously on the floor with the point of her blue umbrella.

By this time, Grafton began to think that it would be as well to recover himself a little, and not stand there like a great, confused schoolboy; so he mixed matters very much by trying, in the same breath, to assure Miss Annesly that he was delighted to meet her, and to offer to find the master of the house for the old lady, glad of any pretext to absent himself long enough to get his head straight.

But at that moment Roylston came out of the hall with his honest face in a glow of pleasure, and was warmly greeted by both aunt and niece; and for almost the first time in his life, Grafton had the pleasure of knowing how a man feels when the feminine element present appears utterly oblivious of his existence.

"I want a place to lay my head, Richard Roylston," said the old lady. "We've been staying at Patchogue; the landlord behaved like a brute, and I left. Our house in town is all upset, and I will not go to a hotel, and here I mean to stay for a fortnight; so find the man and get me rooms, and be quick about it," and she pounded on the floor again with the ill-used umbrella.

Grafton saw Mr. Yetson out in the grounds, went to call him, and did not return for some time. When he did, the ladies had disappeared, and he found Roylston in the little snuggery off the dining-room, which, in the empty state of the house, the party had been allowed t. into a smoking-den.

"Confounded bore, having a parcel of women tumble in to upset us," grumbled Grafton, flinging himself into a chair.

"Two don't make a parcel," replied Richard. "If they tumbled, it must have been owing to your awkwardness, as you helped them out of the carriage."

"Oh, don't be witty!" fumed Grafton. "I say women are a bore in such a place, and you know it."

"Don't know anything of the sort," answered Richard; "and for you, of all fellows, to make a speech like that is simply ridiculous."

"I suppose I ought to know best how I feel," retorted Grafton, crossly.

"No," said Richard, "I think not."

Then Grafton kicked the burning logs and scorched his boot, and muttered a bad word.

"I would advise you take a nap before dinner," said Richard, "and get your manners in trim for female society again."

"I would advise you to mind your own business, my dear old boy," replied Grafton.

"I don't feel in the mood," said Richard, laughing. "In heaven's name, what makes you so cross?"

The ringing of the first dinner-bell obviated the necessity for an answer; and they both went off to make themselves more presentable.

After all, it was a very gay dinner. Old Mrs. Annesly was witty and odd; the young lady charmed the whole crowd in no time, and Grafton sat looking at her, and wondering if she could be the girl he had held in his arms; and if that proud mouth could be the same he had seen tremulous with emotion; if those calm eyes were the eyes he had watched hang upon his slightest look, or dilate with speechless anguish in that terrible parting hour.

I never have time to give you details, so I cannot dwell upon the events of the days that followed. It was the most heavenly weather—those soft, gray November days, which have such an inexpressible charm, and which exercise over an impulsive, imaginative man so subtle an influence, that he would be very likely to make love to his grandmother, if nothing else in the way of a petticoat offered itself.

I am afraid the shooting suffered in consequence; but the whole crowd found the feminine addition to their number very pleasant; and Miss Annesly possessed the rare art of being able to play agreeable to half a dozen men, and making herself charming to each without even indulging, in look or word, that

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the most censorious old tabby could have stigmatized as flirting.

The days went on, but Grafton could not get his senses in order—nothing in the shape of a woman had ever puzzled him as Maud Annesly did. There did not seem to be the slightest memory of the past left in her mind; and whether it was acting or reality, Grafton could not decide. She was perfectly cordial and friendly with him, but there was never, for an instant, the least change in her manner, from what it had been during the first moments of their unexpected meeting.

And the days went on, grew into a week, numbered more than that, and softer and more peaceful each one grew, as if winter had forgotten himself in some distant northern clime; as if the beautiful Indian Summer was to reign monarch till the waning year went out.

A strange season to Grafton Warner—he scarcely recognized himself in this new phase of feeling and experience. Dismiss this woman from his mind he could not; her slightest word or look he could not help watching, wondering always what she felt; if it was true that she had as completely lived past that error in her girlish life as if it had never been.

He saw what a noble creature she had grown into; gifted, carefully educated, generous, noble, and, oh! so beautiful and so womanly, so unlike any other of her sex who had fallen in his way.

And the day came when Grafton Warner was forced to acknowledge that a spell was on his soul, such as had never before been flung over it; when he marveled that in the old days he could have been so blind and mad; when he knew that he loved this woman.

Yes, he loved her, and in all his life before he had never loved any woman. Passions without number—oh! till one would have supposed the faculty of sensation would have been lost; seasons when he would have committed any rash, mad act—but nothing like this. He loved her. Loved her so well, that he saw himself and his life for what they were really worth, and writhed in self-loathing and contempt. Loved her so fully, that if by ten thousand years of penitence, suffering, torture, he could have blotted out his past, and made his soul pure enough to be worthy to stand beside hers, and be loved and trusted by hers, even for one hour, he would cheerfully have gone back to the pangs of purgatory, content, satisfied that he could bear with him into the darkness the blessed memory that her lips had confessed that she loved him in return.

You think this is theatrical, crazy, you young, untried soul, with the glory of your early youth about you, with all your dreams in their first flush, your soul unstained; but this man was going out of his youth, and so black a hell of recollection and remorse spread between him and the season where you rest, that you can form no conception of it, until, in your turn, life's temptations come, and you, perhaps, yield as he had done.

God help you! God pardon him, and such as he! Thus much let the sternest, the purest say!

He loved her, and he knew not what love was worth, and felt it sacrilege even to touch her hand with his, even to look in her pure eyes with those eyes of his, from whence the trouble in his soul began to look out. He had found his retribution; oh! be satisfied, ye who sit in judgment! Sooner or later it comes; but in spite of your decision, mayhap, heaven sends it in mercy after all.

Of what he felt, hoped, feared, suffered, Miss Annesly appeared perfectly unconscious; yet it seemed to Grafton that everybody near must be reading in his face just what he endured; and he cursed himself for not being actor enough, after all his practice, to suffer and be still.

Luckily he met with an accident. A heavy ladder, that he was helping move, fell and struck him a severe blow in the chest, and a cold added to it, really made him play invalid for awhile, at least to the extent of lying on a sofa a good deal, and swallowing with what patience he might a variety of bitter potions which Mrs. Annesly prepared.

But Maud was kind enough to administer them with her own hand; to sit by him, read to him, play chess with him. The only drawback to his enjoying his physical pain, at least, was the fact that dear old Roylston was anxious about him, too, and kept near a greater portion of the time than Grafton thought at all necessary.

One day Maud had been reading Aurora Leigh to him, and unconsciously to both, they strayed into a conversation much more earnest than was usual with them.

"And, after all his efforts," said Grafton, "poor Romney Leigh's life was as hideous a failure as if he had never tried to exert his powers for good."

"A failure?" cried Maud, and her eyes flashed, and her cheeks glowed. "No! I can't bear to hear anybody say poor Romney! At least his soul was struggling always to the light, and he reached it, after he had learned that no human will can achieve until it has learned to submit."

"At least he found one heaven," Grafton said,

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in a low voice. "A good woman loved him, and he was not ashamed to love her in return."

He was not acting; the words were uttered involuntarily. Then he became conscious of their import, and gave one quick glance to see what effect they had upon her.

The color rose higher in her cheeks, and a brighter glory flashed into her splendid eyes as she answered,

"Reward enough for the failure of his youth, or what seemed failure."

"Reward enough!" Grafton repeated, in a voice so deep and earnest, that Miss Annesly started. He was too thoroughly skilled in women's ways not to perceive that she felt they had strayed further in their talk than she had meant to go.

"We are getting as poetical as Mrs. Browning herself," she said, with a gay laugh.

"It is a comfort to me to know that I have enough left in me to appreciate the beautiful and true," he said, earnestly.

"I could have told you that you had," she replied, with perfect calmness, but evidently meaning what she said.

"That is not just a pretty saying."

"Just the truth—nothing more. But——"

"Don't hesitate—pray go on."

"Certainly. I only hesitated for fear you would think me impertinent."

"As if I could think that!"

"Ah! now you are taking refuge in pretty sayings; that is to avoid hearing the truth."

"Then tell me for a punishment."

"Thanks; but I have too much compassion on poor human nature to have any desire to play Nemesis."

"Then tell me as a warning."

"As if anybody ever heeded warnings," laughed she.

"Don't laugh!" exclaimed Grafton, so irritably that it was evident he was not doing theatricals. "I want you to finish your sentence. But what?"

"I meant to say that it rested with yourself whether you would much longer have the power, even of feeling the beautiful and true."

"How am I to keep the faculty?"

"Ah! my wisdom goes no further than the warning—you must find out the way yourself. Now I shall sing to you."

She seated herself at the piano, and sang in her touching mezzo soprano some lovely words of Tennyson's, which were wedded to music worthy of them, one could not say more.

Grafton Warner lay still, his face shaded by his hand.

The strain ceased. Maud sat with her fingers idly straying over the keys; she heard Grafton murmur,

> "But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
> Can never come back to me."

She rose, paused for an instant by the sofa.

"While this life lasts no man need ever echo that complaint," she said, softly.

Before Grafton could look up, she had passed out of the apartment.

He lay there with his senses in a whirl. Did her words mean hope? That it was possible, softened him more than anything else could have done. His whole life came in review before him, as he lay there; his poor, wasted life, that heaven must have meant for better uses, since heaven gave it!

I believe, as firmly as I believe I live, that, after a man begins on the downward path, there are certain seasons offered, when, if he chooses to listen to the inner voice, that higher Power, which seeks to guide us, will give aid. It was a moment like that which Grafton Warner had reached now.

There should be a change, he said to himself. If this woman loved him—oh! he dared not think of that! Even if he must go on alone, there should be a change.

That evening they were all down by the seashore, to watch the moonlight on the surf. Grafton was so much better, that the women permitted him to go, on condition that he would wear more wraps than anything masculine ever put on of his own free will.

Grafton and Maud Annesly were sitting under a sort of rustic arbor, that had been put up during the summer for the accommodation of those who wished to watch the bathers—the rest of the party were straying about on the sands; old Mrs. Annesly, at a little distance, was making sober Richard Roylston laugh like a maniac at one of her irresistible stories.

Gradually, as they sat in the glory of the moonlight, with the white surf beating its ceaseless complaint at their feet, Grafton led the conversation back to the talk of the morning. Maud Annesly showed no disposition to shrink from the perilous ground.

He talked more truthfully than he had done to any human being for years. There was a spell on his soul, which seemed to pull him on in spite of himself; and from the very fact that it was truth, his words impressed and obliged her to listen.

He told her what his life had been, how a new hope had suddenly sprung up in his soul; and as he talked and felt that she was moved,

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his man's arrogance came back, and he had courage to tell her the rest.

"I love you," he exclaimed; "I love you! Oh! Maud, Maud, forgive me!"

She did not stir. He saw her face in the moonlight turned full upon him, just pale and thoughtful, no other look on it.

"You told a young girl that once," she said. "The girl believed it. I am a woman! Pardon me; I would not say anything harsh, but I know what the words are worth."

"Maud! Maud!" and I do not exaggerate when I say that his very soul went out in that passionate utterance. He gave her no time to speak; he told the whole story—the life of the past weeks, his penitence, his remorse, plead for one word of hope as a dying man might plead for life, yet manly and brave through it all.

"Please stop," she said, at last. "Your friend always; the past I have no need to pardon—I forgot it long ago; but I have no love to give."

"Some other man?"

"Yes."

She made a gesture toward Roylston.

"I understand," he said. Then, after a pause, "Well, he is worthy of you—the best man I ever knew. God bless you both!"

He rose from his seat and walked away across the white sands in the moonlight, but though the greatest failure of his life made chaos about his way, he kept in his soul the vow he had uttered to himself that morning; and I believe that with such a promise in the heart, and with heaven overhead, there is hope even for a man gone as far astray as Grafton Warner: at least, let us hope so.

ONE SMILE.

BY N. F. CARTER.

A DREAMY hush is in the air;
The morning's rosy sunlight falls,
Like glory at the hour of prayer,
On golden streets and jasper walls.
It is a Father's smile, I know,
Resting alike on land and sea;
His shining presence seen below—
But has He one sweet smile for me?

The skylark sings his sweetest song,
Sailing the golden-tinted blue;
The garden-bee feasts all day long
On flowers that charm the Summer through;
A Father's smile fills them with cheer,
And in their gladness makes them free;
But for a heart surcharged with fear,
Has He no smile—no smile for me?

Cease thy complaining, oh, my soul!
The smile that brightens earth and skies
Till waves of glory o'er them roll,
Must be a smile for downcast eyes;
The smile that fills with songs of joy
The soaring lark and lowly bee,
Must be for Faith's serene employ—
Must be a Father's smile for thee!

Oh! burdened heart! cast off thy fears;
Bid chilling unbelief begone;
Thy sins have caused thy bitter tears;
Forsake them, and thy way press on!
Doubt not; in all thy wealth of love,
Trust Him, and be forever free;
His earthward smile will be above
A Father's Heavenly smile for thee!

LONG AGO.

BY J. D. FASSETT.

THE twilight shadows are gathering gray,
And the wild wind wails o'er the dying day,
As I lie and list to the river's flow,
And the far-off voices, so soft and low,
Of the long ago.

The shadows thicken among the trees;
Sadly, mournfully murmurs the breeze;
And forms glide round me that nevermore
Shall gladden my sight, for they've floated o'er
To the unknown shore.

The moon looks out through the mantle of night,
Flooding the earth with her liquid light;
And again I live in the rythm and rhyme
Of a peaceful home and a sunny clime,
In the olden-time.

On the murmuring river the moonbeams dance,
Gilding the waves as they shimmer and glance;
And, like ravishing strains from a harp of gold,
The interlude sweet to a tale long told,
Come the songs of old.

The dreams are all over, and darkened the sky;
The winds and the waves wander listlessly by;
And back to my dreary life, sadly I go,
To dream nevermore of the bliss and the woe,
In the long ago.

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A HASTY MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S GOLD."

I.

At seventeen I left school, ignorant and undisciplined, willful, impatient, and reckless. In Madame Dejazet's elegant establishment we were taught many external, but few inward graces; and when she had done all that lay in her art to improve us, some of the hardest lessons of life were yet to learn.

I was to have remained longer, but suddenly my bankers failed, and remittances stopped. Years before, my father, a wealthy sea-captain, had died, leaving my fortune invested with his old employers, now no longer shipping merchants only, but bankers also. The letter, announcing the calamity, offered to relieve Madame Dejazet of me. This letter was from my father's half-brother, to whom his beautiful villa had been lent at my mother's death, and who now, probably, sought to pay the debt of years by offering me, in my destitution, a home there—a home, alas! how different from the one I so well remembered.

My uncle's wife was a shrewd managing woman, as she had need to be with her small means, and her seven children. No longer the pretty parlors of the pretty house were thrown open for the enjoyment of the dwellers within, but closed and locked against dust and decay, except on grand occasions; while all the other rooms, with their furniture, bore marks of hard usage and careless occupation. The greenhouses were closed, the lawn was turned into a vegetable garden. Ah! bitter was the change.

As soon as the first heart-sick rebellion of feeling had died away, I sought to be useful in my new position. Curbing my impatient disposition, I tried to teach the stupid children, and bore heroically with their blunders and impertinence for a time, till their mother's eager jealousy, and my own superficially-concealed ignorance, released me from the distasteful task.

Then came domestic drudgery, harder to execute, not less hard to endure. Last of all were wild revolt and utter rebellion against destiny, and it was in this mood that Mrs. Samuel Morris bade me leave her house forever, and I obeyed her.

I had stayed there six long months, and was worn-out body and mind. The manifold insults and annoyances of an ill-bred and ill-governed woman would have been of themselves enough; but when to these was added the constant and urgent struggle of my own undisciplined nature, and my haughty temper and strong will, what wonder that life grew unendurable!

I had begun, too, by this time to find contrasts to my own fate in the children of my father's old neighbors—my own former playmates and companions, who had found me out and flocked about me with welcomes, attentions, and invitations. Glad to escape from the tedious miseries of home, I left it frequently to accept these kindnesses, and found my vanity soothed, and my heart comforted by these warm and faithful friends. I plunged into the gayeties they offered me with reckless and thoughtless eagerness, mindful only of the enjoyment of the present, and the pleasure of being again beloved and admired. Of these attentions, and of my wardrobe, which was still handsome and complete, Mrs. Morris had long been jealous. Her wrath at last reached its climax. A sleighing-party was projected, or rather a series of sleighing-parties, that would lead the gay revelers, who joined it, visiting from house to house for a week or more. Walter Drummond and his sisters were to come for me! Walter Drummond was my knight, my champion, my rescuer on a hundred such occasions—so kind, so handsome, so good to me, that I almost loved him. I had dressed in the gayest spirits, and in my prettiest ornaments and garments suitable to the occasion. Mrs. Morris came in while I was placing others, for all emergencies, in a trunk, which a man below, provided by Walter, was waiting to remove. Sternly she bade me pack all I owned, and if I insulted her by leaving her house at all with people who were not her associates, to leave it forever. I answered hotly. My blood was boiling, and my nerves were tingling with bitterness and anger. Pride, self-will, haughty recklessness and temper would not let me yield. "You shall be obeyed," I said, and packed two trunks instead of one. My anger and determination did not leave me till I had left her house forever, till I had told Walter and the girls, till I had heard their pitying sympathy and warm assurances that their home should be mine.

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Then, indeed, I realized what I had done. But it was too late. The woman I had left was inexorable as death; she would never receive me back. Meantime, the Drummonds were not rich, and I felt bitterly what an additional burden I would be in their house. I shrank, too, instinctively from compromising myself with Walter by accepting such a favor at his hands. It was impossible—I did not love him enough to wish to owe so rash a debt to him. But what then could I do? I could not teach—I had been too indolently bred, and my education was too superficial for that, nor labor with my needle; nor did I know any other useful branch of work—yet something I must do. My brain was in a whirl that left me time to see or hear nothing through all our rapid, exciting drive; I was hardly conscious of Walter's tender kindness, or his sisters' endearing sympathy and caresses.

A very gay party was assembled at the house where we stopped. But only a few persons, mostly gentlemen, old friends of my father's and of mine, were in the library, whither Mrs. M'Donald, my hostess, conducted me. She and the Drummonds gathered about me, exclaiming at my pallor and nervousness, as they began to remove my wrappings of velvet and fur. I did not like this being made a heroine of, however. I blushed and declined assistance, beginning with trembling fingers to unfasten the white furs from my throat and shoulders. As I did this, my little muff slid from my lap, and rolled across the hearth to the feet of a tall, bronzed, black-bearded man, who stood there intently regarding me.

Hitherto, I had known him by sight only. He was a Mr. Harter, a stranger, who had just bought a beautiful villa in the neighborhood, and was fitting it up with great taste and liberality. Report said that he had been merely a common miner, who had made a fortune in Australia. He picked up my muff and brought it to me with a low bow. Seen nearer, he looked even less prepossessing. His jet-black hair was cropped close to the head, like a private soldier's. A heavy beard and whiskers concealed the lower part of his face; the upper was embrowned and reddened with long exposure to the sun and wind; only a pair of bright, dark eyes, and teeth white and beautiful as pearls, visible when he spoke or smiled, redeemed the rugged features from positive plainness. His clothes were quiet enough in cut and material, yet he did not seem at home in them; and his hands—how dark and long the fingers looked, grasping the silvery ermine and little blue tassels of my muff! He appeared, in short, just as I had fancied him, a large, almost coarse-featured man of forty, bearing marks of all the exposures, hardships and vicissitudes he had seen; a self-made millionaire, a *nouveau riche*, whom once, from my patrician height, I should have despised; but whom I now felt only humiliated before, as I marked the contrast of his unpretending plainness with my deceptive magnificence.

For by this time my wraps had been removed, and the mirror over the mantle-piece reflected clearly my dazzling white poplin, whose thick, shimmering folds hung long and doubled, as they lay upon the floor, in a train that followed like a snowy wake as I moved. It was cut square in the neck *a la Pompadour*, and trimmed with a treasure of rich French lace; the sleeves were scarcely more than be-ribboned puffs, and arms, and throat, and ears were enriched with beautiful shining sapphires, glittering and blue as dew might look on a flax flower. Only a little while ago—but how long it seemed—I had been vain of these sparkling drops, had matched them against my eyes, and held them near my fair flaxen hair, as Margaret might have done with her jewels, delighted at the envy and admiration they provoked; but now I could scarcely bear the sight of the slender, elegantly-dressed figure, so delicate and so adorned, reflected in the mirror before me.

"Another day shall not see me," I vowed, "masquerading in this pauper splendor, and eating the bread of dependence—sparkling and smiling abroad, and devouring insults and tears at home. Home! I have no home! Shelterless, helpless, friendless, I am cast upon the world to-night as poor, but for these baubles, as the night when I was born. They will support me till I show that I can work. But what shall I do—where shall I go?"

I could have wrung my hands in idle anguish; but this was no time for tears and heroics. The "little sleighing-party" had become a ball. Already the band had struck up a spirit-stirring waltz. Partners pressed round me; invitations, introductions followed; I could no longer delay to join them. My blood rose warmly through my veins as I listened; the lamps seemed to burn more brilliantly, the flowers to smell more sweetly; above all I heard pealing the wild, intoxicating notes of the music in the hall, entreating, defying, alluring. At the familiar sound, doubt, fear, and sorrow fled away; I was myself again, gay, reckless seventeen; and in an instant my feet were skimming

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the ball-room floor, and I was laughing lightly in Walter Drummond's grave face.

That was a triumphant night—my last though it might be; nay, for that reason I would not be robbed of a second. The music had never seemed so sweet and so intoxicating, the guests so happy, the rooms so bright and festal before; and, alas! never had I so prized the delightful enjoyments they offered as now that I must relinquish them. How would it seem to be poor, and leave all these splendors behind? to sink into the ranks of the workers and toilers who uphold this gay society; to be forgotten by these refined and educated women, and these well-bred men? What would life be worth, to the quick-beating blood of youth, divested of this flush of splendor and of joy?

I could not live without it, I felt each moment more truly, as I breathed that enchanting atmosphere of praise and flattery; and yet, it seemed, I must. At every interval in dancing, at every pause in the music, the black shadow of to-morrow haunted me like a ghost at the banquet, and whispered dolefully in my ears.

But pride compelled me to hide my wound, and with the very effort my spirits rose higher. I would not bow to the tempest of trouble whirling over me; I would not see the glances of pity and sympathy cast upon me; I would not understand the compassionate sentences addressed to me—indeed, I hardly heard them. The few hours that still intervened between me and banishment were my own—I chose to enjoy them to the utmost, to reign in them like a queen, and use them royally.

Supper went off gayly. Walter Drummond was my escort, almost lover-like in his attentions, as usual; and Mr. Harter, the self-made millionare, my neighbor on the other side. He, too, was very kind in his way. He talked to me. I was surprised at his sweet voice and correct intonation. He sent away my champagne, ordering some still, iced-wine of his own servant. I was sure he was right, for he looked at me with a sort of pitying intentness of interest that won me to obedience—and I felt my head already dizzy between triumph and pain.

Other heads, less racked than mine, were dizzied, too, by Mr. M'Donald's generous vintages. When we returned to the dancing-room the band was set aside; a series of Christmas-games began, impromptu tableaux followed—statues, charades. In the last they wanted a marriage-scene—a runaway couple before a village magistrate, or something of that sort.

A fat neighbor of Mr. M'Donald's, snoring comfortably before the library-fire, answered to the character of the magistrate, and messengers were dispatched to request him to serve. Meanwhile public opinion ran high on the question of the bride—the honor being contested between a dozen young ladies in white. All unconcerned, I was talking in a window-seat to my companions at supper. Suddenly I found my place surrounded.

"Sylvia, you must come—you are in white; it will be just the thing—and Mr. Harter."

"But I am not——"

"Oh! yes you are—the very person! It is the elder of her two lovers she runs away with, you know."

They put a cloak on his arm, and a sword in his hand, and placed my unresisting fingers in his. The squire marshaled us solemnly before him, and the curtain was about to ascend, when some slight altercation arose between the lady managers, and the scene was suspended for a moment. Walter Drummond took advantage of the interval to come to my side.

"Sylvia," he whispered, pressing my arm earnestly, "this thing is very real. The squire is a legal magistrate, and has had too much wine. What will you do if he marries you in earnest, for no license is required in this State?"

But Mr. Harter had heard him and turned. Clasping my hand moreclosely in his, he looked into my eyes with a sudden sparkle in his own.

"And if he did—what then? Could you take me, Sylvia?"

"Don't jest," cried Walter, impatiently; but his voice faltered.

"It is no jest," said Mr. Harter, quietly, my hand still locked in his. "Sylvia, you hear me? The question is between us. I have heard your story; I think he is right, and I ask you to risk it, knowingly, with me?"

I heard, but could not answer, nor move while he held me so firmly; but I looked at him an instant, half in fear, half in surprise. He had never seemed so nearly being handsome as at that moment. A warm flush colored his dark cheek; his black eyes bent eagerly and anxiously on me, were softened by a pitying and kind, almost a fond expression; his voice was very sweet and low as he spoke. In that light, and in that picturesque attitude and costume, his tall, broad figure showed graceful and commanding. I had not time to reflect calmly. I only thought that here was a shield offered against the dread future. The hand so firmly holding mine could pluck me back from the gulf that yawned before me to-morrow.

That moment of indecision was final and

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fatal, for the curtain was rising, and Walter was no longer beside me. We stood alone before the squire, who stretched his fat figure to its utmost height, and pomposly began, with what formula I do not know. Mr. Harter, after one glance at my face, stood in his place immovable, and answered whatever fell to his share; I suppose I did the same, mechanically. The bystanders listened and looked, some in delight, some in wonder, the rest simply in horror. I heard low-toned exclamations mingling, "What a dear!" "How sweet she is!" "Just like a bride, with that wreath of roses in her hair!" from a few of the very youngest and silliest. But, "How pale!" "How very natural!" "It seems almost too true!" from the older ladies; and downright murmurs and imprecations among the gentlemen. A dozen sprang forward to interrupt, but Mr. Harter sternly waved them back. When it was over, he strode up to the complacent squire,

"You have made me the happiest man in the world, Mr. Bannister," he said.

Then it rushed over me like a whirlwind what I had done. Was I mad, or dreaming? Were the deeds of this night a real horror? Was this man truly my husband? I had disengaged my hand, and stood alone. It was the cue for the Drummond girls and others, to rush up to me and cry over me, to declare that they never could have believed it, and ask me how long I had been engaged.

II.

They might as well have talked to a statue, for I was in a still frenzy of trouble, and could not heed them—and chilled by my cold, unresponsive manner, they all withdrew. It was time to go home, and we hooded and cloaked, in mysterious silence, in our dressing-room; I, with my trembling fingers and nervous haste, the last to leave it. When I came down, all were in the sleighs. Only one tall, dark figure waited in the hall for me, beside Mrs. M'Donald. The icy wind from the avenue sweeping up, flared the lamp-light in his face: it was not Walter Drummond, but Mr. Harter. Could it be true, then? Was he really my husband?

Good Mrs. M'Donald took me in her motherly arms, as she bade me good-by, and kissed and blessed me. She was the first who had thought of doing that, and I could have burst into a tempest of tears on her kind breast, but I dared not yield to the impulse. My strength was already fast giving way, and only pride kept me from fainting and failing at sight of that dark, sentinel figure.

In silence he offered his arm. I took it—there was no help. Walter Drummond sat in his place before his sisters, the seat beside him vacant. He had chosen to desert me, I said to myself, in this trial hour. We advanced toward it, though Mr. Harter's own beautiful little sleigh was drawn up on the opposite side, his man holding the pawing horse, who neighed and shook his bells impatiently.

I trembled on his arm—was there to be a collision between the two men? We halted before the double sleigh; but Walter never moved, while my escort lifted me gently into my old place, only kissing the hand he released. Raising his hat, he stood bare-headed in the starlight till we drove off; and then we heard his horse's feet and bells hurrying away in the direction of his own house.

Some tender, gentle impulse of my heart seemed to go with them; and a thrill of pity, in the midst of my own trouble, followed that lonely flight; for there was something knightly, almost, and grand, in the rude miner's chivalry. More than this, I was deeply grateful to him for the act of renunciation.

I was free, it was evident. Periled by my own fault, how sweet seemed liberty now, even the poorest, liberty to toil! Now that I had felt, for one moment, what bonds might be, I willingly accepted the pains and penalties of freedom, and was ready to find them light. And yet—and yet—he had been kind, and he seemed to pity me; the touch of his kiss was still soft upon my hand. Had he been younger and more graceful, I might, perhaps, even have loved him in my friendless and helpless state, my utter isolation from others.

As it was, I could only rejoice, silently, it is true, for nothing was said during our short drive. Our destination was soon reached. The handsome house was blazing with lights from roof to basement; and late as the hour was, the great doors were thrown wide open, and the servants, with the master and mistress at their head, ranged along the broad hall on either side. Here our large company was to be entertained for the night; was to spend the next day, and be present at a great dinner-party that would call all the county together.

I was assigned a room to myself, and hastened to its shelter as soon as politeness permitted; neglectful of the mulled-wine and other refreshments, in which some of the ladies, and all the gentlemen, were indulging, for I feared to encounter any of the mirth or jesting that would be sure to follow; to hear, perhaps, some playful allusions to my mimic marriage, and be

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toasted as "the bride." I slept brokenly, and woke with a racking headache, feverish and faint, and absolutely unable to stir. My kind hostess came and took charge of me; all day she held me in the pleasant captivity of the quiet, perfumed chamber, keeping intruders away; and not until dusk did she pronounce me convalescent, or fit to appear at her dinner-party.

I would gladly have evaded this ordeal; but I was really well enough now, and her kindness was not to be resisted. With all her other cares she lent her own assistance to her maid's in arranging my toilet, and took as deep an interest in the result as if I had been her daughter. I selected a rich black dress covered with violet ribbons, and with many pleasantries about my sober taste, she led me down stairs.

"You have been missed among us, I assure you," she whispered, as she paused a moment in the ante-room to shake out her lace flounces. "I have had a thousand questions to answer in your behalf, and Mr. Harter has been waiting impatiently to lead you down."

We were in the room before I could reply, or control the hurried beating of my heart. What could she mean? The floor seemed to whirl beneath my feet as Mr. Harter took my hand, and at the signal for dinner, transferred it to his arm.

I suppose I answered when addressed, and otherwise sustained my part—for the habit of society teaches us so far to control our emotions; but the grand dinner was a Barmecide feast to me, and less. Mr. Harter sat beside me—silent, except for the ordinary courtesies of the table; but by his very presence, manner, and attentions, seeming to establish a claim upon me that I felt unable to comprehend or resist.

He was to be, it appeared, the hero of the evening; for he invited all those present to spend it at his house, and go from Mrs. Martyn's delightful hospitality to his own. "All," he repeated, with a wistful, deprecatory glance at me, "if no one objects."

No one objected; but, on the contrary, his proposal was received with acclamations, and coffee was served earlier to facilitate our departure. As we left the room, Mr. Harter spoke, for the first time, directly addressing me.

"Sylvia," he whispered, "would it be too much if I asked you to exchange that sober dress for something gayer and lighter, more like yourself, to do honor to my *fete?*"

His tone and manner were constrained, but there was an indefinable something in both—an assertion of interest in, and responsibility for me—that made my heart stand still at first, then throb more quickly. An instinct of rebellion urged me to refuse to oblige him; to reply that I should not join the party, and was going elsewhere—but this was quite impossible. Mrs. Martyn had accepted the invitation for all her guests. I could not remain behind, and at this hour—what could I do, where should I go? For this one day fate and fortune had, somehow, prevailed against me—my destiny seemed in the hands of others, and I no longer my own mistress; but the next, I averred to myself, both should be conquered, and I be free as air.

While I hesitated, some one spoke behind us—it was Mrs. Martyn, exhorting such as desired to make any change in their dress, to do so at once, while the sleighs were getting ready.

I went up stairs mechanically. Like one in a dream I put on a gay blue silk, the handsomest I had; a white cloak with a tasseled hood; pearls on my neck and arms, and in my ears. When I returned, Mr. Harter stepped forward; everybody seemed already paired off. Could my old intimates leave me so readily to a stranger? A certain hard, defiant feeling came to me with the pain of this conviction, and taking my escort's offered arm, I walked on proudly.

Mr. Harter's sleigh was again waiting, but this time it was an elegant little affair, drawn by a pair of spirited black ponies, that tossed their pretty heads and champed upon their silver bits with pretty impatience. As soon as they were set free they darted off, leading the way lightly, and with a motion so swift and straight that the shell, with its trailing robes, must have seemed to those behind to be shooting like a bird onward, and imitating its arrowy flight.

It was a lovely moonlight night, very mild and fair, and the mellow rays shone full on white roads and whiter fields. The task of guiding the fairy vehicle seemed so easy and delightful, that I broke the awkward silence by expressing my admiration of the ponies, and requesting to be allowed to drive them for a moment. The fresh air and the rapid motion had so far revived my spirits; but they sank again as my companion relinquished the reins, with the single simple answer,

"Certainly—they are yours."

I would have drawn back, but dared not, and, coward-like, dreaded more than anything else, question or explanation. I drove on desperately in utter silence for miles; Mr. Harter sitting by my side, motionless and speechless, like an Indian. Something in his mute patience

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touched my heart, and I was mistress enough of myself to smile, and say a few words of thanks and kindness as I gave up my charge.

The great gates were open for us to drive through, and the dark fir-avenue leading to the house was hung with colored lamps that cast rainbow reflections on the snow. The house itself was ablaze with light, and festal with music. It looked like a fairy palace, with its quaint, beautiful windows crowded with plants and flowers, the glass glittering like diamonds, the birds and blossoms behind them shining in the brilliant glare like colored jewels all along the picturesque, wide front. I thought I was dreaming still as we alighted and ascended the marble steps. In the vestibule Mr. Harter turned, and with unusual softness in his black eyes, took my hand, and welcomed me to "Paradise."

"Paradise," for so public opinion in the neighborhood had named it—and Paradise, indeed, it was, as lady guests, now fast arriving, declared, as they wandered from one to another of the gem-like rooms. I followed, too, on the arm of my escort, secretly reluctant, but reassured by his silence, and the presence of the others. Close beside me, like my shadow, moved Walter Drummond, neither speaking to, nor looking at me, but keeping over all my motions an incessant surveillance, that made me doubly uncomfortable.

We visited the basements, with their wide and convenient offices, the garrets, the chambers, beautifully furnished and appointed; the very roof, battlemented and smooth as a floor. Everywhere were evidences not only of mere wealth and opulence, or large expenditure, but of the taste that knows how to use, and the tact that rightly applies it. There was a harmony and fitness in the whole, not wholly the work of upholsterer or architect. Evidently a skilled hand had guided, an artist eye overlooked their labors—the rough miner dwelt in a house in which not merely a prince, but a poet, might have found himself at home.

We came back to the parlors after a lengthened survey, and dispersed about them, examining the beautiful things they contained. Without any appearance of ostentation or overcrowding, there was a real wealth of objects, famous from association, or rare in art. Mr. Harter kept near me, looking quietly pleased at my pleasure; on the other side Walter Drummond stood speechlessly, with a gloomy frown on his forehead. When I explored with others the treasures of the library-shelves, and found there all my old favorite books, and many more that I had long desired to see, his face was darkened with an unsympathetic sneer; and when I paused before some exquisite pictures and mosaics from Italy, such as my dear father used to bring back from his voyages, to ornament our pretty home, he resented the tears that filled my eyes, and the loving delight with which I bent over them.

"I see, Sylvia, you are like all your sex," he said, "and gradate your admiration by the price of the object to be admired. A cheaper article would have moved you less."

His tone stung me, and I was roused to retort.

"They are rare and precious," I returned, "but they have another value in my eyes. I have seen such only once before, Mr. Drummond, and it is no wonder the sight disturbed me, for they remind the homeless of home."

I said it recklessly, angry at his notice of my weakness, and looked up quickly, in time to see his baffled look, and meet Mr. Harter's eyes. Were there actually tears in them? At any rate, his countenance was strangely softened and beautified by the momentary expression it wore. A little while before, I could have wondered how this common, self-made man, had possessed himself of such treasures of art, as not merely wealth alone, but time, and taste, and training, sensitive perceptions and delicate instincts, were needed to buy; yet since seeing him, for the first time in his own home, where he was at ease and unconstrained, and now moved by another's grief to gentle sympathy and pity, I began to understand how this dark, impassive mask might conceal much that we had never fancied he could feel. He had looked both genial and good while receiving his guests with noble hospitality; and as the duties of a host obliged him to lay aside much of his ordinary reserve, there was a refinement of kindness in his manner, to which even Walter Drummond's sneers could not blind me.

He regarded me now a moment in silence, and turned to speak to Mrs. M'Donald, who with her husband drew near, I fancied, at a sign from him. The group we formed was somewhat apart from the others, who were intently examining the various curious and beautiful objects the room contained; and I understood that we were going to see something not yet exhibited, as I put my hand reluctantly in Walter's extended arm.

III.

Our conductor paused before a little white door, at the end of a suite of rooms we had lately examined, opened it, and disclosed a

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beautiful "boudoir," or parlor—I prefer the English word—furnished entirely in white and blue. A white carpet covered with wreaths of light-blue violets and forget-me-nots; window-draperies of lace lined with silk, and furniture of damask and satin-wood; all blue and white, like the dress I wore, were reflected in the mirror above the marble mantle. There were books, and birds, and flowers, pictures, and music, and a sparkling fire lighted in the grate; but the room had no occupant till the others stood aside to let me pass.

I put my hand in my kind old friend's, and we went in together. A little sofa was rolled before the fire, and she drew me upon it, with her arm about my waist. Walter Drummond stood beside us like a sullen guardian; and opposite, Mr. Harter leaned his elbow on the mantle, and looked at the group we made. I trembled when his eyes met mine, for I somehow knew that the beautiful room had been furnished for me that day, and that he was going to ask me to occupy it as its mistress. Yet when he spoke, it was something very different that he said.

Addressing me directly, as if there had been no other person present, in a hurried but most straitforward manner, he gave me the plainest history of himself, concealing nothing, and excusing nothing that it was needful we should hear. Perhaps few lives could have borne the test of so close a chronicle—no word was said in his own praise or favor, no effort made to gain sympathy or win credit; I never listened to such a frank confession. "You and your friends should know," he said, "what the man is who is about to ask so much of you. To report alone you cannot trust, as I will prove to you; nor solely to the opinions gathered from testimony like this," for he had offered a pile of letters and documents to Mr. M'Donald and Walter Drummond, which the young lawyer was examining with keen, inimical eyes, the elder with anxious and cautious observation through his spectacles. These, it would seem, were satisfactory, for the careful scrutiny ended in their being tendered back with many assurances to Mr. Harter, who received them with a smile.

"After all, these papers," he said, "tell you less of my life and character than I will tell you, or than common rumor has already told, and told mostly wrong. It is said that I am a man of low birth and no education, whose fortune has been gained by a lucky accident, and who is not wholly worthy of all he aspires to possess. The last is the only truth.

"If my education has been neglected, it was my fault alone, and not that of my father, an accomplished surgeon, spending always more than his large income in gratifying elegant and artistic tastes. From my birth I lived among luxuries, never, I fear, entirely paid for, and fancies gratified at an extraordinary sacrifice. My time, and that of my brother and sister, was spent at the best schools and academies. In my first college-year, my father died, leaving two motherless children, a rough, healthy, active boy, and a delicate little girl.

"His library, horses, carriages, and house, were swallowed up by his debts; the beautiful pictures and statues were sold; the scientific, literary, and artistic treasures he had so carefully collected, were widely scattered, and after their sacrifice, much was still left unpaid. I saw the very end of the ruin and destruction, put my sister in the only place where I hoped she would be kindly cared for, and went to sea before the mast, to support her.

"The schedule of my father's debts in my pocket, and the memory of the little life dependent upon mine, urged me to energy and industry. I was away for years, following fortune wherever others had seemed to find it—in India, Japan, and China, on the Pacific Coast, in the Black Sea. At first I heard often from home—during the latter part of the time, not at all; but I was neither stimulated by tidings, nor unnerved by their absence—the stake was too great for that. I continued steadily to forward letters and remittances, and at last was able to come home. Neither letters nor remittances had been touched—my sister was lying near her father and her brother; and her grave, thick-grown with grass and daisies, looked as old as theirs.

"I spent the sum that was to have brought us together, and given us again a happy home, in paying the last remaining debts of my father. Then again, poor, homeless, friendless, and forlorn, I went away to seek relief in the ceaseless struggle of existence at the very ends of the earth.

"The gold fields of Australia had just been discovered, and I repaired there with thousands of others. Alone, motiveless, with nothing to lose, and comparatively indifferent to gain, fortune singularly favored me. From a mere miner I became a proprietor, a merchant, a millionaire—and here only report will not have belied me, while it says all my earnings were honest ones. Weary of the rough colonial life, and of an existence devoted to selfish gain and accumulation, I remembered the education of my boyhood; and now that I was able to gratify those dormant tastes and tendencies, I traveled

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widely, collecting curiosities of art and beauty, that would have delighted my father's heart, but gave hardly a throb of pleasure to my own; for to what end should I gather treasures or riches? No one on earth sympathized with my success, or shared my happiness.

"Tired of drifting about the world, I came back at last to my native country, with the purpose of establishing for myself a place to which I might return from time to time, and, perhaps, rest wholly in at last. My bankers sent me here; and I have found much occupation and healthful pleasure in arranging and founding it. Yet, now that it is finished, I am more than ever conscious of the want in it, and in myself—the void that money cannot fill, or art supply, and which alone can make it what it is not, but should be, yet what others, with far less pains and toil, have been so blest to win—a home.

"I have seen," he went on, his hand trembling a little in its rest upon the marble, his dark eyes still lifted, "in Arabian deserts, tents of poorest structure, in western prairies rude huts of log and clay, that were happier houses than mine, for the voices of children, the laughter of women, the busy life of household cares and household joys and sorrows, filled them all day long. There were united affections, undivided interests, hearts that beat and brains that planned to the same good and cheerful end; there was poverty lightly borne for the sake of the love that sprung from it—and there would riches have given tenfold the pleasure they can ever give to me, because they would have gladdened many lives in blessing one.

"In my home," he said, "which they ignorantly call 'Paradise,' birds sing and fountains rustle; but there is silence, for no voice I care to hear can speak to me. The flowers grow with none to pluck them; the rooms are empty and dull; the beauty and the luxury you so admire, to me are but fairy illusions, for my eyes see them as the worthless dross they are. Poor in the midst of riches, I want something better than they can offer, better than my life has hitherto known, without which it is useless, insensate, dead. I want to give my future an aim, my heart a new existence of hope and joy, my house a mistress. Sylvia, will you come?"

He moved nearer, and looked and spoke as if unconscious of any presence but my own.

"When first I saw you I admired, as all must do, but never thought of loving the sparkling ball-room beauty, with whom I, a dull, plain, middle-aged man, could have nothing in common. Then, with others, I heard the story of your sad losses, your domestic trials; finally, of the crisis which left you as utterly homeless and forlorn as I had been at your age. Too well I remembered my own efforts and sufferings, yet I had been a vigorous boy, you were but a delicate and helpless girl. I resolved to be your defence against ill-fortune. How, I did not yet perceive, but I hoped to discover a way. Last night, all through the gay festivities, I watched your face, and read in it all the tortures of anxiety, regret, and fear you suffered. While I pondered, vexed and bewildered by my own helplessness, distressed by the sight of your repressed anguish, a sudden chance threw in my way an opportunity to accomplish all I had desired in your behalf, and more. Temptation took a form so fair and dazzling, that if I was selfish in yielding to its dictates, believe me, Sylvia, I did not know it till too late! I swear to you that, until I held your innocent hand in mine, until I heard your voice pronounce the words that pledged you, unscious, to so much, I never thought at what a cost to you my resolution of saving you must be fulfilled.

"Your hesitation, your half consent in the face of urgent warning; the look with which you seemed at once to doubt, and fear, and trust; your continued presence at my side, and the touch of your passive fingers, emboldened me to a step which all my life I must regret or bless. Forgive me if I knew, even as I challenged it, the fearful risk incurred. With the beating of your pulse on mine, I recognized the mysterious tie between us. I felt the tempest that shook your soul, and I realized more fully than you could do all that must follow, yet I was selfish enough to permit the ceremony to go on, for in that moment pity and admiration disappeared; a love was born in my heart, so deep and fond, that I fancied it could avert all, atone to you for all.

"And, Sylvia, I am selfish still, for I love you, and I wish for you still—I want you for my wife. I would bring your beauty to bless my ugliness, your brightness to cheer my gloom, your blooming youth to adorn my stern, middle-age. I can give you little in return for so much; but all I have and am is yours, and there shall be no bound to my affection or my care for you.

"On the other hand, if the sacrifice is too great, the thought of all it involves too painful and irksome; remember that my wealth, valueless but for this, shall break the nominal tie between us with a breath, while in its name I shall bestow on you what will keep the woman I love forever safe from poverty and dependence. Choose then freely, for in either case your future

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is assured and clear, and by my hurried yielding to a moment's impulse I shall have done you no wrong. If you justly refuse to regard its consequences as binding, the old friend at your side, to whose kindness I owe this interview, will take you to her house, which will be yours until a happier one shall open to receive you, and your girlish heart be given to a better mate than mine. Choose then, Sylvia, unencumbered by thoughts of the past, or fears for the future in this crisis of your fate. Pray heaven to guide you, and decide the happiness or the misery of your life."

Walter Drummond came to my side as Mr. Harter ceased—his face was flushed, his manner excited and eager. He, too, spoke with an absolute oblivion of the presence of others, but how differently!

"Accept his offer, Sylvia," he urged. "Take the reparation he tenders, and which he owes you, for thus, in your ignorance and helplessness, linking your name with his; repudiate that hasty action—let him repay you and release you."

I saw Mr. Harter's lip curl, but he listened patiently.

"It was wholly my fault," I said, "and I will take nothing."

"You will take my advice," he insisted, "for I love you, Sylvia, and I know that you love me—our interests are one. The claims of our long friendship, and our constant associations—often sought by you—our community of tastes, feelings, and sympathies; our congeniality in youth, even in personal attributes, prove it impossible that you should submit willingly to the fate that threatens you. Had I feared such weakness on your part, such daring on that of others, I would have spoken before and set your heart at rest. Come with me, then, and trust your case in my hands; a little time and patience will set you free, and you shall be my wife, the daughter of my parents!"

Strangely enough, this bright prospect could not move me; I was growing cold and dull, and his sharp sentences fell faintly on my ears. Torn and weakened by long excitement; always unequal to the crisis through which I had to pass; swayed by many conflicting emotions, and hardly understanding the wish of my own heart, which Mr. Harter had generously besought me to follow, much less the arguments by which Walter Drummond appealed to my reason, I was incapable of answering either. I only knew that the younger man had been my friend, possibly my lover; but that I could never wish him to be dearer or more near—his friendship sufficed me, perhaps, even less—for since he claimed me so boldly, I shrank from him with an invincible repugnance. His rapacity and want of delicacy, albeit for my sake, disgusted and mortified me deeply; his reading of my thoughtless encouragement in times past was humiliating to hear; his judgment of his rival's forbearance and generosity, of his noble motives and deeds—both narrow and mean. Although I could not have put my hurried thoughts, my confused sensations into words, I felt an instinct of aversion so strong, that if my choice must lie between the two men, I knew now that he, at least, could never be my husband.

"Do you consent, Sylvia?" he impatiently demanded, annoyed, I suppose, at my silence and stolidity. "Will you do as I have said?"

"I cannot," I faltered.

"Ah!" he sneered, "then wealth and luxury are, indeed, as powerful with you as I had thought them. I know the temptation is strong; with a million of money, what a setting might not your beauty receive! Truly, it would be pleasant to reign like a queen in this charming little palace, and to find every whim gratified as soon as formed, like the Beast's fair bride in the fairy tale. Better, no doubt, to you than to be the wife of a poor professional man, absorbed in the struggle of the world. Forgive the error, but I thought your nature impassioned, not frivolous, and fancied love might be something to you!"

I could have answered his sarcasm with tears; his anger with passionate avowal: my heart ached with such an empty, longing pain under his words. "It is much," I could have said; "it should be all, if you but offered anything so sweet and so divine. But this that you bring me is not love; pique or admiration it may be, vanity and self-interest it surely is. No pure or gentle feeling so dictated softens your hard glance, or speaks in the milder modulation of your tones. Even your friendship, once so prized, I doubt, if it wears this form and holds this language. True love is modest, generous, and gentle; I have seen it to-night for the first time, and recognized it by those attributes in the man you so despise. If it is this you would have me seek, how can I turn from him and follow you?"

I could have said all this, I mean, could I have had strength to pronounce it, or even to arrange my thoughts in collected form—but the words remained unspoken, the meaning unexplained, for, in truth, I was fast sinking into insensibility. I heard Walter's voice impetuously, almost angrily, urging me to answer, and

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Mr. Harter, in a tone that thrilled me even then, proving how severely, by that long suspense, his partial endurance had been tried, repeat once more, entreatingly, its formula, "Sylvia, choose!" and then I heard no more. My heavy head sunk lower and lower to Mrs. M'Donald's lap, and all worldly trouble swept by me like a wave.

When next I raised it, two faces only were bending over me—two faces that had nothing in common but a look of anxiety and dismay. One was young, smooth, refined, even passably handsome; once it had been pleasant and welcome to me in its kindness; but under this new phase of vision, it seemed hard, and eager, and cold. The other, with rougher lineaments, but softened and warmed by a feeling almost divine, bent above me with pity and tenderness like an angel's. Love alone, most gentle, most compassionate, purest, and least selfish of earthly passions, had etherialized that older and more rugged face, till it wore a beauty the youthful one never knew. I could not reason, nor think, nor weigh and ponder, had I felt disposed; for a time sense and memory were in abeyance, and I realized only that a shadowy trouble overhung me, from which I sought protection. By a blessed impulse of instinct, I stretched out my hands, not to the wealth with which Mr. Harter might fill them; not to the husband I had wedded in haste by a contract which pride compelled me to ratify; but to the love in that kind face and noble heart, that has been my rock of refuge ever since.

LEAVE ME NOT!

BY J. R. GARRISON JONES.

Leave me not! leave me not! thou art my star!
Without thee my life would be dark;
I fly to thy bosom when sorrow-clouds lower,
As the dove to the sheltering ark.
Leave me not! leave me not! others are kind,
But the light in their eyes is less true;
The Heaven of their love is o'erclouded by storms,
While thine's ever sunny and blue.

Leave me not! leave me not! thou art my joy;
I have poured all my heart's garnered store,
In one measureless flood of deep love, at thy feet,
And the angels could give thee no more.
Leave me not! leave me not! mournful thy bird
Would fold her bright wings, didst thou go;
And her songs gushing sadly, would tell but the tale
Of an o'erburdened heart in their flow.

Leave me not! leave me not! thou art my life;
By thy side I am nearer to Heaven;
The hopes of long years, and the laurels of fame,
For thy fond faith have gladly been given.
Leave me not! leave me not! canst thou forsake
The heart that to thee fondly turns
With a worship as deep as the Chaldean knows,
For his star in the broad Heaven that burns.

Leave me not! leave me not! shadows and clouds,
And a lone, weary pathway were mine;
The flowers droop and die when their light turns away—
Like a flower I have lived but in thine.
Leave me not! leave me not! by the days that are past,
Though the world is both weary and wide,
The dreariest lot, and the saddest of homes,
Were the sweetest, if shared by thy side.

TO MY WIFE.

BY D. A. BIBB.

My heart is filled with quiet joy,
More high than that of childhood's day;
The thoughtless gladness of the boy,
Which time and sorrow swept away,
A nobler feeling doth replace,
Whene'er I gaze, beloved, upon thy placid face.

And I rejoice that few beside,
See there the beauty which I find—
For thus thou art still more my bride,
Thy life with mine more intertwined;
I stand the more from men apart,
Thy lover, and the loved of thy devoted heart.

And since we have not wealth to tempt
Attention from the false and vile;
And since I know thy soul exempt
From earth's ambitions as its guile,
I feel, beholding other's care,
As though I were a dweller of another sphere.

But late I scorned myself, and all
My fellow denizens of earth;
Thy smile released me from a thrall,
Thy kiss bestowed a magic birth;
Thy tears, like rain to drooping trees,
Refreshed my withering soul, and brought it strength and peace.

And now, like one inclosed within
A crystal fortress, safe from harm,
I look forth on the shapes of sin
That lure men, by their baleful charm,
To shame and woe, that would not be,
If each one loved some fellow-soul as I love thee.

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THE STORY OF MAGGIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L———'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM VOLUME LV., PAGE 439.

CHAPTER XI.

THE artist had finished his work, and gone to Boston to get that and other things ready for the exhibition. Webster had breathed his last, and been "buried with the mourning of a mighty nation."

The melancholy days of autumn were fully come. The ground was already strewn with the brilliantly-dyed leaves the winds had torn, the worms had eaten; and which, on this account, were the first to fall. There were long, comfortless storms, (comfortless, that is, to the heavy-laden,) when, all the nights long, the wind was out, sighing, moaning; and Maggie, awake on her pillow, her eyes wide open upon the darkness, lay still as death, and heard every sound. She wept a great deal, tear after tear, sometimes a great rain of tears, going drop, drop, drop, on her pillow; but she made her weeping soft as possible, that she might not waken Anna. And, in all those hours, through all those weeks, she did not once wake her, or know her to be awake, so sound was her innocent, safe slumber.

By day she governed herself as well as she was able; tried to be cheerful; tried to laugh, and not look so large-eyed and haggard. She really believed, she said to herself before her mirror, that she did look haggard. Oh, dear! oh, dear! And then again her heart took up the lamentation of Œnone:

> "Oh! mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
> Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
> Oh! happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
> Oh! happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
> Oh, death, death, death! thou ever-fleeting cloud,
> There are enough unhappy on this earth;
> Pass by the happy souls that love to live;
> I pray thee pass before my light of life,
> And shadow all my soul, that I may die."

It happened, I hardly know how, that Major Waters drank much worse that fall than he had ever done before; and I think that, in his mind, Maggie's increasing sadness, and altered looks, were attributed to her uneasiness and disapprobation on this account. He, therefore, became every day more rigid and sarcastic toward her. Whatever dissatisfaction Mrs. Waters or Anna might show, met only sullen indifference, or, at most, the bang of a chair, or door; while, if he only saw Maggie paler, graver than usual, his irrascibility knew no bounds of decency, but broke out with, "Don't you think you're a handsome, pleasant-looking girl, Miss Meg? That is what they all call you, I believe; Webster, and all; that popinjay of a painter, and all; handsome—our handsome daughter."

And then it was certainly horrible for Maggie to bear, when, caught by recollections of poor Alice and her mother in "Dombey and Son," he went on, chuckling to see with what misery it filled her, "Handsome, she's my handsome gal; she's our handsome gal, mother—our han'some gal," taking up his hat to go out.

Did she not wish the floor, the earth—oh! if the earth, kind mother earth, would open her ever-friendly bosom to hide her away from men.

At other times, she went away to attic or garden, somewhere where her mother and Anna were not likely to come, and there gave herself up to unrestrained sobbing. When the fit passed a little, she felt that, perhaps, she would die if she suffered a little more; it seemed to her that she would. At any rate, the strength of her youth was gone; the summer of her life, the joy and gladness, were ended. Moaning, she said that if only her father would be kind to her, it would give her a little strength, courage. Whatever else he might be, even if he were ten, a hundred times further gone in his habits of intemperance, she would be glad to be taken to his arms and comforted, supported—for she had never, never loved him as she did then. The love she, as a child, felt for him was as a drop to the full flood. And then to have him so hard, so unkind toward her; and again the tears and sobs came. But she had no strength, and they soon passed; and she sat like one stunned, looking out into the trees shining with wet, swinging and tossing in the wind.

By-and-by, she began to say to her mother and Anna that she could not stay at home, her father was so harsh toward her. She would die, she told them. But she thought that if she went to Manchester, where great-aunt Hester was in her house alone, now John was gone, she would feel better; and, perhaps, he would miss her, when she was gone, and understand how cruel he had been to her. She forbade their saying anything to him about these reasons, as, in the state he was then, it would only irritate him

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more, and make him say new things to her; and what she wanted, she told them, was not to hear one more unpleasant word spoken in her home; she did not want to have one more to think about now, or after she was gone.

It caused them many misgivings. The mother's heart ached with pity for her child. So did Anna's; and Charley was so brotherly in his attentions, so helpful, as to seal her gratitude forever. She could praise him now in a way to satisfy even Anna, and so to cement the sisterly bond as to make it hard for Anna to give her up.

"It is hard to have you go, sister Maggie," she would say; "but I think myself it is the best thing you can do. I think it is more likely to stop father where he is than anything else; and so does Charley. After you have been gone a day or two, we are going to take the time when we used to be singing our Sunday-hymns, (he has always seemed to like those, you know,) and tell him that you went because you suffered so. If that don't stop him, I don't know of anything that will. But I think it will; and Charley does, too, because he sees what we all know, that you are, after all, the one he always has loved most, and always will. But do you think you are able to go?"

"Yes," with sobbing voice, Maggie answered.

Seeing how she felt, Anna refrained from saying anything more about her going; but busied herself helping her, packed the trunk herself, because when one was going away, and was sad, that was the hardest thing to do.

She wrote to great-aunt Hester, telling her that her sister was coming; and that, of all the sisters anybody had, she was the dearest, best! always doing something for others, or wanting to; the best dispositioned girl in the world.

"I'm happy!" Maggie kept saying, as the train bore her on, past the brown meadows, past the leafless elms, past the last fields she knew; and she said so, thinking of her father; of the resolute hand put out to keep Charley back, (when the latter would strap her trunk and see it off to the near station,) and afterward working with its mate, to strap it himself and see it off; thinking of the stumbling steps, made to stumble this time by the tears in his eyes blinding him; of the dear chin quivering as he looked into her face at parting, and many times before that day. "I'm happy!" she said; but, for all that, she had, nearly the whole journey, to keep wiping the tears behind her veil.

CHAPTER XII.

GREAT-AUNT Hester told Maggie she believed the Lord sent her, because he knew how lonesome she and puss were; fixing her in her best arm-chair at her pleasantest window, the one that looked upon the handsomely-curtained, plate-glass window, the balconies and evergreen trees of the Browns—and leaving her there while she went out to make her tea.

Maggie herself sitting in quiet, with her eyes on the white hands using the needle within the window of the house opposite, and on the beautiful children running with kitten and dog outside, felt as if the Lord had sent her. She wept, but without distraction; and her mind was busy with the problem of her future. She got her writing materials out, and wrote a letter; and after tea, while aunt Hester was engaged with her dishes, went out to post it.

Lying beside aunt Hester, sitting the next morning where she could see and hear her about her work, and talk with her, she rested as never before in her life she had rested; for never before had she felt so worn, in such need of rest.

When it was time for the northern mail to be in, she went out to call at the post-office, saying to herself that she did not suppose she would find anything for her, although she might, perhaps; because, before she came away from home, Anna said, "We will send you all the letters Charley gets from Mr. Butler. You must see them, they are so well worth reading. And if any more of his nice things, if they are books, or pictures, or Art Journals, come, we will send them for you to see; but if they are fruit—pears that melt in your mouth, like those he sent yesterday, I am afraid they will melt before we can get them to you. Too bad you are going!"

She found a package with Charley's elegant, bold superscription. Catching it eagerly, she hastened home; hardly heard one word aunt Hester said, when she replied, speaking a great way from the mark; and so the kind old body, after looking at her wonderingly a few times, and as often transferring her glance to puss sleeping beside her, settled down to her thoughtful hemming.

Late in the afternoon of that day, Maggie dressed and went out to walk, having asked aunt Hester the nearest way to the Amoskeag Falls bridge; and at four o'clock, five, she might have been seen, she and a gentleman, who had left the upward train at the Amoskeag station, walking with slow steps, back and forth, among the pines on the island. Occasionally they leaned against the dark stems as if to rest; but soon moved, again walking back and forth. If one had been near enough, one would have seen that their faces looked shocked, sad beyond

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description; that she, if used to weeping when so sad, did not weep then; and if one could have seen her heart, one would have learned that it was because she would not let him see one sign of suffering it was possible for her to suppress; his anguish was so great, it so far transcended hers.

Reclining again awhile as if to rest, gather strength, they left the island, recrossed the bridge, both bridges, and from there it was not a very long way to aunt Hester's; for her house was in that beautiful portion of the city called up-town. At a street-corner near, after a long hand-clasp, a long look in each other's face, they parted.

Maggie was glad, when she entered, to find aunt Hester sitting in the dim light of her coal-fire only. She told her so. "Good aunt Hester!" she said, "I'm glad you enjoy sitting in the fire-light. I like it dearly."

They sat and talked of different members of the family—especially of John and Herbert in their far-distant homes; and aunt Hester, who was famous for "looking on the sunny side," said many of her jovial things, hearing in return no sound of laughter, hearing only the gentle, pensive answers, inquiries, which seemed to her strange in one so young.

CHAPTER XIII.

Maggie, in the succeeding days, tried to brighten; walked in the clear air, and even in the storms, the cold wind and the snow felt so good on her forehead, to get a little of the color of health into her cheeks; tried not to open her eyes to such width; standing before aunt Hester's great old-fashioned mirror, wished she could for a little while look and appear as she used to, for his sake, he felt so bad. She would die for him, if that would make him forget her, (after he had been up once more,) and be as happy as if he had never seen her. To die would be a little thing to do for him, if it would make him happy.

We know, nearly the whole adult world, both sexes, knows what kind of desecration goes on in married homes all over our land, under certain circumstances of pride, ambition, love of pleasure, so-called, under pleas of poverty, and little mouths enough already to feed; and what, outside this abused relation, goes on under the dread of shame, disgrace. They know, we all do, that the mighty wrong is becoming every year more and more common; that even among Christian men and women, health and virtue are, in its consummation, thrown to the winds, with tears, perhaps; perhaps the woman weeps, but she does her deed, nevertheless.

"It is over, and she is safe!" so the woman said, going outside to speak to one, a gentleman, who for hours had been slowly pacing the side-walk in the dark. "Over, and she's safe!" When he bowed his head low, and was gone.

She sat next day in aunt Hester's arm-chair, too weak to hear many words from aunt Hester; although, whenever the excellent woman came to bring her tea-and-toast, to see to the fire, or to her shawl, she gave her a few smiles, worth a million of words, aunt Hester thought; they were such happy smiles! such happy, happy smiles! So, out in the dining-room, she talked to her cat, half-attentive, half-asleep in a cushioned-chair near her—a habit she had acquired out of her social nature and half-solitary life.

"The sickest-looking child you ever saw, Miss Puss, she was when Mrs. Holt came in. Well she came just when she did. She's a woman all Manchester knows for her goodness to the sick; could do everything; get the doctor—your and my doctor, puss, and he's the best man and the best doctor in Manchester—and all I could do was to keep the teeth from chattering out of my head, and pile in coal and wood, and rub my hands, so that I might get warm, and, perhaps, know something, do something. Ah! your mistress is getting older and older. She used to be the warmest, spryest, when there was the most to do; now she isn't any better than a frozen log. Mrs. Holt had to do all for the poor girl. She shan't go out any more in the evening and in the storm; going out, if it snows ever so hard, blows ever so hard, facing it—she shan't do it any more. When she gets well, if she tries it, you must hold her tight with both your claws, and with your great white teeth. You know how, puss. We, between us, must hold her, keep her in, or her father and mother will be requiring her life at our hands; at my hands, pussy, at your paws and your white teeth."

She was talking low. She did not expect anybody to hear her but puss; and puss was such a sleepy-head. She had a good mind to box her ears to wake her fairly, and make her understand that it was a thing of some importance she was saying to her. But Maggie heard her, and laughed.

"Laughing? You laughing?" said aunt Hester, coming in: "it's worth more than all the money John and Herbert both will get while they are gone, to hear you laugh like that—

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why! and to see you look as you used to, too."

"Do I?"

"Yes you do; and you haven't once before since you've been here. I've looked at you a hundred times; and sometimes it seemed to me, for a minute, that it was somebody else, sent here to cheat the old woman, because John was off in Kansas. Your being sick has made you well. It is so sometimes, I've heard folks say."

After she went out, Maggie could not resist the desire she felt to see herself looking as she used to. When she reached the mirror, and saw for herself that the haggard look was all gone, that softness reigned in its stead, that her eyes looked natural, and that, although paler than she used to be, a bright-red spot had its seat on her cheeks—she could have wept for gratitude; because now, when he came in to see her, (he was coming at four o'clock, the note brought by Mrs. Holt, in the course of the day, had told her,) he would feel better about her.

She wished she could be rid of the great shawl, the dressing-gown, and be dressed as he used to see her. He was going back to Boston in the last train; and they were never, never to meet again, if they lived ever so many years. She wished she could look as if she were as well as she used to be, as hap—— only, the sobbing breaths with which she left the word half-uttered, faintly expressed the sorrow that must evermore lie on her heart. Evermore, after she had shown him this once how she looked like her old self, so that he might go away rid of a portion of his anxiety and remorse on her account, must her heart lie hidden in its penitence and grief. Evermore, with every breath of her changed life, would she pray to be forgiven, to be received at last, pure, among God's angels; even among those that came nearest the throne, nearest the beloved feet, in the host that came up "through much tribulation."

Merciful thoughts of God, of the Saviour, of life—of life here, and life on the other side of death—were in her mind; thoughts increasing in clearness, strength; thoughts rising as if on wings to the mercy-seat, bringing back swift messages of pardon, peace.

After a few hours of this tough conflict, when she looked for her suffering she could not find it; could find only the love that, in her own breast, and over all the earth, seemed swallowing her and all the world; the dear world! the dear, groping, stumbling, sinning world; but the world where "the Lord reigned," and would, in his appointed time, bring everything into willing obedience to his loving, wise requirements.

She must speak to him of these things; must let him see how, thinking of them made her happier, (no sobbing, half-utterance of the word now,) happier than one year ago she would have believed the whole world, and heaven itself added to it, could have made her.

So she went to the mirror no more, not even when the minute to bring him had come. But she sat wrapped in her shawl and dressing-gown; gave him her hand, smiled, told him how much better she felt, and to what content she looked forward, and to what usefulness; how kind she meant to be to everybody, because there was so much suffering, of one kind or another, in every heart; how kind she would be if she saw anybody, man or woman, going wrong; how she would help them to be saved, just by her tenderness toward them. She longed to see her dear father, she told him. She meant to show him how she loved him when she went home, and this would be in a few days now; told him what sacred things home, duty, life, seemed to her; implored him to feel this, and to do his best for his home, and to bring his wife, who really had capacity, into a higher, holier life. If he found he could not, he must not allow himself to be fretted, made really unhappy; for One reigned, and he must leave her in His hand, doing his part patiently, faithfully; and, for the rest, doing his best—"your best!" she said, at his art; and he must be kind to every poor creature he saw.

At parting she stood before him as a being glorified. He could have worshiped her; but he went away worshiping God—a better worship.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Saviour was most tender, loving, true, as He ever is, if we knew it. Out of the bitter travail of this young soul did He bring her forever into His fold, to be Himself, forevermore, whether she lived or died, her shepherd.

But death was not far off. Although she did not know it, I suppose the spirit was already disrobing itself of its clay vestures; was even already robing itself anew for the world of light; and that this was why the ills, even the shame of her body, faded away from her consciousness, as the darkness fades, and must fade, before the light of a resplendent morning.

"I shall go home in a few days," she said to herself, and to aunt Hester. "By Saturday I shall be able to go, good aunt Hester."

She wrote to tell them at home that she had

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been sick, but was better. She wanted to get home, she wrote, to let them all see, father and all, how much better she was, how happy she was. She was so happy she could not express it in words, if she tried all the rest of the days of her life; but they should all see, father and all, father above all, how she loved them, how she loved the Father of the whole universe, and how happy she was.

Knowing that her last letter from her home, and especially the long silence since, had made her brother Herbert uneasy about her, she wrote to him, a long, loving letter, telling him what hope she felt for their poor father, and for everybody; urging him to take a great deal of pains to be kind to such as had lost their way, and had none to help them find it.

CHAPTER XV.

"She looks like death. I declare, she does look like death; but I don't like to wake her and see what it is."

So, on the following morning, muttered old aunt Hester, slowly shaking her head, slowly going about to prepare her and Maggie's breakfast. "If I know what death looks like, and I guess I do. Oh! but what is your mistress troubling her old head about, puss? Puss, wiser-headed than her mistress!"

She could not, however, resist the inclination she felt to go softly, every few minutes, to look at the young girl sleeping with such heavy rings round her eyes, with eyes so sunken, mouth and cheeks so drawn.

At last she moaned, and with difficulty and agitation waked out of her heavy slumber.

In reply to aunt Hester's inquiries, she could only look up piteously, heavy-eyed, drawing hard breaths, saying, "Oh! I don't know. I don't know what does ail me, aunt Hester. You mustn't be frightened; but I do feel so—so sad. I never in all my life felt so sad—never, never! It aches so here, aunt Hester!" tremblingly rubbing her heart with her finger-points; "and you know how happy I was last night. I thought it was going to last forever; but it is gone; God is gone—I can't find him; he is gone—gone."

And then once again rose that cry, heard eighteen hundred years ago on Calvary—heard many times since, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me? If—if——" if mother was here, if father, and Anna, and Herbert, were here, she was going to say; but afraid of alarming, or, in some way, wounding aunt Hester, she suppressed the utterance, and felt the longing settle back on her heart, as it were, a great load, hard, indeed, in her weak, dark state to bear.

But aunt Hester read the wish and the heartache. Arranging her pillows so as to bring her head higher; she patted her cheek, was shocked to find how cold and rigid it felt; covered the great fear with a pleasant smile, a pleasant, "There, you dear! you patient darling! Let me go into the kitchen a moment."

Now in Maggie's former visits at aunt Hester's, she had seen Mr. and Mrs. Brown at church; and from aunt Hester's windows and garden, through the trees and beautifully-flowering shrubs, and in the walks of the Browns' yard, had seen the good, cheerful parents sitting in the piazzas, or under the trees, reading, or talking, and often looking to see what the children were doing; had seen the children, beautiful fairies! running up to them with some wonderful pebble, or bit of moss, or to drag them by their fingers, or skirts, to see some flower, some butterfly, or, perhaps, some worm or bug, exquisitely colored; or, while the mother sat plying her faithful needle, had seen the father with the children at play, with ring, ball, kite, or shuttlecock; and had heard him say to her, "Come, Brownie—Effie, leave off pricking your fingers, and come and play with us wise-heads;" had seen her come, perhaps; had heard her voice, so beautiful in speaking to him, or to the children; and had said to herself and to aunt Hester that she was an angel. Since she came this time, looking to see her go out through her gate, she had, with tears in her eyes half-blinding their sight, said that she looked like a good angel; that if she was alone in the world, without a friend to go to, she would go to Mrs. Brown and tell her all, and be comforted by her.

Remembering it, and herself sharing Maggie's excellent opinion of her neighbor, aunt Hester threw on hood and shawl, and hurried across to bring her; and she came.

Looking into the poor girl's large, troubled eyes with her large, calm, inspired ones, she saw Maggie settle at once into peace. Her eyes no more wandered or shone with half-delirium. She did not weep—tears were not for her, lying there at such ending of her earthly life; about to cross over to the other side, where she would meet her God, her Saviour. Ah, yes! there again was "the name above all other names," the dear name, that brought the sudden rain of tears to put out the fires of remorse and dread. He, on the cross, tortured, forsaken, crying out in His great agony that brought the sweat, as it were great drops of blood—was not He the one

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to be with her then in her dread hour, to turn it into one of peace, even of triumph, through Him, through His agony in His last hour? With what clearness she now understood the intention and uses of that death, that whole blessed life; how her tears ran, and yet how great was her comfort! Verily, if such things could once in awhile be said in our pulpits, (and out of them, when lay members meet to talk over matters,) as Effie Brown heard, at intervals, that morning, through that day, and that night, until the beautiful dawn of the next-day morning, from the lips almost done with earth. I think those who heard could not fail to understand that there is something in this Christ, this cross, this agony and crying out, that they as yet understand but dimly, and that it certainly behooves them to look into.

At intervals, I said; for the physician was sent for, and came—a humane man, who had his brows knit with anger toward the world, so filled with wrongs and dangers for such as Maggie; but at the same time had on his features the light of a heavenly compassion for his patient. In a few rugged sentences, wrung out of him by Maggie's request, and by his own burning sympathies, he let Mrs. Brown see the whole matter.

"A sudden sickness, with fever and threatened delirium;" this was all Mrs. Brown told Maggie's family in her hurried morning dispatch. It was about all the physician told them when they came; all they were ever to know; for this was Mrs. Brown's command to physician and nurse.

The mother, the father, (his heart broken,) came on the next train; Anna, and one whom the dying one little expected, Herbert, came later.

Herbert knew the world better than our poor, truthful, innocent Maggie did; and he had besides, quick, refined intuitions, which were nearly eqnal to the gift of prophecy. He was, therefore, uneasy about Maggie, even before the last, so greatly changed letter, and the long silence afterward; and it was this that started him off on the long, tedious journey.

He reached home on the day before; and each particular he heard there went to build up his alarm.

In the rooms, at aunt Hester's, his misery and dread stifled him. He could endure what he saw, and especially what he dreaded, only by going out often, and letting the keen north wind strike with hard blows his forehead, his breast.

One time, on returning, at the side door he saw talking with the nurse, a gentleman with a face like a dead man's for pallor, and with such anguish depicted in it as it had never before entered into his heart to conceive. He saw Mr. Brown come over from his own house, take the gentleman's hand and held it clasped in silence; saw Mrs. Brown appearing from within to join them.

Convinced from these particulars, that, whatever the circumstances of the case were, they were known to the Browns, he, upon their entrance, wormed a little out of them; and for an hour was like one gone mad; could not see the poor one; did not, until, going out to find Mr. Butler at his hotel, the latter showing him his face of misery, assuaged Herbert's rage and pain by something like this, out of Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile:"

> "Were ye wronged by me,
> Hated, and tempted, and undone by me—
> Still what's your hurt to mine of doing hurt,
> Of hating, tempting, and so ruining?
> This sword's hilt is the sharpest, and cuts through
> The hand that wields it;"

then they wept together, like two brothers, in each other's arms; and Herbert was trying with his might to comfort the other.

And now could he hasten with swift feet to see his darling; could kiss her again, again and again, calling her by all the dearest names he could find in his heart, that was overflowing with them; could tell her that he felt all this love for her—a love, he told her, compared with which the old affection was as a feather, because he knew how she had suffered. He had seen him, (speaking it softly at her ear,) and he had told him all.

Upon this profounder became her gratitude and peace. Only—only one moment she was shaken, in giving Herbert the last message for him.

She died as her birthday was dawning; and Herbert, remembering what she had said of the day in one of her letters to him, brought flowers, when they had "laid her out," to crown her with them; and a simple evergreen-wreath, such as he had so many times seen her twining, to hang on the wall above her.

The parents and Anna went up next day; Herbert remained to go up with "the body."

Another, a haggard man, muffled high, went up on the night-train, left the cars at the upper station; and when the villages were asleep, went down the country road, and to the house where, through the curtains, a light shone dimly, and lay there with his heart and forehead to the snow, so prostrate was his spirit, so goaded. Tearing him limb from limb would have been as nothing to it, he said within himself, lying there, cursing the day on which he was born.

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Old aunt Hester and the Browns went up on the day of the burial.

What Maggie's minister felt, standing in sight of the white robe, the flowers, the white, white face, the folded hands, on which lay an air of such heavenly repose as to keep him inwardly weeping, was that life had gone too hard with her, as it does with thousands upon thousands of tender souls, and had worn her out. So he said about the right things concerning the dear one, concerning life, properly so-called. If he had known all that one there could have told him—the stranger sitting at the still one's feet, constantly weeping beneath her veil—I doubt if he could have spoken at all, the fate would have seemed so cruel.

CHAPTER XVII.

From this time Herbert returned to Kansas no more, but had his home and business at Manchester, (as John had, who returned soon after;) and Herbert and Mr. Butler were friends, in the best meaning of the oft-perverted term. The latter began to paint "the human face divine"—the human face as yet undivine; painted such a Magdalen as you never saw, unless you have seen his—and such a Christ! His paintings, as all the world saw, were chiefly of sorrowful women, hungry women, women burdened heavily in body, women with no burden perceptible, but, in looking, you felt how drear the weight was on their spirits.

I hardly know how it was with Mrs. Butler, but I think if we were to ask any of her acquaintances about her, they would shrug their shoulders, and answer, "Oh! I guess she's Mrs. Butler still. I guess you would find her so!"

Not a weed can the mother, or Anna, or Charley Edgerly, (Squire Edgerly now,) ever find on the grave of Maggie; the father, a good, sober man now, picks the first leaves of them all. But they and Anna's children, one of whom they call Maggie, may often be seen laying flowers upon the grave, hanging wreaths upon the stone. And not once do they omit it when her birth and burial-day comes round, even if paths must be opened through the deep snow-drifts to admit them to the spot. Then it is, "Aunt Maggie, aunt Maggie!" At no time is her name heard so often among them as in that season when with joy they are already welcoming the approaching seasons of Christmas and New-Year.

"There are the elms aunt Maggie used to think were so beautiful—and they are," the children say, nothing but their hats and their glowing faces showing above the sleigh-robes. This is on Christmas or New-Year mornings, when their father, making best use of that pause in his busy life, is taking Anna and the children out for a drive in the frosty air. "And there's the hill where she and mamma, and uncle Herbert used to go after berries, with the little baskets we've got now. Only we don't use aunt Maggie's," they add, with lowered tones. "That hangs up with a beautiful wreath on it—a beautiful wreath the beautiful Mrs. Brown made."

In Mrs. Brown's garden, in the summer, in her conservatory, in the winter, blooms one plant she cherishes more tenderly than all the rest: it is the rose that used to be Maggie's.

In aunt Hester's rooms, (which are hardly lonely now, with "her two great boys," as she calls John and Herbert, coming and going, and with Irish Ellinor at work in kitchen and dining-room,) the quaint-hearted old lady sits at her knitting or her hemming, and saying to her cat, "You knew her, puss. You've lain more than once, with your sleepy head on your paws, in her lap, dozing and purring in great comfort. You never had such frolics with anybody as you had with her one time, when you were a kitten, and she was a young girl, as full of play as a kitten. This is what makes the boys like you so; what made Herbert bring home that handsome necklace to you the other day? We all make a queen of you, you see; but you mustn't think it is all on account of your being so amazing clever, for it isn't."

THE WIFE'S SONG.

I live to-day on yesterday,
Since my true-love's away;
The morning red, so bright o'erhead,
Ere long will shade to gray;
But naught mind I, or clock or sky,
Too long the minutes stay.

I live to-day on yesterday,
Since my true-love's away;
He whistled long his parting song,
Full sweet was his delay;
Anon he put his sandals on,
And vanished in the gray.

I live to-day on yesterday,
Since my true-love's away;
But, hark! I hear him caroling,
"Sweet wife, be always gay;"
I hear no more, at the open door,
He kisses my words away!

D. K. A.

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FOURTH OF JULY IN JONESVILLE.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

DEAR MR. PETERSON

A FU daze before the 4th Betsey Babbet come in to our house in the mornin, and sez she. "Have u heard the nuze?" "No!" sez I pretty brief for I was jest putten in the ingregiances to a 6 quart pan loof of fruit cake and on them ocasions I want my mind cool and unruffled. "Aspine Todd has concluded to deliver the oratien" sez she "Aspine Todd! Who's he?" sez I coolly. "Josiah Allens wife," sez she, "hove u fergot the sweet poem that thrilled us so in the Jonesville Augur a few weeks sence?" "I haint been thrilled by no poem," sez I with an icy face pourin in my melted butter. "Then it must be you haint never saw it, I hove got the poem in my portmoney and I will read it to ye," sez she not heedin the dark froun gatherin on my eye brow. "Some think," she continude "that he has read my poems in the Gimlet, and in this delikit and cautious manner is makin overtoors fer my freendship and ocquaintance. I dont know, I am sure, I dont say it is so; but I will say, when I read the poem I had feelins I never had before—and if fate is threwin of us togather—— but to return to the poem, if there is enything I dote on it is a poem that the commen masses cant understand. and this is so beautifuly misty—so sweetly vague,—but I wont keep you from the treat eny longer," sez she, and she begun to read—

A QUESTIONIN SAIL SENT OVER THE MYSTIC SEA

BY ASPINE TODD

So the majestic thunder bolt of feeling
Out of our inner lives, our unseen beings flow
Vague dreams revealing
Oh is it so? Alas! or no,
How be it—Ah! How so?

Is matter going to rule the deathless mind
What is matter? Is it indeed so?
Oh truths combined;
Do the 'magaloi theoi' still tower to and fro—
Now do they move? How flow?

Monstrous—aeriform, phantoms sublime,
Come with your Cadmien teeth, and my soul gnaw,
Through chiliasms of time;
Transendantely and remorselessly gnaw,
By what agency? Is it a law?

Mournful, enormous, shadows immense,
Why do ye leer at me, oh so mockingly,
Through vapors dense;
Who is the phantom? How does it see?
How strange! Alas! to be—to be.

Perish the vacuous in huge immensities,
Hurl the broad thunderbolt of feeling free,
The vision dies:
So lulls the bellowing surf upon the mystic sea,
Is it indeed so? Alas! Ah me.

"Haint it deep," sez she as she finished readen it. "Deep," sez I, "I wish" sez I, lookin keenly into her virgin face, "I wish it wuz deeper." I didnt say where I wished it wuz, but she read the dark meaning of my brow as I struck the choppin knife impressivly down on the raisins in my choppin bowl, and she said no more, and started fer home, in a few minutes.

The celebration wuz held in Mr. Peedicks sugar bush, and was a very good place. I was on the ground in good season, when I have to go through jobs that I dread, I am for lookin em straight in the face, takin em by the forelock, and grapplin with em at once. I dont believe in Pick nicks and celebrations, especialy for old married folks, but Josiah was determined, and the children didn't give me no peace, so I went, and as I said I was one of the first on the spot, and as for vittles, if I do say it there was'nt any better than mine, nor more ov em acordingly.

Pretty soon the folks began to come, and kept a comin. I had'nt no idee there could be so many folks skairt up in Jonesville. I thought to myself, I wonder if they'd flock out so to a prayer meetin. But they kept a comin, all kinds of folks in all kinds of vehicles, from a 4 horse team down to peacible lookin men and women drawin baby wagons, with 2 babies in most of em. The United States in the form of young women with their names on blue sashes, was drawed into the grove with 6 horses, Vermont and Rhode Island settin in front with the driver. They looked pretty as pinks, only New York fell in getting out, and spraint her ankle, and went lame all day.

One great double wagon trimmed with cedar, and so full ov men, women, and children that it seemed as if some ov em must spill out—had a flag with "We Come," printed on it in great letters. I thought to myself, that haint nesesary, dont we realize only too deeply that you have come, and that you keep a comin.

There was a stagin built of boards in most the center of the grove and most all the leadin men of Jonesville, as they come went up on it, and sot down.

It was most noon when Aspine Todd walked slowly on to the ground arm in arm with the Editor of the Augur. If the eyes that was

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leveled at him, was muskets he would have been a dead man so quick he never would have realized what hurt him.

Countin 2 eyes to a person and the exceptions are triflin, there was at least 700 and 50 eyes aimed at him as he walked through the croud. He looked as if he knew it, but wus determined to live above it. He was dressed in a new shinin suit of black, his complexion was light, his hair which was just turned from white, wus combed straight back from his ferhead and hung down long over his coat collar. He had a long moustashe, about the color of his hair, only beering a little more on the sandy, and a couple of pale blue eyes with a pair of spectacles over em.

As he walked up the stagin behind the Editor of the Augur the band struck up playing "Hail to the Chief that in triumph advances."

The Editor of the Augur come forward as soon as the band stopped playin, and sez he "Fellow citizens of Jonesville, I have the honor and the priviledge of presentin to you the Oriter of the Day, Aspine Todd!"

Mr. Todd imegiately come forward, and made a low bow.

"Bretherin and sisters of Jonesville," sez he, "friends and patrons of Liberty, In rising upon this aeriter, I have signified by that act, a desire and a willingness to adress you. I am not here fellow and sister citizens, to outrage your feelings by trifling remarks, I am not here male patrons of Liberty to lure your noble, and you female patrons, your tender, footsteps into the flowery fields of useless rhetorical eloquence; I am here, noble brothers and sisters of Jonesville, not in a mephitical manner, and I trust not in a mentorial—but I am here to present a few plain truths, in a plain manner for your consideration. My friends we are in one sense but tennifolious blossoms of life—or if you will pardon the tergiversation—we are all but minorating tenuirosters, hovering upon an illnition of mythoplasm."

"Jess so" said old Peedick, who was settin on a bench rite under the speakers stand, with his fat red face lookin up shinin with enthosaism, (and the brandy he had took to honer the old revolutionary hero's) "Jess so, so we be."

Aspine looked down on him in a troubled kind of a way for a minute, and then he went on.

"Noble inhabitents of Jonesville, we are actinolitic beings, each of our soles like the acalphia, radiate a circle of prismatic tentacles, showing the divine irridescent essence of which composed are they."

"Jess so!" shouted old Peedick, "jess so."

"And if we are content to moulder out our existence, like fibrous reticulated polypus, clinging to the crustaceous crusts of custom, if we cling not, like soaring prytanes to the phantoms that lower their sceptres down through the murky waves of retrogression, endeavoring to lure us upward in the scale of progressive being —in what esential degree do we differ from the acalphia?"

"Jess so," sez old Peedick, looking round defiantly on the audience, "There he has got you, how can they?"

Aspine Todd stopped agin, looked down on Peedick, and put his hand to his brow in a wild kind of a way fer a minute, and then went on—

"Let us, noble bretheren in the broad brotherhood of humanity, let us rise, let us prove ourselves superior to the acalphia——"

"Yes, less," sez old Peedick, "less prove ourselves"

"Let us shame the actinice"——

"Yes Jess so, less shame him!" sez old Peedick: and in his enthosaism he got up and holered agin, "Less shame him!"

Aspine stopped agin, drank several swallers of water—and then whispered a few words to the Editer of the Augur, who imegiatly came forward and sed—"Although it is a scene of touching beauty to see an old gentleman, and a bald headed one, so carried away with his feelings, so in love with eloquence, and to give such remarkable proofs of it at his age, still as it is the request of my young friend, and I am proud to be permitted to say 'my young friend,' in regard to one gifted in so remarkible a degree; at his request I beg to be permited to hint—that if the old gentleman, the bald headed old gentleman of age—whom I respect—I admire—I confide in, if he will, if he can, concal his admiration, supress his applause, the bald headed old gentleman in the linen coat will confer a faver, on my gifted young friend, and through him indirectly to Jonesville—to America—and the great cause of humanity throughout the length and breadth of the country."

Here he made a low bow and sat down.

Aspine continude his piece without any more interuption, till most the last, he wanted the public of Jonesville to "drown black care in the deep waters of oblivion, mind not her agonizing throes of desolving being—let the deep waters cover her black head—and march onward." Then the old gentleman forgot himself and sprang up and hollered—"Yes dround the black cat—hold her head under—don't mind her screamin, there'l be cats enough left in the world—less dround her."

Aspine finished in a few words and sot down

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lookin gloomy and morbid. Imedately after the oration, Doctor Bombus was called on to make a few remarks. He is a large portly fair lookin man—with a gold headed cane—he rose with his face shinin like the new moon—and sez he

"My friends this is a proud day for Liberty, Jonesville has took her by the hand to day, and Jonesville duz nothing by the halves—My friends, I don't want to boast, I scorn boasting—but my friends where in the broad illimitless universe, will you find another country like ourn? where milk and honey flows spontainously for the refreshin of the nations, Milk and honey do I say? Merely them? Have we not gushing fountains of petrolium—ocians of coal oil, enough to float all the envious nations of the old world in, currants of spontanious gas, upon which our emblem, our proud eagle can rise and glare defiantly down upon the prostrate monarchies. Then look at our mines, of gold and silver and iron, enormious enough to make chains of to lash the tottering dynasties of the old world to the chariot wheels of our young republic, and draw them like slaves olong on the onward march of empire—that thunders on as the poet observes—'On blackest steed—with hoof of iron, and bit of speed.' Never! Never! was there a country like ourn, and like a pearl softly nestling in a bed of rare roses lies Jonesville, the gem, and pride of that country. Nestling down among her environing hills, that stand like sentinals around her, warning off with thier granite fingers the vicious and the vile, rises she. Never was there such a climate as hern, combining so liberaly the hardiness of the frigids, with the soft sweetness of the tropics. Never was there such a soil, such land, (Doctor Bombus has a good many lots for sale in Jonesville) never was there such soil. Who wouldn't own a home in this elysium, what is filthy lucre compared to these advantages." Here he stopped and looked at his watch, "I see" sez he, "that I am devouring to much of the valuble time of the far famed and glorious 4th of July—inestimable casket which wraps up the sparkling twin jewels of Independence and Liberty—I am devouring time which men of abler-bodied intelects, might employ perhaps with more flowry rhetoric, but not—not my friends, with more pure—with more disinterested—with more patriotic motives. My friends I will close, in the words of another, I care not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

As soon as he sot down, Lawyer Nugent got up, and said, that "whereas the speaking was foreclosed—or in other words finished—he motioned they should adjourn to the dinner table, as the fair committee had signified, by a snowy signal, that fluttered like a dove of promise above waves of emerald—(he meant a towel hung upon a tree) that dinner was forthcoming—whereas, he motioned they should adjourn *sine die*, to the aforesaid table."

The dinner was good, but there was an awful crowd round the tables, and I was glad I wore my old lawn dress, Tirzah wanted me to dress in silk, but I jest put my foot down on that at once, and I was glad I did, for the children was thick, and so was bread and butter, and sass of all kinds, and jell tarts; and I haint no shirk, I jest plunged into the heat of the battle as you may say—waitin on the children, and the spots on my dress skirt would have been too much for any body that couldn't count 40, to say nothin about old Peedick steppin through the back breadth, and Betsey Bobbet ketchin hold of me, and rippin it off of the waist as much as ½ a yard. And then a horse started up behind the widow Tubbs, as I was bendin down in front of her to get something out of a basket, and she weighin above 200, was percipitated onto my straw bonnet, jammin it down almost as flat as it was before it was braided. I come off pretty whole in other respects, only about 2 yards of the rufflin of my black silk cape was tore off by 2 boys who got to fitin behind me, and bein blind with rage tore it off, thinken they had got holt of each other's hair There was a considerable number of toasts drank, I cant remember all of em but among em was these.

"The Eagle of Liberty—May her quills lengthen till the proud shadow of her wings shall rest on every land."

"The 4th of July—The star which our old forefathers tore from the ferocious mane of the howling lion of England, and set in the calm and majestic brow of *E pluribus unim*—may it gleam with brighter and brighter radence till the lion shall hide his dazzled eyes, and cower like a stricken lamb at the feet of *E Pluribus*."

"The Jonesville Academy—Well of deep love, diseminating its sparkling waters over parched and thirsty intelects; may it never dry up."

"Doctor Bombus—Our respected citizen, he who tenderly ushers us into a world of trial, and professionoly, and scientificoly assists us out of it—may his troubles be as small as his morfeen powders, and the circle of his joys as well rounded as his pills."

"The Press of Jonesville—*The Gimlet and*

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the Augur. May they perforate the crust of ignorance, with a gigantic hole, through which blushing civilization can sweetly peer into futurity."

"THE FAIR SECT—First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of thier countrymen, may them that love them flourish, and may them that hate them, dwindle down as near to nothing as the bonnets of the aforesaid."

That toast was Lawyer Nugents. Aspine Todds was the last.

"THE LUMINOUS LAMP OF PROGRESSION—whose sciathericol shadows falling upon earthly matter, not promoting seiolism, or siecity, may it illumine humanity as it tordigradly floats from matters aynious wastes to minds majestic and opyrous climes."

The Editor of the Gimlet then rose, and sez he, "before we leave this joyous grove, I have a poem I wish to read you. It is dedicated to the Goddess of Liberty, and is transposed by another female, who modestly desires her name not to be mentioned any further than the initials B. B.

Before all causes East or West
I love the Liberty cause the best,
  I love its cheerful greetings;
No joys on earth can e'er be found
Like those pure pleasures that abound
  At Jonesville Liberty meetings.

Before all people East and West,
I love the Liberty men the best,
  Thier accents mildly spoken;
Can harmless make the poisoned bowl,
Build up the wounded, and control
  The hearts that's almost broken.

To all the world I give my hand,
My heart is with that noble band,
  The Jonesville Liberty brothers;
May every land preserved be,
Each clime that dotes on Liberty,
  Jonesville before all others.

The pick nick never broke up till most night, I went home before it broke—and if there ever was a beat out cretur I was, I jest dropped into a rocking chair, and sez I, "there neednt be another word sed—I never will go to another 4th as long as my name is Josiah Allens wife."

"Mother you haint patriotick enuff," sez Thomas J., "you dont love your country."

"I dont know what good it duz the nation, to have me all torn to pieces," sez I "look at my dress! look at my bonnet, and cape, any one had ought to be a iron clad to stand it—and look at my dishes," sez I.

"I guess the old heroze of the revolution went through more than that," sez he. "Wall I haint a old hero" sez I. Sez he "You can honor em, cant you. "Honor em" sez I, "I wonder what good it has done to old Mr. Layfayette to have my new earthen pie plates smashed to bits, and a couple of tines broke off of one of my best forks. What good has it done to Thomas Jefferson" sez I, growin excited, "what good has it done him to have my lawn dress tore off of me by Betsey Bobbet. What benefit has it been to John Adams, or Isaih Putnum to have old Peedick step through it," Sez I, "what honor has it been to George Washington to have my straw bonnet flatted down tight to my head. I am sick of this talk about honorin, and liberty, and duty," sez I. "folks will make a pack horse of duty, and ride it to circuses, and bull fights if we had em— You may talk about honorin the old heroze, but if I live to another 4th I will honor em to home, and try to live till I have done honorin of em."

And when I say a thing, Mr. Peterson, I mean it.

TO A BRIDE.

BY N. M. JOHNSON.

YEARS have fled since thou and I,
  Wandered by the river side;
While the star-gems of the sky,
  Brightly glanced within the tide.
Many a tale had we to tell
  Of the past—its smiles and tears;
Then Hope, with her magic spell,
  Bade us speak of coming years.

Thou wouldst wish for human love;
  I would seek for earthly fame;
Each too oft delusive prove;
  Fame at best is but a name.
I have gained my wish, in part;
  That brief tribute hath been mine;
But for one devoted heart,
  Gladly would I all resign.

Memory wanders far to-night,
  Seeking for that pebbly strand,
Where, beneath the moon's soft light,
  Thus we lingered, hand-in-hand;
Dreaming of the coming years,
  Nought of fear had we to tell;
Yet our eyes were dim with tears—
  We had met to say, "Farewell!"

Years have passed since thou and I,
  Wandered by the river side;
Love hath lit life's Summer sky—
  Thou art now a happy bride.
May that sky be ever bright;
  Peace and joy attend thy way,
Till for thee earth's shadowy light,
  Brightens to the eternal day.

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MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM VOLUME LV., PAGE 469.

CHAPTER XI.

THE woman who had given Dame Tillery so much anxiety sat in the chamber she had so resolutely possessed herself of, waiting for the dinner ordered an hour before, and consuming the time as she best might with oppressive and exciting memories, which became peculiarly vivid and harassing in that place. With the royal chateau almost in sight, it was impossible to forget the time when its inmates were almost her slaves; when the daughters of France, in all their royal pride, had been compelled to receive her with honors, while all the assembled nobility of the court witnessed her triumph. Even the haughty and beautiful queen who reigned there now, had, as Dauphiness, submitted to her companionship at the royal table.

No wonder the woman walked to and fro in the mingled triumph and arrogance of these thoughts. If they brought some relief to her vanity, they were also full of bitterness, for never again could such honors and power return to her. Even now, with the scenes of her former grandeur in sight, she felt herself to be an intruder in that commonplace house, where the lowest mechanic in the town had a right to come. She knew well enough that one glimpse of her through the window might bring a mob about the house who would be glad to hunt her down. People who would formerly have considered it an honor to be soiled by the mud from her carriage-wheels, would, she felt sure, be among the first to hoot her out of town, and follow her with all sorts of coarse revilings. She knew this well, and felt it keenly, for, depraved and despotic as this woman had been, she still possessed some good impulses, and had not yet outlived that first great want of womanhood, a desire to be loved.

For once in her life, Madame Du Barry was possessed of a noble object. She had never liked Marie Antoinette in the days of her supreme popularity; but as years wore on, and troubles gathered about the throne, this woman's sympathies grew strong in her behalf. She had tasted too deeply of the sweets of power not to feel for those who were struggling that it might not be wrested from them. Perhaps some memory of the old monarch, who had been more than generous to her, had aroused a loyal feeling for his grandson. In a wayward creature like her, it is impossible to give any act an undivided motive; but that day she had come to Versailles in a spirit of noble self-sacrifice, and was anxious to give back to the heirs of Louis the Fifteenth a portion of the wealth his prodigal hand had bestowed upon her. In the mockery of her own royal state she had become deeply enamored with the prerogative of kings.

Filled with these generous ideas, anxious to fulfill them, she walked the floor to and fro, waiting impatiently for the return of her messenger, who had found his way to the palace. The dinner was brought in, but she could not force herself to eat. The very atmosphere of the place excited so many emotions that she could neither conquer nor fling them off. For the time this woman was both loyal and munificent.

A noise in the street brought her as near the window as she dared to venture. She looked out and saw two females approaching the hotel. One was Dame Tillery, who swept her portly figure forward with a pompous swell of importance calculated to dazzle the citizens who had seen her sail through the palace-gates, where the guards saluted her with all honor; for up to that point the young Duke de Richelieu had accompanied the party. The other was Marguerite, modest, quiet, and so preoccupied with her own great happiness, that she scarcely heeded the crowd that gathered after them, or cared that Dame Tillery was making herself so absurdly conspicuous with her gorgeous compilations of dress, and by the solemn spread of her great fan, which she used as a screen or baton, as she wished to lay down a law, or keep the sun from her face.

Du Barry broke into an immoderate fit of laughter as she saw the landlady thus coming through the streets of Versailles in all the inflated glory of a reception at court. A keen sense of the ridiculous, and a coarse relish of fun, had been one of the principal charms this woman had carried with her through life. It

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was, in fact, this contrast with the elaborately elegant women of the court, which had formed the chief element of her power in former years. Neither time nor misfortune had dulled this broad sense of enjoyment; she had thrown herself into a chair, and was laughing until the tears rolled down the rouge and tiny black patches on her face, when Zamara, who had undertaken to convey a message to the palace, came in and paused at the door, astonished by this outburst of hilarity.

Madame composed herself a little, and wiped the tears from her laughing face.

"Did you see her, my Zamara? Did you watch her progress down the street, wielding that green fan, kissing her hand to the crowd? Oh! it was delicious! Come here, marmosette, and tell me your news I have not had such a laugh in years; in fact, that heavy climate of England would take the laugh out of Hebe herself. It is an enjoyment, and I feel all the better for it. Now tell me all about it."

"I have failed to reach the queen. These people were in the way, so I brought the letter back."

"Oh! that is bad! It will compel us to wait another day in this dismal place—and that I can hardly endure!" exclaimed the countess, losing all desire to laugh. "How unfortunate!"

"But that is not the worst," answered the dwarf.

"Well, what can be worse than two long days in this hole, let me have it, if that is not enough? I have learned how to bear evil tidings, as you know, rogue—so out with your news."

"Madame will, perhaps, remember a man whom she once summoned from his home in Germany—a learned physician——"

The countess put a hand up to her forehead, and seemed to search her memory; all at once she looked up.

"You mean that Dr. Gosner, with the ring?"

"Yes; that is the man."

"Well, what of him? He was sent to the Bastile; I remember it all. It seems to me that I intended to let him out; but the king died, and then all my power for good or harm ended. Of course, there was no one to intercede for him. The Bastile makes quick work with its inmates. Of course, he died."

"No, my mistress, he still lives; and the young girl you saw yonder with Dame Tillery has his release in her bosom. To-morrow he will be the lion of Paris. All France will know that a word of yours took this man from his family, and shut him up in a dungeon deep below the sewers of the street, where his best companions have been the toads and creeping things from which human nature revolts. In this dungeon a good man, a learned man, has grown old in misery. He will come forth with hair like the drifted snow, weak and tottering, perhaps imbecile; and the people, who hate you, will cry out, 'This is the work of that monster, Du Barry. She kills souls! She had no mercy! She——'"

The countess uttered an impatient cry, and clapped both hands to her ears.

"Stop, Zamara—stop, if you have not resolved to kill me. All that was so long ago, I had almost forgotten it. Can men live so long under ground?"

"Not often; but some lives defy nature, and all that outrages it. Another man has spent half a lifetime in those hideous vaults, and come out at last to exasperate the people. This will complete their frenzy. Gosner will appear in the clubs, in the market-places, everywhere. His white hair will madden the people like a hostile banner; his white lips will tell the story of his wrongs. This will drive tears from the women, clamors of rage from the men. They will demand the author of this cruelty, and he will pronounce your name."

Madame shrunk back in her chair, white and craven with fear; the dwarf had drawn his picture with terrible force. Shuddering, she acknowledged its truth, and cried out,

"What can I do, Zamara? How can all these horrors be averted? They know that I am in France. I cannot leave; I cannot exist in that horrible England. Oh! why will all one's little errors keep upon the track so long? I had forgotten this but for the ring—you remember the ring, Zamara?"

"Yes, my mistress. It was only to-day that I saw it coiling around the queen's finger. They tell me it never leaves her hand."

"I placed it there. It was only by the ring I remembered this man Gosner at all. It was to get that I obtained the *lettre-de-cachet*. You know how I hated her then. She scorned me so, it was natural; but when the king died how forbearing she was, how generous. No insults reached me from her; all my estates were left; she crushed me beneath the grandeur of her magnanimity. Then I repented; then I would gladly have taken that fatal serpent from her finger. I remember well what he said of its power, to every hand but his it would bring disgrace and sorrow. Without it, all these evils would fall on him. I took it from him and gave it to her. See how his predictions has turned out, Zamara—from that day to this he has lan-

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guished in a dungeon; while she, who wears the ring, has seen her great popularity vanish from the hearts of the people, and all the power of the throne began to crumble beneath her feet from the very hour that she mounted it."

"I have often thought of that," said Zamara, who was now more than formerly the companion of his mistress. "When I heard that he was alive, a great terror seized upon me, for I saw great danger to the queen in his release, greater danger to yourself. The people will know that you cast this learned man into prison without even naming his crime; they will believe that the queen kept him there through all these long years."

"When she did not even know of his existence!" exclaimed the countess. "See how just this great monster, the people, is!"

"Just! It is a ferocious wild beast, with no higher reason than the instinct of rage and greed—a wild beast that may easily be goaded into madness."

"And the release of this man may do it—I see that, I see that!" cried the countess. "But how to avoid the peril? The populace had almost forgotten me; this will arouse the old hatred afresh. Ah! if I had but one friend!"

Poor woman! this was a mournful cry from one who had seen a whole nation at her feet; but of all that host of abject flatterers, this Indian dwarf, the creature of her bounty, the plaything of her fancy, the scoff of her former worshipers, alone stood faithful to the end. This it was that wrung the cry from her heart.

The dwarf stood near her, troubled and anxious as a dog waiting for orders. At last he drew close to her chair, a gleam of partial relief came into her face as she looked into his.

"You have thought of something," she said. "What is it, my friend?"

"Mistress, this man must not come out of the Bastile."

Zamara spoke almost in a whisper, and looked warily around, as if afraid of being overheard.

"But how can we prevent it?"

"You know the superintendent?"

"Yes. When he was young, I obtained for him a subordinate place in the prison," answered the countess."

"That is a pity!"

"But why?"

"Gratitude does not often stretch back so many years—it has neither the life or grasp of revenge. I would rather this man owed you nothing."

A low, bitter laugh broke from the countess as she replied,

"Never fear, the man will have forgotten it."

"Then our task is easier. I do not know how it is to be done. Give me a little time for thought. Will it be possible to keep this young girl here till morning?"

"Not of her own free will, if she has her father's pardon, as you say, in her bosom. I have never seen so much happiness in a human face. She is very lovely. Ah! it is a terrible thing to break up all this joy!"

"But more terrible to be driven to a strange land, or torn by a mob," answered Zamara.

"I know—I know. Oh! why did I not let this poor man alone! He would have done me no harm. Now, I think of it, the girl looks like her father; his face was almost as fair as hers, his eyes of the same tender blue. It is strange how clearly I remember them—and she is so happy?"

There was irresolution in the woman's words, and in her heart. Disappointment, trouble, and ingratitude, had broken down her arrogance and humanized her conscience. She felt a yearning desire to protect this young girl in her happiness, and give her wronged father back to his life.

Zamara saw this, and trembled. He understood better than she did the danger that lay before them. Before he could urge the conversation further, Dame Tillery came into the room, followed by a maid-servant, who carried a tray, on which were some delicate trifles, and a plate of fresh figs, for madame's desert.

The good dame burst into a torrent of exclamations when she found that the first courses of her dinner was untouched, and became pathetic in her entreaties that madame would just taste the fresh fruit, and delicate cakes, which was to have been the crowning glory of her meal. The countess consented to taste the fruit, but only on condition that Dame Tillery should, in the meantime, help dispose of the viands which had been so long neglected.

Dame Tillery was not so elated by her reception at the palace as to lose any portion of her fine appetite. "It was a shame," she said, "to allow such delicious patties, and that lovely pullet, without mentioning the delicate salad, to be taken back ignominiously to the kitchen. They might be a little cold; but, even then, any one must understand that a cold dinner at the Swan was worth a dozen hot ones at any other public house in Versailles. She would just cut a slice from the breast of the pullet; perhaps seeing her eat would give madame an appetite."

Here Dame Tillery put away her outer garments, set her fan in a corner, and drawing a

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chair to the table, soon buried it under the amplitude of her skirts, while she squared her elbows and carved the pullet with professional dexterity, stopping now and then to nibble a dainty bit from her fork.

"She had known people," the dame said, "who lost their appetite the moment a great honor or a grief came upon them; but, for her part, she was well used to such things, and took them quietly. Now there was the little girl down stairs, who absolutely refused to take a morsel of dinner, just from the excitement of having spoken with the queen; while she, who was, in fact, the person who had introduced her to their majesties, was ready for a hearty meal, and felt even increased appetite from all the honors that had been showered upon her."

Du Barry sat quietly peeling the purple coat from a fig while Dame Tillery was speaking; but her quick mind was at work, and the expression of her face revealed a new idea.

The sensual nature of this woman had, for many years, prevailed over her intellect. But one noble feeling had found root in her heart, and aroused the sympathy of her faculties. *She was grateful.* When we say this, it is to acknowledge that a noble capacity of goodness still lived in this woman, as lilies spring up, pure and snow-white, from a soil prolific with impurities. Thus it was that she had come to Versailles on an errand which would have been pronounced noble in a better woman.

But while she seized upon every word calculated to help out her object, quick animal sympathy awoke her slumberous appetite. As she saw with what hearty relish Dame Tillery devoured the savory chicken, and filled her mouth with the delicious salad, she placed the half-peeled fig on its dish, and held out her plate for some of the more substantial viands, which the good dame seemed content to monopolize.

"Ah, that is pleasant!" exclaimed the landlady, heaping some of the white meat and savory dressing on the plate. "To dine alone is always desolation to me; but as madame has found her appetite, my place is no longer here. I only sat down to save the credit of the house, which would have been in peril had a dinner gone down to the kitchen untasted. Permit me to open a flask of wine for madame."

"Yes, certainly," answered the countess, laying her plump hand on the landlady's arm, "but only as my guest. I cannot permit a person who has been honored by a presentation at the chateau to serve me except as a friend."

Dame Tillery flushed like a peony, and fluttered like a peacock under this compliment.

"There," she said, drawing the cork from a wine-flask with the prong of a fork. "It is not often this wine sees the daylight; but on a day like this, and with guests that may be considered as old friends."

"You know me, then?" exclaimed the countess, turning pale wherever the rouge on her face would permit of pallor. "You know me?"

"I confess that I knew madame from the first minute."

An impulse of gratified vanity conquered the caution that Du Barry had resolved to maintain.

"Then I cannot have changed so much; years have not entirely swept away the beauty which—which——"

"Oh!" interrupted the dame, so full of vanity herself that she had no thought for that of another. "It was the little dwarf. He has grown old, and has wrinkles; but no one can forget him, especially those who hated him so."

The painted woman, whose pride had plumed itself for a moment, sunk back in her chair with a heavy sigh; but continued despondency was not in her nature. She drank off a glass of the wine Dame Tillery had poured out, and resumed the conversation.

"It is not known that I am here, I trust. Zamara has been in the street but once, and then he was dressed like a child," she said, anxiously.

"No, the people have not yet discovered him. If they did, his life would not be worth the half of that fig."

"Do they, indeed, hate us so?" questioned the countess, really frightened. "Poor Zamara! he is the only faithful friend I ever knew. In killing him they would break my heart; but you will keep our secret?"

Dame Tillery laid a broad hand on her broader bosom.

"From every one but her majesty, the queen," she said, solemnly; "from her I can keep nothing, being, as one might say, one of her council. When I go to her majesty to-morrow morning——"

"To-morrow morning! Will you have access to the queen then?"

"Of course," answered the dame, "an especial interview. When we came out of the audience-chamber to-day, that little roly-poly lady, Madame Campan, followed after us, and bade me return again on the same hour to-morrow. 'It was the queen's order,' she said. No doubt her majesty was disturbed by the way in which the demoiselle down stairs, and that man from the city, put themselves forward—I assure you their audacity was abominable. One could scarcely

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get an opportunity to look at their majesties, much less say a word."

"And you will see her to-morrow?" murmured the countess, taking up the fig again, and burying her still white teeth in its pulp.

"To-morrow, and the next day, if I wish. Is there any one who doubts it?"

"I certainly do not," answered Du Barry, removing the fig from her mouth, and stripping away the last fragment of skin with her fingers. "On the contrary, I was about to ask a favor."

"A favor! Ah! madame knows my weakness."

"As you just now hinted, it would not be safe or possible for me to attempt an entrance into the chateau; but it is of great importance that I should send a message to—to her majesty."

"Her majesty! You?"

The countess waved her hand with a dash of her old impatience.

"A message which you can carry, and be sure of a kind reception, with a rouleau of gold from my hand when it is delivered. Is it understood between us, my friend?"

Dame Tillery smiled, shook her head, and repeated, "Ah! madame knows my weakness!"

"Then it is understood," replied the countess, rising. "Pray see that Zamara is neither allowed to famish, or to expose his presence here; but first tell him to bring my traveling-desk, he will find it among the baggage. Good-day! good-day! I am sorry you are compelled to leave me so soon; but, of course, the citizens, who have been gathering around the door, will be impatient to hear about this visit to the chateau. I can understand that, and you describe it so well."

These words carried Dame Tillery out of the room, quite unconscious that she had, in fact, been summarily dismissed. The moment she was gone Zamara entered, bearing a little ebony traveling-desk, which he opened and placed upon the table before his mistress.

"Madame," he said, anxiously, "they are going; before dark they will be in Paris with the order for that man's release."

"But they cannot present it before morning; no man living can gain access to the Bastile after three o'clock. Besides, Zamara, it goes to my heart to disappoint the poor child."

"If you do not, it will take your life," answered the dwarf.

Du Barry arose and began to walk the floor. It was hard for her to go back into her old, cruel life, just as some dawnings of compassion had made her understand how sweet goodness was. But with this woman existence was everything—she had enjoyed it so much; and with her fine constitution had years and years to come. This man had, doubtless, become accustomed to his dungeon; or, if he must die, it would be a relief. If she could only save him without hurting herself, how pleasant it would be to let that poor girl depart with all her warm hopes undisturbed. But, after all, nothing like what the child expected could come to pass. She would not find her father, but an old man, weak, blind, dazed, to whom this world would be a bitter novelty. The strength of manhood never could return to her victim, though a thousand daughters stood ready to lavish tenderness upon him. What was a life like this compared to hers! Even if democracy did not accomplish her death, it was sure to drive her back to England, a country which was like a prison to her. No, no, she had concluded.

"Zamara."

The dwarf approached her.

"Bring the dress in which I came back from England."

"Madame shall be obeyed."

"Order the groom to have a horse saddled."

The dwarf bowed.

"Say to that abominable woman that I am weary, and have a headache which nothing but rest and quiet will cure; on no account must any one approach my room."

"I will set a guard at the door, mistress."

"That is well. Now bring the dress; it was left in your keeping."

The dwarf went out almost smiling. He knew that his argument had prevailed over the scruples of the countess, who walked the room in a restless fashion still, but stern and settled determination in her face.

Directly Zamara came back, carrying a heavy bundle in his arms.

"Shall I prepare to attend, madame!" he questioned, anxiously.

"No; the people would recognize you on horseback, and I must ride with speed. Follow the directions I have given, and keep guard at the door; be vigilant and cautious."

"Does madame find it necessary to say that to Zamara?"

"Perhaps not; but there is danger here—great danger; a word, a look, might betray me. You have examined the house, and know all its entrances?"

"All; there is a back door leading to the stables. No matter how fast it may be locked, you will find it ajar at any hour between this and to-morrow morning."

"Always on the alert! always anticipating my orders!" said the countess, patting him on

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the head. At least, I have one faithful friend left."

Zamara lifted his dark eyes to the face she bent over him—they were full of tears.

"There, there! we must not be children," she said, giving the little figure a gentle push. "Go and order the horse to be saddled."

The dwarf disappeared, and instantly the door was bolted after him. When he came back, announcing himself with a respectful knock, a groom, undersized, and with the air of one who had at some period of his life been a lady's page, stood upon the threshold.

"Is the passage clear? Will no one see me go out?"

"Everything is clear."

Zamara glided away as he spoke, and the groom followed. Through a back door, only used by servants, across a yard strewn with worn-out vehicles, empty boxes, broken bottles, and refuse lumber, he led the way into the stables, where a horse stood caparisoned for the road.

The groom lifted himself to the saddle, and bending down, whispered,

"No sleep; watch and listen till I come back."

Zamara smiled till all his white teeth shone again; then laying a tiny hand on his bosom, he bent low, muttering,

"Did Zamara ever sleep when his mistress was absent?"

These words were lost in the clatter of hoofs, as horse and rider passed out of the stable. There was nothing about this groom to draw particular attention; he might have belonged to any nobleman at this time in Versailles, and thus have passed unquestioned. A few turned to look at him as his horse trotted leisurely through the town, wondering to whom he belonged; but no one became really interested, and he passed away into the country unmolested.

Some three or four miles along the road to Paris he saw two persons on horseback just before him—a man and a woman, who seemed to be urging their unwilling steeds to unusual exertion.

The groom touched his beast with the spur, and in a few minutes brought himself alongside of the travelers.

Marguerite, when she saw a stranger so near, drew the hood of dark silk over her face, and made a fresh effort to urge her horse forward. Monsieur Jaque turned in his saddle, looked keenly at the new comer, and once more gave his attention to the road.

"Rough roads," observed the groom, addressing Jaque.

"Very!" answered Jaque, glancing at Marguerite with a sense of relief, as he saw that the hood had been drawn over her beautiful hair, and almost concealed her face.

"Going toward Paris?" continued the groom.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"Then, perhaps, you will not take it amiss if I offer to bear you company in these disturbed times; there is safety in numbers."

"We travel but slowly," answered Jaque, little pleased with the proposal, for every moment that he spent alone with Marguerite was a grain of gold to him. "You seem better mounted than we are, and will find it hard to keep to our dull pace."

"I think not; these rough roads fret my poor beast all the more because of his spirit; besides, the country between Versailles and Paris is not always free from highwaymen. I trust you have nothing very precious about you?"

Marguerite raised a hand to her bosom and gave the groom a terrified glance from under her hood. The most precious thing on earth lay close to her heart—that order for her father's release.

Jaque gave no answer to this adroit question, but allowed the groom to talk on while he listened in sullen silence.

After a few more efforts to be sociable and enter into conversation, the groom rode on, but now and then took a sweeping circuit back, keeping the two travelers in sight until they entered Paris. After that, he followed them at a distance, saw them dismount, and took note of the residence in which they disappeared. This object attained, the groom turned his horse and rode toward that portion of the city in which the Bastile stood, dark, grim, and terrible to look upon.

CHAPTER XII.

"MAMMA! Mamma! I have come! He is saved!"

A woman started up, still and white as a ghost, from the dim shadows that had settled around her. She would not believe the joyful news. The very sound of a voice cheerful and ringing as that which startled the stillness of the room, had a thrill of mockery for her. She had been so long used to disappointment that joy fell away from her unrecognized.

"Mamma! dear mamma! do you understand? I have spoken to the queen, the beautiful queen, and the king; so kind, so gentle! Oh, mamma! his goodness is unspeakable! To-morrow, one more night, and you will see my father!"

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The woman gave a deep gasp, flung out her arms, and fell to the floor insensible—the whitest living thing that joy ever prostrated.

"Oh! it has killed her! What can I do? What can I do?" cried the poor girl, appealing piteously to Jaque.

"Give her air! Give her water! We broke up the pain of her suspense too suddenly," answered Jaque, lifting the lady in his arms, and laying her on the bed. "She was strong to battle against sorrow, but this good news has almost taken her life."

Marguerite flung open the windows, and brought a cup of water, with which Jaque bathed that white face; but it was very long before a faint breath proclaimed that the locked heart had commenced to beat again.

"Mamma! Mamma! Can you hear me?"

The woman turned her great eyes wistfully upon that eager face.

"Let me tell you slowly, mamma. Do not try to take it in all at once, but word by word."

All at once Madame Gosner sat upright, but she seemed like a person coming out of a dream. She swept the hair back from her temples, threading it through her fingers, whispering,

"There is white in it. He would not know me."

Then she turned slowly toward Marguerite, and questioned her. "You were saying something about *him?*—or is it that I have dreamed?"

She said this mournfully and in doubt, not yet having come out of her bewilderment; but as her heavy eyes were uplifted to the girl's face, they kindled under the glow of happiness which met them in every beautiful feature.

"Is it true? Did they give us hope?"

"Mamma, I have an order for his release."

"No! Tell it me again. I do not believe it—of course, I do not believe it, such words have mocked me so often; but you look as if it might be—and this man. Ah! it is Monsieur Jaque; tell me, monsieur, and I will believe you. Is there really a hope?"

"Dear lady, have a little patience, try and compose yourself. To-morrow your husband will be here!"

"And you say this? To-morrow! Oh, mother of God! how I have prayed, worked, suffered, and now my heart refuses to receive this great joy. It is so used to sorrow—oh, my friend! it so used to sorrow."

"But a brighter day is coming," said Monsieur Jaque.

"I cannot believe it. God help me, I cannot believe it."

The poor woman lifted both hands to her face, and, all at once, burst into a storm of tears. Thus she sat rocking to and fro, while the ice in her heart broke up and let the sunshine of a mighty joy shine in. When she lifted her face again it was wet, but radiant. Marguerite threw herself upon her knees before the transfigured woman.

"You are beginning to believe, I see it in your face, I can feel it in the heaving of your bosom, in the trembling of your hands. Mamma, mamma! it is true."

"I know; but to-morrow seems so far off. Could we not go at once? After so many years they might cut off an hour or two."

She appealed to Monsieur Jaque, who shook his head.

"I should feel sure then?" she said, piteously.

"Be sure, as it is; no one would deceive you."

"He might—I mean the king."

"Not so. Louis is a kind man, lacking somewhat in the courage to act; but there is neither treachery or falsehood in him."

Madame Gosner drew a deep breath, and a look of forced resignation came to her face.

"It seems but a little time," she said, "and I have waited so long; but these few hours seem harder to bear than all the lost years."

"But they will soon pass."

"Yes; and he will be here. You have seen him, monsieur? Tell me, has imprisonment made him old as sorrow has left me?"

"It was an old man that I saw in the dungeon."

"Yet my husband should have been in the prime of life; and I, when he went away, monsieur, I was not much older than Marguerite, and so like her."

Monsieur Jaque glanced at the lined and anxious face of the middle-aged woman, from which perpetual grief had swept away all the bloom, and hardened the beauty into a sad expression of endurance. Then his eyes turned upon Marguerite, more lovely a thousand times than he had ever seen her before; for the happiness of success had left bloom upon her cheeks, and lay like sunshine in the violet softness of her eyes. The contrast struck him painfully. Was grief then so much more powerful than time? How many women in France even then suffered as she had done? Was this to be a universal result? Would oppression in the end destroy all the sweets of womanhood, by forcing a sex, naturally kind and gentle, into resistance wilder and fiercer, because more unreasoning, than men ever waged on each other?

These thoughts disturbed the man. In admitting the unnatural influence of women into their

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revolutionary clubs, had they not already begun to uproot all that was holy in social life? In order to gain liberty, were they not giving up religion, and trampling down all the beautiful influences of home-life? He looked at Marguerite where she stood, in all the gentle purity of young maidenhood, wondering if she could ever be drawn into the vortex of those revolutionary clubs in which he was a leading spirit. Why not? Others as young, as lovely, and as good, had followed the cry of liberty and equality into places quite as dangerous and unnatural. Might not the time arrive when in the turmoil and disorganization of a government which France was beginning to hate, even he might seize on any help, and urge her, and creatures innocent and enthusiastic like her, into the surrender of everything that makes a woman's life beautiful, in order to obtain that political liberty which France never knew how to use or keep.

Monsieur Jaque sat moodily in a corner of the room, and thought these things over as Marguerite knelt by her mother, and told her in detail all that had happened during her sojourn at Versailles. He saw that the narrative was more to convince the mother that her husband's release was a reality than all his reasoning could have done. Once or twice he observed a faint smile quiver across that firm mouth, while Marguerite caught the infection as flowers meet the sunshine, and laughed while telling Dame Tillery's mishap. Jaque felt the influence of this low, rippling laugh, a sound he had never heard in that gloomy place before, and thought to himself how naturally happiness brought back all the soft, sweet traits of womanhood in these two persons.

"No, no!" he said, "from the strongest to the weakest, women should be the creatures of our care and protection. It is unnatural that they should struggle and fight for us—more unnatural that we should assail them. Thank God that this great happiness will rescue this noble woman from the vortex toward which she was drifting! The moment her husband is free, I will myself take them across the frontier. In their old home they shall find rest while the storm bursts over France."

"Monsieur Jaque!"

Jaque started up and went to the door, which had been slightly opened. It was the voice of Mirabeau.

"Come out, I would speak with you in your own room," said the count, abruptly. "It seems to me you are never at home now."

"But you know where to find me," said Jaque, good-humoredly.

"Yes, always with these women. I think the girl has bewitched you, my friend."

Jaque made no answer, but his face flushed crimson as he unlocked the door of his own room, and stood back for Mirabeau to enter.

"Well, what have you that will give me pleasure!" demanded the count, the moment they were alone.

"Nothing, my count; but I fear much that will anger you."

"From that woman? Well, speak out. It will only be another rejection of the power that could save her."

Mirabeau refused a seat, and kept walking rudely up and down the chamber like a wild beast in its cage. While Jaque hesitated how to tell his story best, he turned fiercely upon him.

"Well, my friend, has the Austrian struck you dumb?"

"No, count; but I can scarcely relate my interview with a hope that you will understand it as I did. The words were discouraging enough; there was something in the king's manner that convinced me of his wish to accept your help."

"No doubt. He has some little discernment; but the woman is guided entirely by her prejudices. Tell me what she said."

Jaque did tell him word for word; but he said nothing of the look of scornful pride that made each syllable so bitter. Mirabeau paused in his walk and listened.

"And this was all?" he said, when Jaque paused. "Why, man, this is better news than I expected—the woman leaves a loop-hole for the future; the stubborn pride would not all come down at once, but it is yielding. We must not speak discouragingly to my father, or all his generous plans may freeze up again. He has set his proud, old heart on making me the sovereign of the monarchy—and so it may be, Jaque; so it shall be."

"But the people—who shall save them?" questioned Jaque, a little sternly; for, with all his fond admiration of the man, he could not blind himself to the sublime egotism of this speech, or the selfishness which inspired the man.

Mirabeau turned suddenly; the grand ugliness of his face was illuminated by a smile.

"Will you never understand, my friend? When Mirabeau has saved the monarchy, he will, in fact, be king. This haughty queen once at his feet the creature of his power, subdued by his genius, as many a woman, proud and self-sufficient as she is, has been, who shall dare oppose any reform he may decide upon for the consolidation of his power, or the benefit of the people? Mirabeau is already made sovereign,

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by his own will, of the great revolutionary movement, which has terrified the Austrian into something like civility. A few months more and she shall implore his aid, seek his council; make his father the happiest man on earth, and give this irresolute, good-hearted king the quiet he so much craves."

"But the people—the clubs—the women of Paris? Remember how they worshiped Necker, yet he failed to satisfy them."

"Necker!" exclaimed Mirabeau, with infinite scorn in his voice. "A man of money, a financier, whom the insane populace expected to bring corn out of the parched earth by magic; failing in this, he had no resources within himself by which to win the discontented back again; but it is different with Mirabeau. His voice is persuasive, his will potent, his power over multitudes supreme; with his foot upon the throne, he will reach forth his hand to the people, and sustain their rights. You, my friend and foster-brother, shall be a connecting-link between Mirabeau and his old followers. Thus he will control the court, the assembly, and the populace."

"That would be a glorious combination, if it could be carried out," said Jaque.

"If," repeated the count; "can you doubt it? Think what the pen and the eloquence of one man has accomplished already. Ah, Jaque! this idea of reaching the people through newspapers and pamphlets, was an inspiration of liberty. This is a power which we have learned how to wield with force, and which can be used in behalf of the throne as well as for the people."

"But not against the people, at least with my poor help," said Jaque.

Mirabeau turned upon him angrily.

"Will you never understand that it is by the power of the people alone the monarchy can be sustained?" he said, in his rough, dogmatical way. "There is but one man living who can bring these great elements in harmony; because it requires the union of two extremes in the same person; a nobleman who carries in his own person the traditions of the past, but whose life and sympathies have been with the people. A man God-gifted with eloquence both of speech and with the pen; in short, a being who concentrates in one existence two distinct and opposing characters. Does France contain more than one man of whom you could say this, my friend?"

"No; France has but one Mirabeau."

"Then have no fear, my friend, for on all sides our prospects are brightening. This coalition once made, and our good father opens his money-bags, then all this harassing anxiety about finance will be at an end. You did me good service with the old gentleman, my brother, though he did wince now and then, as the conviction was forced upon him that we were in fact, as well as in sentiment, equals before the the people, in defiance of the blue blood of his ancestors. It was amusing to see how the old man's prejudices rose against this simple fact. He did not comprehend that the people glory in having persons of the old pure descent advocating their cause; while that old buffoon, the Duc de Orleans, has seized upon the idea, and even now is using it against the king. If this old renegade only had brains, he might prove a dangerous man. As it is, he is sure to make some stupid blunder, from which even that clever woman, De Genlis, cannot save him; so the best wisdom is to leave him to work out his own ruin. This prince has ambition, and nothing else. Now tell me all that passed at Versailles."

Mirabeau had by this time exhausted his excitement, and sat down to listen. Monsieur Jaque informed him, in a few brief words, of all that had passed during the hours of his absence. When he had finished, the count arose and took his hat from the table.

"Let us go and pay our respects to Madame Gosner," he said. "It will be pleasant to congratulate her."

Monsieur Jaque arose reluctantly, and the two men went out together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LETTER.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

It came to her heart, when its hopes, all crushed,
Had faded away like the morn's first blush;
It came when the bright tears had gathered slow—
Those bitter tears which the lonely must know;
When the shadows had gathered around her path,
And clouds hung over the cherished home-hearth;
When pleasure had fled, in that trying hour,
It was then it came with its magic power.

It brought to her heart the dear memories old,
And wakened that heart that had grown so cold;
It came as light to the erring one,
Who in doubt and darkness had struggled on;
As a sunny ray in some darkened cell,
Where none but the wretched and hopeless dwell.
Oh! those precious words had a magic power,
They were full of strength in that lonely hour.

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VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THE advent of summer begins to make people think of watering-places. Already, ladies in our great cities are talking of Saratoga, Newport, Sharon, Long Branch, Cape May, and the White Mountains. As a matter of health, those who live near the sea are benefited by going, in summer, to the hills or to the interior, while those who reside in the interior, away from the ocean, derive new health and spirits, from spending a few weeks beside the "boisterous deep." At least, this is what the physicians say; and such is also our experience, for it is change of air that is required, more than anything else.

As appropriate for this time of the year, therefore, we give a pretty bathing-dress and some appropriate watering-place toilets. A pretty bathing-dress is very rare, but the one we give is really elegant. It is made of striped blue-and-white serge, and trimmed with blue of a darker shade. The "bottines" are of canvas, bordered at the tops with blue, and have flexible leather soles. At the back of the cap, to which a couple of blue streamers are generally attached, is an oilskin-bag designed to hold the bather's back-hair.

Our second engraving represents a very stylish evening-dress of pink poult de soie, shot with white; it is trimmed round the bottom with a flounce of Honiton lace, headed with a ruche of pink satin. This dress is looped up

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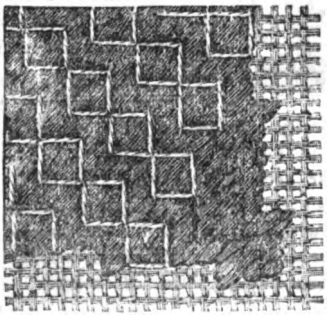
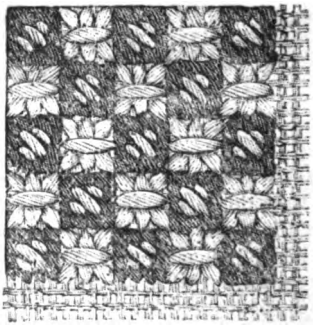
in front and train-shaped at the back; a large bow of pink satin is placed half-way up the skirt. Under-skirt of white satin, trimmed with a gathered flounce and a bouillon with a heading, the whole of the same material. Opera-cloak of black satin, lined with crimson, or any other suitable color, trimmed with gold cord as seen in the engraving. This opera-cloak will be a suitable wrap, when going out to an evening-party, in summer.

Next we give an in-door toilet, with quite a new style of trimming, and one equally charming for a dress of black silk, or for one of colored silk. The train alone is formed by four flounces, gradually decreasing toward the waist; the first flounce is finished off on each side by a rosette; the flounces are headed by a puff; the front part of the dress is quite plain, with a row of silk buttons. Plain, high bodice; coat-sleeves, trimmed with small flounces. The top one is placed upward; it is, indeed, remarkable, that this summer, trimmings on the shoulders are all placed with the headings upward, and not falling back upon the sleeve, as it used to be last winter.

These, in addition to what we give in the front of the number, are the most noticeable of the new dresses for the month. They are all favorite styles in Europe.

DESIGNS IN BERLIN WOOL FOR BAGS, SLIPPERS, ETC.





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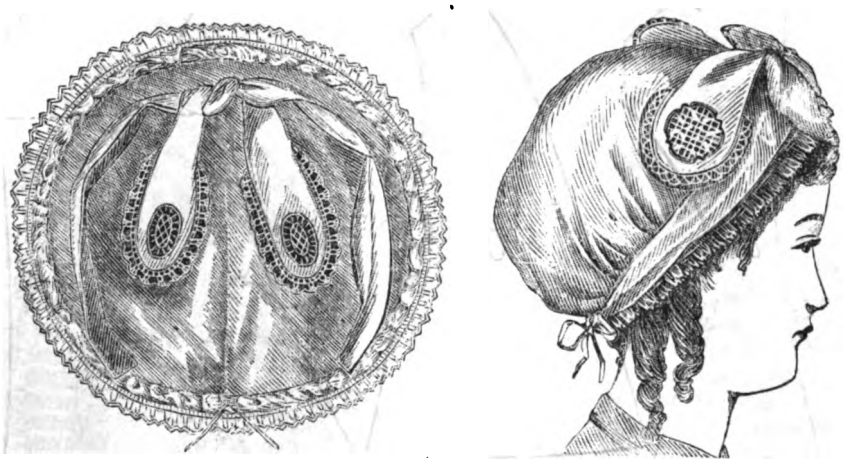
NEW PATTERN FOR A NIGHT-CAP.

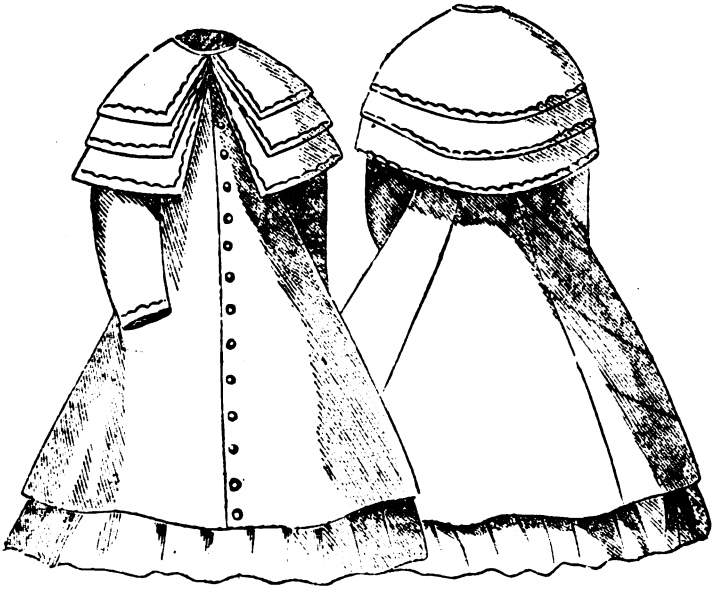
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here an engraving of a new style of Night-Cap, as it appears when being worn. Also an illustration of it, when off the head, so as to show how it may be made.

BASQUINE FOR A YOUNG MISS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



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This is a Basquine, with a Pelerine Garrick, for a young Miss of twelve or fourteen years of age. In the design, we give a back and front view complete. The bottom of the basquine is finished with a flounce set on four inches in depth, cut bias and bound with black satin on the bottom. The pelerine is trimmed to simulate three capes, with a serpentine braid above a binding of black satin.

On this page we give a diagram by which to cut out the basquine.

A. Half of Front of Basquine.

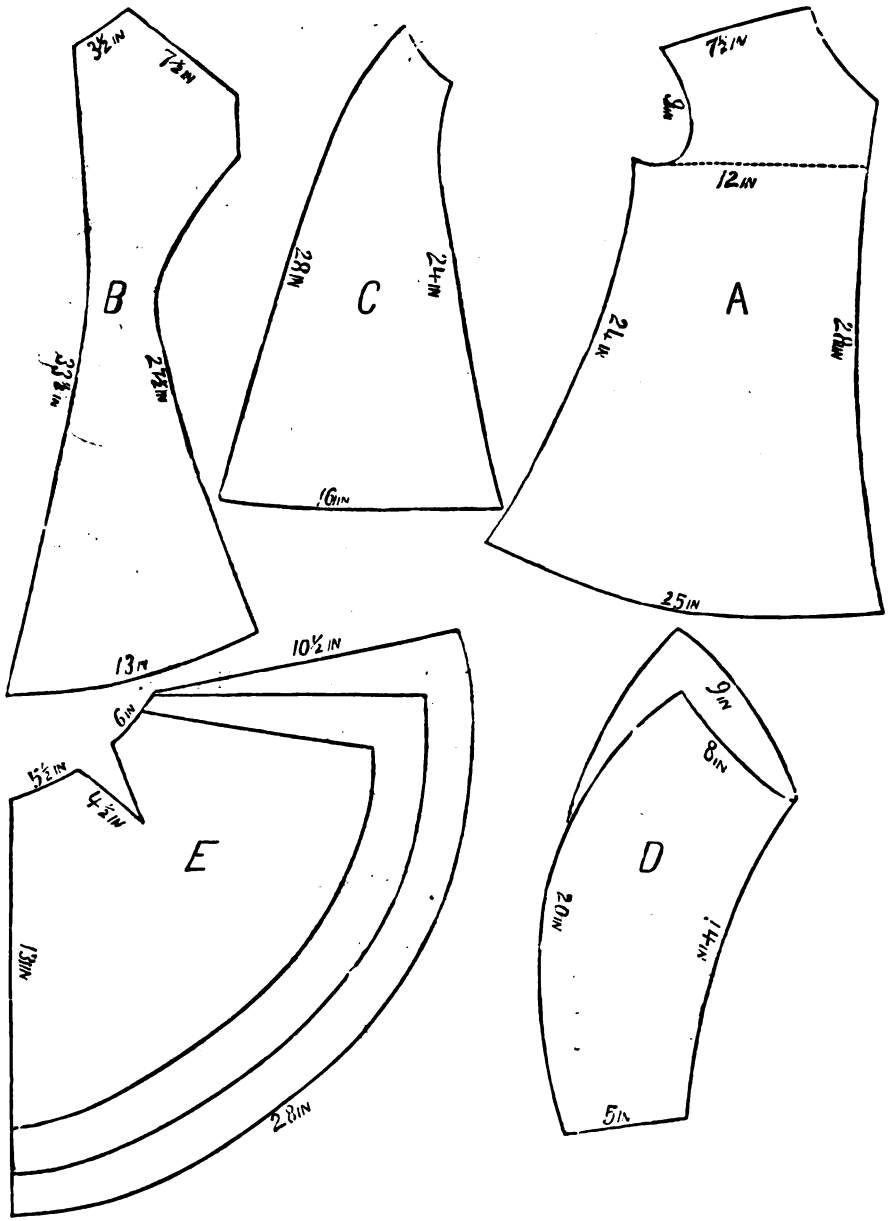
B. Half of Back of Basquine.

C. Side-Piece of Back.

D. Upper and Under Part of Sleeve.

E. Pelerine Garrick.

This is a very seasonable, as well as a very pretty, article of dress.



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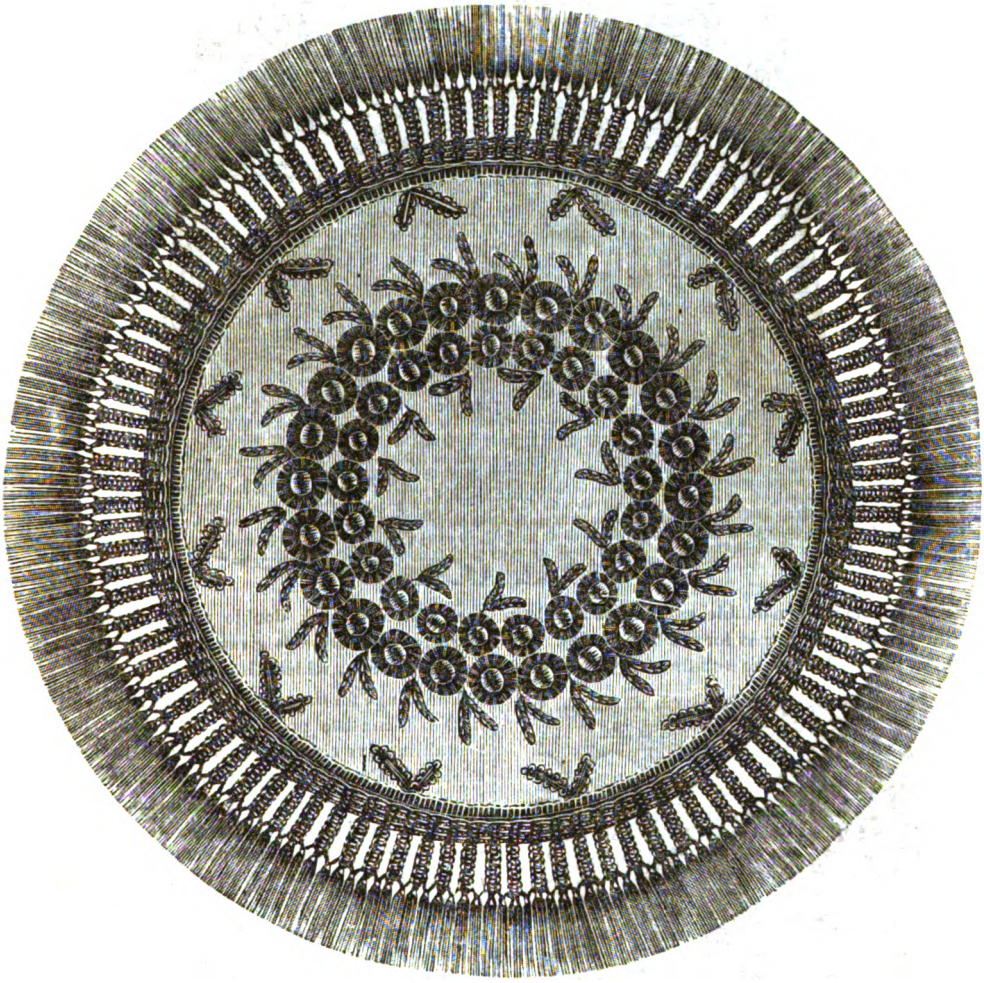
COVER FOR MUSIC-STOOL,
IN CROCHET APPLIQUE ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Coarse net, boar's-head cotton, No. 30, red marking cotton, black ingrain silk.

No. 1 shows the entire cover much reduced in size; No. 2 a part of the wreath in the proper size. The net foundation measures twelve and a quarter inches.

For each of the large flowers ornamenting this round, commence with one hundred and eight stitches, close the last twelve in a ring, and crochet round them twenty-four double. Previously to working each stitch draw the loop always through the fourth following stitch of the chain, hanging free at the ring, so as to lay in curled picots at the ring.

2nd row: One double again in each double of the ring, working through the whole stitch, and between them seven chain, in order to form one of the outer picots; by these the finished flower is afterward fastened firmly with red stitches on the net.

The inner ring is fastened on the net with white, and consists of a calyx of stamens formed with tufts of thread, in the same manner as the well-known woolen balls, with skeins of thread of thirty threads thick, tied round at regular distances and cut in separate balls.

For the small flowers make a chain of eighty-one stitches, close eight of these in a ring, work

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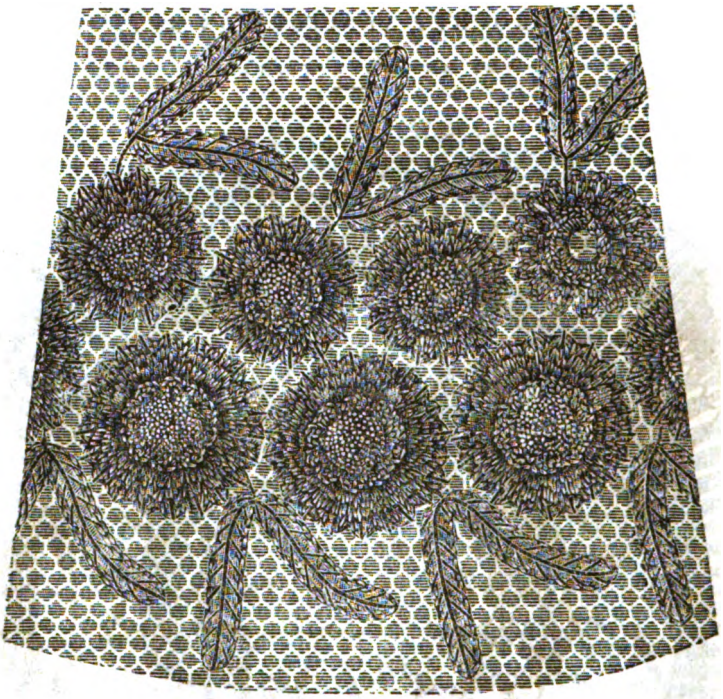
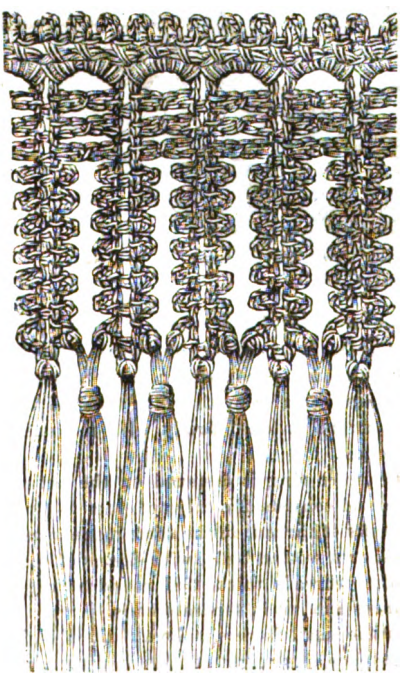


round them sixteen double, and inclose the chain in the same manner as for the larger ones. For each double leaf make a chain of twelve or fourteen stitches, work double round them. The slightly bent shape is given in sewing them on with black silk, which also forms the veins.



The fringe for the outer trimming, represented in No. 3, consists principally of crochet picots containing five chain, and one double in the first of these. Crochet always eleven of these picots in one row; then reckoning the last as the point of one of the bunches of fringe, work upon the remaining ten, ten more picots back, looping each middle double-stitch in the chain taken up by the double of the picot of the first row; six chain form the joining to the next fringe bunch, the three first picots of which are joined on by single instead of three chain to the three upper picots of the finished fringe. When the fringe is sufficiently long, join it by the last pattern to the round, crochet five double round the six chain at the joining of the separate patterns; and for the upper conclusion work a picot row, containing alternately one picot and one double in every other stitch of the preceding row. The fringe measures five inches in length, and the tufts are two threads thick, tied on as shown in the design; and the heading is carefully sewn to the edge of the net, as shown in No. 1. The little leaves extending from the fringe are ornamented with picots; the larger contains six, the smaller four picots on each side.

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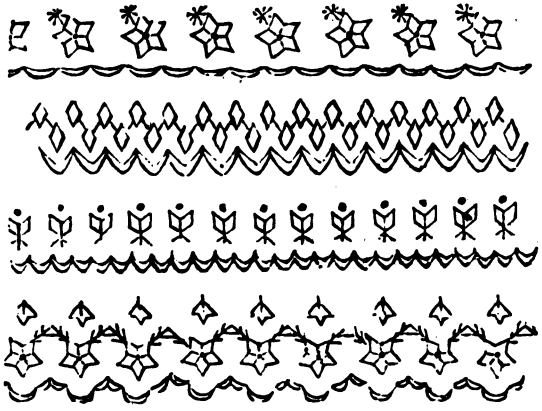
HANDKERCHIEF-BOX, WITH PIN-CUSHION TOP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This box is made of deal, and measures ten inches square, and three inches and a half deep. The inside of the box, and the outside of the lid are covered with quilted blue glace silk; five squares in Cluny are fastened on the cover. On the outside of the cover, where the outer and inner coverings are joined together, sew on fine blue silk braid; make a loop in front, as seen in illustration. The sides of the box are covered on the outside by a quilling of blue satin ribbon. Round the edge of the outside and inside sew on a ruche of narrower satin ribbon. Fasten a button in front to correspond with the loop. At the sides the lid is fastened on the top by means of narrow ribbon. The top forms a pin-cushion.

EDGINGS.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Introductions at Parties, even at dinner-parties, are ceasing to be the fashion. At least, in many houses, both in Philadelphia and in New York, it has been the custom for the past year not to introduce people. The new fashion comes to us from abroad. We notice it in order to condemn it. People who live permanently in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, and who go out much in society, generally know each other, at least by sight, or know something about each other, which answers all ordinary social purposes. They arrive, at any rate, at some superficial knowledge of the exterior of the chief men and women whom they meet, and learn to know them, as it were, by head mark. But, after all, to know who every one is, is quite impossible even for such devotees; and to visitors, to whom all the world is not known, the effect produced by the habit of non-introduction must be perfectly bewildering

Besides the visitors from the country, there are also people with whom the claims of society are not made matters of paramount importance, but who yet desire, occasionally, to enter into the world. Both these sets of people are lost at an evening-party under the present arrangement. Unless they recognize one or two friends, they have no one with whom they can converse. After all is said, too, about the pleasure of seeing one's friends, it must be allowed that we go into society with the hope of seeing new faces and getting to know fresh people, rather than with the intention of simply meeting all the people with whom we were quite well acquainted before. Of course, it may be said that people who meet in society and know that there are to be no introductions, ought to take it for granted that all the people present are persons whom they would like to know if they do not, and that conversations should go on accordingly. They ought to do so, indeed, but practically they do nothing of the kind; and one result is that in the intercourse of society people really make fewer, instead of more numerous, acquaintances than under the old system.

Ladies are the chief sufferers by this plan. There are not many among them who, finding themselves in a society where few or none of the members were personal acquaintances, could summon up heart of grace to approach and enter into conversation with others. It is very well to say they might, but the fact is they do not. Besides, it spoils the zest of conversation not to know to whom we are speaking; to have no special mode of address, and no ready means of identification of our interlocutor with any one of the people whom we desire to become acquainted with, and whom we know to be present. At dinner-parties, especially, this habit of not introducing persons is particularly absurd. You sit, perhaps, for two or three hours, at the side of a lady whom you do not know, and who, for all you can tell to the contrary, may think you impertinent if you address her. Really, this habit of imitating foreign customs, when they have no applicability to our own social institutions, is going too far. Fashionable Americans are fast becoming—we must use the phrase, though we do not like it—unmitigated snobs.

Tea in Russia is made by putting the tea-leaves into a tea-pot, and pouring boiling water over them. After standing two minutes, the beverage is poured out into glass tumblers placed on glass saucers, and is sweetened with sugar and flavored with a slice of lemon. No milk is used. Being left to stand longer than two minutes is supposed to impair its flavor, by bringing out the coarser qualities of the leaves. Made this way the tea has a clear and sparkling appearance when poured out into the tumbler.

Running up Stairs is as healthy a method of exercise as can be taken. It sends the air to the remotest branches of the windpipe and to the air-cells, distending them to their fullest capacity, and thus greatly promotes lung development, and wards off consumption from the narrow-chested and sedentary. Such a feat, performed at three regular times every day, together with some pumping operation, would cause a physical development of the chest in a few weeks, or months, at most, which actual measurement would mathematically demonstrate; having the advantage over gymnasiums and out-door rides or walks, in that it can be attended to every day, rain or shine, cold or hot, and without costing any money. It is to be hoped that many an invalid and sedentary reader will note the suggestion and practice upon it. By beginning slowly, and daily going faster, you can soon ascend the stairs, two at a time. Of course, the exercise will not suit all, especially all women; and it is especially hurtful to people with heart-disease. But most persons will find themselves greatly benefited by it, if taken with discretion.

Becoming Bonnets, strange to say, are worn by very few women. One can see in almost any store the sort of bonnets which would suit to a nicety; but they are either left unbought, or are worn by women for whom they were never intended. When a man goes into a bonnet store, and examines the various devices which are exhibited around him, he wonders that a woman is ever seen with a bonnet on which does not set her face off to advantage. But a dark woman will stick a monstrous green bonnet upon her head, or a fair woman will wear red, or a sallow woman yellow, and never think that she is doing herself an injury, and the public, who are obliged to look upon her, a wrong. The ribbons or trimming are often in shocking contrast with the color of her dress. It may be said that some people have no eye for harmony of color, but those who do possess the gift seldom have the courage to follow their own ideas. They take what is recommended to them in the store.

Alphabet for Marking.—In the front of the number, we give the first half of an Alphabet for Marking, printed in colors. The rest of the Alphabet, with numerals from one to ten, will be published in the August issue. Work the outlines in chain-stitch with black sewing-silk; fill in with Turkey red working-cotton in satin-stitch; stuffing the letter well before doing the over-stitch. Work all the black in chain-stitch, making the solid parts by working the chain-stitch close. This is the only Magazine, remember, that gives these colored patterns.

A Valuable Secret.—The unpleasant odor produced by respiration is the source of vexation to persons who are subject to it. Procure some compound spirits of ammonia, and place about two tablespoonfuls in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands, and arms with this, leaves the skin as clean, neat and fresh as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless, and very cheap. It is recommended on the authority of an experienced physician, and it ought to be tried, at least, by all those whose persons are so offensive in this respect.

It is Never too Late to subscribe for this periodical. "Home is not home," a lady writes, "without Peterson's Magazine."

Forgive, but also Forget.—To remember injuries is not Christian-like. Forget, as well as forgive.

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A NEW VOLUME of this Magazine begins with the present number. This will afford a good opportunity to subscribe, especially to those persons who do not wish the back numbers. New subscribers, however, who prefer to begin with the January number, can be accommodated, as back numbers for the current year are always kept on hand.

IF YOU TRAVEL, be civil and accommodating to all. Nothing betrays your character more quickly than your behavior when traveling in crowded cars.

"THE BEST AND MOST ACCEPTABLE MAGAZINE published in this country," says the Valley (Va.) Courier, "is Peterson's. It is our favorite of all such works published anywhere."

CLUB SUBSCRIBERS, by remitting one dollar, can have the "Star of Bethlehem." We make this offer in reply to numerous requests.

AN OPPORTUNITY, ONCE LOST, is never recovered. Life is a railroad train and stops for no laggards.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Andrew Bradford, the First Newspaper Publisher in the Middle States. By Horatio Gates Jones. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: King & Baird.*—This is an address, originally read before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and since published by a resolution of that Association. It is a well-written memoir of Andrew Bradford, one of the early printers of Pennsylvania, and the first person to start a newspaper in the Middle States. The family of Bradfords was a family of printers. Andrew's father was a printer, in both New York and Philadelphia: his mother was the daughter of a London printer, quite eminent in the time of the Commonwealth; and Andrew himself was a prominent printer in Philadelphia for nearly half a century. He printed the first edition of the laws of the colony, and subsequently a second edition, besides various books of a lighter character. His journal, the Mercury, was ably conducted, and held its own, even after Franklin started a rival to it. Andrew Bradford was a leading citizen of his day and place. He was a vestryman in Christ Church for many years, and a member of the City Council, both offices indicating a much higher social position than they would now. Mr. Jones is a Vice President of the Historical Society, and already favorably known to the literary public; but in this excellent memoir he has added to his reputation; for nothing of the kind could be done in better taste.

The Malay Archipelago. By Alfred Rusel Wallace. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This author has already written two very excellent works, "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro," and "Palm Trees of the Amazon." In the volume before us, he devotes himself to a group of islands, of which very little is popularly known: that Malay Archipelago which includes Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and Celebes: a *terra incognita*, comparatively, even in the nineteenth century. As Mr. Wallace well says, in his title-page, this Archipelago is the land of the Orangutan and the Bird of Paradise: we may add, of wonderful trees, the famous Upas included, and of strange races that even yet suggest "monsters and chimeras dire." Hence the book is one of the freshest we have read for years. We have devoured it, in fact, with something of the same ardor with which we used to devour the narratives of the earlier navigators, in our boyhood, long ago. The work is full of valuable information, however, as well as of stirring incident and novel adventure. It is neatly printed and bound, and is profusely illustrated.

Salt-Water Dick. By May Mannering. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A story for juveniles, well written, and making part of the "Helping-Hand Series."

Leonora Casaboni. By T. A. Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Those who have been delighted, as we have, with "Gemma," "Marietta," and "Beppo," will be glad to have another Italian novel by the same author. The pictures of life in Italy, as drawn by Trollope, are as charming as they are true. In the present work, the description of the basilica of St. John of Lateran, at Rome, of the hills on the sea-coast where Leonora lived, and of the wild passes of the Appenines through which Ceasare traveled, are among the most vivid things of their kind in fiction. The character of Gobbo is quite an original one, and the poor fellow strangely enlists our sympathies. The volume is printed in very handsome style.

Hans Breitmann About Town. With Other New Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a second series of the "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," and contains an entirely new set of these humorous productions. It is printed on tinted paper, in a very elegant manner. We refer to our notice of these ballads, in the May number, for our opinion of them in detail.

Agnes Wentworth. By E. Foxton. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—We have here a new novel by the author of "Herman," and "Sir Pavon and St. Pavon," works which attracted a good deal of attention when they first appeared. "Agnes Wentworth" shows a marked advance, even on these. We cordially commend it to the novel-reading public. Like all the books of this house, it is printed in very superior style.

Notes, Critical, Explanatory and Practical, on the Book of Psalms. By Rev. Albert Barnes. 3 *vols.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is by the author of "Notes on the New Testament," "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," etc., etc., one of the ablest of the commentators on Holy Scripture.

The Girls of Feversham. By Florence Maryatt. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Boston: Loring.*—This is the last and best of Miss Maryatt's novels. It forms one of that popular series, "Loring's Railway Library," and comes in, at this period of the year, quite seasonably.

The Cloud on the Heart. By A. S. Roe. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: G. W. Carleton.*—We are glad to welcome Mr. Roe back to the field of fiction. His earlier novels were all good of their kind, sensible, honest, realistic, full of local color. We consider this last fiction his best.

Only Temper. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: Turner Brothers & Co.*—A very readable novel, printed in double-column octavo, and forming number eight of "Turners' Select Novels."

Mark, the Match Boy. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—A well-written story for boys, neatly printed and bound. It forms the third in the "Ragged Dick Series."

It Is Never Too Late To Mend. By Charles Reade. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A cheap edition of one of the best of Reade's novels. The story, to a certain extent, turns on convict life.

Dotty Dimple at School. By Sophie May. 1 *vol.*, 24 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A story for young children. It is one of the "Dotty Dimple Series."

Farming by Inches. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—Intended to show the advantages of science and brains as applied to agriculture. Very well written.

Kathleen. By the author of "Raymond's Heroine." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Hardly an improvement on the earlier work by the same author.

The Ark of Elm Island. By Rev. E. Kellogg. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A tale for boys, very well told, forming one of the "Elm Island Stories."

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

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FIVE HUNDRED SUITS.—Miss S. H. Alexander, of Newbern, Va., writes:—"We have had our Wheeler & Wilson machine for ten years; have made five hundred suits of heavy cloth upon it, quite a number of tents—which is very heavy work—a quantity of family sewing, from the *finest material* to the coarsest, and never spent a cent for repairs. I have seen a great many other machines, but would not *now* exchange mine for any other."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this periodical at reasonable rates. "Peterson" is the most valuable vehicle in the United States for advertising, for it has a larger circulation than any other Magazine, and goes to every town, village, and cross-roads in the Nation. For terms, etc., address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"THE CURSE OF GOLD," says the Philadelphia Press, "is Mrs. Stephens' best story, after 'Fashion and Famine,' which, after many years, we remember with pleasure." It is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Price, in cloth, 1.75: in paper covers, $1.50.

BOTH A NECESSITY AND LUXURY.—The Doylestown (Pa.) Democrat says:—"The writers for 'Peterson's Magazine' are of acknowledged merit, standing foremost in their rank, as first-class American authors. Such a periodical cannot fail of being a success, for it is both a necessity and a luxury."

MUSICAL CORNER.

HOW TO SING BALLADS.—After all, it is the well sung ballad that gives the most universal pleasure in the home circle. It is the ballad that moves the sympathies and enchains the attention of the majority of hearers. Few amateurs can hope to sing Italian music in a manner that shall satisfy ears accustomed to the singing of the great operatic "Stars;" but those who, by the aid of taste, feeling, and expression, can succeed in giving full interpretation to an English, Irish, or Scotch song or ballad, may rely upon finding attentive and delighted listeners even among the most zealous of opera *habitues*.

Vocal solos may be divided into two classes—songs and ballads. Songs may be sacred or secular: but they do not, of necessity, embody a story. It may even be questioned whether they must, of necessity, be expressed in words. The song of the nightingale calls in no aid of language; but it is a song, and one of the best of songs, nevertheless. The famous variations to Rode's air, the glory and delight of florid vocalists, though executed upon the open sound of A, with never a word in it from beginning to end, is in the same way a song. A Song, however, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is an expression of feeling or sentiment in verse, unallied to any dramatic or narrative interest. A Ballad, on the contrary, embodies some story or legend. To take two instances, familiar to every reader—Waller's exquisite lines, beginning "Go, lovely rose," offer one of the best specimens of the *genus* Song, while Professor Kingsley's well-known "Three Fishers" may fairly stand as our representative of the Ballad.

The first step toward singing a ballad should be a careful study of the words. These should be considered from every point of view, and read *aloud* with every effort to give them full expression, either by retarding or hurrying, raising or lowering the voice, in accordance with the sentiments of the story. When the best interpretation—or, as it is technically called, the best "reading"—of the poem has been decided upon, the singer has then to study the resources and capability of the melody, and to practice till she succeeds in singing the words with precisely those same dramatic and sensational effects of utterance which she employed when reading them aloud. But to do this is by no means easy. It is often difficult to pronounce a harsh-sounding word on a high note. It sometimes happens that the very word which should be delivered with most power falls upon the weakest note of the singer's voice. Grating consonants must often be softened down. Vowels must sometimes be made the most of. Sibillants, above all, require the most dexterous treatment. For these, and a hundred similar emergencies, the ballad-singer must be always prepared. The art of taking breath is also of considerable importance. Only the merest tyro would, of course, take breath in the middle of a word; but to avoid this one error is not enough. The singer must be careful never to take breath in a way that breaks the flow of a sentence, or interrupts the sense of the words. The poem, whether read or sung, must be respected above all else; for to sing, be it remembered, is but to recite vocally. A good singer punctuates by taking breath judiciously. There are, of course, passages in some ballads where, in order to give the effect of strong passion, such as hope, terror, joy, despair, the singer finds it necessary to let the breath come and go in that fluttering, intermitting way, which, in cases of real emotion, is caused by the accelerated action of the heart. Again, there are occasions when the voice seems to fail from emotion, and where the words are interrupted by pauses, or broken by repressed sobs. Effects of this kind, when skillfully indicated rather than broadly expressed, give immense charm to the rendering of a pathetic ballad; provided always that they are not indulged in too frequently.

The efforts of every singer should be bounded by the capabilities of her voice. She should know her own voice thoroughly, its strong and weak points, its shoals and quicksands, its utmost limits. Those who attempt to strain the voice beyond its natural compass inevitably sacrifice expression and accentuation to an unwise ambition. The consciousness of effort is fatal to that self-possession, that ease of delivery, and that freedom of thought, without which it is impossible to express delicate shades of meaning, or

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the fluctuations of emotion. Nor is this all. The singer who attempts to force her voice beyond its own natural limits, can only gain compass at the expense of sweetness and strength. For every high or low note unduly acquired, the whole middle register is made to suffer. Her voice, thus impoverished, is also less durable. It becomes, ere-long, thin, quavering, and unreliable, and finally deserts her some years sooner than it would have done with fair play and commonly careful treatment.

Finally, every singer should be able to play her own accompaniment. Granted that she has a mother or sister always at hand, trained to the work, thoroughly familiar with every song she sings, and prepared beforehand for every shade of expression; still there must come occasions when this *alter ego* is missing, and when the singer must either play for herself or trust to the tender mercies of an unaccustomed accompanist, or be silent altogether. That she should be able to play for herself is, of course, the one thing needful and desirable; and if she cannot do this, she had far better choose the latter alternative, and not sing at all. She may, however, rely upon it, that (excepting only, perhaps, the professor whose pupil she is, and who, having taught her the song, is competent to lead her) she is, at all times and under all circumstances, her own best accompanist. No one else can so well know when to bear up her voice by playing loudly, when to play softly, when to hurry, when to loiter. No one else can be in such entire sympathy with her. There is, of course, a class of songs (as the Italian bravura or the more florid sacred song of Handel) in which the singer can only command sufficient breath by standing upright, and having nothing else to do or think of but attack and overcome difficulties of elaborate execution; but our business on the present occasion is with the Ballad, and not the operatic *scena*.

THE GARDEN.

THE PLEASURES OF GARDENING.—It is not to be denied that there is great satisfaction to be derived from the skillful labors of others, and much gratification obtained by having a regular gardener; but let those who have gardens, and yet cannot afford this luxury, comfort themselves by the thought that the actual enjoyment of gardening, as of most other pursuits, is greater in proportion to the pains we have personally taken in it.

The love of work for work's sake is not common, but something resembling this is undoubtedly one of the sources of much healthy enjoyment. Show us a person who does like work, of whatever nature, mental or mechanical, who puts his heart and his mind into it, and who is not satisfied unless he has done it as well as he can, and we will show you a happy man or woman.

So, among the many advantages a garden brings with it the gratification of this healthy love of work is not the least; where this love is not, the sooner it is acquired the better, and few pursuits help on the acquisition so well as gardening. If it extends from this pleasant occupation to more serious and naturally irksome work, so much the better. The same rule applies to dull, dry, uninteresting work of every kind. The true plan for making it pleasant is to endeavor to do it (whatever it is) as perfectly as possible. No one was ever yet interested in work who did it any way; for not only is the result of such careless labor most unsatisfactory, so that it is often labor lost, but the work itself is insufferably tedious. But set to with a will, resolve and endeavor to do it neatly and completely, to make your work look well, to make it finished work, and, whether you will or not, you will feel an interest in it while doing it, and a pleasure in contemplating it when done, utterly unknown to the slovenly worker.

"In all labor there is profit." It may be added, that in almost all labor there may be pleasure, if we do it well and are not overtasked, for then, alas!

"Labor dire it is and weary woe."

There is a certain charm to most people in the mechanical part of their work; they like doing it, they cannot tell why, even where it is so purely mechanical as to leave the mind free to follow its own fancies. The fingers seem to feel pleasure in being employed; and no one who has ever tried the experiment can deny the fact, that, when suffering under anxiety, aye, or even in sorrow, they have found more relief of mind from some work of the hand than they could derive from attempts to occupy and employ the mind. Any gardening work takes a high rank among the efficacious means of soothing and occupying a harassed mind; and it would be ungrateful, indeed, to Him who "gives us *all* things richly to enjoy," not to acknowledge His goodness in thus making work so often an alleviation of our cares, and also in granting us the means of recreation and relief that such pleasant labor confers. I have rambled off from the subject of our garden to the delights of hearty work, but I will allow myself the pleasure of an extract to my subject.

"Yes, we should all have our work to do; work of some kind. I do not look upon him as an object of compassion who finds it in hard manual labor, so long as the frame is not overtasked, and springs after rest with renewed vigor to its toil. Hard labor is a source of more pleasure in a great city, in a single day, than all which goes by the especial name of pleasure throughout the year. We must all have our task. We are wretched without it."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

BARON BRISSE'S RECEIPTS.

Valenciennes Rice.—Heat half a pint of good olive-oil, or half a pound of fresh butter, in a sauce-pan, until a slight vapor arises; then throw in half a pound of large rice and some pieces of veal or poultry, or even clams, taking care that the fragments are of small dimensions. Add chopped onions, tomatoes, and sweet peppers, if you have them, a pinch of powdered saffron, a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper, and a clove of garlic, if you like it; leave it ten minutes, then pour about a pint of water in the sauce-pan, and cover it up. The rice will soon swell, and after half an hour or three-quarters at the most, the water will have disappeared. Then throw all into a colander, skim off the oil which has not been absorbed; turn out the rice, which will now be of a fine yellow, upon a dish, place this dish in a hot oven a moment to brown the surface, and serve it, accompanied with lemons, which each guest may use at his pleasure.

Fried Clams.—Melt a lump of butter in a sauce-pan; stir in a little flour; add a little raw ham, hashed, some slices of onions, two or three chopped mushrooms, pot-herbs, and a head of cloves; moisten with broth, and put over the fire; let it stew half away; pass through the colander, warm it over, thicken with the yolks of two eggs, withdraw it from the fire, and keep this sauce, which should be pretty thick, hot. Take the clams from their shells and dip them one by one in the warm sauce; put them to cool separately; fry them carefully, one by one also, until they are nicely browned; pile them up on a dish and serve. A garnish of fried parsley is the best ornament for this dish of clams, which I can recommend to my readers.

To Improve Maccaroni.—While the water is boiling in which the maccaroni cooks at its ease, and at the moment you think it is done, throw into the sauce-pan a large glass of cold water, and take it immediately from the fire. This fresh water has the effect of hardening the paste of the maccaroni and renewing its consistence.

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Fresh Codfish a la Hollandaise.—After having emptied and scraped the cod, wipe it, put a handful of coarse salt in the interior, sprinkle both sides with fine salt, and let it lie thus several hours in a cool place. Before cooking, tie the head, make some incisions in the back, put it to soak in fresh water, place it afterward in a fish-kettle, pour boiling salt water over it, and put it on the fire until it comes to a boil. Withdraw the fish-kettle without allowing it actually to boil, and let it keep at this temperature for three hours. During this time boil twenty potatoes in some of the liquor. To serve, put the fish on a dish, back upward, peel the potatoes, surround the fish with them, mingled with parsley, and send it to table accompanied with a sauce-boat of melted butter seasoned with salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, and lemon-juice or a dash of vinegar.

White Sauce.—This is fine for asparagus or artichokes. Put in a little sauce-pan three or four raw yolks of eggs, six tablespoonfuls of olive-oil, (or butter,) salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg; heat some water in a sauce-pan larger than the first, and when it is just too hot to bear the hand, dip the former into it, and stir the eggs and oil briskly with a wooden spoon. This sauce should never get much more than tepid; if the surrounding water is hot enough to cook the yolks, they will, of course, not mingle with the oil. When intimately mixed, take out the sauce-pan and serve the sauce.

Waffles.—With two fresh eggs, half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of sifted-sugar, two slices of butter, melted in a little milk, and some drops of orange-flower water, compose a batter well mixed, containing no lumps, and which ropes in pouring. Heat your waffle-iron, grease it inside with butter, fill it with the batter, close it and return to the fire, browning the waffle on both sides. After being assured that it is of a good color, take it out and keep hot until the moment of serving.

Fried-Bread.—Slices of toasted bread, dipped in milk or wine, and fried in honey, are excellent. Then, instead of calling them "fried-bread," they are *torejas*, an excellent Spanish delicacy, I can assure you. Please understand there is neither butter nor lard. Simply melt the honey in a pan, and when it is very hot, put in the bread, which is served hot also, after becoming nicely browned, and without sugar, recollect. Lovers of honey can take notice.

PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

Rhubarb-Jelly.—Take a sufficient quantity of freshly-gathered red rhubarb to fill a large jar; it must be thoroughly washed, but care must be taken not to pare it. Cut it into pieces of two or three inches long, and when the jar is quite full tie it over with paper, and either set it in a slow oven, or place it in a sauce-pan of boiling water till the juice is all drawn out of the rhubarb, then turn it out into a sieve and let the juice drain through; measure the quantity, put it into a clean stew-pan, and boil it up quickly for a quarter of an hour; then add one pound of loaf-sugar for every pint of the juice, and keep stirring it, taking off the scum as it rises. After the sugar is added, let the whole boil for thirty-five or forty minutes, and then pour into jars or moulds. If these directions are attended to, the jelly will be as stiff as apple-jelly.

Candied Orange and Lemon-Peel.—Peel the fruit so that the peel remains in halves. Take equal quantities of the peel of Seville oranges, large, sweet oranges and lemons, and throw them into pretty strong salt and water for six days. Boil them in clear spring water until they are tender, and spread them on a sieve to drain. Make a syrup of one pound of loaf-sugar to a quart of water, and boil the peels in it until they look clear. Make a syrup of two pounds of loaf-sugar to a pint of water, and boil the peels in it over a slow fire until the syrup candies about the stew-pan and peels. Remove them from the syrup which remains, place them before the fire, strew fine sugar over them, and when they are dry put them away in a cool, dry store-room.

To Preserve Fruits without Sugar.—Currants, damsons, and plums, are excellent. We have kept these two years, and they have been as good as though just gathered from the garden. Boil the fruits in the usual way. Have ready jars or wide-mouthed bottles, which have been held over a vapor, caused by throwing a little flour of sulphur on your stove; then, while the vapor is still in the jar, fill up with the fruit as hot as possible, till within three inches of the top; then stick three little wax vesta matches into the fruit, leaving the phosphorous ends standing up about an inch, when the bladder is damped and ready to use, set fire to the matches, and tie over quickly while still burning; when the air is exhausted the fire dies out. We have never known fruit done in this way to fail.

Excellent Receipt for Bottling Fruit.—To nine pounds of fruit put five pounds of white sugar, when it comes to a boil. Boil ten minutes. Be careful to stir the fruit as little as possible, not to bruise it. Pour into an earthenware vessel to cool. When cold, put in wide-necked bottles, cover with a bladder. Gooseberries, black currants, red currants, and raspberries, mixed, made last year, you can hardly tell from fresh fruit. The receipt for currants, currants and raspberries, and plums of all kinds, are specially recommended.

To Candy Fruit.—Take one pound of best loaf-sugar, dip each lump into a bowl of water, and put the sugar in a preserving-kettle. Boil it down until clear, and in a candying state. When sufficiently boiled, have ready the fruits you wish to preserve. Large, white grapes, oranges separated into small pieces, or preserved fruits, taken out of their syrup and dried, are nice. Dip the fruits into the prepared sugar while it is hot, then put them in a cold place; they soon become hard.

Peel Preserved in Syrup.—Choose and prepare the peel as for candied orange and lemon, and make them a syrup with the proportion of two pounds of sugar to a pint of water. Let the peels boil in this over a slow fire for half an hour. Then pack them close in a jar, pour the syrup over them, and tie the jar down with a bladder. We can answer for this being capital for using soon, but we do not know whether the syrup will keep through the summer.

To Preserve Pine-Apple.—Cut the pine-apples into slices about half an inch thick, put them into a jar, make a syrup, using half a pound of sugar to a pint of water, and let it simmer quietly till dissolved. Let it stand a day, and then pour it cold over the fruit; after a short time take it away, and let it simmer again, having added a little more sugar. Repeat this process three or four times, and the last time pour the syrup boiling over the fruit.

To Preserve Siberian Crabs.—Boil a pint of water and one pound and a half of refined sugar till it is very clear, skim it, and let it become cold. Pare the crabs, and to this quantity of syrup put one pound of fruit, and simmer slowly till tender. Remove each apple separately, and pour the syrup over when a little cooled, and add orange and lemon-peel boiled tender.

Cherry-Marmalade or Jam.—Take out the stones and stalks from some fine cherries, and pulp them through a coarse sieve; to every three pounds of pulp add half a pint of currant-juice, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; mix together, and boil until it will jelly. Put it into pots or glasses.

Cherry Cheese.—Take twelve pounds of juicy cherries, stone them, and boil them for two hours, till they become a little cloggy, but take care that they do not burn. Then add to them four pounds of fine sugar, and boil another hour.

PICKLES AND CATCHUPS.

To Pickle Lemons.—To pickle lemons for veal or boiled chickens take two hard, good lemons, cut them into quarters, take out the pips, put them into a side-mouthed bottle, add a teaspoonful of salt, and cover them over with good vinegar; they are ready for use next day.

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Beet-Root.—Beat-root, when pickled, will keep as long as any other kind of pickle. Wash it perfectly clean, but do not cut away any of the fibres; boil in a large quantity of boiling water, with a little salt, for half an hour; if the skin will come off easily, it is done enough. Lay it on a cloth, and with a coarse one rub off the skin. Cut it into slices, put it into a jar, and pour over it a hot pickle of white vinegar, a little ginger, pepper, and horseradish sliced. Cover close. When first taken from the ground, beet-root may be kept for winter use by placing it in layers of dry sand; the mould must not be removed from about the root.

To Pickle Onions.—In the month of September choose the small, white onions, take off the brown skin, have ready a very nice tin stew-pan of boiling water; throw in as many onions as will cover the top. As soon as they look clear on the outside, take them up as quick as possible with a slice, and lay them on a clean cloth; cover them close with another, and scald some more, and so on. Let them lie to be cold, then put them in a jar, or glass, or wide-mouthed bottles, and pour over them the best white wine vinegar, just hot, not boiling. When cold, cover them. Should the outer skin shrivel, peel it off. They must look clear.

To Pickle Cucumbers.—Get very small cucumbers, wipe them clean, and lay them into stone jars. Allow one quart of coarse salt to a pail of water; boil the salt and water until the salt is dissolved; turn it boiling hot on the cucumbers; cover them up tight, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Turn them into a basket to drain. Boil as much of the best vinegar as will cover the cucumbers; wash out the jars, and put the cucumbers into them. Turn on the vinegar boiling hot; cover them with cabbage-leaves, and cover the jars tight. In forty-eight hours they will be fit for use. Pickles of any kind are good made in the same way.

Pickled-Mushrooms.—Take small button mushrooms, cut off the stalks, and wash in cold water, rub them with flannel, and throw them into fresh water; see they are quite clean, and put them into a sauce-pan in cold water; boil them eight or ten minutes, strain them, and lay them in the folds of a dry cloth; take a quart of vinegar, quarter of an ounce each of white pepper and allspice, a teaspoonful of salt, and a blade or two of mace; let the vinegar and the spices boil; put the mushrooms into a jar, and when all is cold, pour the vinegar and spices over them. Fasten them down close.

Tomato-Catchup.—Take ripe tomatoes, (the small, red ones are preferable,) wash, but not skin them, and thoroughly boil one hour, and then put them through a hair-sieve, and to one quart of juice add one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of black pepper, half of Cayenne, half of nutmeg, one of good mustard, two-thirds of a teacupful of salt. Boil three hours, and then to one quart of juice add one pint of pure cider vinegar. Boil half an hour longer; bottle hot and seal up. This catchup will keep for years, and not require "shaking before using." A porcelain kettle should be used.

To Preserve Tomatoes for Winter and Early Summer Use.—The most economical mode for family purposes is to put them into wide-mouthed jars, holding two, three, or more quarts, according to the size of the family. The tomatoes, previously to their going into winter quarters, are merely cooked without seasoning of any sort, and put, while hot, into the jars, which should be filled full, and the corks driven home tightly and tied down. Preserved in this manner, they will keep as fresh almost as when first picked.

Tomato-Marmalade.—Take fine, ripe tomatoes, cut them in halves, and squeeze out the juice. Put them in a preserving-pan, with a few peach-leaves, a clove of garlic, some slices of onion or shalot, and a bundle of parsley. Stew them until they are sufficiently done, pulp them through a sieve, and boil them down like other marmalade, adding salt. Put them into small jars, pepper the tops, and pour clarified butter over. Eat it with fish, etc., or stir the contents of a small pot into the gravy of stews or fricassees.

Belsize Tomato-Sauce.—Slice tomatoes in a jar, and sprinkle salt over every layer of slices. Place the jar in a warm place by the fire, stir the contents pretty often for three days, and let it remain untouched for twelve days. Press out the juice, and boil it with mace, pepper, allspice, ginger, and cloves. There should be two ounces of spice to a quart of juice, the pepper and allspice greatly predominating. At the end of three months it should be boiled up with fresh spice.

Pickled-Eggs.—The eggs should be boiled hard—say ten minutes—and then divested of their shells; when quite cold, put them in jars, and pour over them vinegar, sufficient to quite cover them, in which has been previously boiled the usual spices for pickling. Tie the jars down tight with bladder, and keep them till they begin to change their color.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—DINNER-DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED GRENADINE over a silk slip of the same color; the skirt is quite plain, the body cut square, and the sleeves puffed at the elbow, where they are finished by a fall of lace. White cashmere mantelet, with a hood, embroidered in gold, and lined with gold-colored satin.

FIG. II.—SHORT DINNER-DRESS OF CANARY-COLORED SILK, trimmed with seven narrow flounces; over-dress of thin, white spotted muslin, looped up over the same. The sleeves are short, and waist low of the silk body, and long and high of the white body.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF POPPY-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is quite plain. The camargo pannier is trimmed with a ruffle, headed by a ruche of the same material, and looped up by a large bow. At the waist is a large sash bow without ends. The low body is finished by a ruffle of the silk.

FIG. IV.—DINNER-DRESS OF WHITE MOHAIR.—The front width is made *en tablier*, and trimmed with quillings of green silk; the deep flounce commences at each side of the front width and is headed by a quilling of green silk; the high waist, sleeves, and pannier, are trimmed to correspond.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE CHANGEABLE SILK.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with four deep puffs. The upper-skirt and body are in one; the body is worn open over a chemisette; the skirt made quite long, and open in front, over a kind of apron trimming, and ornamented with a puffing and narrow frill.

FIG. VI.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE CHAMBERY GAUZE, with a pink satin stripe. The upper-skirt is rather long in front, and made in the Watteau style at the back: and both skirts are trimmed with black lace.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.—The under-dress is of blue poplin, made quite plain with a high waist and long sleeves; the upper-dress of white-iron barege, has short sleeves, low, square waist, and is looped up by large blue rosettes; a piping of blue or deep white fringe finish the trimmings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give this month the latest styles of bonnets, collars, and sleeves, patterns for night-dresses, chemises, panniers, or *tournures*, as they should more properly be called, which are made of crinoline, or muslin and whalebone, to make the dress set out properly at the back.

Fashion, after having made vain attempts to bring back the scant, narrow toilets of the First Empire, attempts which good taste reproved, after having tried successively and simultaneously several other styles, is now completely devoted to the Louis XV. style, to the models of the time of the youth of Marie Antoinette, of graceful memory.

And so we see nothing but skirts and tunics looped up into puffs, gathered flounces, pinked-out ruches, and bows with large loops. All materials which can be draped well are fashionable; this is easy to understand with the puffs

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and loopings-up of modern toilets. Two ancient materials are come back to us, and have not even changed their names; they are *chaly* and *mousseline de laine;* chaly, a very soft woolen material, forms graceful folds; mousseline de laine, much lighter, will be worn with under-skirts.

Almost all pretty, delicate colors are equally fashionable. Gray is much seen, there are lovely gray tints, fresh and delicate. Gray grenadines, in particular, are quite pretty, and compose complete toilets at once simple and *distingue.* One also employs with great success, for draped dresses, black English *brillantine,* a soft material, thicker than grenadine, which can be draped in perfection, falling in beautiful soft folds.

Some variety is being introduced in walking-dresses; for the numerous forms of mantles, sacques, etc., of black silk, white muslin, grenadine, etc., which the French call *confections,* are somewhat replacing the *costumes,* which are the walking-dresses with sacque, skirts, waist, all made of one color and material. These *confections* will give a much greater variety to the dress; and for young ladies, nothing can be prettier than fichus, basques, mantles, etc., of white muslin, trimmed with knots of ribbon ruffles, or white grenadine over colored linings.

The wide sash is sometimes replaced by bows of different materials. If the costume be of satin and taffetas, the bows are of the same, even if of two colors; this is only when the colors are a deep shade. The bows are placed in rows—four at the top, five or six in the next, and the last row is formed by bows of a different shape, forming a kind of fan.

Cherusques, or wide fan-shaped trimmings of gauze or lace, recalling somewhat the Elizabethan frill, are often worn to complete the low bodies. Hitherto they have been merely worn as evening-dress, but it is said they will be fashionable with the spring toilet.

We find the dinner and evening-dresses are made, for example, opened in front, with a revers of very wide lace, the same lace forming the cherusque.

Two of the most admired dresses recently worn in Paris were quite simple. The first, worn by the Princess Metternich, was what is called a *robe nuage,* consisting of skirt upon skirt, and all of white tulle; the last, or upper-skirt, was studded with small streaks of silver; a tunic of white tulle, trimmed with a plaiting to match, opened *en tablier* over the dress. The sash was made of Havannah-brown watered silk, and the ends were very long. Three rows of splendid diamonds encircled the Princess' throat; and a spray of diamonds, with a brown feather, besides the long tail of a bird of Paradise—all of that peculiar shade of brown called "Havannah"—formed her head-dress.

The other dress was worn by Madame Leopold Leban, and was a striped steel-gray dress, with a deep flounce round the edge of the skirt; upon this flounce there were roses with flexible stalks, so carelessly arranged that they had the effect of being scattered upon it from a basket, and, notwithstanding the informality of arrangement, the effect was exceedingly happy.

Shapes of Bonnets are unaltered; the only variety is in the trimming. One of the prettiest we have seen is a black lace bonnet, ornamented at the side with blue feathers; one of the lace lappets passes under the chin, and is fastened near the left ear with a white rose-bud. Many of the new bonnets are fastened thus at the side, the other lappet being thrown back over the shoulder.

Hats are of all shapes, to suit all styles of faces. *The Watteau,* which is flat and wide, and drooping both back and front, is very becoming to some, but not to all faces. Others are in the Louis XIV. style, with large feathers thrown back. For certain countenances this style of hat is infinitely more becoming than the little flat toquet, which is without distinction and style.

The new mode of arranging Indian cashmere shawls has quite brought them into fashion again, and exceedingly elegant they appear after their long banishment from "things that are worn." Without cutting them in any way, they are fitted to the figure and fastened with an *agrafe* of silk gimp of every color in the shawl. If the shawl is long, it describes at the back a small pointed hood, which is ornamented in front with *appliques* of gimp; it has *revers* entirely of gimp, and terminating with long tassels. If the cashmere shawl is square, it has quite another aspect, being made up into a *casaque,* with plaits at the waist, and wide sleeves. The lining used is shot silk. Nothing drapes the figure better than a soft cashmere; but to arrange a shawl, so as to look like anything but a shawl, without using the scissors, requires no ordinary skill. It is only at Worth's, and at a few of the large houses, where it is attempted.

Shoes are to be worn in and out-of-doors. Those for out-of-doors are of morocco, made to come up well over the instep, and fastened at one side with a steel buckle—just the same shape, in fact, as men have always worn. For in-doors and evening wear, kid and satin shoes are fashionable of the old shape, only that high heels are indispensable; very large bows are worn, which come up high over the instep. In order to make these set properly, an additional flap of leather or satin (according to the material of which the shoes are made) is inserted at the top of the shoe on the front of the foot. The flap should be of the following dimensions: two inches and a half deep, at the bottom three inches wide; at the top four They are curved a little in two very shallow scallops, the point coming in the middle of the foot, and should be bound round like the shoes. The bows, which are sewn on them, are made as follows: They are four inches long, three inches wide at the bottom, and three and a half at the top. They are placed on the shoes an inch and a half from the top. At both top and bottom the rosettes are rounded. The narrowest part consists of six loops of ribbon, arranged downward round the bottom of the rosettes; above that a circle of five loops, with the buckle in the middle; then seven rows of loops packed as closely together as possible, and arranged upward, so that the part of the rosette which rests on the instep is very thick and bunchy, and that nearest the toes much flatter. It is an exceedingly becoming style to the foot. The variety of buckles worn is endless, and those which once belonged to our graceful grandmothers are now called into play, to adorn their—let us hope, notwithstanding all that modern grumblers may say—no less graceful grand-daughters.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Dress of Pink Barege, for a Little Girl.—The lower-skirt has three narrow ruffles; the upper one is puffed up a good deal at the back, and is trimmed with a ruffle which extends up the front and around the neck of the low body. A white muslin under-waist, with long sleeves, is worn with it.

Fig. II.—White Muslin Dress for a Little Girl.—The skirt has one rather deep ruffle, headed by two small ones. The upper is short, trimmed with a ruffle, and looped up with rosettes of green ribbon. The waist opens in front over a chemisette, and that and the short sleeves are trimmed with bows of green ribbon.

Fig. III.—Dress of Blue Foulard for a Young Girl.—The under-skirt is made with a full pleating of the same around the bottom. The upper-skirt opens in front, and is trimmed to correspond with the under-skirt. The pleating of the upper-skirt does not extend all the way around the bottom of it, gathers it up in a puff at the back about three-fourths of the way down. The sleeves and waist are high and plain, and a square cape, trimmed with a pleating, is worn over the body.

Fig. IV.—Knickerbocker Suit of Gray Cashmere, trimmed with braid, for a little boy.

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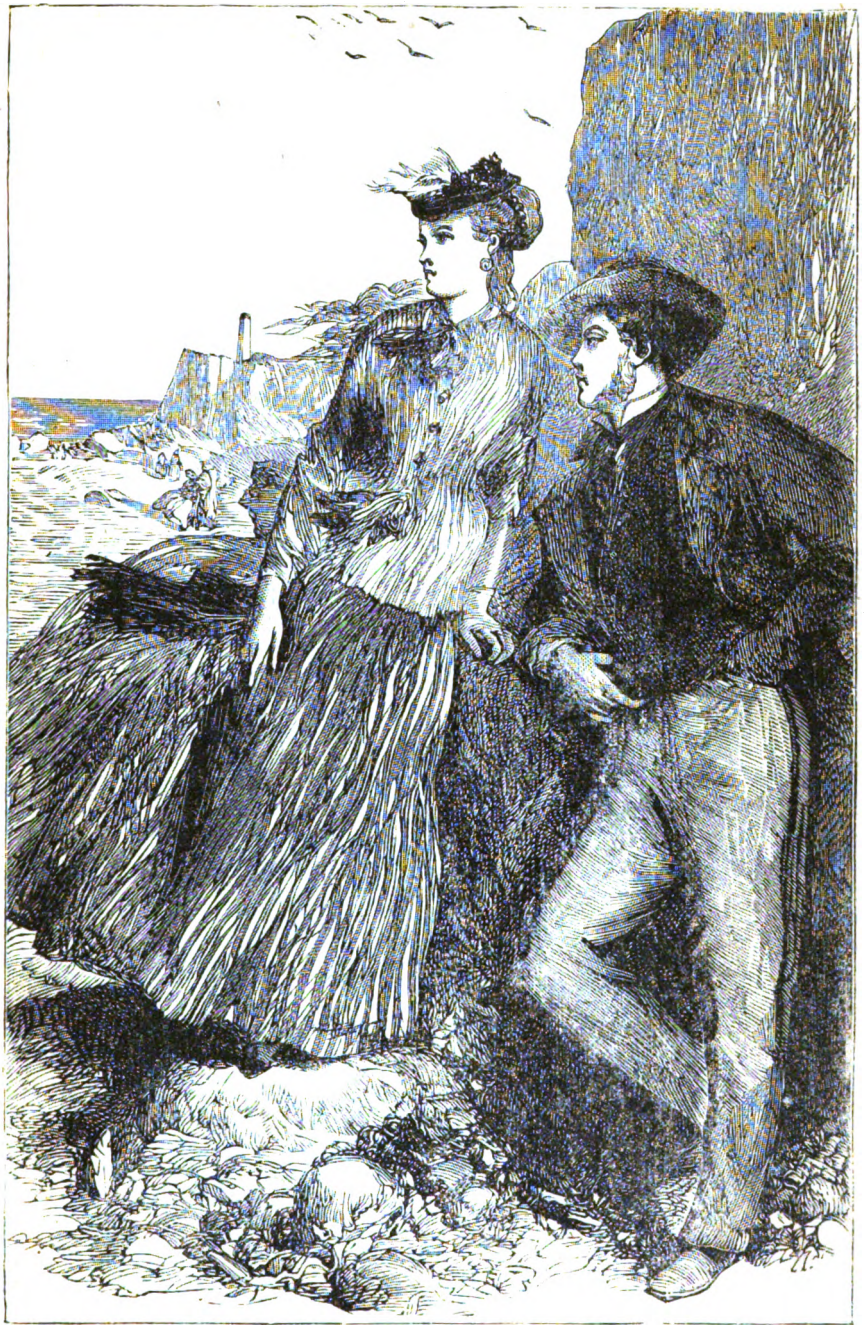

OUR PICNIC BY THE SEA.

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YOUNG MISSES' DRESS. CHILD'S DRESS.

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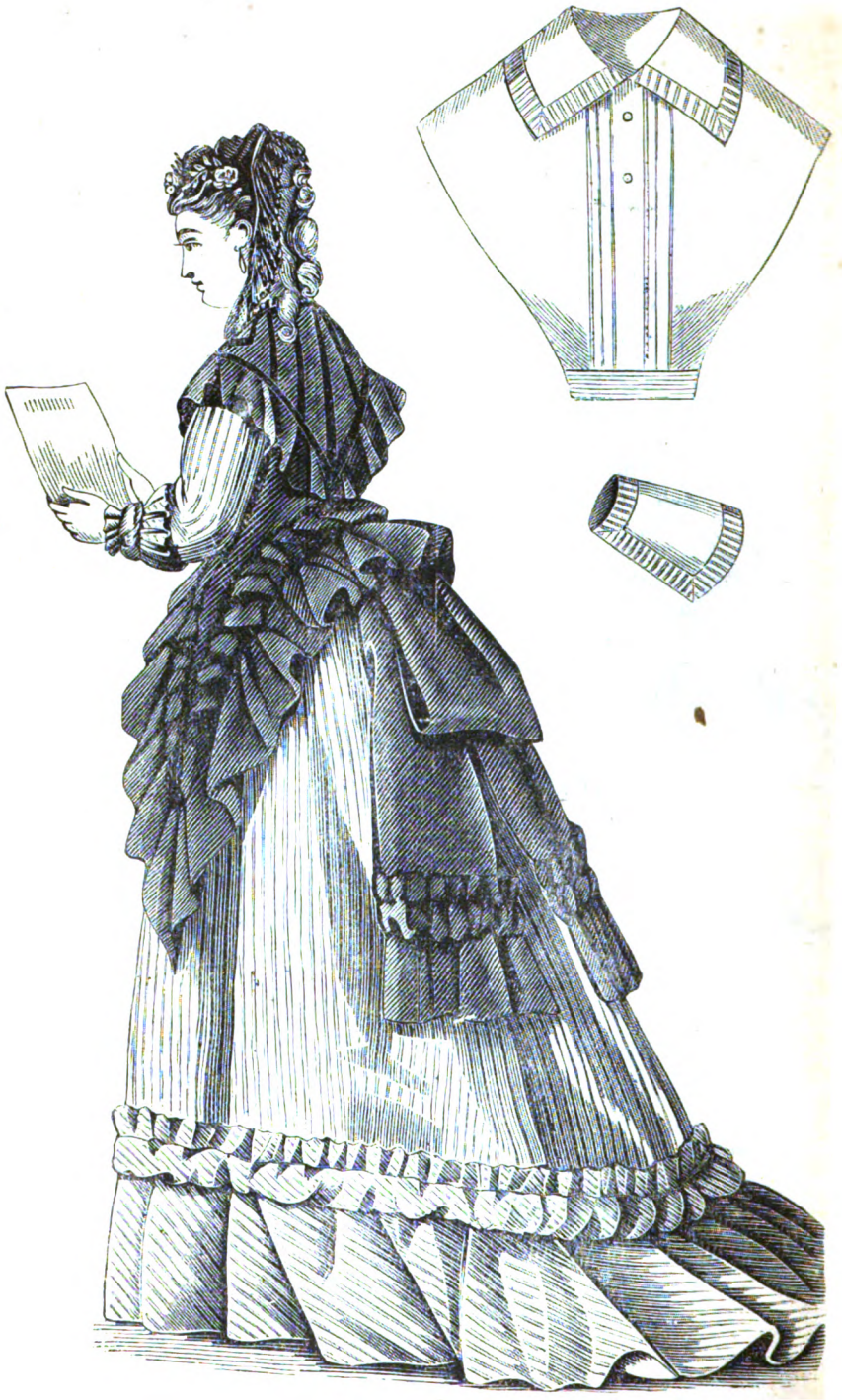

CARRIAGE-DRESS, WITH MANTILLA. COLLAR AND SLEEVE.

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DINNER-DRESS, WITH BLACK SILK PANNIER. COLLAR.

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PANNIER DRESS. HAT. BONNET.

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WALKING-DRESS. BONNET. HAT.

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SILK AND ALPACA APRONS. SAILOR COSTUME FOR BOY.

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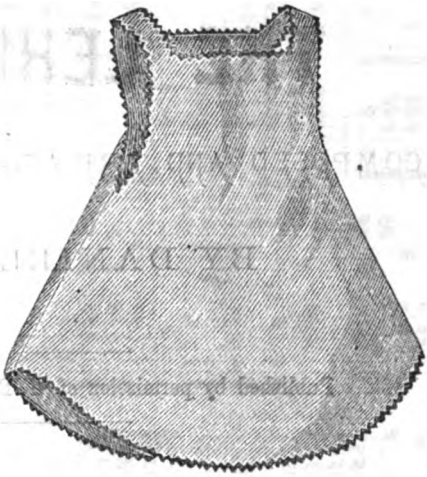

APRONS FOR SMALL CHILDREN AND MISSES.

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To the Ladies of Allentown, Pa.

THE LEHIGH POLKA.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

BY DANIEL A. DRESHER.

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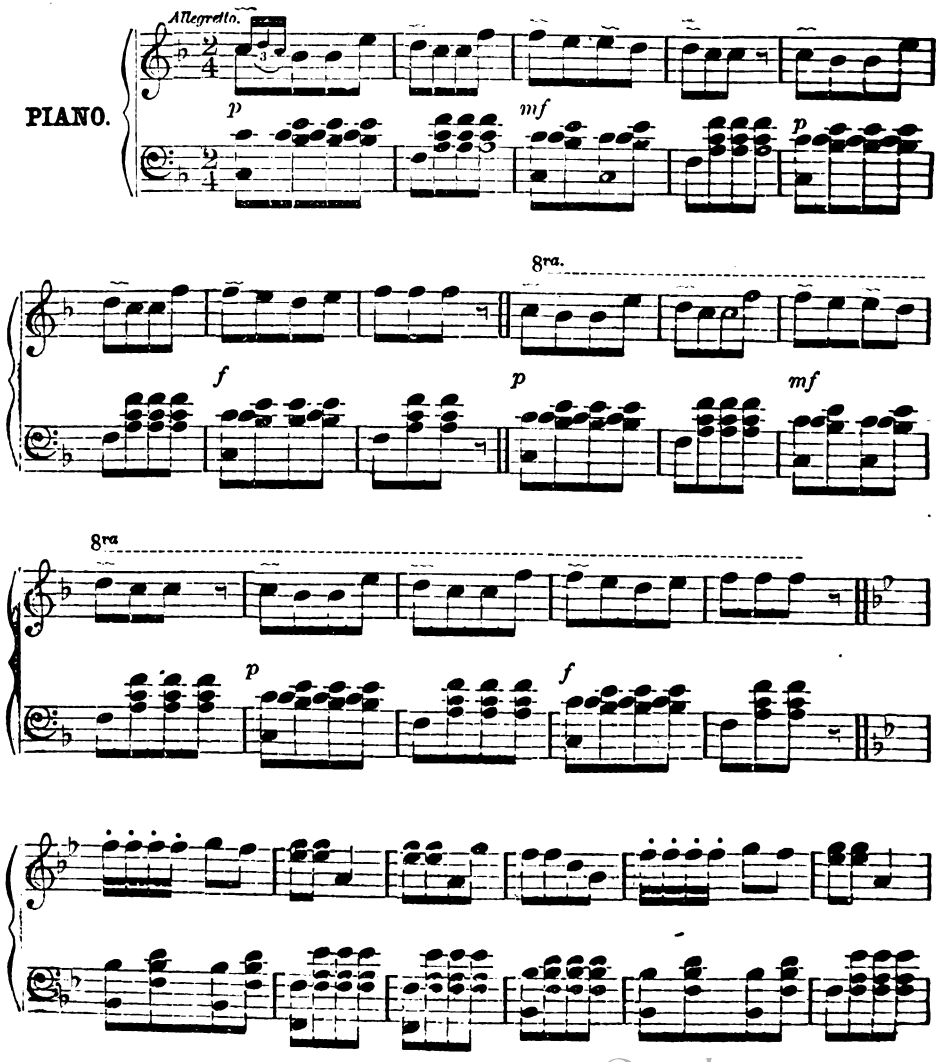

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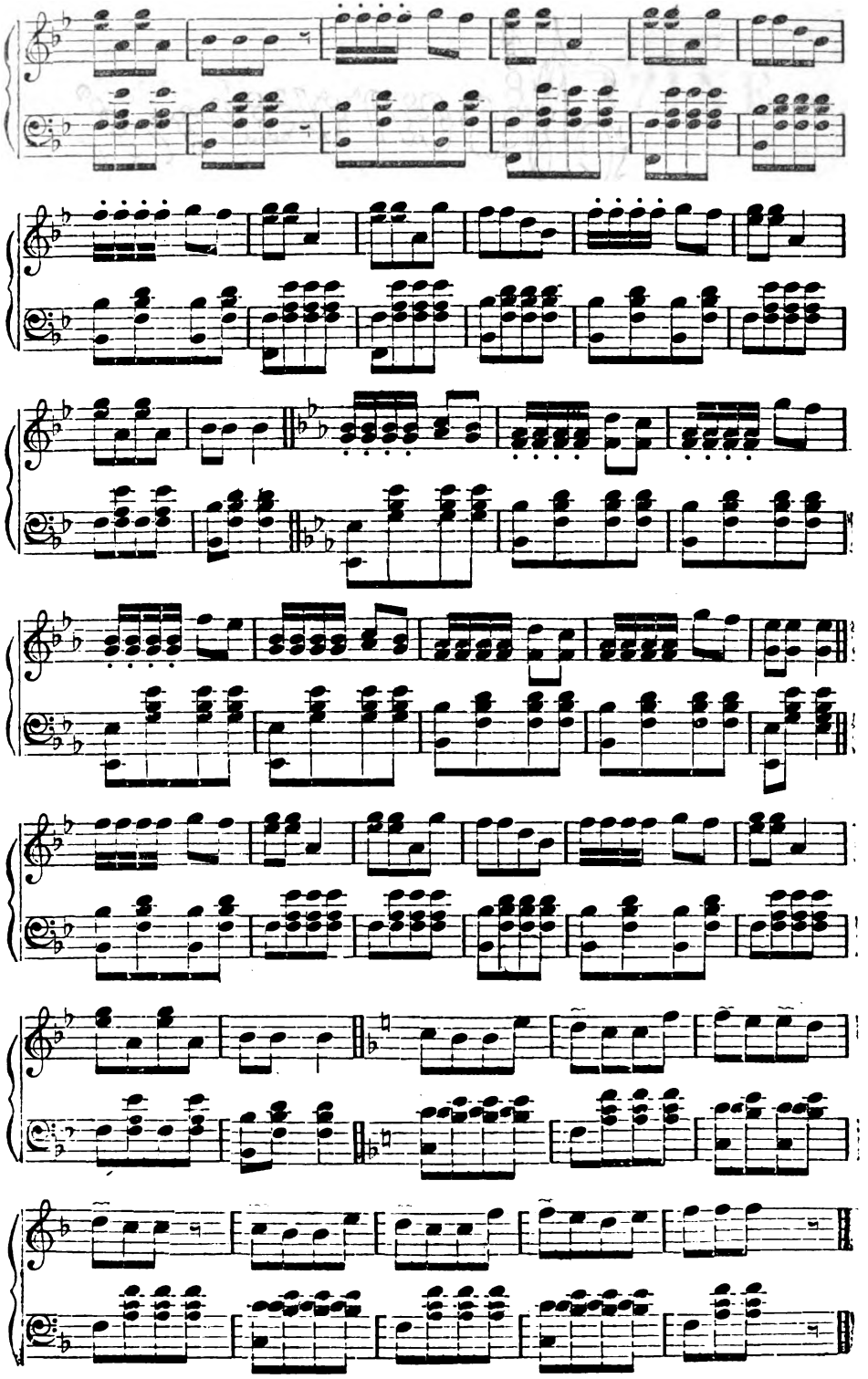

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVI. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1869. No. 2.

OUR PICNIC BY THE SEA.

BY NELLIE AMES.

ADAPTABILITY may be a desirable quality to possess. A man or woman, with this organ large, (we speak of it phrenologically,) can be summed up thus: from fair to brilliant conversational powers, fond of a joke, interested and wide awake on all subjects of general interest; glowing with fervor about the last sermon, or last dance; delighted with the minister, and on the most friendly terms with the dancing-master; or, as St. Paul forcibly puts it, "All things to all men."

Now to be able to do this heartily and wholesouledly is a proof of great adaptability. To be ready to descend, at a moment's notice, from a lofty spiritual plain, from the realm of sublimated ideas, and enter into an animated discussion with some prosy, practical old fogy on State rights, or reconstruction; or sing "Champagne Charlie" to a musical genius who can't bear opera; this is the acme of adaptability, and with the majority of individuals these traits of character command the highest respect and admiration. The writer was once foolish enough to believe that such qualifications were only other words for unselfishness, a willingness to be interrupted, broken in upon, a desire to make one's self agreeable at the expense of comfort and inclination—but was compelled to change her opinion, doing so very reluctantly, however. To begin with from my earliest recollections, the person who embodied these various accomplishments was always the one to whom I was immediately attracted; people who were in the least reserved, who could not be wise or simple, sad or gay, talk theology, or sing a comic song, as the occasion demanded, were not companionable; not that *I* possessed, to an eminent degree, this rare versatile gift; but my admiration knew no bounds, particularly when I came in contact with a gentleman of this description. Such an one would I marry, or none at all; and although in no haste for the marriage-ring to encircle my left hand third finger, yet realizing that matrimony was the goal to which all ambitious maidens should aspire, and perfectly aware how much of odium and contempt attaches itself to the life of an old maid, I naturally fell into the not uncommon habit of scrutinizing the characters and physical attributes of men with a view to a probable change of name. I was not easily satisfied either. Not a few to whom I was introduced I immediately detested, and generally for this reason; they were too diffident, too undemonstrative, seemed to be wrapped up in an impenetrable armor of reserve; and gentlemen of this description I never took the least pains to be agreeable to, forgetting that the eagle, king of birds, makes his eyrie away from the untrodden paths of men; forgetful that the lily, purest and most beautiful of flowers, hides itself in almost unapproachable spots; unmindful of the fact that the most loveable and exquisite natures are those which shrink from the obtrusive and vulgar, and which ordinary magnetisms cannot attract. But who among us has not taken many a lesson from the same teacher? How many have wrecked their little barks against the Scylla of ignorant ardor, to be dashed again with still more force against the Charybdes of bitter disappointment? To moralize in these days of advanced ideas and spiritualistic theories is, perhaps, a little stupid, as our most brilliant minds have about decided that mortals have as little to do with their own management, through life, as with their own births—but less exalted individuals may, perchance, think differently; so, for the benefit of those who foolishly imagine they may be just partially responsible for the mistakes they commit in life, I willingly give them a leaf from my own personal history. The pleasantest episode of my life was meeting Ned Williams. However I might have been fascinated and dazzled with

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the brilliancy and versatility of other men, yet all feeling was naught compared to the delight I felt at this new acquaintance. In him I found united all the graces I had so ardently sought; and which proved the fallacy of my young friends prophesies, when they declared my hero was only to be found in Utopia. He came, he saw, he conquered! Without any reserve I was won.

The happy, happy day when we first met was one long to be remembered for its beauty; for the sun rose without a cloud to veil his face, and cast such earnest, ardent glances on both hill and hollow as to dimple everything in nature with a smile; then the brook caught the infection, and told of love to all the nodding, blue-eyed gentians on its banks; and not content with that, wild rover as he was, kissed and murmured words of tenderness to all the little snowy pebbles at its feet, which stopped its course to receive the sweet attention. Then the daisies on the hillside, with their hearts of gold, which all night had drank intoxicating draughts of dew, were reeling and nodding on the hillside in a most disgraceful plight. In vain the wind would try to lift them up, that the sun might not perceive how madly they had reveled all the night before; they would be foolish and obstreperous still, kissing and hugging in a way quite shocking to their little Quaker neighbor, the blonde-faced clover. Butter-cups were there, in which the sunshine slept when weary of his tasks in painting fruit and flower. Even the priests and priestesses of the woodlands forgot, for a time, their vigor, and dropped their emerald hoods and cowls, as if they stood in the presence of some living saint. Oh! how wildly intoxicating were the emotions which this glorious harmony wafted to my soul. In an ecstasy of delight I nodded the pleasure this introduction afforded me, and without a thought of danger quaffed deeply of the exhilarating beverage. Dark eyes looked fondly into mine; a warm, shapely hand imprisoned the little fingers which had long wearily fluttered for just such confinement. Merry, romping girls danced by, and made the woods echo with their rollicking noises. Ardent swains sighed their heart-jingle into appreciative ears; but we heard nothing, saw nothing but ourselves. Laugh all you who may at love at first sight; but the light which first dawns upon and feeds the dark, hungry soul, is the most exquisitely dazzling of all lights. It is sunlight, moonlight, starlight combined. It is the odor of rose, lily, and mignonette! it is the pure juice of the grape; the bright sparkle of champagne; the music of the spheres! in short, heaven itself. But why dwell upon such delights? Is every heart-pleasure necessarily fleeting? Must a joy be born, and like the love a mother bears her darling, when the infant is laid in the longing arms, be chastened and subdued by care, heart-ache, and keen disappointment? Is a love, like the beautiful things in nature, born to die? Shall it always be that the tree which blossoms the fairest, bears the most luscious fruit, make itself keenly enjoyable, for a brief season lose its glorious foliage, and without a shield from the wind, brave both storm and tempest? My experience says—yes. Nature and mind are analogous. Love is fleeting: and the more ardent, the more evanescent. Ned Williams? Long ago I forgave him; for, after all, the man was no more culpable for loving and reloving, loving especially, and loving generally, than the butterfly is to blame for sipping the honey from shrub, daisy, and rose. God made him a butterfly—and who dares say that in exhausting the dew from the lovely petals he does not fulfill the mission he was sent to perform? Well, Ned and I were engaged: for a long time no cloud overspread the horizon of our love! My affection was strong, earnest, and unsuspicious. Did my betrothed leave me for a party, where he had promised to enliven the company from his unequaled fund of entertainment, I was certain that he only went to oblige the people, not because he desired to, or was happy away from me! Did he attend a young lady home from church, or spend an occasional evening without me, it was all right, because Ned did it, and Ned loved me, and was as true to his allegiance as was ever olden knight to the lady of his choice. I never dreamed of any other side to the picture. Oh! ye blind, deceitful god! how I have watched ye from a safe distance ever since. Summer was passing, and our picnics, for the season, were nearly over, when a stranger came among us. Nellie Wayne, bless her sweet face! Why I did not suspect from the beginning that my butterfly, Ned, must of a necessity be attracted to her, I cannot imagine; and more than this, understanding so thoroughly my own woman's nature and capacity for loving, why I did not know that Nellie must fall desperately in love with Ned? But the god kept me blind until the last. One more picnic was proposed, and in honor of Nellie. We were to go down to the sea-shore, a few miles from our village, and there spend the day. I don't know how it was that I came to wander away alone on that occasion; but Ned was singing a comic arrangement of Casta Diva, and

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someway I did not exactly like to hear Ned even twist this glorious melody into mirth-provoking renditions; so, thinking deeply, and expecting my lover to join me every moment, I wandered alone by the side of the ocean, until I came to a little sheltered nook between high rocks, which looked so tempting, that I sat down to rest. The breeze was blowing fresh and cool. The surf rolled in, breast high, breaking on the shining beach in front of me, with a noise almost like thunder. In the distance, the lighthouse, perched on its tall cliff, rose, lofty and gray. The birds were drifting in shore, far overhead, screaming as if to announce a coming storm. Far and near, the wide beach, below the cliffs, was covered with members of our picnic, some gathering sea-weed, some reclining where the sand was dry, some walking. In my little nook I could see all this, myself unobserved.

Suddenly I recognized Ned's deep sonorous tones; and soon after Nellie's musical little jingle. Even then I was not surprised. They drew nearer, and stopped, just on the other side of the bit of rock which formed one of the walls of my sheltered nook. I looked through a crack, between this huge boulder and the cliff behind it, and saw Ned and Nellie, the wind blowing the latter's plume, and hair, and dress about, as she gazed out seaward. The thick screen effectually concealed me. I kept very quiet, intending to jump out and surprise them, by-and-by.

"But, Nellie!" I heard my darling say, in those same low, earnest tones, which had so often flooded my soul with their melody, "I love you."

"But, Ned," came slowly from Nellie's lips, as she still looked seaward, "you are engaged to Sophie Alliston!"

"Not a bit of it, my dear girl; you never were more mistaken in your life. Sophie is a charming girl—I may say a very lovely girl—but then not a word of marriage has ever passed our lips."

That was true; strange I had never thought of it until now.

"Can you love me, Nellie? Will you love me?"

I heard no reply; but I saw that Nellie's curly head reclined, for a moment, on Ned's shoulder, as he drew her toward him. I rose noiselessly and walked away in the opposite direction, dizzy, weak, my eyes full of tears. But, half an hour later, when the truants returned, I was carelessly weaving a garland of leaves for my hat, and chatting gayly with a circle of friends.

"Why, Sophie, where have you been all this time—Nellie and I have been hunting you all over?" said Ned, without a cloud upon his handsome face.

"Yes, dear?" was my quiet reply. Then I added, "But let me whisper a little word in your ear, good Ned!"

The dear fellow dropped playfully on one knee, and looked up at me, like a knight of old romance regarding his ladye-love.

"Ned," I said, coolly, "I think we have both enjoyed this summer; and now that it is about over, this seems to me the appropriate time for you and I to forget the past, and seek elsewhere for the joy we have tried to persuade ourselves we had found in each other."

Ned looked just a little disconcerted: but it was only momentary.

"But we can always be friends, Sophie?" he asked, looking down at the hat I was trimming.

"Always, Ned."

I gave him my hand to shake in token of friendship and good-will; and thus ended my first love-lesson. Strange, too, as it may seem, I shall always preserve a warm niche in my heart for Ned. Yet may a kind Providence protect me from ever again possessing a lover whose character is marked with the one most desirable of all traits, adaptability.

Nellie is a happy wife, but she did not marry Ned Williams; and the last I heard of the latter was, that he was making desperate love to a young New York widow.

ONE DEPARTED.

BY FRANK MAURICE FIELDING.

As few could mourn, I mourn for thee,
Yet silently, as bitterly!
In grief that speaks no word,
That breathes no sigh, that sheds no tear,
With any living witness near,
Whose wail is never heard.

Oh! best and loveliest one, couldst thou
But gaze into my lone heart now,
And read its hidden woe,
Thine angel heart would be distressed:
Within thy grave thou couldst not rest
While I was suffering so!

Rest calmly, sweet one, knowing not
The bitterness of my hard lot,
Nor how I mourn for thee!
But if thou e'er didst doubt my love,
My secret tears of suffering prove,
How dear thou wert to me!

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DEATH IN LIFE.

BY AGNES JAMES.

"For love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave."

THE soft September sunlight fell with a mellow evening radiance upon the gray walls and broad terraces of Hautlieu. The old chateau itself was sombre and frowning as a prison, but its parks and terraces were very lovely in the fair light of evening. The brilliant flowers glowed in their marble vases, the fountains tinkled musically in their wide basins, the shadows of the great oaks lengthened and deepened on the emerald grass.

It was the sweetest, idlest, dreamiest of weather, and the great chateau seemed to have fallen "asleep in its noontide of splendor," and to be slumbering still, so profound was the quiet that reigned within and around it.

But one living figure appeared amidst this lovely scene. Up and down the terrace glided a lady, passing through shadow and sunlight with bowed head, and loosely, listlessly, clasped hands. Her rich dress of pearl-gray silk, with gay trimming of scarlet velvet, swept in a gorgeous train over the grass. Rare, filmy lace covered her white neck and arms, and the sunlight that fell upon her, lingered, quivering and glowing, in the hearts of the blood-red rubies that hung in her ears, fastened the lace on her bosom, and encircled her slender throat and rounded arms. These were the "Hautlieu rubies—priceless, peerless; drops of restless, undying flame, and their wearer was the young Marquise de Hautlieu. The "Child Marquise," they had called her at court, whither she had gone not six months before, just from her convent school, glowing with the roses of youth, health, and high spirits, radiantly beautiful—a young girl of sixteen, and the bride of a man of sixty years.

She was the only child of a gentleman who had dissipated an immense fortune by a series of wild extravagances, and had died, leaving his widow and daughter in utter destitution.

Madame de Beranger, a gentle, timid woman, bowed down with grief and despair, saw no refuge but the convent-walls for herself and her child; and it was with untold emotions of gratitude and joy that she listened to proposals made to her by the Marquis de Hautlieu, a powerful and wealthy friend of her husband.

These proposals were for the hand of her young daughter, not yet fourteen, but already renowned for her beauty, her intelligence, and her sparkling vivacity. Mademoiselle de Beranger was placed in a convent, by the marquis, for the completion of her education, and her mother, meanwhile, lived in the enjoyment of every luxury the wealth and respectful affection of the marquis could supply. To the young Vivienne he was kind and gentle as a father; to Madame de Beranger as thoughtful and devoted as a brother. So the child was very happy when, after two years in the convent, she came to court with her gray-haired husband—as happy as a bird set free; and the stately gardens of the palace echoed with her clear laughter and singing, and the sound of her flying footsteps.

She set all decorum at defiance; she shocked the grave mistress of ceremonies into speechless despair; and the decorous court-bred beauties pursed up their rosy lips, and looked unutterable scorn and wonder. But the gay cavaliers raved about her sparkling hazel eyes, her bronze-brown waving hair, that almost swept the ground when in some wild, childish race or game she had shaken it from its fastening, and it fell glittering around her, about her cheek, with its soft, peachy bloom, her little, lovely figure, her tiny foot, and her wonderful white hand. Even the king smiled at her wildest pranks, and gazed admiringly into the beautiful, bewitching face, that, with such demurely smiling lips and dancing eyes, craved pardon for some breach of court-etiquette.

"There is nothing one could not forgive, madame, to such loveliness as yours," said the king, with a gracious inclination—and the little marquise swept a laughing courtesy, and glanced around with saucy triumph in her bright eyes.

This was in the old, old time, when the French monarch was a grand, stately, wicked old man; when the French court was brilliant as it was corrupt, and when there was scarcely one amongst the beautiful and witty ladies of the court whose fame was spotless and pure. But "the Child Marquise," in spite of her gay coquetry, and her scores of admirers, passed unscathed through the ordeal of court life. She laughed, and flirted her fan, and tossed her

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pretty head, as she listened to the flattery and compliments of her admirers; but there was a point at which the young girl would grow suddenly cold and stern, when her eyes would flash angrily, and her lip curl with scorn, as she uttered a few vividly indignant words, and swept away, leaving the man who had dared offend her, humbled and bewildered by her rebuke. Then she would fly to the side of her husband, and press her rosy lips to his withered hand, and look up smilingly into his eyes, as a child looks into a father's face. She sincerely loved the old man, and he loved and trusted her, until the sad day that Leon de Saint Evremonde came to court, with his rare, brilliant, deep-blue eyes, and his long, fair hair, his grace, and courtesy, and bravery. He was a cousin of the marquis, and, therefore, entitled to pay greater attention to the young marquise than any other gentleman at court; but, to the surprise of every one, after the first few weeks of pleasant, friendly intercourse with his beautiful kinswoman, Saint Evremonde appeared carefully to shun her: and when they met unavoidably, a visible coldness and restraint marked their manners toward each other. The whole court wondered, for no one had ever before failed to admire the young Marquise de Hautlieu, and Saint Evremonde, though only a lieutenant in the King's Guards, and totally without fortune, was eminently accomplished and fascinating; and many a lady of rank and fortune would gladly have bestowed her hand upon the noble young soldier. That these two charming young persons should appear to select each for special avoidance and dislike, excited the surprise of all, and the suspicion of the old marquis. With the keen eye of jealousy he noted every action and word of Saint Evremonde, every movement and glance of his wife. Why should Leon stand aloof with eyes bent on the ground, when other gentlemen crowded around Vivienne with smiling homage? He could talk and smile gayly enough with every other lady in the court—why not with her? What was it that deepened the color in the cheeks of both, and made their hands tremble as they were forced to touch, for an instant, in some stately dance? Only a madly jealous man could have seen these things; but the marquis did see, or imagined he saw them. That his wife had been pure, and lovely, and loving as an angel hitherto; that Saint Evremonde was like Bayard, a chevalier, "*sans jeur, et sans reproche*," formed no bar to his suspicions and his rage. True, nothing had occurred which he could possibly wrest into a cause of quarrel with his cousin; and no one but himself dared to entertain a thought against the fair and spotless character of his wife. So much the deeper and subtler must his revenge be; and for his own sake, no one else must suspect the truth.

Without a word of explanation, he suddenly ordered his wife to make preparations for leaving Paris, and taking up her residence at Hautlieu.

Vivienne was surprised and distressed by the command. She pouted a little, and entreated like a child for a short delay. Briefly and sternly the marquis refused to grant an hour's respite.

Surprised by his harsh tone, she looked up into his face, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Pardon me, monsieur; I could not mean to offend you, who are always so kind, so good," she murmured. "I will cheerfully go with you anywhere."

And she bent down with the old sweet caress, taking his hand in both hers and pressing soft kisses upon it. But he shook off her light touch, and pushing her fiercely and roughly from him, he left the room.

Vivienne was utterly confounded by his conduct. For a moment she stood bewildered; then she threw herself weeping on a couch, and was only roused by the sound of her mother's voice, asking permission to enter the room. Vivienne's first impulse was to spring up and run to sob out her grief upon her mother's bosom; but then came the quick thought, "He is my husband. I have no right to speak of this, even to my mother."

So, with a hasty hand she dropped the heavy curtains over the windows, wiped away her tears, and as she bade her mother enter, she quickly loosened her long hair, and showered it about her face, hiding completely her flushed, tear-stained cheeks. Madame de Beranger did not discover in the dim light anything unusual in her daughter's appearance; and she began immediately and eagerly to speak of the pleasure she anticipated in a quiet residence at Hautlieu with her child. She, too, had been requested by the marquis, but with great ceremony and deference, to prepare for the journey—and she hastened with delight to obey.

There was no time for farewells. The marquis went alone to the palace, in the evening, and announced their intended departure.

There were many regrets expressed. The king himself was graciously pleased to lament that the court was about to lose one of its brightest ornaments, and the courtiers murmured their participation in his majesty's

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sentiments. Only Leon was silent, and the marquis, fixing his piercing eyes upon him, saw that his face was white as marble, and his lips close-set and ashy pale.

Still more profoundly convinced of the truth of his suspicions, the marquis returned to his fair, young wife, and at midnight they set forth on their journey, with flaring torches, and numerous out-riders. As the cumbrous coach rolled through the city-gates, a man, muffled in a cloak, started from the shadow of an arch, and stood for a moment near. His face was invisible, but something in his figure and carriage recalled Saint Evremonde's to the mind of the marquis. Vivienne had been leaning forward, gazing from the window. Perhaps the red glare of the torches fell just then upon her face, but it seemed to her husband that a deep flush came hotly to her cheeks for an instant—the next moment she sunk back in the carriage with a sigh, and soon many miles lay between the travelers and the gates of Paris.

The life at Hautlieu was pleasant, indeed, to Madame de Beranger. She was fast becoming a feeble invalid, and once established in a large, sunny chamber in the chateau, she rarely left it, save for a slow walk upon the terrace with the aid of her daughter's arm. Vivienne devoted herself to her mother. She read, and sang, and talked to her, or she sat quietly embroidering by her side, and listened with ready smiles to Madame de Beranger's praises of her exemplary son-in-law, and her thankfulness that heaven had given so kind a protector, so noble a husband to the daughter whom she felt that she must soon leave.

And Vivienne listened, and kept steady silence about the awful change which had befallen her husband. She would not disturb the tranquil happiness of her mother's life by the knowledge that her life had become one long torture; that day and night she felt herself watched with suspicion, and hated by her husband; that no words of kindness, nothing beyond the barest, coldest courtesies of life were ever addressed to her by the marquis; that the chateau was a prison, beyond whose walls she was not permitted to stir without an attendant, whom she knew was a paid spy; and that her tears, her prayers for an explanation, and her entreaties for the pardon of her unknown offence, were met with cold, contemptuous sneers, or stern commands of silence. It was horrible, this consciousness of being forever watched. She had discovered that when the marquis himself was not with her, she was under the surveillance of a person whom she specially disliked, and who as heartily hated her. This person was Monsieur Duroc, the secretary of the marquis, at whose expense Vivienne had once indulged in some childish merriment, and who, in spite of her sincere apology, had always secretly hated, while openly flattering, the marquise.

Now she was conscious that this man was set to watch her. Into whatever room or saloon of the chateau she might enter, save her own private apartments, she was almost sure to see a figure stealing noiselessly as a shadow between her and the sunlight, and the white face and black eyes of Duroc would gleam out as he bowed obsequiously, and glided to a seat in a distant corner of the room.

When she walked in the grounds, Duroc glided as near her as etiquette would permit. Even now, on this sweet September evening, as she sauntered on the terrace beneath the windows of her own apartments, she was not sure that the evil eyes of Duroc were not fastened upon her from some secret turret window, or other lurking-place.

Ah! unhappy "Child Marquise!" Her cheek no longer glowed with bright roses; her eyes sparkled no more; her step had lost its airy buoyancy, her voice its joyous ring. Sad, pallid, yet lovely as a dream of heaven still, she walked with bowed head in the dying sunlight, and the "Hautlieu rubies" lay like drops of blood on her fair bosom.

She was walking there, waiting till she should be summoned to meet her husband and a guest whom he had told her to prepare for. Guests were not unfrequent at the chateau, and the marquis entertained them with great magnificence, his lovely young wife always presiding at the entertainment with quiet grace and dignity. No one guessed the deep sadness of her heart, and to none on earth would she reveal it.

While she paused beside a vase of glowing geranium, and mechanically gathered one of its blossoms, her husband's voice startled her. Never had it sounded so harsh and cold.

"Madame," he said, "Monsieur de Saint Evremonde has arrived, and is waiting for you in the grand saloon. Will you go and receive him?"

A faint color came into her cheek—a color so faint that it might have been a reflection from the rosy sunset clouds, and into her eyes flashed a strange brightness, while the hand that she laid upon his ceremoniously proffered arm trembled with repressed emotion. The marquis said not a word, but led her into the grand saloon. There, by a distant window, stood a gentleman, who advanced to meet them, bowing low—a tall,

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fair man, with cold, steel-gray eyes and glittering white teeth.

Vivienne turned with a bewildered look toward her husband, who said in measured, distinct tones, "Madame, this is my cousin, my nearest kinsman, Monsieur Philip de Saint Evremonde, the elder brother of Monsieur Leon de Saint Evremonde, whom I believe you met in Paris."

Ah! she knew now who it was. Philip, the half-brother of the noble young Leon—Philip, who was the coldest, cruelest, most remorseless man in France. She shrunk back, shuddering, from his extended hand; but in a moment recovering herself, she advanced, laid her cold palm in his, and with a dignity that was almost hauteur, pronounced a few formal words of welcome.

"Madame, I fear, would rather have welcomed my brother," said Saint Evremonde, in a soft, languid tone, gazing at her with his cruel eyes slightly closed, yet expressing an amount of half-insolent admiration, that brought the quick Beranger blood hotly to her cheek. "Ah! I am very unhappy in not having met my fair kinswoman before. May I not hope my past negligence will be effaced from memory by the devotion I shall manifest in future, madame?"

Vivienne met that evil, half-sneering, half-admiring glance with the cold, steady glitter of her scornful eyes, and she answered with increasing hauteur,

"Monsieur may be assured that his negligence has not offended me, and that he need make no atonement."

Philip bowed as if her haughtiness had been the blandest, warmest welcome, and said, in the same silky tones, "Such graciousness, madame, is beyond my desert. I may hope, then, in time to hold as high a place in your esteem as that occupied by my fortunate brother?"

Vivienne's rapid glance had flown, for one instant, from the fair, cruel face before her to that of her husband, who stood silent and motionless beside her, his keen, dark eyes fixed upon her, his thin lips wreathed with a cynical, malicious smile.

Good heavens! Could he see and endure the insolent gaze with which Saint Evremonde's cruel eyes were fastened on his wife's face? Could he hear the taunting accent with which the young man spoke, the evident meaning with which he uttered his brother's name? Ah! six months ago, how his eyes would have flashed, and his sword sprung from its sheath, to punish such insolence! What did it mean? Was he mad? Had he no sense of honor, or of pity left? That sneering smile, those mocking eyes, told the young wife that her husband was no longer her protector; nay, that he was her bitter enemy, and looked on with pleasure while her cheek burned, and her eyes flashed with insulted dignity. She was alone, with those two cruelly smiling faces bent toward hers, and Leon's name throbbing in her heart. Leon, who was so noble, so pure! How dared that bad man even utter his name?

A thousand tumultuous thoughts had rushed thus through the mind of the marquise in the fleeting moment, during which she had paused after Saint Evremonde's question; but last, and strongest of all, came the conviction that she was to battle alone with these two men, who seemed trying to look into her very heart, and to find the means by which the deadliest torture could be inflicted upon her; and then a sudden resolve nerved her frame, and glittered in her eyes.

Her beautiful face changed, and brightened, and softened. A smile parted her lips; her figure lost its air of haughty dignity; and with her old careless grace, she swept a laughing courtesy, and answered lightly, "Monsieur does me too much honor. He may have in my esteem any place that he can win."

Then, with the same air of ease and gayety, she went on to ask him questions about the court he had just left, and her numerous friends there, including his brother as one of these; and hearing with apparently merely a polite interest that Leon had that week left Paris, having been appointed captain in a regiment going to the seat of war.

She listened, and asked careless questions, and passed on to other things. They need not know, she scarcely dared acknowledge to herself, the deep interest she felt in hearing anything concerning the young soldier. "And yet," she reasoned, "I am surely not wrong in wishing all good for my husband's kinsman—it is but Christian charity. It can be nothing else, for Leon disliked and shunned me—I know not why. I did not think at first that he hated me."

She thought of those sweet, happy days, the fairest in her life, when Leon first came to Paris, and they strayed together through the enchanted gardens of the palace, she thinking, poor child! that she had found a friend and brother in her young cousin, and learning to love and trust him with all her innocent heart. Then he had changed suddenly, and grown cold and distant; and there were no more walks in the gay gardens, no more quiet talks, and she

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had not won him back, though she tried her sweetest arts; and since then life had seemed very dull and cold, "because she had lost her friend."

She was thinking of this in a pause of her conversation with Philip—thinking very sadly, and she was glad that the little sigh that stirred her bosom was not heard, because the marquis was just then speaking to his guest, and summoning a servant to conduct Saint Evremonde to his apartment.

A little silence followed the departure of Saint Evremonde, which was broken by the marquise, who had been gazing abstractedly from the window, watching the last gleams of rosy light fade from the clouds.

"Monsieur," she asked, "will your cousin's stay with us be a long one?"

"A very long one, probably, madame," answered the marquis, coldly. "Are you not pleased to have him here?"

"Of course, monsieur; it is my duty to be pleased with whatever pleases you," was Vivienne's quiet answer.

"Your duty? Yes, madame; but you have been known to fail in your duty," said the marquis, in a tone of suppressed anger. "Do you think I am blind, Madame la Marquise?" he continued, in a lower, yet infinitely more terrible tone. "I know that you gave a cold and haughty greeting to my cousin; that you expected to see another in his place; that you asked eager questions about that other, and became suddenly gracious and smiling that you might hide the interest you feel in him. Yes, you dared speak of him in my presence—of him, the traitor! And you, madame, can you deny that you love him, that——"

"Monsieur! You are speaking to your wife!" cried Vivienne, throwing off the hand he had laid, with an almost savage grasp, upon her white arm. She confronted him with proud, steady eyes, that did not fall before his, and with a brow as calm as his was wrathful and stormy.

"You are a good actress, madame," he said, with a sneer. "I am speaking to one who dared forget that she was my wife. I watched you, madame, you and your lover, when you little dreamed that I did so. I saw your heart won from me by that fair-faced, treacherous boy; I was not deceived by your sudden pretended coldness and avoidance of each other. Madame, you need never hope to deceive me, or to escape my revenge."

"Monsieur—oh! my husband! You have deceived yourself," she cried, with a sudden change of voice and expression. Her eyes filled with tears, and her white hands went out toward him with a tender, appealing gesture; and in the fading light he saw her sweet face turned toward him with a look of supplication and sorrowful love.

"Monsieur—oh! believe me, I am innocent of all that you accuse me of. I have loved no one better than you; I have pretended nothing. Oh, my husband! love me again, I beseech you!"

"And be again deceived?" sneered the marquis. "No, madame. Leon Evremonde loved you, and loves you still. I am not duped now by your protestations, or your show of affection to me. Spare yourself all this trouble, and remember that my revenge will come. You cannot escape me."

He was gone from the room, leaving her there, white and trembling, clinging to the stone frame of the window for support, and vainly trying to shut out from her mind the vision of that dark, threatening face, the sound of those low, terrible tones. "You cannot escape me!" The words sounded on and on, and in her ears like a death-bell.

How helpless, how wretched she was! What was the revenge he was preparing for her imagined crime? Was there no help on earth or in heaven for the young girl trembling in the power of bad and unscrupulous men, and knowing no way of escape?

With flying steps she sought her mother's room, and as she gazed upon the face of her parent, who lay sleeping gently in the soft light of a swinging lamp, she vainly tried to persuade herself that this was a refuge for her. Alas! she knew that if they were determined to destroy her, even here, in her mother's presence, they would plunge the knife in her fluttering heart, and watch her life-blood ebbing away with cold and cruel eyes.

For this was in the old, old times, when such hideous crimes were committed, and went unpunished. The dark, old chateau had already witnessed many a deed as horrible as this—and there was no escape for her.

Sitting there beside her mother, with the lamp-light shining on her fair face and rich dress, with the Hautlieu rubies glowing on her bosom, her thoughts went back again to the palace gardens, to Leon, and to those sweet days of the past—"so sweet, so sad, the days that are no more." Through all her terror and despair there thrilled one thought which was strangely sweet, though meant to be the keenest stab her cruel husband had inflicted. "Leon Evremonde loved you, and loves you still," the

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marquis had declared in his jealous madness. In her childlike innocence she had failed to interpret aright the conduct of the young soldier, but now she understood it; now she knew why he had seemed to change; why his brilliant eyes had ceased to meet hers with a smile; why his voice had no longer thrilled on her ear in low, eloquent tones. It was because he loved her, and honor bade him leave her.

Leon had discovered the danger in which they stood, and had nobly withdrawn himself from her society that she might not see his love, and learn to love him in return. It was this secret love, then, that prompted him to conceal himself under the dark archway of the city gate, that he might bid her farewell on the night she left Paris.

Ah! it was true she had never loved any one better than her husband, or thought she never had; but she turned, with relief, from the thought of the stern and jealous marquis, who seemed to care for her love no longer, to the remembrance of her graceful, ardent, young kinsman, who was so gay, so gentle, so brave, and who loved her still. In the wonderful sweetness of this thought she had almost forgotten the horror and danger that had seemed closing around her, when the voice of one of her attendants recalled her to the present. Her husband had sent for her. She started up, reproaching herself for allowing her thoughts to dwell so long on one who should be nothing to her, and resolved to banish every remembrance of Leon from her heart.

The marquis met her with his usual cold formality—Philip with the same insulting admiration; and the evening wore away tediously enough to the young marquise, who was forced to counterfeit the ease and cheerfulness she could not feel, to hide her fears and suspicions from the watchful eyes of her husband and his guest. At last midnight approached, and the guest was rising to retire to his chamber, when the marquis suddenly proposed that Saint Evremonde should go with him to see a famous picture, which hung in the chapel adjoining the chateau. They set out, Duroc, the secretary, accompanying them, and carrying two tall, wax candles to light the way.

"Madame, will you not go with us?" inquired the marquis of his wife, in a tone which was a command, and Vivienne followed, trembling with a strange, vague terror. Through the great entrance-hall they passed, through a wide, well-lit corridor, then into narrow passages, which stretched away, black and chill, in the distance; past suites of unused and closed apartments—on, on, down the echoing passages, where the sweep of Vivienne's silk dress on the stone floor started her with its ghostly sound; where the flickering candles seemed to burn dimly, and the arched walls to be pressing closer to her at every step. Then came a narrow stairway, a heavy oaken door, which opened with grating hinges, and the chapel was reached. It was low-arched, and dark, and silent; and in the picture they had come to see, the uncertain, wavering light showed them only the white, agonized, yet triumphant face of a dying saint—a young and lovely woman tortured to death by a mocking, reviling, heathen mob.

They turned away from the picture, and the marquis, beckoning them to follow, led the way to a door opposite the one they had entered.

Vivienne hesitated, and ventured to observe, "Monsieur, you forget, perhaps, that this door leads to the vaults of the chapel?"

"I forget nothing, madame. I desire you to follow me," said his stern, pitiless tones; and Vivienne was forced to obey. With limbs that almost refused to bear her, she followed the three men into the dismal chamber the marquis had opened. It was a small, vaulted room, dimly lighted in the day by a single grated window, and communicating by a flight of stone steps with the vaults below the chapel, where lay the tranquil dust of all the proud men and women who had once lived and loved, and hated, and died, in the great Chateau de Hautlieu.

Vivienne entered the gloomy cell, and the heavy door closed behind her. For a moment she leaned against the cold, damp wall, faint with terror and apprehension; then the blood of the brave and gentle Berengers animated her with sudden courage, and she glanced fearlessly and calmly from one to another of the three men who stood beside her.

The burning dark eyes of the marquis gleamed upon her from beneath their heavy eyebrows, as he stood haughtily erect with folded arms.

Saint Evremonde leaned with careless grace against a column that supported the arches of the roof, his fair, insolent face and half-closed eyes turned toward her with an evil smile.

Duroc had placed the lights within a niche in the wall, and stood now bending a little toward her, as a beast of prey crouches before springing on its victim. His eyes, too, dark and baleful, were fixed upon her, and his right hand seemed to her to be stealing to his bosom, as if seeking some deadly weapon.

She felt that all was over, the hour of the marquis' revenge had arrived. There was no

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sign of pity or faltering in any one of the cruel faces before her, no gleam of human feeling in the eyes that fastened themselves upon her face.

She was beyond the aid of human help, her wildest shrieks could not penetrate the walls that shut out the chapel from the chateau, and her tears and prayers could avail nothing with these three unscrupulous, cruel men. She must die if they willed it, but she would die as became a Beranger. So she stood there, calm and still, her eyes shining with a steady glow, the lace on her bosom, and the blood-red rubies that fastened it, scarcely stirred by her breathing; one little hand pressed against her heart, as she counted its slow, strong throbs, and waited.

"You are pale, madame. You are frightened, perhaps, by the gloom of this place," said the soft voice of Saint Evremonde, startling her as the hiss of a serpent would have done.

"No, monsieur, I am not so cowardly as to be frightened by shadows," said Vivienne.

"I am sorry you do not seem pleased with this room, madame," suddenly observed the marquis. "I have had it furnished for a special purpose, and trusted you would like it. Could not a person, given to religious meditation, spend many hours here with comfort and profit?"

Vivienne glanced around the room, and saw that it, indeed, contained several articles of furniture which had at first escaped her notice. There was a low couch, covered with a pall of black velvet, an oaken chair and table, and high up on the wall gleamed a silver crucifix, shining with a faint, mysterious radiance in the light of the flaming tapers.

A terror worse than that of death seized upon the unhappy young marquise. It was evident, then, that they did not intend to take her life by violence, but to leave her a prisoner in this horrible place, to die a lingering, agonized death by starvation, or, perhaps, to exist for years, shut out from the light of the sun, and the sound of voices.

Oh! it were better, more merciful, to plunge a dagger in her heart, and send her soul into the future, with one sobbing, quivering shriek from her dying lips.

But her husband's eyes were on her, and she must speak, in spite of those choking throbs of her heart.

"Monsieur," she said, gently, "a pure conscience, and a devout spirit, could make one happy, even here."

"I am glad you think so," madame," said the marquis, with a grim smile. "Come, messieurs, let us return to the salon."

Duroc lifted the candles from the niche, and the marquis opened again the heavy door, and motioned to Philip to pass through it; but, with a formal bow, Saint Evremonde signed to the marquise to precede him.

Was she, then, to go back to life again? The reaction from despair to hope, however faint, almost rendered her incapable of motion; but, with an effort, she returned his courteous bow, and passed over the threshold.

She could not believe in the reality of her escape from this shadow of death. She walked like one in a dream, expecting yet some horror to start out upon her from the shadowy arches of the chapel, or to meet her in the long, dreary passages leading to the salon.

But they were passed in safety, and Vivienne was at last permitted, worn out with terror and fatigue, to seek her own apartment, and pour out her thanks to that heaven which had protected her in the midst of danger. And yet she felt it was only a respite, not an escape. There had been a purpose, she well knew, in taking her to that vault. Suddenly she started from her knees. She had divined the fell design of the marquis. Sooner or later she was to be incarcerated in this awful cell, and by a refinement of torture, she had been acquainted with her sentence in advance, so that its terrors might be before her, night and day, intensified by the uncertainty as to when the blow was to fall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES.

BY FLOY FLOYD.

When, borne on memory's airy wings,
My thoughts go back to thee,
I know that twilight to thee brings
Thoughts of the past and me;
It brings the words so fraught with pain
To both—we may not meet again.

And yet, though bitter is the thought,
Perhaps 'twas best to part,
Ere cold distrust had banished love,
Or time had chilled the heart;
For now we only know we met
To love, to part, but not forget.

When twilight's sombre shadows creep
O'er life's declining day;
When burst our souls their prison doors,
And break their bands of clay,
At last united may we soar
Through worlds of light for evermore.

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IN PURSUIT OF A PARSON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

My name is Anthony Morris. I am an artist by profession, and a successful one; whether thanks to my talent or my good luck, I leave to those amiable critics, my friends, to decide.

I might be older, and the innocent and ribald jokes of a callow, younger brother lead me to believe that I might be younger; but I suppose when a man chooses to relate a few of his little experiences, he is not bound to set down his age, so I will not reveal my years exactly, but go on with my story.

I have had my pitfalls, but I have escaped them, thanks to keeping my wits about me. I don't pretend to dislike woman, nor to set up for a hermit. I have met with a bereavement—I have lost a friend, and the species is becoming rarer every day.

I have lost a friend—that's his picture yonder, back of the big easel, with a broken pipe and the stem of a wineglass suspended over it by a black ribbon, as a sorrowful memento where he is concerned, and a dismal warning to such lucky birds as still remain on the list of freemen.

I have lost a friend, and I could better have spared a better fellow. I never thought him perfect, and I never pretended to. I am proud to recollect that I did my duty by him, and never failed to point out his little errors, such as crooked temper, writing verses, and being weak in the head where the female tribe were concerned; but, for all that, I was fond of him.

He usually told the truth, except about himself; and when he was not in his cross mood, or his cranky mood, or his poetical fit, or possessed by his dumb devil, or scampering after a petticoat, he was as reasonable an old dog as one could wish to see; if he happened to be in the humor of using such common sense as had fallen to his share.

But he is gone—I shall never see him again. It is a little sad to me to think I shall never meet that careless face any more; never hear that somewhat reckless and unmanageable tongue, which had a trick of telling things that other people only think; never laugh in listening to his laugh, which was sure to ring out on the most improper occasions—never any more; and, the worst of it is, that I cannot even say a *requiescat in pace* when I think of him and his mournful taking off.

It was not that our friendship ended in a quarrel. No, I was faithful to him to the last, stood by him up to the final moment. I did my duty, and I never shall have to reproach myself where he is concerned.

Not the slightest badge of outward mourning is permitted me, save those warning relics that hang over his picture yonder. Owing to the prejudices of an ignorant, superstitious world, my lips are sealed against emitting so much as a sigh in reviewing his fate, except in the society of the gradually narrowing band of select spirits that still frequents my snug old studio.

I said never any more should I meet his careless face, or hear his unchecked laugh—never. But, ah! in place of that, I know that some time in the future there will appear before me a care-lined countenance, a stiff, Puritanical figure, like a wooden image of virtue, innocent of the smell of pipes, guiltless of gorgeous scarfs and disreputable breakfast-coats, and he will claim to be the friend I have lost, and in the eyes of the world I shall have to acknowledge him as such; but here, in the retiracy of my sanctum, I shall refuse to accept this sententious animal, trying to conceal a subdued air under an affectation of seriousness and dogmatic assertion.

You know now what has happened to him—he is married, married! It were idle, and would be too painful to speculate upon the depths of degradation to which he may sink, after having made the first fatal plunge into a gulf deeper than that wherein Curtius sank, and without the consciousness of duty fulfilled, which supported the sallow old Roman.

I may live to see him deprived of a latch-key; grown familiar as a man-milliner in the hooking up of dresses; accustomed to rushing about with footstools, nay, with that peculiar, one-sided appearance I have so frequently observed in married men, and which I solemnly believe to be owing to the fact of their having to sleep on the hard edge of the bedstead, instead of being permitted a rightful share of bolster and mattress. Worse even than that may lie beyond—I may go to make a duty visit, perfectly conscious that I shall be regarded in horror by his legal owner as a tempter and lost spirit come up out of the Pandemonium of his past life; and while

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I am trying to make small-talk and propitiate his lawful jailer, I may see him trotting a red-faced atom on his knee, submitting to have his mustache pulled by two lean claws; yes, maybe four—there may be twins, for what any reasonable being can tell—for, as I said, after the opening degradation, one never knows how far down, into what depths of humiliation and despair lost humanity may descend.

But here I pause, unable to pursue the subject further. Mine is a bachelor-pen, and blushes at the bare idea of thus reaching forward into futurity, and dragging out of its awful maw any such spotted, shrieking, kicking, indistinguishable, and appalling possibilities, as may become actualities in his case.

It was an astonishment to me—I will admit that, all the more readily that it seldom happens that anybody can surprise me now-a-days; but Damon did, I am bound to confess.

I knew his weakness—I knew how easily he was bamboozled and made, figuratively, to stand on his head by those descendants of mermaids and the syrens; but I never thought it would have come to this.

After all the warnings he had had, too; after watching with me to see one hapless wretch after another allow himself to be deluded out of our band, with the fatal noose around his neck, being always the harshest in his judgment, the most unsparing in his sarcasm, when at odd times they crept back to make us surreptitious visits, bearing the marks of the halter so plainly about their necks, grown lean, and careworn, and melancholy-voiced under their bondage, or else trying to carry it off with a jaunty, insolent air of triumph, getting red-faced and lazy, and with no more poetry in their souls than would go to the choosing of a good di[illegible]

How unmerciful Damon was; how h[illegible] make them trip if he possibly could; [illegible] a horror and disgust he was to all the spouses of his former friends.

The vile jokes he was accustomed to play! The time Jo Harmon sent him word to go to his tailor and dispatch a pair of pantaloons, and at the same time to fulfill several commissions for Mrs. Harmon; and Damon pretended to make a mistake, and directed the breeches to madam, and a corset to Jo, accounting for that last by saying he mistook the word *corsage*, and coolly adding in his note that he hoped the things fitted and suited the lady.

There was no end to his evil jests and performances; and many is the time I have warned him that some horrible fate would befall him if he persevered in his shocking career—but I never looked for anything so hopeless and irreparable as this! I might have endured his running off with another man's wife and not been surprised; but to see him live to run off with his own—oh! shade of every old bachelor that ever frowned upon matrimony, aid me to chant the harrowing tale.

One of the last men we had seen go was Alf Chauncy—poor, handsome Alf; but everything connected with his *faux pas* (or don't you use that word where men are concerned?) was so romantic that it appealed to all the blank verse Damon and I had in us, and we bore it with tolerable patience.

Alf fell in love with pretty Marian Lacy on board an ocean steamer, and the steamer caught fire, and he saved her life, and they and a party of the saved were out in a small boat for days, and got so short of biscuit that they began to cast hungry eyes at Marian, as looking the youngest and tenderest among them. But they were picked up in time, and Alf fell mad in love with her, and even Damon and I rather applauded it in his case, for there are exceptions to all rules.

But this was only the beginning of their romance. They quarreled outrageously—I believe most people wait until they are yoked for that—and at last Alf came moaning and tearing his curly hair into this very studio, and did a five act melodrama for Damon's and my benefit; and we essayed to comfort him with apples, and stay him with flagons, but he was hard bit, and a most dismal old time we had of it with him.

It had got to be summer, and we were just getting ready for a trip to Moosehead Lake, and we carried Alf off with us, though he said he preferred the bottom of the river, or the silent tomb, or some other eligible planting-place of that sort. But we held him fast and took him with us; and at the last moment, without knowing why, Damon would go to the Adirondac Woods instead, and I had to give in to his obstinacy, as usual.

We were there for nearly two weeks, and Alf got so that, on ordinary occasions, he could conduct himself like a civilized being. Of course, he was liable to his attacks, but we got used to them, and never minded when he was moved to rout out of bed in the middle of the night to bay the moon, like a watch-dog, or indulge in other Bedlamitish proceedings, which are apt to be somewhat confusing to lookers-on, however soothing their effects may be upon the mind of the sufferer.

But I am bound to say that we bore with his whims and vagaries with a patience that was

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beyond all praise; and it somewhat astonished me in Damon, for he was about as uncertain and gusty a young gentleman as you could meet in a day's march, and not at all inclined to submit unmurmuringly to anything that bored him, or interfered with his own pleasure.

We met a party of Boston men, acquaintances of Alf, and we united forces. I said nothing, being a quiet man, but I was perfectly convinced that ill-luck of some sort would speedily overtake us. Mother Cary's chickens are not more certain forerunners of evil to sailors than my prophetic soul felt that those modern Athenians would be to us.

Of course, the few words of expostulation that I attempted made Alf and Damon more determined to have them. You know enough of human nature not to be surprised at that; so I smoked my pipe, and took refuge in silence, for fear Damon should go off into one of his "moods," which would be rather more unendurable than Alf's love-sickness.

And the catastrophe came. Alf and one of the Boston men were in a boat together, and Boston would carry his gun cocked, like a fool, though I shouted to him a dozen times from my boat that he would meet with an accident, for he kept shifting the gun about, and making feints of firing at ducks, but was never ready.

"Let him alone," said Damon, who happened, at the moment, to be savage about something; "he'll only kill himself, and that will be a blessing!"

"But he may shoot Alf," I ventured to say.

"I hope to the Lord he will," growled Damon; "I'm disgusted with everything and everybody! Nothing goes right; we ought to have met them before this."

"Met whom?"

"Oh! mind your business!" quoth Damo[illegible] and I did, and was silent. Then he was vexe[illegible] at that, and muttered that if he was me he wouldn't make a dumb beast of himself, and I thought I wouldn't; so I hazarded a remark about Ruskin and the clouds, and Damon said irreverently,

"The deuce take Ruskin! I don't want any of his stilled trash at second-hand."

Altogether, the morning was an uncomfortable one; and just as we reached the place where the guides, who had gone on in advance, had arranged we should stop for dinner, that Boston man got into a new frenzy about some ducks. He stumbled over an oar; bang went the gun, and down went Alf like a hit pigeon.

There was dreadful confusion, of course. We got ashore and ran—the guides ran; the Boston man, having done all the mischief he could, stood howling like a bull of Bashan, declaring that he had murdered his friend, and begging somebody to put an end to him, which I would have done with the greatest pleasure in life, if I had had leisure to spare from Alf to attend to the blundering, ill-regulated animal.

We thought at first the poor boy was dead, but he opened his eyes after a little, and we got his coat off, and discovered that he was wounded in the arm, but badly; and what with its being about an artery, and our not knowing how to manage the confounded thing, he nearly bled to death before we could row him out to the hotel near the lower Saranac Lake.

The Boston man kept on making a whole menagerie of himself till Damon lost patience; and what between anxiety for Alf, and rage at the man, I never heard any poor fellow take ten minutes of such abuse as that child of the Hub from my excitable friend.

"Talk about Cain," howled Damon, when he got fairly under way, "why Cain was a gentleman and a Christian compared to you! I swear by all that's good, I'll have you lynched the moment we reach Baker's! I wonder we don't drown you now! Shut up, you scarecrow! Can't you even let the poor fellow you've murdered die in peace, you concentration of a whole troop of ravens, you?"

The best of it was, he was so mad [illegible]d no idea how funny it sounded. I laughed, so did the guides, and poor Alf, too, until he started the bleeding worse than ever, and by the time we landed him at the hotel he was a very bad case, indeed.

Luckily there was a young surgeon there with [illegible], and he found what I suppose he would [illegible] had staid at home, an opportunity to [illegible] his skill; and after the wound was [illegible], he assured us there was no danger if [illegible] could be kept down.

Then, while Damon and I were alone in the parlor discussing the matter, the door opened, and we became a scene in a theatre at once, for who should rush in but pretty Marian Lacy, calling out,

"Is he dead? Is he dead?"

I was so overwhelmed with astonishment that I did the attitudinizing; but Damon, who could have talked if he had been dead a week, soothed her, and performed hero's friend for her benefit in fine style. I can't make a pretty story out of it to please you; but the plain facts were that Marian had come up to the Woods with some friends, and Damon knew it, and that was why he whewed us off there, meaning to

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effect a meeting and reconciliation between the lovers.

Of course, you know what happened, being familiar with romances and love matters. Pretty Marian and her old-maid aunt (who looked like an umbrella with a frizzed wig set on it, and always moved with a creak, as if her machinery was out of order) stationed themselves by Alf's bed and watched over him as only women can. I am always willing to speak a good word for the sex whenever I can do it conscientiously—heaven knows they need it sorely enough!

The fever did set in, and Alf had a terrible bout, and death made a fierce old struggle for his prey; but the surgeon, and the nursing, and Alf's constitution, were too much for him, and they beat him off at last.

Finally, the day came when handsome Alf woke up out of his delirium as pale as a ghost and weak as a baby, and the first sight that met his eyes was Marian's dear face bending over him, and Marian's sweet voice assuring him that it was not a dream.

So everybody was glad, and Damon relented enough to let me write to Cain, as he had christened the Boston unfortunate, and put him out of his misery; for the poor fellow had been forced to go back to Boston, (what a fate!) and was daily sending us imploring and penitent letters to inquire about the wounded man—his victim, Damon insisted on calling Alf.

Alf got so he could be dressed and sit up in the sun; and one day Damon beckoned me mysteriously, and I crept toward the veranda, and I saw a very pretty picture. Alf sitting back in his easy-chair, and Marian half on her knees by his side, and his arms were about her, and they were looking in each other's faces—heigho!

"What a pair of fools!" whispered Damon; but I knew he was pleased for all that.

I was so softened by what had happened, that when we got back to town, and Alf sent us word in a few weeks to be ready for his wedding, I forgave him and her, and was quite satisfied about them; but though that wretched Damon had done his best to bring them together again, he was terribly severe on both. When I attempted to say that for once I approved of what was going on, and that I really believed the pair would be happy, Damon flew out at me in the most violent way, and abused me worse than he had ever done in his whole life, which is saying a good deal, for he was very unreserved in the expression of his sentiments even on ordinary occasions.

"Pleased!" quoth he, knocking the ashes out of his pipe fiercely. "A good thing! you great maundering ass! I know how it will end. I've seen one good fellow after another go over the bay; here's Alf—it'll be you next! You'll let some woman make a blind bat of you; and first you know, you'll be tied, hand and foot, scratched, fondled, teazed, deceived, made to quarrel with your relatives, to hate your mother, to stop smoking, to be humdrum, bewitched, bekissed, befooled, bedeviled—married! Ugh! Shut up, you great cormorant, you!"

I declare, he fairly alarmed me, and I could not speak to a woman for a month after. From the date of Alf's marriage, Damon went on worse than ever about marriage, and was set down as a more hopeless case than before, by everybody that knew him. His heretical opinions absolutely were too much for me sometimes, and the mothers of families regarded him as a species of ogre, who would probably devour the youngest and tenderest of their offspring, without remorse, if only he found an opportunity.

Well, I am coming to the finale. Damon had been out of town; he was gone a good while, and though he wrote to me occasionally, his letters were so vague and unsatisfactory, that I felt confident he was deep in some sort of mischief, though what the nature of it might be I never dreamed.

He came back in the autumn, and, would you believe it? I discovered a change in him, so marked, that, for the life of me, I could not tell what was up. I scarcely ever saw him, yet, when we met, he was as friendly as ever; so I could not think that he was angry. He had always vague excuses, which threw no light on the matter, to offer for his inability to visit the studio. As for the old-time bachelor-parties, he stoutly refused to go to any of them, and one day had the impudence to take me to task for an abandoned Bohemian, which came with a very poor grace from him, though he was so brazen about it that he quite took my breath away; and it was not until he was gone that I remembered how I might have turned the tables on him by recalling a little of his own past, if I had only kept my wits about me during his tirade.

Time went on; vague whispers reached me, grew, spread, took shape and form. I heard of Damon at all sorts of proper places, and never alone; and, most suspicious sign of all, it was invariably the same female that hung on his arm.

I looked about the old studio, and felt disconsolate. I remembered Dick, and Jo, and Alf, and the troop of jolly, good fellows who

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had gone, one after another, into the mysterious realm of matrimony—that dark bourne from whence no bachelor returns, and I wondered if I was to sit by and see another, the most outrageous and fickle of the whole set, follow in the wake of those unfortunates.

I said nothing; I waited, I kept to my work and my pipe—time enough to speak when my forebodings became a reality. They did that a few weeks ago. I was sitting at my easel yonder, one morning, thinking no evil of anybody, wishing no harm even to the most savage critic of my new picture, not conscious that I had been particularly wicked, so as to need any great shock or discipline, in fact, at peace with the world in general, and rather easier in my mind in regard to Damon, from some little hints that had reached me.

Ting. ting, went my door-bell. Then the door opened before I could rise, and in rushed Damon, with as much fracas as if he had been the noisiest ward in a mad-house.

He shook hands with me six times, asked the same question over and over, began sentences and did not finish, upset my paint-box, trod on the dog, broke a pipe, and finally burst out with,

"Old fellow, I want you to do me a favor. Of course, I tell you, because you are such an old friend; but it's all being done in a great hurry, so you'll not be vexed at my silence. She's the dearest creature, and I am the happiest old dog——"

I didn't hear any more, though I was conscious that his voice rambled on at high-pressure rate, while my brain whirled, and I felt as dazed as if somebody had hit me a peck on the back of the head with a sharp stone.

"What is it? What do you mean?" I asked, feebly.

"Ain't I telling you!" he cried, shaking me, and laughing like a maniac, as he was, of course. "Wake up, you old bat! Don't you hear? I'm going to be married!"

"Married!" I repeated.

"You couldn't be stupider if you'd been buried," quoth he. "Now get your wits back, you dear old musty bachelor, for I'm in an awful hurry, and there's lots of things you must do for me. Married day after to-morrow. Oceans to do! On my way down town! Want you to find a parson, and all that! Hurry up!"

Upon my word, that was all I got out of him, though he talked enough, heaven knows. He pushed me into my hat, dragged me down stairs, bade me hasten, and, above all, not to blunder; and it was not until he had jumped into an omnibus, and was gone, that I remembered he had not even told me what clergyman to seek.

I meditated as well as I could in my confusion, and finally remembered he was an Episcopalian, at least I had heard him say his family had always been Episcopalians, so I determined to seek a clergyman of that persuasion.

It was beginning to rain. I had no umbrella. The mud was deep; find a carriage I could not—so away I trudged. The first parson I caught had a funeral on hand at the hour I needed him; the second had his own wedding to attend; the third was laid up with the gout; the fourth affected to think the whole thing a sell on my part, and said disparaging things of my personal appearance, and declined to talk with me.

I pinned one at last; he seemed a very good sort of chap, though we made a blunder at starting. He got the idea, somehow, that I had come about the burial of a relation, and commenced condoling with me; and I, thinking he had sensible ideas in regard to matrimony, did not discover what he was driving at for some time; but after that, we settled matters very amicably.

Well, I found Damon again in his room, up to his eyes in packages and letters, (by-the-way he was burning a rare lot,) trades-people and bills.

"It's all right," said I; "at ten o'clock on the fatal morning he'll be ready for you."

"Ten o'clock!" shouted he. "Tony, you always were a fool, and I knew it; but I did think you would try to make what wits you have of some service to a friend at a time like this—it's very little you can do."

I looked at my muddy boots, thought of my tired [illegible] of my ill-luck, my journies, the abuse I had suffered from the unbelieving parson, the testiness of the gouty one, the confusion of the about-to-be-married one, the mistake in regard to my errand of the one I had secured, but I only said, mildly,

"What have I done wrong now?"

"Everything!" howled Damon. "Unless I do everything myself, it's all wrong. I told you eight o'clock—we have to catch a train."

Yes, I positively set off through the mud and the coming dark to find my parson again! He was not at home; the only time I could be certain of catching him, his landlady said, would be at his breakfast, at eight o'clock, and he lived good two miles away from my domicil.

I dared not trust to leaving a note—I had promised Damon to see him in person. Sympathizing soul! if there be such left on this abandoned old footstool, I was so afraid of over-

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sleeping myself that I slumbered sitting up in my big chair, got the nightmare, and bumped my head against the table.

But I was up and out in time, and found the parson, and got it straight at last, and he tried to console me for all my trouble by saying,

"It might be worse; you might be going to be married yourself."

"God forbid!" said I, fervently; then remembered that he was a clergyman, and apologized.

But he laughed heartily, and said,

"It was so evidently heartfelt that I really think it was not irreverent."

What an awful day I had of it! Damon sent for me, and I had to go. First, he reviled me for my bruised forehead, and vowed that I had been on a spree, and that it really was enough to ruin a man's character to present a friend with such a mark on his face as there was on mine. Then he read me a brief but dreadful lecture on the enormity of my conduct generally, and figuratively spat upon me (as the foulest reproach) the name "fusty, musty, crusty old bachelor."

There was a world of things to do—he always was the worst fellow for leaving matters to the latest moment—and when he was not reviling me, he was praising his intended, or telling me what a happy dog he was, or pitying me for being a disconsolate old crow.

I may have been guilty of my little errors in my life, but whatever they have been, certain it is that the purgatory I endured that day ought to have atoned for them; and the most provoking thing was, that, whether he reviled me or pitied me, or talked about our old friendship, it was so evident that he was ridiculously, idiotically happy, that he was no more sensible of the horror of his position than a blind man would be of a precipice.

Friend, the morrow came. I was up at early dawn—at the church precisely at eight. Would you believe it! only that one can believe anything of a man capable of falsifying all his old sentiments as Damon had done! Late the evening before it had been decided to have the ceremony nearly half an hour earlier, so that as I entered the chapel the clergyman was just concluding the performance; and the little group of relatives, who had felt it their duty to get up and be present, glared at me as if I ought to be ashamed of myself—and I really felt conscience-stricken, though for what I could not have told.

That is all! The last of them is gone—the band of old bachelors is definitely wasted to a single span. There hang the pipe and glass; here I sit and recall the by-gone days, and see the ghosts of good fellows sitting about, and hear them laugh and talk, and the past grows so real that it is only with an effort I rouse myself to the mournful truth that they are all gone—lost! Damon latest! Sold, betrayed, buried—no, I mean married!

WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY MRS. EMMA DIX.

Who placed ye here, bright memory flowers?
Sweet emblems of fair Summer hours,
  Within this Sacred Book?
Had ye a mission to fulfill,
To call again with magic skill,
  Some fond or gentle look?

Perhaps ye decked a mother's pride,
When time on rapid wing did glide,
  Crowning her life with joy;
Sweet token of some happier morn,
That blushed above its tiny form,
  One day without alloy.

Mayhap a bride, with modest grace,
Had twined ye 'mid the fleecy lace
  Shading her maiden brow;
What hopes ye brought, sweet memory flowers,
Of other days and fonder hours,
  Fair records of a vow.

Maychance bedecked some dear loved one,
Fit emblem of the life just done,
  As fair, and bright, and blest;
Soothing the pathway to the tomb,
A gentle flower in early bloom,
  Seeking its joyous rest.

Fair, smiling flowers, once bright and gay,
Withered hopes of a happier day,
  Speak, and tell me all:
My childhood seemed as bright and fair,
Its faded dreams can well prepare
  The soul to obey its call.

I'll place ye back; ye long have lain,
Some joy or care, some grief or pain,
  That long hath slept unthought;
Mayhap the one who placed ye here,
Is floating in another sphere,
  By God and angels taught.

Sleep on, sweet flowers, the tears will start,
When memories crowd within my heart,
  An orphan's sad and lone;
The best beloved, each kindred tie,
Like your bright joys, must fade and die—
  Our brightest days have flown.

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THE STORY OF A BLUE VEIL.

BY HELEN MAXWELL, AUTHOR OF "PERFIDIOUS PLANCHETTE," ETC.

ONCE upon a time—to commence my story in the good old way, and what other way could be half so pleasant?—once upon a time, then, I was seated, book in hand, on the Cliffs at Newport, enjoying the damp, exhilarating air, watching the graceful ships, some gleaming white, others gray and shadowy, gliding calmly through the blue sea, trying to count the little dots of sailboats that looked like flocks of seagulls, and listening to the surf as it broke with a soft splash against the rocks, or ran swiftly, curling and frothing, over the sands. I was alone, and rejoicing in my mimic isolation within sight of home. There was no one near to whom I must make myself agreeable, or behave prettily. I could clamber down the rocks, if I chose, take off my shoes and stockings and dabble my bare feet in the water; or I could read my novel, and gaze out at sea and indulge in pleasant, dreamy fancies. In short, I could do as I liked, and I was happy.

It was a great thing to escape from the gay party of which I was a most appreciative member. They were all busily engaged in the race of fashion—receptions, balls, and drives on the Avenue; flirtations, hops at the Ocean House, and an occasional tea-party to the Glen. Sometimes I ran away from it all, and declared my determination to have a day to myself. So, despite the formidable list of unpaid visits my aunt held before me, or the entreaties of my cousin Redwood (a very nice boy!) to go with him to a croquet-party, I put on my hat, and with "The Initials" in my hand, walked quickly over the lawn to the Cliffs.

I hunted out a favorite nook of mine in the rocks, and there I sat down and plunged into my book. What with my interest in the quarrels of Hildegarde and Hamilton, and in the enjoyment and self-congratulations before alluded to, several hours passed quickly away.

I was just becoming disagreeably conscious of the fact that it was near time for luncheon, and I should be favored with a gentle scolding from my aunt if I was late, when I was startled by the shrill barking of a dog close to me. I turned hastily, and caught a little "black-and-tan" in the act of running off with my blue veil! He was "worrying" it as he ran, dashing at it, giving it a shake and toss, bounding on a few steps, then rushing back, seizing it and scampering off in a perfect ecstasy of play. A few moments more and there would have been nothing left of my poor veil. I tried coaxing, but with no effect; so, at last, I started off in full chase. The little fellow flew ahead of me, the veil streaming behind him. Every now and then he would stop, panting, drop his prize, and watch me till I was within a few feet of him, then seize it again, and on we would go.

Before I knew it I found myself on the well-kept lawn at the back of a pretty cottage. There lay my veil on the steps, and the little thief was already lying down in the sun, with his eyes drowsily half-shut, looking as innocent and unconscious as if he had not given me such a tiresome race.

The cottage was the very picture of comfort; a wide veranda ran entirely around it, and the long, open, lace-shaped windows gave glimpses of charming rooms. The veranda was scattered with books and papers, and a large reclining-chair of bamboo stood temptingly placed at the corner of the house where the view of the sea was the best. At the other end a hammock was hung; and though I had at first thought there was no one within sight, as soon as I looked at the hammock I found I was mistaken. A pair of legs, clad in very immaculate white duck trousers, hung over the edge; and a wide, straw hat, with a black ribbon around it, was placed in such a position that I knew it must cover the face of the same person to whom the legs appertained.

I was in doubt as to whether that individual was asleep, or only lazy, and, therefore, hesitated somewhat before I ventured to approach near enough to recapture my veil. At last I crept forward *a pas de loup*, but scarcely had reached the steps, when the legs, after a premonitory flourish in the air, came down with a stamp, and a tall, fair, broad-shouldered man stood before me. It was too late to retreat, and I commenced some hurried apology for my intrusion.

"Allow me," he said, picking up my veil. "That mischievous little dog has been giving you some trouble, I see. Naughty Pug!"

Pug half-opened his eyes, and responded by a feeble thumping of his tail on the steps. He showed no contrition.

"What a tramp he must have led you," con-

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tinued the gentleman, looking at my face, which, I dare say, was red enough after my run.

"Oh! not so very far," I answered, politely, and holding out my hand for my veil.

"I am afraid there is not much left of this frail, little thing," he said, without giving it to me. "Pug's teeth are very sharp."

"It was really not worth the trouble of chasing him for it; "but I thought every moment I should catch him."

"Pug runs fast. Little nuisance!"

"I won't trouble you any longer." And again I held out my hand for the veil; and again he showed no disposition to give it to me.

"You'll never be able to wear it. How tired you must be! Pray rest yourself, before you resume your walk."

"No, thanks; you are very kind. If you will please give me——"

"I really must insist upon your resting. Sit here a moment till I bring you a glass of water."

I tried to refuse, but it was of no use. This eccentric person had pulled a chair up, and had very politely put me into it. I was provoked enough; but there seemed nothing to be done but wait patiently till I was allowed to depart with my veil in peace, or pieces. I should have liked to have run away, but I was positively ashamed to go, now, without the morsel of gauze which had so foolishly brought me there.

Presently my host returned with a glass of iced claret and water, which he gave me.

"And now Pug must be punished," said he. "Come here, sir!"

"Oh, no! please!" I interposed, hastily, "don't punish him."

"Well, since you beg for him, I'll let it pass, this time."

So Pug was forgiven, and he showed his satisfaction by turning over on his side with a deep sigh, stretching out his little legs and going fast asleep.

As soon as I could I arose to go.

"I am sure I am very sorry to have made so much trouble for such a trifling thing," I said, civilly, and looking suggestively at the veil which my host still held in his hand.

But he deliberately folded it up with great neatness and put it into his pocket.

"I shall have to keep this as a trophy," he said. "Pug is a little thief, I confess, but still I consider it fairly my own."

The cool impudence of the thing took away my breath. But I perceived it would be entirely useless to object, so submitted, but rather sulkily. I went down the steps with all the dignity I could muster, making a very stiff bow for adieu. The wide, straw hat was flourished in return; and I went on my way.

After all it was an adventure! But I concluded it would be best not to mention it at home, for I knew I should get well scolded by my aunt, and well teazed by the other members of the family.

Redwood received me with enthusiastic accounts of his croquet-party. For ten minutes I listened, "red ball, green ball; another fellow—booby! Such a pretty girl."

"What did you say, Redwood? A pretty girl! Who is a booby? What a pity!"

"No, nonsense! But there is no use telling you anything about it—you are in one of your moods."

"I am not; but you rattle at such a rate. Go on, and tell me about your pretty girl."

I received a description of an angelic creature, who wore a tarpaulin hat, and had the "littlest foot!" After which Redwood obligingly retailed various small compliments he had heard paid me. "You see, Tony, everybody thinks you are a jolly, nice girl—and so you are."

(My name is Antoinette, and I regret to say that my cousin Redwood has abbreviated it to Tony.)

"There is hardly a girl in Newport you couldn't cut out, if you only chose to try."

"*Merci du compliment.* But as I don't choose to try, there is no danger of a defeat."

"There's Philip Enderdale. He's awfully in love with you, for he told me so himself; and he has the nobbiest dog-cart on the Avenue. But you never will drive with any of the fellows."

"The only 'fellow' I will drive with is my cousin Redwood."

"You are all right to me, Tony, I'll say that for you. What shall we do with ourselves this afternoon?"

"I'll drive you in the phæton, if you like: and as it is three o'clock now, let us have our luncheon and be off."

We found my aunt in the dining-room. She gave a deprecating glance at Redwood, who was certainly making an awful racket, whistling the Hilda waltz out of all time and tune.

"My dear boy, a little less noise, if you please. Antoinette, will you try and be home early, so as to give you ample time to dress? We have dinner-company to-day."

"Yes, aunt," I replied, meekly, but with a sigh—for dinner-parties were my especial detestation.

"We have your uncle's old friend, Gen.

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Mulready, and Mr. Fauntleroy, who has just returned from India."

"Too bad, our drive has to be cut short for two old seeds!" Redwood exclaimed, impatiently.

"What you can possibly mean by 'old seeds,' Redwood, I cannot imagine," said aunt, with severity. "But Gen. Mulready is a noted man, and Mr. Fauntleroy both young and agreeable. Don't let me hear you use slang again."

"All right, ma'am. Tony, if you are ready, we might as well make the most of what time we have."

I agreed; and we were soon rolling along in the little basket-carriage.

We had left the Avenue, and were driving slowly on the new road, when I saw my acquaintance of the morning rapidly approaching on horseback. He drew rein as he met us, and seemed almost inclined to stop; but I gave him no chance, for, acknowledging his bow in as slight a manner as was possible, I touched the ponies with the whip, and we were quickly separated; but not before I had seen him half-draw from his breast-pocket my blue veil!

"Oh, ho! Miss Tony!" cried that aggravating boy, Redwood, "what's all this? A strange swell bows to you, and flourishes a blue veil! Very extraordinary! Is it possible that my quiet Tony has her sly flirtations, like the rest of the world?"

"How absurd you are, Redwood!"

"Who is it, Tony? Come, tell a fellow. Why you are actually blushing!"

"I never saw the man before this morning!" I exclaimed. "I don't even know his name; and I am not blushing in the least."

"Oh! yes, you are, Tony, worse than ever! there is no use denying it. You might as well confess; I'll promise never to tell."

"There is nothing to confess, you most provoking boy. I lost my veil, and he found it, I suppose, *voila tout!*"

"Of course, I know better; but I'll say no more, as you are so evidently teazed."

As if that was not worse than anything else he had said. Teazed, indeed! There was nothing left me but to tell him the little adventure of the morning, which I did as briefly as I could, only enlarging upon the especial dislike I had taken to the stranger.

Redwood, of course, was immensely amused, and considered Pug little short of an angel. He could talk of nothing else for the rest of our drive, and hazarded many wild theories as to who my *inconnu* could be.

When I descended to the drawing-room, before dinner, I found only the family assembled as yet. My uncle and aunt Lewin, Redwood, and one or two cousins from the cottage adjoining ours. Before I opened the door I heard a great deal of laughing, and when I made my appearance it was the signal for a fresh burst.

"What's this I hear about a blue veil, and a '*beau jeune homme*,' eh, Tony?" shouted my uncle.

I gave an angry look at Redwood, who had been faithless enough to betray me; and who had, of course, made a very ridiculous story of it all, exaggerating to suit himself.

"I cannot tell what you have heard, uncle. Redwood has, probably, invented something very absurd, with very little foundation."

"Oh! come now, Tony, I like that! I told the tale as it was told to me, only adding our meeting on the new road."

"Tony, Tony! I never should have suspected you!" said my uncle, laughing again, and enjoying the joke on me of all things.

"By Jove! what a jolly little dog! I wonder what he would take for him?" soliloquized one of the cousins.

My aunt looked up, severely.

"Antoinette," she said, "I hope this will be a lesson to you. In future I shall not allow you to walk alone, but shall insist upon your maid accompanying you."

Again I glanced at Redwood. He saw that he had made more mischief than he intended, and gave me a deprecating look. But I was not to be mollified, and was really angry with him.

The door opened to admit Gen. Mulready. This made a diversion, and I went off by myself to a window. Redwood meekly followed me.

"Tony, dear, forgive me this once. I only meant to chafe you a little."

"I shall never tell you anything again, Redwood—never!"

Mr. Fauntleroy was announced. I still stood looking out upon the lawn, and did not turn my head; but I heard the sweep of my aunt's dress as she moved forward with *empressement*.

"So glad to welcome you home again."

"A thousand thanks, my dear madam."

I turned hastily, thinking I recognized the voice; nor was I mistaken—it was Pug's master, sure enough! Redwood looked meaningly at me. "Say you forgive me, Tony, and I'll not peach," he whispered.

"You are forgiven, then."

My aunt called me.

"Antoinette, I wish to present Mr. Fauntleroy to you. General, I will take your arm."

As we made our way through the long parlors into the dining-room, Mr. Fauntleroy had no

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opportunity to speak with me, for my uncle walked beside us, and kept him engaged in talk. It was not until we were seated at table that he turned to me.

"What a particular little lady you are; you barely recognized me when I met you this afternoon."

Fortunately, he spoke in a low tone, and to me alone; but I was in terror lest any one should hear.

"You will know me another time, perhaps, now that I have had the advantage of being presented to you by your aunt?"

"I shall be very glad, of course," I commenced, rather indistinctly; and then, gathering courage, whispered hurriedly, "only, please don't talk to me as if you had known me before."

"Oh! that is to be a secret between us, is it? You may depend upon me not to betray it."

The dinner passed off pleasantly enough; and the evening was spent in strolling about the lawn and cliffs, lounging on the wide veranda, and listening to the band at the Ocean House, which we could hear in the distance, playing most ravishing waltz-music. Redwood and I tried a *deux-temps* on the parquet-floor of the library; but I liked better sitting in the dark bay-window, and dreaming, as waltz-music always makes me dream, half sadly, half joyously, of past events, every throb of the marked time thrilling me like a touch.

Redwood and the two cousins talked, and laughed, and even tried to dance together, the clumsy creatures! Gen. Mulready and uncle Lewin walked steadily up and down the veranda, smoking and talking politics. My aunt and Mr. Fauntleroy, sitting apart from the rest, whispered confidentially, and, in a manner, flirted, as it seemed to me.

It was midnight before there was a movement made to break up. Gen. Mulready was the first to leave. Mr. Fauntleroy, after having hunted me out, and made his bow, returned to my aunt, and stood, with his light overcoat thrown over his arm, some little time in conversation. Presently I heard her make a laughing remark about something that she saw peeping from one of the pockets of his overcoat.

"Eh! What's that?" said my uncle, "a blue veil? What the deuce do you do with a veil?"

"Perhaps Mr. Fauntleroy found a veil necessary in India," suggested my aunt.

"A blue veil!" shouted one of those wretched, sharp-eared cousins; "that reminds me of Tony's loss."

"True enough!" cried my uncle, seizing the idea in high delight. "This completes the story—it's as clear as daylight! We have found out your *inconnu*, Miss Tony!"

Mr. Fauntleroy tried to disclaim, but it was no use—uncle Lewin enjoyed the joke too much to listen to him, even; and my aunt, to make matters worse, apologized for me, and bemoaned my obstinacy in walking out alone.

As for me, I slipped out of the window, and ran away to my own room; for I confess that, being "chafed," as Redwood calls it, is not at all to my taste.

A month passed, and although Mr. Fauntleroy was constantly at our cottage, he took so little notice of me, and I always showed such an evident inclination to avoid him, that soon they all, even uncle Lewin, ceased to make teazing allusions to my unfortunate walk. Redwood went out with me now, and made himself so nice and amusing, that I should have found it lonely without him. We entirely deserted the Cliffs, and took to rambling over to the second beach.

Mr. Fauntleroy was a great deal with my aunt. He was invariably on hand to accompany her to morning receptions and evening parties, for her dancing days were by no means over, and she was still a very handsome, young-looking woman. It was difficult to realize that Redwood, the great strapping fellow, was her son.

I went out very seldom myself, and only when there was a point made of my going. I was not shy, but I did not care to go, simply because I did not amuse myself. I had partners enough—Redwood took care of that; but I found them stupid, and with only brains enough to dance the *valse a deux-temps*. They bored me, and Redwood complained that I was hardly civil to them, which I think was very probable.

I found, one morning, to my great disapprobation, that we were to give a ball. Redwood was in high delight, and busied himself in preparing all sorts of nonsensical things for the *cotillon*. Mr. Fauntleroy planned the decorations and arrangement of the room. I was employed in filling in cards of invitation. And as for my aunt, she was so *affairee* that it amused me to watch her. Here and there, and everywhere, having long and important consultations with her own butler, and various other dashing personages, who seemed to pervade the house; making anxious inquiries of the gardener as to the number of camelias he had in the greenhouse; giving audience to a wonderfully fat, old French cook, who, with his white apron and cap, and round, red face, was the ideal pre-

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siding genius of the *cuisine*, and looked as if he had lived on *bon bons* and *meringues* all his life.

I was informed that it was necessary that I should look my best—for you must know this was to be a very grand ball, indeed! So a charming little tulle dress, fresh from Paris, a floating mass of flounces and shining strips of white satin, was chosen for my *parure*. When the evening arrived, I acknowledge to having been pleased with my own reflection in the glass. I ran to display myself to my aunt with more vanity than I thought was in me. She was still in the hands of her maid, and hardly dared to move for fear she should disarrange something; but, somehow, she managed to "take me in," and expressed her most complete approbation.

"You look quite lovely, dear; I am proud of you," she said.

I bent over her ever so lightly, and gave her a little kiss of thanks, and then ran down stairs to have a look at the rooms.

The musicians were already grouped in their especial corner, and were making the most discordant and hideous sounds tuning their various instruments. There was to be a band, too, on the lawn, away down near the Cliffs, and I could just hear the wail of the French-horn in the distance. This jumble of sounds was anything but agreeable, and I put my hands to my ears that I might not hear.

Flowers were everywhere, in vases, pyramids and garlands—the fragrance was delicious. I made the round of the rooms, picking up any fallen leaves I saw, and rearranging a flower here and there. On a favorite little table of my own, which stood in the bay-window of the library, I spied a lovely bouquet of double violets and tube-roses. "For me, of course," I said to myself. "What a dear, thoughtful boy Redwood is!" I picked it up and found a note attached to the ribbon. The handwriting was strange, and I broke the seal with considerable curiosity. There were very few words.

"Dear Miss Antoineete—Pray accept my flowers, and do me the honor to dance the cotillion with me this evening. I have ascertained from your cousin that your are disengaged, so feel a delightful certainty that you cannot refuse me.

"Always yours very sincerely,
"Gerard Fauntleroy."

I declared to myself that there had never been anything half so disagreeable or presumptuous, and almost made up my mind to give up dancing for the entire evening. But I had taken the ball-fever, and was already longing for a waltz; so I concluded to make the best of it, and tried to be gracious, and thank Mr. Fauntleroy for his bouquet when, later in the evening, he hunted me out in the crowd.

It was a pretty ball, and I enjoyed the cotillion immensely. Redwood was delighted with me, and told me that I was the handsomest girl in the room.

"What did I tell you?" he said, in a whisper; "By George! there is not one here who can compare with you. I am more than half in love with you myself. As for Fauntleroy, he's gone! done for!"

I called him a silly boy, and thought it. Mr. Fauntleroy was very attentive and nice, but not in the least lover-like; and when I looked at him, I could not fancy his ever being in such a sentimental position, he was so big, and bland, and indifferent.

The band was playing the Wild Fang; but I was getting lazy, and thought the exertion of a galop would be too much.

"Suppose we take a turn on the piazza?" suggested my partner. "A breath of air will be a relief after this hot room."

He found a light shawl for me, and we made our way through the brilliant crowd out upon the dim, cool piazza. Then he pulled up a couple of low, easy-chairs, and we were soon chatting quite cozily, like old friends.

We found it so pleasant, and I was just tired enough to feel a disinclination to move, but a certain charm in listening to the music, the slide of the dancers' feet on the waxed-floor, and the continuous, lively hum of many voices.

"I shan't dance again," I said. "I think it much nicer here."

"Yes, I find it much nicer," responded my partner.

"I am afraid you are indolent, Mr. Fauntleroy. I noticed you did not dance at all before the cotillion."

"Did I not?" he said, indifferently. "I believe you are right, though. Too much of it bores me."

"Have you been bored to-night?"

He laughed rather oddly.

"Miss Tony, you are the last person I should have suspected of being a coquette."

"And I am not a coquette," I said, hastily, and repenting of my silly question.

Redwood here rushed out upon us, breathless,

"I have been looking for you two everywhere. We are going to have the last figure, and there won't be enough without you; and Fauntleroy, I won't have you making love to

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my Tony. I intend to marry her myself, one of these days."

"Redwood!" I exclaimed, angrily; but he ran off laughing.

Mr. Fauntleroy laughed, too.

"Redwood is a sharp-sighted boy," he said.

I left my chair, and moved toward the nearest window, feeling provoked and mortified with both Redwood and myself. As for Mr. Fauntleroy, I hated him worse than ever.

He stopped me before I had taken three steps.

"Stay one minute," he said. "Is the idea that I am in love with you so very disagreeable?"

"Please let me pass, Mr. Fauntleroy?"

"Tell me first."

"It is very disagreeable, then. I don't like you."

There was so much pettishness in this reply that he only seemed amused.

"I like you very much as it happens, and I intend that you shall like me."

"You cannot force me."

"Yes, I shall force you, if necessary. You had much better promise me frankly to try."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing. Don't teaze me any more, Mr. Fauntleroy. I wish to go."

"You shall go, little girl. Good-night!"

"Are you not coming in again?"

"Yes; but I want to bid you good-night here."

And before I could prevent him, he had pressed two or three quick kisses on my hand.

I felt the blood rush into my face, and I tried to withdraw my hand, but he held it closely within his arm till we reached the dancing-room; and then, slipping his arm around my waist, whirled me off in a waltz without giving me a chance to refuse.

The ball was over. The musicians packed their instruments in odd, gloomy-looking boxes, or swathed them in green-baize bags, and departed. The ball-room was strewed with bits of ribbon, lace, and withered bouquets; and the toys, false-faces, flags, bells, and countless little things that are used in a German cotillion were piled together in most perplexing confusion. The supper-room was a most dismal and dreary spectacle; and for the rest of the house, below stairs, you could scarcely move without stumbling over saucers of melted ices, glasses of Roman punch, or plates of salad.

Our little family-party were glad to bid each other good-night, or rather good-morning, for the day had begun to break, and betake themselves to bed. For myself, I found it impossible to sleep, for, try as I would to think of something else, my thoughts would revert to Mr. Fauntleroy, and I found myself repeating, over and over again, everything he had said. He had said very little, to be sure; but after Redwood's speech, and after those eager kisses on my hand—my face grew hot when I recalled them—everything had a significance to me.

Is it not a very odd thing that a girl may know a man for months, see him constantly, yet never give him a second thought? But let some one put it into her head that he is in love with her, when *voila!* she can think of nothing else; and, ten to one, she will like him from that minute.

One may not absolutely love: but a woman cannot help having a certain *tendresse* for a man who is in love with her.

Several days passed without our seeing Mr. Fauntleroy. I looked for him vainly on the crowded Avenue, and was secretly a little disappointed when evening after evening slipped by without his making his appearance.

Redwood had taken it into his head to be jealous—and very disagreeable he made himself in consequence. After having considered Mr. Fauntleroy's attentions to me a good joke, he suddenly took a fancy that I was "smitten," as he elegantly expressed it—and from that moment I had no peace. He worried and fumed, and followed me wherever I went, till I heartily wished Master Redwood could be induced to bestow a portion of his time upon some of his numerous *inamoratas*.

One morning my aunt came to me with a note in her hand. "From Mr. Fauntleroy," she explained, giving it to me. "He has been in New York for the last fortnight."

The note was an invitation for us all to spend the next evening with him, and a request to my aunt to matronize the party and receive his guests.

"You will go, I hope, Antoinette, and not let your absurd dislike to Mr. Fauntleroy interfere?"

"Yes, aunt, I will go." I replied, and was rather ashamed of the pleasure the invitation had given me.

Redwood at first declared that he would not go to that "prigs" house; and reproached me for having been weak enough to accept.

"But what else is to be expected of a girl?" he exclaimed, in deep scorn. "After declaring you hated the man, you turn about and fall in love with him—though I did think better of you, Tony."

"Now, Redwood, you know you are making yourself very absurd," I said, severely.

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"Oh! of course. Everything I do now is absurd. I have been fond of you for two years, and now you drop me for that man."

"Redwood, if you *will* be a bore, I shall go and leave you."

"No, don't go, Tony. Only promise me you won't have anything more to do with Fauntleroy."

"I will make no promises."

"By heavens! if you flirt with him, I'll shoot him."

I laughed. Redwood immediately dropped the heroics and became pathetic.

"At any rate, tell me which you like the best—him or me?"

"I like you the best, of course. Don't be silly, please."

"Then, Tony, prove it by giving me a kiss."

As Redwood was in the habit of kissing me morning and night, as if he had been my brother, this request struck me as being particularly nonsensical.

"I'll give you twenty," I said, "if you will agree to take yourself off, and leave me to myself for the rest of the day."

"I won't have your twenty kisses," was all the reply I got; and Redwood flung himself out of the room.

By evening he had changed his mind in regard to the "prigs" invitation, and went with us.

We found only a small party, but the guests particularly well selected. Mr. Fauntleroy made a capital host. He opened countless portfolios of engravings and cabinets of curiosities for our inspection; and he asked the right people to sing at the right time. Every one seemed to enjoy themselves, and feel perfectly at home in the pretty, tasteful house.

The evening was nearly spent, when I wandered off by myself from room to room, until I reached a cozy little study, with low, carved, well-filled book-cases, shaded light, and table temptingly covered with books and magazines. I selected a deep, soft chair and a favorite periodical, and prepared to enjoy myself after my own fashion.

But it was not long before I was interrupted. I heard Mr. Fauntleroy's voice speaking in the next room, giving some order to a servant, and in another minute he had entered the study.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "I fancied you had gone down to the Cliffs with your cousin."

"No; I discovered this cozy little place, and I have made myself comfortable, as you see."

"It is where I spend most of my time," he said, seating himself near me. "I like to see you here."

"Pray, what are all the people doing?" I inquired, wondering how I could get away.

"I am sure I do not know. We will hope they are amusing themselves, and will continue so to do without us."

"Don't you think it would be better to join them?" I arose as I spoke.

"Stay where you are, if you please, Miss Tony," and I was put gently into my chair again. "So you think this is a cozy room? It opens here, you see, upon the lawn, and there into a conservatory—the flowers thrive all the year round. When I am home many a winter morning have I spent here, with only my dog for a companion. By-the-way, where is Pug?"

He whistled, and presently came a little pattering along the piazza, and a scratch at the closed blinds. Mr. Fauntleroy pushed them open sufficiently to admit the dog. "Here is an acquaintance of yours, Pug."

Pug recognized me at once, and even showed some pleasure at my presence, for he selected a portion of my long skirt, which fell in a heap on the floor, and curled himself comfortably upon it.

"Luxurious little beast! He takes your being here as a matter of course, and makes use of you immediately."

"He does quite right," I said, leaning down to touch the dog's head. "I like you, little Pug, in spite of the shabby trick you played me."

"You have forgiven him, then?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And his master?"

"I shall forgive you when you return my veil."

"When will that be, I wonder? It depends upon yourself."

"Upon me? Then it will be to-night."

"To-night, if you like. You have only to agree to my conditions."

"What are they?"

"I am afraid you will make difficulties. But I warn you, beforehand, I am an obstinate man, and will have my own way in the end."

"Tell me."

"In the first place, then, I am to have this in exchange," and he touched my hand.

"Of course, that's nonsense."

"Indeed, it is not. I must imperatively have you in exchange."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Very much in earnest."

"Tell me the second condition."

"You consent to my first?"

"No," I said, trying to laugh. "How am I to believe that you really wish it?"

"Look at me."

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I raised my eyes to his face; his eyes were full of tenderness and passion. He looked flushed, eager, excited, entirely unlike what I had known him.

"Do you believe it now, Tony?" he said, drawing me to him.

"I believe you, sir," I answered, saucily; "but I think it very presuming to take my consent for granted. Please take your arm from my waist."

He only held me the closer.

"But the second condition, Mr. Fauntleroy?"

"It is this," he said, and he kissed me again and again, so passionately, so hurriedly, that I could scarcely breathe.

Some one was at the door; I heard a step, and breaking from Mr. Fauntleroy, I sprung up, my face burning hotly, and saw Redwood.

"I fear I intrude. Mother is waiting for you, Tony. Deceitful girl!" this last under his breath.

Mr. Fauntleroy seemed much amused at the scene. He gave me his arm, which I took in a very shame-faced way.

The parlors were emptied. Everyone had made their adieus to my aunt, wondering what had become of their host.

Aunt stood ready cloaked in the hall.

"Why, Tony!" she cried, pleasantly, "what had become of you?" And then a look passed between her and Mr. Fauntleroy. She was satisfied with their mute exchange, and said,

"Redwood, bring your cousin's cloak."

Redwood obeyed sulkily, and was about to put it on my shoulders, when it was taken from him by Mr. Fauntleroy, and folded closely about me.

"We will see you to-morrow?" my aunt asked, as we stepped into the carriage.

"At one o'clock, if you will permit me. I don't know how to thank you, dear Mrs. Lewin, for doing the honors of my house. Tony shall do it for me at some future day."

"I am delighted, Antoinette," said my aunt, as we drove off. "You have really, for once, shown yourself a most sensible girl."

"How, aunt?"

"In accepting Mr. Fauntleroy, who, besides his great personal attractions, has both money and position."

"I did not accept Mr. Fauntleroy for money or position," I said, somewhat angrily, and, for the first time, realized for what I had accepted him—the one all-powerful reason.

Redwood remained in gloomy silence in his corner of the carriage. When he assisted me to descend at our own door, he looked so extremely black that I tried to make friends with him.

"Don't be angry with me, Redwood. Indeed, if I had known what was to happen, I would not have gone there this evening."

"You don't care for him, then?" said Redwood.

"Oh! as for that, I think I do—a little. Please, don't shoot him, Redwood."

I am afraid I heard my cousin swear. He tried to leave me, but I persisted in leaning on his arm as we went up stairs.

"You know, Redwood," I said, coaxingly, "it was not my fault—it was my blue veil."

"Oh, Tony!"

"Say you forgive me, and some day I'll give your favorite a croquet-party, and you shall make mad love to her. Kiss me good-night!"

"Oh, Tony!"

"And you won't shoot him?"

"Pshaw!"

We were friends again; but Redwood was extremely dignified with Mr. Fauntleroy, and has only just begun to like him.

So next summer I shall have the pretty cottage and its master all to myself. Should you go to Newport, and take a Sunday-evening stroll along the Cliffs, you will, probably, see me reclining in the bamboo-chair, Mr. Fauntleroy at my side, and Redwood swinging in the hammock. And, should you chance to see Pug, look out for your blue veil.

AMONG THE HILLS.

BY P. C. DOLE.

Have you seen my cottage among the hills,
Where brooklets rimple, and sunbeams stray
'Mong dancing leaves where the robin trills,
With untaught gladness, its roundelay?
And glad and blithe on the dappled green,
My merry children go tripping light,
O'er bright-eyed blossoms looking between
The tufted grasses all fresh and bright;
Where love is sinless, and guile is not,
And the star of peace shines o'er the spot?

Have you seen a form that awaits me there,
When the day is done, and my cares are o'er—
A lovely woman, with silvered hair,
Who watches for me at the open door?
And her voice is sweet as the Summer wind,
And her smile is bright as a sunlit sky,
And a soul whose powers were formed to bind,
My spirit with joyous melody.
Have you seen my Eden among the hills,
Where all my being with rapture thrills?

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KNOWING ONE'S OWN MIND.

BY MARGARET MEERT.

"THERE can be but one answer, Mr. Stuyvesant—I beg that you will not think it necessary to pursue the subject," and the speaker, Blanche Courtenaye, turned her pretty head resolutely away with rather too studied disdain upon her features.

"Assuredly not, Miss Courtenaye; it seems that I have already been too long the sport of your caprice."

He paused for a moment, and resumed with repressed emotion,

"I had thought, Blanche——"

"Thought," interrupted Miss Courtenaye, "thought, I suppose, that Mr. Frank Stuyvesant's irresistible smiles had had their proper effect, so that he had only to make known his wishes to be promptly accepted."

Now this was so nearly what he had thought, that Mr. Stuyvesant had nothing to do but take up his hat and depart, with outward composure, but extreme inward dejection.

Blanche stood for a moment where he had left her, then walked quickly up and down the room.

"He thought I was to be easily won," she said, under her breath. "I am thankful for the strength of mind which enabled me to overcome that foolish fascination. Poor Frank! he loves me, I believe, but he has not the intense and concentrated nature which must win my love. He wanted me to think it over, he said, as if I did not know what I was doing—fancy not knowing one's own mind!" and her color rose at the bare idea of such imbecility.

She stopped before the mantle, unlocked a tiny gilded casket which stood there, and took from it a little faded bunch of violets. She gazed long and thoughtfully on them, then tossing them abruptly upon the burning coals, left the room.

Truth compels me to state that Miss Courtenaye was much spoiled, but not, by any means, as cross and unreasonable always as we have seen her to-day. The only daughter of wealthy parents, with not a wish ungratified, she was disposed to underrate those very satisfactory possessions, and imagined that perfect happiness resided only in a diminutive house, kept, however, with that "exquisite taste and simplicity" which we all know is so easily attained, even with the most limited income. Blanche wished for, of course, the necessary accompaniment of a hero, poor, proud, but of an "intense and concentrated nature."

Poor Frank, unfortunately, had none of these desirable endowments, as his misfortune was to be rich, and of an unusually bright and happy temperament, not in the least resembling the sombre individual whom alone Blanche considered worthy of a young girl's fancy.

"Mr. Stuyvesant paid a long call," said Mrs. Courtenaye, as her daughter took her seat at the luncheon-table.

"Yes," replied Blanche, shortly.

"What a universal favorite he seems to be," continued her mother; "so different from that uninteresting Goddard."

Mr. Goddard was a man after Blanche's own heart, melancholy and romantic enough to please any young lady who had seen Booth play Hamlet.

"Mr. Goddard is a man of decision and character, while Frank Stuyvesant thinks of nothing but his ties and his curls," replied Blanche.

It was rather an effort to abuse Frank, and ungrateful, to say the least.

Mrs. Courtenaye glanced curiously at her daughter, but said no more; and Blanche went off to prepare for her usual long afternoon walk.

Mr. Stuyvesant and Miss Courtenaye were no recent acquaintances. They had met, during the autumn, at one of those fascinating country houses, which are such well-known snares to unsuspecting youths and maidens; that careless mingling of light-hearted idlers, the informal breakfast, followed by a lounging morning. All the walks, rides, and drives, which fill up the hours, possess fatal allurements.

These country amusements had not failed to work their charm upon our two young people. Among the groups scattered over the lawn, lazily enjoying the midday autumnal sunshine, you would be sure to see two very much absorbed individuals under some spreading evergreen, or frost-touched poplar. Blanche invariably crowned with scarlet maple-leaves, or decked with fantastic garlands, the spoil of the morning's ramble. Or, if a madcap riding-party scampering over the hills and dales, the two horses which bounded abreast bore the same joyous pair.

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A month of this unrestrained intercourse had passed, when Miss Courtenaye returned to her city home, and Frank to the delights of Wall street. All things would, probably, have gone on smoothly and successfully then, had not the evil genius of lovers stepped in, taking the form of Blanche's mamma, and sundry well-meaning aunts.

These anxious relatives met her with a series of smiles, and nods, and hints, to the effect that dear Blanche was really going to make a sensible choice at last. Not one of those Tennysonic, Byronic, good-for-naught sort of men, for whom she had an unfortunate predilection, but a good, dutiful son—a man of property.

Now if there was one thing more than another that Miss Courtenaye abhorred, it was the idea of making a "sensible choice."

No one had told her, when they were at Rushbanks together, that Mr. Stuyvesant was "a good match"—indeed, she had never thought of him as a "match" at all; and now, to be told that she was going to act like a prudent girl! it was altogether too much. So she perversely resolved that they should see that she was not the commonplace creature they wished her to be. Therefore, when Mr. Stuyvesant presented himself, sure of a blushing welcome, he was received with an air of indifference which Blanche assured herself was not in the least feigned.

Weeks passed by. Blanche spent evening after evening at crowded assemblies, whilst receptions, calls, and the usual routine of a New York girl's life occupied the days.

No matter where she went, Frank was never seen—insensibly she fell into the habit of glancing around eagerly at each new festivity in search of his brilliant blue eyes. Mr. Goddard, the earnest and profound, in vain discoursed on narrow souls and contracted aspirations. Blanche thought some topics more lively would, perhaps, suit her taste better, and sighed, though she knew it not, for Frank's ready wit and laugh. After an entertainment of unusual brilliancy, Miss Courtenaye sat before her toilet-table, removing slowly her pretty ornaments, in which, with her glittering silver gauze shining in billowy waves, she had danced and sparkled to the undoing of many a boastful heart. Blanche was thinking little enough of those hearts now, and resting her soft cheek upon her hand, she fell into a long, and somewhat dangerous reverie, when we consider that its subject was the man whom she had rejected a few weeks before.

Her room was furnished luxuriously, and strewn with various nick-knacks, which her fancy had, from time to time, placed there. Carvings and pictures without number; a wild coast scene, by Kensett, shaded her mantle; two clay statuettes of her favorite Rogers held a distinguished position; and for her peculiar satisfaction and comfort a cuckoo clock of delicate workmanship hung on the wall.

Blanche's meditation was suddenly broken by her little cuckoo bouncing out of his box, and announcing three o'clock with startling distinctness. Perhaps the little bird thought his mistress dull company, for he darted back without a single unnecessary note.

"Well, there are more things in heaven and earth than falling in love!" ejaculated Miss Courtenaye, and, rising, she completed her preparations for the night, and, alas! that I should record it, was asleep in five minutes.

Broadway, we all know, is enchanting in the brilliant sunshine of a winter's morning. A trifle muddy under foot, a trifle dangerous from the possible breaking of a derrick on one of the unfinished buildings, and the possible descent of fifty pounds, or so, of stone on your head; but certainly bright and entertaining from the jostling throng of hurrying business men; younger ones in neat toilets hastening to their similar destinations, but taking time to give considerable attention to the pretty girls, who also had urgent business awaiting them; but within the vain precincts of Stewart's, among these last named was Blanche, sweet and fresh as usual, with just the smallest look of expectation on her face, as she bowed and smiled repeatedly at the acquaintances coming and going.

The little flower-girls in vain held up their violets for her notice—from some reason violets had lost their charm. They had been her favorite flower, and Frank's offerings had many times garnished her belt. Perhaps the little blue blossoms recalled painful memories.

"Poor Frank!" thought Blanche, "I wonder where he is now; traveling, perhaps, feeling bitter to all the world. I should like to know—"

Just as she reached this point in her reflections, a quick step sounded behind her, and Mr. Stuyvesant himself went by, barely lifting his hat as he passed. In one moment he was gone, but not before Blanche had time to observe that he never looked handsomer or more untroubled in his life. Half a square below, Miss Courtenaye saw her cousin, Lilian Dashwood, and—— Could it be? Frank, stopping, with an air of interest to join Miss Dashwood's morning saunter.

Blanche half paused in indignant surprise. Could it have been with Lilian that he has

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passed all those evenings, when she had remarked his absence from houses at which he had been formerly a favorite guest? The thought was entirely new. Lilian was young, but pretty—so pretty.

"A glorious morning, Miss Courtenaye," said a voice at her elbow; and Mr. Goddard, looking unstylish and uncommonly plain, accommodated his steps to hers.

"Good-morning," she returned, rather coolly, for Mr. Goddard looked so out of place on that animated promenade, that she did not feel in the mood to talk solemn sentiment, especially with that merry couple just in sight.

Frank was always clever and entertaining; and there he was, seemingly as much occupied with Miss Dashwood, and forgetful of her as if she had been married a dozen years. It was trying, certainly; but she managed to pass them a few minutes afterward, looking rosy, flattered, and entirely content with her escort.

Mr. Goddard was shaken off with some difficulty by Blanche declaring that she had an important assignation with her milliner. He departed regretfully, but Blanche was not left long alone. As she entered the maze of hats, caps, and bonnets, a young woman with a great deal of pannier, quillings, and rustling silk, accosted her with eagerness,

"Why, Blanche, you are the very person I want to see; do come over here and help me to choose my bonnet for Hortense Bryce's reception."

Blanche walked soberly to the table, where a smiling Frenchwoman was exhibiting bonnet after bonnet to catch the capricious notice of the lively purchaser. Miss Etta regarded the frail structures with discriminating eyes, keeping up an incessant chatter to Blanche.

"Oh! never, madam!" as madam held up a captivating creation of brightest Metternich green, "don't suggest such a thing for a moment. There is only one complexion in town that could stand that with equanimity—Lilian Dashwood's; that reminds me, Blanche, they say Frank Stuyvesant has eyes and ears for no one else. I am glad the redoubtable Frank is caught at last—they used to accuse you, didn't they? There, madam, that pink; I think I like that better than any, only bring those roses a little further forward. Blanche, there is Nina Levering—how she does get herself up! Come, let us hurry out before she sees us."

They descended the steps. As they reached the side-walk, as fate would have it, Mr. Stuyvesant and Miss Dashwood arrived at that point simultaneously with themselves. Miss Etta instantly had something that she must say to Lilian, so they stepped on in front, leaving Blanche to a *tete-a-tete* with Frank.

"You are very gay," he said, turning his eyes fixedly upon her.

"Oh, yes!" she said, with a laugh. "I have been going incessantly for the last month, and I am so excessively fond of going out."

"Yes," he replied, with bitterness. "You are only contented with constant adulation from all; the dullness of accepting the homage of but one heart is not much to your taste."

Blanche turned away her face, whilst her eyes filled with tears; but words, light and mocking, rose to her lips.

"Good-morning, Lilian; good-morning, Mr. Stuyvesant," and Miss Etta retook Blanche's arm to cross the street.

"Stop, Etta, there's mamma; I will call the coachman and make her take us in. One does feel so desperately tired in the morning."

That evening Blanche could find nothing to interest her. She played one or two of her favorite waltzes of Chopin, but her fingers refused to pay their due attention; her embroidery got into a snarl; her book was stupid beyond measure; and she could find no other occupation than that of listening nervously for the door-bell, which rang, however, only to admit her father. At last came a sharp pull. Blanche looked up eagerly as the drawing-room door opened, but it was only her brother Jack who entered.

"Ho, Blanche!" he cried, patting her shoulder, "you look pale, little girl. Shall I take you to drive to-morrow with my blood-grays?"

"Oh, do, Jack! We will go to Central Park."

"And call for Lilian Dashwood on the way," added her brother.

"Violets, Lilian?" cried Blanche, the next morning, suspiciously stopping to bend over a Sevres dish as she followed her brother through the parlor of her cousin's house.

Her pretty cousin greeted Jack first—Blanche was sure it was to avoid answering her.

During the drive she mused bitterly on the inconstancy of man, and the utter folly of looking for truth, or enduring affection from one of the masculine gender.

"Of course, *he* gave her the violets, and it was only a month ago that they were all for me, my especial flower, he called them. Not that it makes the least difference to me to whom Mr. Stuyvesant gives his attentions—but one likes to believe in a person's profession." Then her conscience asked her if it was not natural and right that Frank should cease to care for her.

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When they were at Rushbanks she had certainly showed an undoubted preference for his society above all others; and then, when he told his love, she had refused it with scorn. What was there left of the young girl of his imagination? No wonder that he had turned for consolation to the gentle creature now sitting before her. Lilian looked unusually pretty; the cold air enhanced her brilliant bloom, and her golden locks almost sparkled in the sunshine. She was talking animatedly to Jack, and Blanche thought jealously how those blue eyes might have looked into Frank Stuyvesant's, and charmed him into forgetfulness of her own brown cheeks and chestnut eyes.

They were returning now, just passing the reservoir into Fifth Avenue, when the spirited horses took fright at several eager equestrians, and plunged and reared frantically. In one moment the light dog-cart was overturned, and Blanche thrown violently out, stunned for the moment. When she opened her eyes a well-known arm supported her, a well-known face bent over her, and Frank's voice called to her in passionate accents.

Coloring deeply, she hastily disengaged herself from his arms, and without giving him a look, hurried toward her cousin.

Jack had taken good care of Lilian, for she was standing by, laughing, and shaking the dust from her profusion of fair hair, which tumbled over her shoulders in defiance of comb and hair-pins. When Blanche turned, Mr. Stuyvesant was looking on, with an indifferent face, at the righting of the dog-cart.

"Let me help you," he cried, laughing at Lilian's futile attempts to straighten several sadly bedraggled plumes—and he bent forward and whispered something which made Lilian blush and toss her head.

"Come, Frank, jump in old fellow, and let me show you how my grays can step out," said Jack Courtenaye, helping his cousin to her seat, whilst Blanche sprung in, scarcely touching Mr. Stuyvesant's assisting hand. Frank glanced at Blanche, but she turned away her head.

"I thank you; no, not to-day," and, lifting his hat, walked rapidly away.

They drove quickly home, Lilian thinking it a famous adventure; Blanche, absorbed in the recollection she had seen, of ardent eyes so close to her face, and brown curls almost touching her own darker locks.

The following day was Sunday. In the afternoon Blanche stole off alone to Calvary church. The evening prayers quieted her restless heart, and stilled for awhile her self-reproaches. The service was ended, the echoes of the sweet voices had died away. Blanche made her way down the aisle, feeling at peace with all the world. When she reached the door, she started back dismayed, for there was an ominous patter on the stone-steps, and torrents of pitiless rain struck terror to the hearts of umbrellaless-worshipers. Blanche had hardly time to think of the probable fate of her little pink bonnet, when some one stepped forward and formally offered his escort and umbrella. Her heart bounded; she knew the voice and form, but she merely bowed, and put her hand within the proffered arm.

Together they stepped out of the vestibule and on to the street, and silently the first block was passed. For her life Blanche could think of nothing to say. She stole a glance at her companion, but encountered such sparkling eyes, that she did not dare look again. When they reached her own door, Miss Courtenaye contrived to say,

"I am very much indebted to you." For which Mr. Stuyvesant bowed and departed.

"I tell you, mother, Lilian Dashwood is turning out a regular beauty," said Jack Courtenaye, at breakfast, next morning, indolently stretching his arm to reach a round of toast.

Mrs. Courtenaye adjusted her breakfast-cap before she replied.

"Such a complexion and such hair would make any one pretty. Lilian has, besides all that, great good sense. I do not think any foolish notions will interfere with her acceptance of a good offer, if she has one."

"Frank Stuyvesant seems to be pretty far gone—don't you think so?" said Jack, turning suddenly to his sister.

Blanche felt in her heart a despairing assent; but she answered quite steadily that they were well suited.

Jack's remarks were interrupted by the entrance of the servant with a little pink billet, which he laid by Miss Courtenaye's plate.

"From Lilian," said Blanche, answering her mother's questioning look, "asking Jack and me to pass a quiet evening with her, as no one but herself is at home."

"Of course, we'll go," said Jack, quickly; to which his sister made no demur.

"How charmed I am to see you," cried Miss Dashwood, meeting her cousin that evening at the hall-door; "but where is Jack?"

"Oh! he said he would leave me, and walk to the corner to finish his segar."

"Come right into the parlor, Blanche, I will take your wraps up stairs. You must do without

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me for a time; you know I am taking care of the house during mamma's absence," and she disappeared, closing the door after her.

Blanche, without looking around, seated herself by a small buhl-table, laden with heliotropes and tuberoses, and bent over to inhale their sweetness. At a slight noise she glanced up, and Frank stood before her. Startled and confused, she tried to murmur some commonplace words of greeting; but when her eyes met his, the words died upon her lips.

"Blanche," he cried, impetuously, "scorn me and reject me, but I still dare to love you. Do what I will, your face haunts me at all times; the mere sight of you is enough to overcome all my pride, and set me to dreaming mad, impossible, heavenly dreams——"

"Frank!" interrupted a beseeching voice, and a little hand was stretched toward him. I do not know what he read in her face, but in a moment he was by her side. Catching her hand, he whispered,

"Blanche, dear Blanche! can it be that my earnest love is not in vain?"

The little hand was not withdrawn; and kneeling by her, he heard the words so sweet and dear to him.

So much there was of explanations, and murmured repetitions of the old, old story, that Lilian's very deliberate opening of the drawing-room door, was a sudden shock.

"Oh, Lilian!" cried Blanche, springing up, "what have you been doing this long time?"

"Merely entertaining Jack," replied the young lady, composedly. "Jack thought he heard you and Mr. Stuyvesant quarreling, and was afraid to enter—so I took him into the library. But I see very plainly that I have not been much missed; Mr. Stuyvesant looks as though he might spare me a little longer."

Blanche laughed shyly, and strove to keep back the tell-tale color that overspread her cheek.

"Never mind, Blanche, dear!" said Lilian, consolingly; "don't you suppose I am truly glad to be rid of the task of consoling a despairing lover? On the strength of being your cousin, I was supposed to know the secret and hidden motive of every word you spoke; and, after all, my painstaking interpretations were sure not to suit him."

"Hush, Lilian!" cried Blanche, laughing.

"Yes; you may laugh, but it's quite true; and one day, when Jack brought me in a bunch of violets, somebody else fell into such a gloomy meditation over them——"

"That you were forced to enter into a whispered conversation with your cousin to avoid disturbing it," interrupted Frank—but Lilian was gone.

What a happy pair walked home beneath the gaslight that evening; so absorbed in one another, that, as Jack afterward remarked, they would not have stopped short of the Battery if he had not been near to suggest more moderate exercise.

ON THE COAST.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Hush! Hear ye not the surging sea?
The Storm King shouteth in mad glee.

The winds roar fierce, then moan and sigh;
A lurid glow lights up the sky.

Who is it on yon rock-bound coast,
Her tangled tresses backward tossed?

Her wild eyes peering with strange light,
Far out into the awful night?

Unmoved she stands, with dauntless form,
And braves alone the wrathful storm.

With fiercer cries the tempest raves,
Still higher rise the foam-capped waves.

Strange sounds are borne upon the wind,
And mists of spray her vision blind.

White as a snow-flake is her cheek;
Oh, God! what means that fearful shriek?

She rushes forward to the beach;
A wreck is drifting out of reach.

Revealed by yon red lightning's blaze,
She watches it with straining gaze.

The billows jeer with gusty mirth—
What care they for her all on earth?

Ah! see that form against the sky;
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Oh! must he die?

He stretches forth imploring hands;
Transfixed with horror wild she stands.

There, tossed on danger's very brink,
She marks his frail barque rise and sink.

Until at last, all struggling o'er,
The wreck, engulfed, is seen no more.

The winds a dirge breathe soft and low,
As if to soothe her frantic woe.

A pause—a shiver; then the sea
Has buried all her misery,

And surging floods roll on and hide
The forms of bridegroom and of bride.

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HOW I BECAME A BENEDICT.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

YES, I'm a married man at last! That's my wife sitting over there in the great rocking-chair, that slender, delicate creature, with the soft, creamy face, and lustrous, golden hair; and that queer, little thing in her lap, over which she coos so tenderly, is my son and heir, Chancellor Trowbridge, Jr. Heavens! what a feeling of importance it gives a fellow to know that his name will live after his body is under the sods! I never knew what it was to be a man before; I'm one now, every inch of me, as Lear was every inch a king.

A woman-hater! That's what I've been called all my life, and the cognomen was not misapplied. I did hate women, and excluded myself from their society, and railed and sneered at their frailties until—— Well, until that little woman yonder glorified the whole feminine gender for me! I'm a changed man. I can't pass a bit of female apparel in a shop window, a water-fall, or a knot of ribbon, without a tender thrill at my heart. I'm an old fool, that's about the amount of it! No matter, fill up your meerschaum, my wife does not object to smoke—sensible women never do!

Twenty years ago! Bless my soul, what a long way to look back! Such a misty, winding road, cut across at every turn by the grass-green graves of dead friends and blighted hopes! Ah, me! I would not go back and tread it all over again, if I could! Twenty years ago I met with my first disappointment, and it made me a misanthrope, a woman-hater! I was a young stripling, then, just sixteen, the sole idol and comfort of an overfond mother. We lived all alone in a little nest of a cottage, just out from the city; and mother did the housework, and managed the small dairy, from which we derived our support, while I attended the academy. She was bent upon making a great man of me, poor, fond mother! She confidently believed that I possessed any amount of undeveloped talent, and denied herself a thousand little comforts, in order to secure for me the advantages necessary to bring it into action. Looking back upon those days now, it affords me a kind of melancholy satisfaction to know that she went to her eternal rest, happily unconscious that all her unselfish labor had been spent for naught; still fancying, in the egoism of her love, that "her boy," as she called me, would one day cover himself with the lustre of great deeds.

I shared her belief, then; and when my sixteenth year, and my academical course both culminated at once, and poor mother expended the hoardings of an entire year to purchase me a new cloth suit, I thought my fortune made. As a matter of course, the next step to be taken was matrimony. By way of beginning, I set myself to work to get up a poem, to be dedicated to the fair one of my choice, Miss Jessie Weaver. The composition consumed a round week. Day after day I shut myself in my bedchamber, and racked my brains over rhyming syllables, while poor mother drove the cows to and fro, and even brought the water to cool her milk-pans. At last it was finished, and elaborately copied on scented, rose-colored paper. There were some two dozen verses, I think, containing swashy sentiment, and morbid melancholy, sufficient to stock a regiment of ordinary novels; but sitting on the stone-steps of the dairy, with her butter-paddle in her hand, mother listened while I read them to her in a confident, declamatory style, her loving eyes full of subdued exultation.

"I always thought so! I always thought you'd make a great man, my boy," she said, proudly.

I sent the poem to Jessie, with no doubt whatever in regard to its reception. I held too high an opinion of her good sense to believe, for an instant, that she would fail to appreciate it; and she didn't, as her gay laugh and dancing eyes attested at our next meeting.

"You'll be famous by-and-by, Chancy," she called after me over the garden-gate; "a second Byron."

I stroked my sprouting mustache with serene self-complacency, running my eye over the rich meadow-lands, and alluvial fields, surrounding her father's stately mansion. She was an only child, and would inherit all this wealth. I had made up my mind to propose to her on my next visit; and it would be the proper thing to make her a present on such an occasion.

There was a gay, ruby-brooch on exhibition in one of the shop-windows, and on this I had set my heart; but the price was twenty-five

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dollars. How should I ever manage to get it? I made known my desires and intentions to mother on my return home. She looked serious and thoughtful for a moment, then she arose, and going to the corner cupboard, took down the blue china-bowl, in which she always kept the proceeds of her butter-pats. I can see her now, with her slight figure, and pale, worn face, as she stood in the glow of the firelight, counting over the heaps of silver pieces she had poured upon the table.

"Only twenty-seven dollars," she said, with a suppressed sigh, as she returned the surplus two dollars to the bowl; "but take it, my boy, and welcome!"

I took it, and bought the brooch for Jessie.

"Isn't it splendid, mother?" I said, a few evenings after, as I was giving the finishing touches to my toilet, preparatory to the all-important visit. "She'll be sure to take it, won't she?"

"To be sure she will, my boy," she replied, fondly, fluttering round me, polishing the bright brass buttons on my blue cloth coat with the corner of her apron, and twisting my well-oiled locks over her thin, labor-worn fingers; "and she'll take you, too, if she's not devoid of appreciation."

My heart swelled with gratified vanity as I put the glittering toy in my pocket, and started. She followed me out, and down to the garden-gate.

"Good-by, my boy," she called, as I hurried through. Something in her voice made me look back, and I noticed that her face had a strange, white look, and her eyes were running over with tears.

"What is it, mother?" I asked, turning and taking her hand.

"Nothing, nothing at all, my dear. Only this new joy won't make you quite forget me, will it, Chancy?"

"Oh! mother, no!" I cried, throwing my arms round her neck, and kissing her white cheeks. "I shall never love any one else as I love you."

"My darling, my pride," she murmured. "No other mother ever had such a son—you never caused me a moment's sorrow, Chancy."

"I'm glad of it, mother. Good-by!"

"Good-by, my boy!"

I left her standing there in the autumn dusk, and went up to Squire Weaver's. The fates were propitious; I found Jessie alone in the parlor singing to her guitar.

"'Tis you, Chancy?" she said, carelessly, as I entered. "There, sit down while I sing to you."

I obeyed reluctantly enough, for I was in a fever of impatience. To this day I have no idea of what she sang; but the instant she finished I was at her side.

"Jessie," I said, unfolding the scented paper that contained the brooch, "here's a present I've brought you, and——"

But she cut short my declaration, which I had "cut and dried" weeks beforehand, with a scream of delight.

"For me, Chancy?" she cried, as the glittering toy flashed on her sight; 'tis the very thing I wanted. You dear, darling boy—how shall I ever thank you?" and seizing me round the neck, she gave me a hearty kiss.

The touch of her red lips fired my blood like wine, and set my brain in a whirl of excitement. In a breath I was on my knees before her, pouring out my love, and the hopes I had cherished, in frenzied accents. At first she stood amazed; then, as the full sense of what I was saying dawned upon her, she broke into a gay laugh.

"Oh, Chancy! you silly, silly boy!" she cried, "you are too amusing. I gave you credit for more sense than this. Get up, child, and stop this foolish nonsense. I'm to be married in two weeks to Mr. Dunbar."

What I said or did, how I got out of the house, I never knew. I found myself in the meadows, making my way down to the river. A dull pain throbbed through both heart and brain, and one strong, irresistible impulse impelled me on. My mother's loving watchfulness had hitherto kept my life from all care and sorrow; and I shrank from pain, and only thought of ridding myself of it. The great, autumn moon was just up as I reached the brink, pouring down her silver splendor on the turbid, foaming waters. I sat down beneath the shadow of a drooping willow, listening to the multitudinous gurgle of the waves, and the moaning rustle of the branches overhead. Mother's cattle-bells tinkled softly just below, and a solitary bird, a nightingale, perhaps, sang mournfully from a neighboring thicket. All these sights and sounds were as familiar as my own identity; and I felt an infinite pity for myself, looking upon and listening to them for the last time—for the last time it surely was; after the cruel blow I had received life was out of the question. One plunge into those dark waters would end all! And then, when Jessie heard of my sad fate, she would repent of what she had done, and love me when it was too late. I even fancied how my funeral would be conducted, after my body was found; and actually suffered a good deal from fear that there would not be an appropriate epitaph written for my tombstone. If I had only have had a scrap of paper and a pencil, I should have

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composed and left one myself; but not having these requisites, I had to resign myself to my fate. Divesting myself of the new, blue-cloth coat, and hanging it very carefully and conspicuously on the branch of a tree, I prepared to make the fatal plunge. But at that instant my mother's face, wan and pallid, and full of beseeching love, seemed looking up from the moonlit waters. A keen pang shot through my heart. How would she bear my loss, she who had always loved me so? I could not do this deed without even bidding her farewell—I could not break my mother's heart! Snatching down my coat, I struck across the meadows at a rapid pace. At the cottage-gate I paused, chilled to the very soul by a feeling of awe and dread. The moonlight streamed down. There sat my mother in her low sewing-chair; I could see her wan, white face plainly. I opened the gate, and went up the gravel-walk with suppressed steps. She might be asleep, I thought—and she was, that quiet, dreamless sleep that knows no waking. She was dead.

Two or three days after her funeral, our old pastor came down to see me.

"Well, Chancy, my lad," he said, after a few moments' comforting conversation, "what do you purpose doing in the way of making a living?"

"I am undecided, sir—I haven't thought much about it. I've been writing a good deal of late, and I thought, perhaps——"

But he cut me short by a gesture.

"No, my lad, no! Give that up, it isn't your vocation. Follow in your good mother's footsteps—stick to your dairy, and you'll make a man of yourself."

I was cut to the very heart, but, somehow, his words stuck to me. The more I thought of them, the more I was convinced of their sense; and after awhile I made up my mind to take his advice. I threw away my pens and paper, and took to my mother's old occupation, driving the cows, and making butter-pats for market. It was a solitary life, yet I soon grew to love it. Twenty years after I found myself a rich man, the proprietor of the great Pearl Valley Dairy, and owner of Walnut Hill Farm.

I had ample means, so I gratified my love for travel. I wandered all over Europe, launched my barque upon the waters of the Nile, and sat beneath the shadow of the Pyramids; returning home again, sun-burned and foot-sore, with a weary, loveless heart. I shut myself up, having no intercourse with my fellow men, only in my business relations, and regarding woman kind with a bitter feeling of hate and distrust.

One sunny, autumn afternoon—I have a vivid remembrance of it, even to this day; it was early in October, and the sunlight, streaming down upon the great walnut-trees in front of my dwelling, and glinting through the tawny chestnut-leaves, seemed to have a peculiar warmth and brightness. I lay on a little hillside, just beyond the house, half-buried in yellow broom-sedge, listening to the distant roar of the pines, and watching, by turns, the blue smoke curling up from my meerschaum, and the busy village-folk down below me. There was a fair, or something of the kind, on foot, and an unusual bustle prevailed.

After awhile, I noticed a trim, girlish figure, wearing a brown robe, and a jaunty little hat, coming up from the town in the direction of Walnut Hill. I watched her with a feeling of interest, in spite of myself; and when she actually turned into the lane that led up to my door, I felt my heart palpitating like a boy's. Could it be possible that any woman would have the audacity to force herself into my house, to beard the lion in his den? On she came, her brown veil and streaming ribbons fluttering in the wind, her little gaiter-boots beating a brisk tattoo on the gravel. I lay quite still till she passed me, then rising on my elbow, I watched her covertly. On she went, straight up to my house, up the front steps, and then, bang! went the knocker. I heard the door open, and knowing that she had been admitted, I arose, and sauntered up myself, throughly vexed at the tremulous eagerness I felt to know who and what she was. She rose from her seat as I entered, saluting me with a pretty little bow.

"Excuse me, sir," she said; "but you are Mr. Chancellor Trowbridge, I believe, and I am Jessie Dunbar."

The silvery voice, the familiar face, the name, and some glittering ornament in her bosom, all struck me at one and the same moment. I felt my head spinning round like a top; but I managed to ask her to be seated again, and as she complied, I satisfied myself in regard to the ornament she wore. It was my ruby-brooch, the one for which I had given the hard-earned proceeds of poor mother's butter-pats—I could have sworn to that. What could it mean?

"We are holding a fair, Mr. Trowbridge," she began, "for the benefit of the soldiers' orphans; every one is giving us something, and I've come up to see if you won't help us. You will, I am sure."

"No, Miss," I answered, assuming a sternness I did not feel; "'tis a principle with me, never to encourage such institutions."

"Sir!" patting her dainty foot impatiently

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against the carpet, "not encourage feeding the orphans of dead soldiers—do you mean that?"

Her clear, dove-like eyes embarrassed me with their steady gaze.

I arose and took out my pocket-book.

"How much shall I give you, Miss Dunbar?"

"What you can afford, sir."

I handed her a fifty-dollar bill. Her eyes gladdened so, they fairly dazzled me.

"Oh, Mr. Trowbridge!" she cried, "I did not expect this. You are so good, so generous!"

She took out a delicate little purse, and crammed it in, then she turned to go.

"Good-by, Mr. Trowbridge!" she said, pausing in the door-way, and holding out her hand. "I thank you very much, indeed; but won't you come down to the fair to-morrow night? Please do, Mr. Trowbridge."

I did not promise her, but I went, nevertheless; and after the fair was over, I attended Jessie home. My old sweetheart, grown into a buxom matron, met me in the hall.

"At last, Chancy," she said, grasping both my hands; "but you've been an unfriendly, old curmudgeon all these years, and we may thank Jessie for luring you out of your den, I suppose. She's won her bet by it, too. You see, the girls were all here, laying plans for the fair, and they got to talking about you; and young Dr. Snyder offered to bet twenty-five dollars that none of them had the courage to go up to Walnut Hill and ask you for a donation. But Jessie made the venture, and now that you have come out of your seclusion, do be sociable, Chancy, for the sake of our old friendship."

I took her at her word. Almost every evening after that found me at Mr. Dunbar's pleasant home. And one spring night, when the air was sweet with balm, and the moonlight soft and mellow, and the great apple-tree, beneath which we sat, was white with fragrant bloom, I made the same proposal to Jessie that I had made to her mother twenty years before, not on my knees, however, but sitting by her side, with her little hand in mine.

"I loved your mother years ago, Jessie," I said; "but I was a silly boy then. I am a man now, and I love you as no man ever loves but once. Do you think you can be my wife?"

"I think I can, Mr. Trowbridge," she answered, simply; "and I'll do my best to make you a good one. I've thought of you a great deal all my life, and loved you, I believe, even before I ever knew you. Mother used to tell me about you when I was a little girl; and I always thought it was wrong in her to take your poem, and your brooch, and then laugh at you; though, of course, it was right for her to like papa. But I've always felt very sorry for you; it must have been terrible when you went home and found your mother dead. I've got the poem, and the ruby-brooch you gave mother; and I am very glad you love me so much, Mr. Trowbridge. Yes, I'll be your wife, and I'll try to make your life so happy, that you'll never remember the sorrowful past."

So I married the daughter of my old sweetheart; and there she sits in the great rocking-chair, before the blazing wood-fire; and that little thing on her lap is my son and heir, Chancellor Trowbridge, Jr. And in regard to myself, Chancellor Trowbridge, Sr., I am the happiest man that ever the sun shines on.

A DREAM OF FUTURE DAYS.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

I DREAM—I dream of future days,
  My soul will wander there,
To gaze upon the blooming hopes,
  Devoid of toil and care;
I will not heed the dreamy past,
  Nor count the wasted hours,
When sorrow filled the listless cup—
  Now Hope seems wreathed with flowers.

I dream of fair and angel forms,
  And smiling friends I'll meet;
Of angel harps, to music tuned
  In harmony, replete,
In those fair fields of endless green,
  Those suns that never set,
Those orbs of bright and dimless sheen,
  With nothing to regret.

I dream of my prospective home,
  And all those sunny hours.
When poesy will teach me sing
  'Midst ever-blooming flowers;
And through the mist of gathering years,
  A form steals to me now;
And soft and sweet a sister's kiss
  Is pressed upon my brow.

No more I'll dream of perished hopes,
  Nor many a spoken word
That, lost amid the wreck of time,
  Will ne'er again be heard.
No more the ghosts of buried joys
  Start up and haunt my gaze;
My soul is fixed on fairer scenes,
  And dreams of happier days.

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MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE governor of the Bastile had retired to his own apartments within that grim old fortress. All the duties of the day had been performed. The allowance of black bread and impure water had been doled out to the prisoners, and the doors closed, leaving them in utter darkness. All these horrible duties being settled to his satisfaction, the governor was ready for his own luxurious supper, and sat waiting for it with some impatience. Originally this man was neither hard-hearted or cruel; but holding a position where these qualities were exacted from him, they had gradually become a part of his nature. Unlimited power of the worst kind had made him a tyrant, and hardened his heart to iron.

As this man sat, calm and indifferent, in an atmosphere of misery, which rose around him like a miasma, a grim, stalwart man, in the dress of a keeper, knocked at the door and came in, removing the cap from his head in token of respect for the presence he was in.

The governor turned in his chair and recognized the man.

"Well, Christopher," he said, "what news from the city? A little more quiet, I hope."

"Not a bit," answered the keeper, promptly. "I have been among the clubs, as you bade me, and have made my observations. The feeling of discontent grows stronger and stronger."

"Well, what do they expect to accomplish by grumbling, the varlets? I wish we had them here, Christopher; a week or two of such lodgings and fare as we could give them, would bring down their courage. We have that whole lower range of cells unoccupied now, for our Louis is chicken-hearted about sending his subjects here, merely to oblige his friends; and he has no favorites, Marie Antoinette looks well to that."

"Yes; and she it is who prevents the prison being full, as it was in the good old time, when we registered a *lettre-de-cachet* every day. It is this clemency that emboldens the people, and sets them clamoring for the thing they call 'liberty!' Liberty, indeed, we would give them enough to quarrel about if we had them all here but for a single month."

"Ah!" said the governor, who seemed on excellent terms with his man. "But how are we to get them here, when we never see the king's signature, except it be to empty our cells of their prisoners? He seems to forgive all men before they are sentenced, especially his own enemies. I tell you, Christopher, this king, in his leniency, has brought this fortress of the Bastile down to the level of a common jail; and his conduct fills me with such disgust, that I am at times half resolved to throw up my commission."

The keeper looked through one of the narrow windows, and took a survey of the ponderous walls; then, turning with a grim smile, he said,

"If the walls were less thick, a resignation might be prudent just now; but I think they will defy all the clubs in Paris."

"Or in all France," answered the governor, laughing. "My drawbridge once up, and no monarch in Europe sits as firmly on his throne as I do. Would to heaven his majesty was half as safe in Versailles!"

"Nay, I think the people hate the man they call their tyrant of the Bastile worse than they do the monarch at Versailles," said the keeper, a little maliciously—for cruel men are very seldom kind to each other.

"Let them hate," laughed the governor. "It will be a long time before their malice can reach him."

"Yes, as I said, the walls are thick."

"And here comes my supper, Christopher, which your news from the city shall not spoil," cried the governor, interrupting his subordinate, as a door was opened, and a daintily-arranged table revealed in the next room. "Step in, though, and let me hear all the news you have gathered."

The man stepped into the supper-room, and stood leaning against the door-frame, while his superior placed himself at the table.

"It is the Bastile against which the people hurl hatred, and launch their curses most

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bitterly," he said. "Thinking me one of them—for I wore this—they spoke freely enough."

Here Christopher took a red cap from his pocket, and shook it viciously, as if he hated the very color.

The governor looked up and laughed again.

"So they thought you one of their order, my poor Christopher, and took you into their confidence on the strength of that red abomination. Well, when do they intend to tear down the Bastile?"

"Tear down the Bastile! Have we not decided that the walls may defy them?" replied the keeper, uneasily. "If I thought otherwise——"

"Well, what then, my good Christopher?"

"Why, then I should be glad to exchange places with any prisoner in the cells."

"A hard alternative, Christopher," said the governor, smiling over his well-filled plate, "and one not likely to happen. But we must be careful. If the rabble hate us, as you say, we must do nothing to arouse them."

That moment the loud clangor of a bell sounded down the passages of the prison.

"What is that, Christopher?" inquired the governor, laying down his knife and fork with something like consternation.

"Some one claiming admittance, who rings boldly, either an enemy, or an officer under authority of the law, I should say," answered the keeper.

"Go and see, Christopher."

The keeper went out, passed from the prison to the drawbridge, and looked across the moat, swollen and green with stagnant water, saw a single, slight figure claiming a passage over both by voice and gesture.

"Why was the bell rung?" asked Christopher of the guard.

"Because it is some one with an order for the governor. He held up a paper."

"Is he quite alone?"

"Yes, I saw him dismount from a tired horse, which you may yourself discover standing within the shadow of yonder building."

"Let down the drawbridge; but see that but one man enters—it may be a messenger from the court."

Directly the great chains of the drawbridge began to shake and rattle, the mighty hinges turned with ponderous heaviness, and the great mass of wood fell slowly downward, spanning the gulf of dark waters from wall to wall, like a causeway leading directly through Hades.

A slight figure left the opposite side of the moat, and crossed the bridge with a quick, nervous step, which soon brought him to the keeper, who keenly regarded him during his progress.

"A letter for the governor," said the stranger, promptly taking a folded paper from his girdle.

"Where from?" questioned Christopher.

"Directly from Versailles. Besides this, I am intrusted with a message which can only be given in person; oblige me by saying so much in my behalf."

Christopher took the letter and held it between his teeth, while the ponderous machinery of the bridge was put in motion again, and the whole fabric loomed up.

The stranger started as he saw the huge fabric uplifted like some massive gate rising between him and the world he had left; but he made no protest, and only grew a little paler than before, as the awful blackness of its shadow fell upon him.

"There is no danger from any one on this side," muttered the keeper, moving slowly away, leaving the stranger standing by the guard; "but in these times it is hardly safe to admit even a stripling like that after dark."

He found the governor deep in his meal, which he enjoyed with the zest of a man who has few sources of occupation or amusement, and, therefore, gives free scope to the appetite. He was just filling a glass of wine as Christopher came in, and holding it up, smiled to see its amber hues sparkle in the lamplight. Indeed, he was too pleasantly occupied for any remembrance of the errand on which the keeper had gone.

"Ah! is it you again, my Christopher?" he said, draining the glass with a mellow smack of the lips. "Well, what news? The bell rang, if I remember. What unreasonable person was so bold?"

"It is a messenger from Versailles, your excellency; some one with a letter, and a special message to yourself."

"From Versailles? Let him in; let him in. It is not often that Louis the Sixteenth requires my services. That is why the rabble has dared to lift its clamor against the Bastile. If he would but crowd the old prison from foundation to roof with the disaffected, there would be no more cries of 'Down with the Bastile!' in the streets of Paris. Let the king's messenger present himself, he is welcome."

Christopher went out, and directly returned with the page in close company. When this person was seen in the full glare of the light, the appearance of extreme youth vanished. He

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was slender, elegant, and bright; but there was something in the curve of the mouth, and a depth of expression about the eyes, which belied the boyish air and foppish costume so completely, that the governor arose to receive him with unconscious humility.

"This letter," said the page, "will inform you of my business; after that let me pray that we converse alone."

"Christopher, you may go," said the governor, filling another glass of wine, and holding it toward his visitor with one hand while he replenished his own glass with the other. "Now, sir, sit down while I read this missive."

The page accepted the wine, and drank it off, for he felt the need of it after a long and wearisome ride of hours. While the slow color was coming back to his face, the governor was earnestly perusing the letter. It evidently gave him some disturbance as he read, for a flush of hotter red than the Rhenish wine could give rose into his face, while his eyes grew large and opened wide with astonishment.

"From her," he muttered, uneasily. "Why it is years and years since I have seen her name. How came she at Versailles? Must talk freely with her messenger! As if I wanted anything to do with him or her either! Why it might cost me dear with his majesty, and set the rabble to hunting me down like a dog! My own safety! Danger! Humph! Humph!"

All this was muttered incoherently by the astonished governor, while the page sat keenly regarding him, catching up here and there a disjointed word, which made his eyes sparkle and his lips curve scornfully.

"Well," said the governor, crushing the letter slowly in his hand, where he rolled it indolently between his thumb and finger, "you come to me from Madame Du Barry—a beautiful woman in her time, and in some sort a friend of mine."

"In some sort?" repeated the page, almost with a sneer. "I thought from what madame said, that she had been a most earnest and all-powerful friend to you in times when her friendship was a fortune, and her enmity ruin."

"Did she say that? Very natural. The importance of objects magnifies as they recede. It is many years since I knew the madame; and in those years she has ceased to be powerful, either in love or hate. Even her beauty, they tell me, is all gone—and in that lay the power she makes such boast of. Still I have a tender remembrance of the madame, who had a kind of loveliness that was almost distracting. At one time I almost adored her; and as for the lady—— Well, it would not be quite proper to state how much of her boasted kindness sprang from a more tender sentiment than she would have liked to acknowledge before the king; but I have my memories."

Here the young man sprang to his feet, clenched one white hand under its frills of delicate lace, advanced a step, as if to dash it in that flushed face, and let it fall again with a sharp, unnatural laugh.

"Another glass of wine," he said, unclinching the hand; "these reminiscences are so pleasant they amuse me!"

The governor lifted the bottle near him, and dashed a flood of the amber liquid over the white hand which held the glass, for his own was rendered a little unsteady by the sudden action of the page.

The young man tossed off the wine with a laugh that rang mockingly through the room.

"Well," he said, "as you and the Du Barry were such intimate friends, we can talk with the more freedom. Both you and the lady are just now in imminent peril."

"Peril! How?"

"Both with the king, which is not so threatening, but with the people, who are getting dangerous."

"As how? Speak out! This is the second time to-day I have been warned of the people's hate. But the king—in what way have I offended him?"

"In nothing that I know of. But occasions arise in which our best friends act, unconsciously, with our worst enemies. The king, in his goodness, works hand-in-hand with the people, who hate him and us."

"In what way?" inquired the governor, now deeply interested. "Why should his majesty do aught to imperil an old and faithful officer like me? That he should hold some malice against Du Barry is not remarkable. She was impudent enough while he was Dauphin to account for any ill-feeling he may have toward her now; but with me, who have always been a favorite, the thing is impossible."

The page still kept on his feet and walked up and down the room, forgetting all forms of politeness in his excitement. He paused at last, and flashed a glance of brilliant scorn upon the governor.

"There is no such thing as impossibilities where the selfishness or ingratitude of men are concerned," he said. "The idol of the people to-day is not sure of his position for a week."

"Of the people? Yes. But I claim nothing of them; my strength lies in the king."

The page gave his antagonist—for such these

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two persons were fast becoming—a sharp glance, but made no answer to his last speech, which had apparently made no impression upon him.

"The king, the queen, and, most of all, you and the lady on whose behalf I come, are in danger. A single new cause of discontent against this prison, and the smouldering hate of the people will break forth. Louis foresaw this, but had not force of will enough to prevent it. One word from his wife, and he was ready to brave everything."

"But what has he done?"

The page drew close to the table and leaned one hand upon it.

"Years ago, the very last of our old king's reign, a man was brought to the Bastile—his name was Gosner."

"Gosner—why that man is alive yet. Neither dampness or famine seem to have any impression on him. He was brought here under a *lettre-de-cachet*, and was one of Madame Du Barry's enemies. I remember, she came here to the prison, just after the old king died, and upbraided this man with having killed him by his necromancy. She was very bitter against him, and seemed afraid that he might be pardoned out. That woman had a hard heart."

"Yes; she had a hard heart," repeated the page; "but often, ah! so often, she was forced to be cruel in self-defence. It is so now—it is so now!"

Once more the page was walking up and down the room; he paused suddenly.

"This man, Gosner, was, at the request of madame, put into the underground cells," he said, "where he has been until within the last year. When we took him out he was almost blind—a poor, enfeebled creature, hardly worthy of the new life we gave him."

"And now?" questioned the page.

"Now he is but little better—a gleam or two of light and air does not change a prisoner of many years so much as you might imagine; besides, this man was feeble from the first, but lived on, withering away into the shadow he is."

"Well, this is the man they will parade before the people as a proof of the terrible cruelties practiced here."

The governor half rose from his feet in sudden alarm.

"Who will do this?" he exclaimed.

"The king; or, rather, his Austrian wife."

"The king!"

"Who has pardoned this man, Gosner."

The ruddy countenance of the governor lost its tone, and a cold whiteness crept over his lips. At last he turned a blanched and scared face upon the page. The great danger of his position had forced itself upon him.

"And the king has done this? I cannot believe it."

"You may, for to-morrow will bring the proof. The order of Gosner's release was signed this morning, and is now in Paris."

The governor was on his feet at once.

"What is to be done? You came here for something more than this. Madame Du Barry has heard of Gosner's pardon. She sent you here. What does she propose? This is a case that concerns us all, and may destroy us all."

"Unless proper steps are taken," said the page, in a low voice.

"But what steps can be taken?"

"You ask me that?" answered the page, with a strange smile on his lips; "you, who know all the mysteries of this prison, who receive men without record, and send them forth for burial with only a number instead of a name?"

"Who told you these things?" demanded the governor, with a sudden panic.

"No matter, I know; then I know, also, that this man, Dr. Gosner, is not an inmate of this prison. He was buried within the month, and the number attached to his name is registered against it."

"You know this?" cried the governor. "Rather you suggest it."

"Yes, I suggest it. This man must not be let loose to prowl the streets of Paris, and drive the rabble wild with his stories of the Bastile, its cruelties, its dungeons, and its underground horrors. He was a man of wonderful eloquence, and freedom will touch his tongue with fire. His white hair, the wonderful pathos in his eyes, and that shadowy form, will excite the people to terrible wrath."

The governor was trembling visibly throughout his entire frame. He leaned his hand so heavily on the table that the glasses, with the amber and ruby-tinted drops left in them, shook and rattled together beneath his pressure.

"Madame Du Barry was the person who cast this man into prison, the people hates her already," continued the page, who was himself growing strangely pale. "This man will first assail her; as for yourself——"

The governor dropped into the chair he had left, and gazed upon the page with frightened eyes and parted lips, a remembrance of all he had done to the prisoner since his incarceration, of the neglect, starvation, the awful solitude in which he had been left, year after year,

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scarcely speaking to a human being, swept over him in all the blackness of its horrors.

"As for yourself," continued the page, "all the enormous cruelties practiced in the Bastile, during the last twenty years, will be heaped upon your shoulders. This man has been an inmate of the lower-cells; he has been chained by the waist to your dank walls, along which reptiles were eternally dragging their slime across and around him; he has heard the perpetual lapping of fetid waters against the enormous walls, which were not thick enough to keep the poisonous drops from creeping down the rugged walls, and dropping on his hands, his hair, and his emaciated limbs——"

"Hold! hold!" cried the governor. "If this man says but half of these things to the people, they will seize upon me in the street and tear me limb from limb."

"But the danger must be avoided. It is a question of life and death with you and the madame. The king in his clemency is flinging fire-brands among his own enemies, with which they will consume him."

"When did you say the pardon would come?" inquired the governor.

"In the morning, very early."

"We will be prepared!"

The color was coming back to that broad face. The governor had arrived at a conclusion—his prisoner should never go forth to the world to fire the hearts of men against him. He rang a little house-bell that stood upon the table with a sharpness that soon brought Christopher to the room.

"Bring me a light, Christopher, and lead the way to the office where our books are kept."

Christopher lighted a lamp, and led the way into a dark, stone chamber, which contained several oaken desks, on which lay ponderous books chained to staples driven deep into the wall. The governor opened one of these imposing volumes, and, after turning over several of its leaves, ran his finger down a column which bore a date that ran back to a period in which Louis the Fifteenth reigned in France.

"Only two entered at this period left," he muttered; "and this delicate man one of them. How fearfully strong life is. It seems as if some men never would die."

"Who are you seeking for—the man who died this morning?" inquired Christopher, who was greatly astonished that the governor should have entered that room, or thought of examining the books.

"Did a man die this morning?" demanded the governor, quickly. "What is his name? How long has he been here?"

"His name," answered Christopher, with a grim smile, "has died out long ago; but we can trace it by the number, if you will give me time. As to the how long—I cannot remember when he was not here."

Here the page stepped forward.

"You have seen the man, I suppose—tell me, was he fair or dark, large or small, old or young?"

"He was fair, young, sir, when I first knew him, slender, too, and of most gentle bearing. As to age, men grow old here rapidly."

"But he seems old?"

"Yes, a little, worn, old man."

"That will do," said the governor, promptly. "Now let us see this other person. Get the keys, Christopher, I will go with you to the cells—there is the number."

Christopher took the scrap of paper, on which a number was written, and selecting a bunch of keys from a heap that lay in one of the desks, took the lamp in his disengaged hand. The governor made a sign to the page, and all three plunged at once into the black labyrinth of passages which led into the stony heart of the prison. Through long, vault-like halls, down narrow chasms, that seemed hewn from the original rock, far into the very bowels of the earth these three persons penetrated. After a time they heard low, sobbing murmurs, indescribably mournful, which came to them out of the darkness, as if the very stones were saturated with tears. Once the clank of a chain broke sharply through these murmurs, and the grinding sound of a curse broke across the blackness of their progress.

At last they stopped before an oaken door, studded heavily with great iron knobs, over which time and dampness had woven a coat of reddish rust. A great, clumsy lock of iron spread far out on the ponderous oak, into which Christopher thrust an equally clumsy key, which ground its way through the rasping rust, and was only turned by a vigorous turn of both the keepers powerful hands.

At last the door was forced open, and there, sitting upon the bare, wet stones was a human being. He had just been aroused from a dreary sleep, and, supporting himself by the palms of both hands pressed upon the floor, was peering at them through a fall of snow-white hair, which drooped over the most mournfully white face that human eye ever gazed upon. When he saw the light, and more than one human face looking in upon his misery, this man, who

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scarcely knew what the presence of a fellow-creature was, began to tremble with strange apprehension, and crept half across the floor, whispering,

"Did she get the paper? Did she get the paper?"

His eyes were bright as diamonds, his white face was full of piteous entreaty; his voice sounded like the heart-broken prayer of a dying man.

They did not speak to him, but drew back, and partly closed the door upon him. Then a wild shriek broke from the dungeon, a cry of anguish so terrible that the page covered his face with both hands, and went staggering through the dark passage like a drunken creature.

"Oh! if I could but take it back—if I could tear this one sin from my soul!"

The governor heard this cry of anguish, but did not comprehend the words. He had witnessed too many scenes like the one they had left to tremble at the sight.

"Have no apprehension," he said. "They will not find him here in the morning, rest content; not even the king knows all the secrets of the Bastile.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE POET.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD

The Poet is, must ever be,
Oh, Freedom! on thy glorious side;
True poetry is grandly free,
It will no narrow bounds abide.

Like the untrammeled minds of Heaven,
With sweet and purifying force,
It winnows the vast universe,
And glad results attend its course.

Or as some river, broad and free,
It sweeps with fertilizing flow,
And barren wastes and desert wilds,
Transfigured, to new Edens grow.

Yet oft the poet's heart is sad,
With senses keener than his kind,
He feels far-off the great events
Undreamed of by the common mind.

And mad enthusiast is the cry
The skeptic herd around him raise;
Yet in his ear, unheard of them,
The glorious march of progress plays.

Oh, Poet! prophet ye are one,
Chanting in verse your prophecies;
Your pulse keeps time to the grand beat
Of revolutions' destinies.

The world applauds established truth;
You kiss and bless the new-born child;
Behold afar its triumph hour,
E'en while 'tis hunted and reviled.

Where'er new good supplants old wrong
You'll find the poet's helping hand;
His verse the sad reformer cheers,
And stirs, like battle-call, the land.

Oh, Poet! blessed is thy lot,
Though lonely and misjudged of men;
The darling of the gods art thou,
Sharing the secrets known to them.

OUR YOUTHFUL DAYS.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

Our youthful days are fled for aye,
And we are older grown;
Then let us not recall again
The joys and pains we've known;
For 'mong the memories of the past
Are many shadows deep;
And if we call them up again,
We can but sigh and weep.

Weep o'er the broken idols there,
And faded dreams so bright,
When we thought life a happy day,
Filled with the sunbeams bright;
And in those early days of life,
With joyous, buoyant heart,
We learned the lesson sweet to love,
But soon we learned to part.

For death, with icy fingers, closed
Around our loved ones dear,
And sunbeams turned to shadows then,
And sorrow lingered near;
And as we journey on in life
We feel the weight of years,
And know how vain are all regrets,
And sighs, and dreams, and tears.

Then let us not recall the past,
But leave it buried there,
And to the future turn our gaze,
And overcome despair.
Our youthful days are fled for aye,
With all their care and pain;
And as we journey on in life,
Recall them not again.

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EBENEZER'S COURTSHIP.

BY MRS. G. J. BEEBE.

"FILINDY ANN! dew come here to the winder and see if ye know whose shirred sun-bunnit and gingham umbrell that is a comin' up the lane. No ye needn't, nuther. I see now—it's Miss Greenland. Seems to me she's gittin' proud in her old age; that bunnit's a new one, and she's kivered her sunshade over.

"She's comin' to spend the afternoon, and she'll have to go in the spare bed-room to take off her things. Run, Filindy Ann, quick! and put on the pine-apple bed-quilt, and the piller-cases with the weepin'-willer worked onto 'em in yaller silk. Come, now, don't git staggernated!

"Law suz, I never! I hain't the least idee but what the dust's an inch thick in t'other room, and there ain't a speck o' sugar-cake in the house, nuther. And Miss Greenland's sich an oncommon pecooler pusson, she'd go rite hum agin, ef she thought she was makin' anybody trouble.

"I guess Filindy Ann kin make the cake. I'll slip out a minit and see she don't put in saltpetre instid o' pearlash, and sweeten the applesass with that yarb-tea instid o' merlasses.

"My sakes! I thought ye was goin' to stay all day. Air ye sure ye didn't put the bed-quilt on crossways, nor the piller-cases t'other end up? Well, run out now, and wash up the kittles, and put over some bilin' water.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Greenland! Walk rite in t'other room and pull off yer things. I hain't seen ye look so well in all my recollection.

"Thank you, Mrs. Stubbs, my health has always been of the most excellent quality. I think the afternoon is extremely sultry. Oh! do not inconvenience yourself with regard to my apparel; allow it to remain on this chair, it will then be in extreme proximity when I am preparing to take up my departure."

"Law, Miss Greenland, come into the bed-room, and put 'em here on the bed."

"Thank you, Mrs. Stubbs. If it will not cause trouble, I think I will do so, and also arrange my ringlets before the mirror."

"Now don't be afeard o' makin' trouble, Miss Greenland, fur when I hev company, I allers like to make 'em comfortable. So set down in this arm-cheer."

"Oh! excuse me, Mrs. Stubbs, I wouldn't for a moment entertain the idea of depriving you of your accustomed seat."

"Now you jest take this cheer, Miss Greenland, and I'll bring in mine from the settin'-room, and see what Filindy Ann's up to. I'll be rite back."

"These servants, Mrs. Stubbs, are enough to discourage a person of the most gigantic nerves from attempting to regulate her household affairs properly."

"Filindy Ann! where be ye? Sure, now, ye didn't wash them kittles in cold water, and wipe 'em on the cup-towel? Now, here, you jest pour bilin' water on that dish-cloth, it looks as ef you'd been takin' up ashes with it, instid o' usin' the shovel.

"Law suz! jest you come here, and see ef that ain't uncle Ebenezer's nose a stalkin' up through the medder. It is! I thought I couldn't be mistaken in that nose o' his'n, though ef I'd a seen it anywhere else, I should sartinly hev took it fur a seed-cucumber.

"I declare ef that ain't enuff to discourage a pusson. He's the most confirmedest old bachelor I know of, and she's the most confirmedest old maid. I'll tell ye what I'll do, I'll git 'em in the spare room together, and then I'll slip out and see about gittin' tea.

"There he is now, comin' up the back stoop. Run, Filindy Ann, and let him in through the wood-house, and don't tell him there's anybody here.

"How de do, Ebenezer! No, Enos has gone down to the village, but I'm expectin' him hum every minat. Let's go in t'other room, it's cooler there, and the flies ain't so thick, nuther."

"Well, I don't keer ef I do, fur the sun's powerful to-day."

"I hope you didn't git tired o' waitin', Miss Greenland; husband's brother Ebenezer's come, and husband ain't got hum yet. I guess we'll hev to entertain him awhile."

"Why, Sophier Stubbs, is that you? What do ye s'pose I've done? I've sent yer uncle Ebenezer hum with Miss Greenland!"

"Oh, aunt Lizy!"

"It's a fact, and I'll tell ye how it cum. Ye see I was a settin' by the winder, this afternoon, and I seen sombody a comin' up the lane, and first I didn't know who it was, but purty

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soon I see it was Miss Greenland. Ef she'd been a flourishin' her big, turkey-feather fan, as usual, I'd a knowed her in a minit; but instid, she had it under her mantiller.

"Well, in she cum, a primpin' up her mouth and a gittin' off her big words. Bime-by, I cum out in the kitchen to see how things was gittin' on, and lo and behold, who should I see but yer uncle Ebenezer a comin' 'cross lots to the house. So I up and took him into the other room without tellin' him anybody was here.

"When we went in the room, Miss Greenland was the most surprisedest-lookin' critter ye ever seen; and as to Eben, he colored up to the tip end o' his nose. He's got a master long nose; though I can't say much, fur yer uncle Enos' is most as big.

"Did I ever tell ye the first time I seen yer uncle Enos? Why, I was a goin' to the village to buy me a caliker dress—caliker was somethin' purty nice in them days. I know father was short o' money, and mother mustered together what she could, and sent me to the village with four dozen eggs in the willer-basket to make out. I was most there, and was goin' along in the path-side o' the road, when who should I see a comin' but yer uncle Enos. Well, when he cum up to where I was, we both turned out on the same side to go by; then I felt kinder shamed like, and I dodged the other side quick, and so did he; and we might a been standin' there to this day, fur all I know, ef he hadn't a turned out to the right and ketched hold of his nose, and sez he, 'I guess we kin pass now.'

"Well, I went on to the village, and every time I thought about it I couldn't help laffin'.

"'Twant more'n a week after that, Sary Eliza Terwilliger, she had an apple-cut, and I went along o' brother Ben. I had on that same caliker-dress—it was a white ground, with a red-and-black figger shot through it. I gored the skirt and ruffled the sleeves, and hemmed a white ruffle for the neck; Melissy Purdy said it was the purtiest dress there.

"We got there airly, and a hull passel of us sot down to work; the boys peeled the apples, and the girls cored 'em. Purty soon somebody cum, and I looked up, and who should it be but yer uncle. I laffed, and he laffed, and Sary Eliza stood by, and sez she, 'Mr. Stubbs, I'll make ye acquainted with Miss Gray.'

"So he sot down by me, and after we got through with the apples he took me to supper. He seen me hum that night, and after that I kept company with him till we was married.

"But I sot out to tell about yer uncle Ebenezer and Miss Greenland. He hemmed and hawed when he sat down, and sez he, 'It's an orful warm day.'

"'It's exceedingly oppressive,' sez she, a flourishin' her fan rite and left.

"'I wouldn't wonder ef we had thunder-showers,' sez he.

"'Oh! I hope not, for I'm childishly afraid of thunder-showers,' sez she. 'And the litenin' has struck in close proximity to me repeatedly.'

"'It never struck near me,' sez he.

"'Some persons seem to possess charmed lives,' sez she.

"'Which?' sez he.

"'Some persons seem to be endowed with charmed lives,' sez she, agin.

"'Oh!' sez he. 'I s'pose I ain't so charmin' as I was once; but I know somebody that gits charminer every day.'

"Thinks to me it's time I was a gettin' out o' this, so I excused myself about supper; and, bime-by, Enos cum home.

"I telled him what was a brewin', and I thought he'd die a laffin'.

"'I'm goin' in,' sez he.

"'No you ain't,' sez I. 'You'll spoil it all.'

"'No I won't,' sez he; 'I wouldn't miss the fun for no money.'

"So he went in, and I flew round and got tea reddy; and, bime-by, Ebenezer cum out, and, sez he, 'Lizy, I allers thought you was a woman of oncommon good judgment; now,' sez he, 'what's yer opinion o' Miss Greenland?'

"'Why,' sez I, 'I think she's a proper nice woman.'

"'That's jest what I think,' sez he; 'and I tell ye what it is, Lizy, we're both kinder lonesome; and I believe the best thing we ken do is to git married.'

"'Well, Ebenezer,' siz I, 'my father used to till me, 'Lizy,' sez he, 'don't you ever git married as long as you can help it; for when the right one comes along, you'll find you can't help it if ye try.'

"Jest then Enos cum out, and, sez he, 'Lizy, ain't supper most reddy?'

"'Oh, yes!' sez I, 'all but settin' on the tea.'

"So I went in and called Miss Greenland; and she cum out, lookin' kind o' scairt-like.

"Awhile after supper, there was a black cloud cum up, and she sed she'd better go hum; so, sez I, 'Ebenezer, Miss Greenland's afeard o' litenin'; mebby you'd better see her hum.'

"'Certingly,' sez he, 'if she's willin.'

"So she got reddy, and they started off; and

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husband, he laffed so loud I was afeard they'd hear him.

"They did look funny enuff, though; she was so strait and still-like, you'd a thought the wind kerried her along; and he a swingin' both arms, with her fan in one hand and her sun-shade in the other.

"And I wouldn't wonder a bit, Sophier, ef there was a weddin' afore long, and we was both invited."

A LONE WAIF.

BY MISS. BELLA PARROTT.

A solitary waif,
Upon the changeful sea,
Will lightly float, serene and safe,
Where tempests roar and billows chafe,
And the foundered ship sinks hopelessly.

'Tis true that gallant bark
Bore the cherished and the brave;
But the surge has hushed their last death-note,
While the lonely waif is still afloat.
On that vengeful, melancholy wave.

And 'mid the living crowd
That throng Life's busy mart,
Are there not many desolate,
Who pray for death, or wishing, wait,
His last, his sure, envenomed dart?

The gifted and the fair;
The cherished and the brave;
The hope of youth, the stay of years,
They who are mourned with bitterest tears,
Sink earliest to the solemn grave.

They who are formed to bless,
Whose life is one bright dream,
Struck by some thunderbolt from Heaven,
Sink, while the lonely waif is driven
Adown life's dull and solemn stream.

BEAUTIFUL HILLS OF EDEN.

BY ANDREW SHERWOOD.

In my dreams I have thought of the Heavenly land,
Far away up the portals of morn,
Where the evergreen-mountains eternally stand,
And the beautiful rivers are born;
'Tis the land of the leal, 'tis the home of the blest,
Where our sorrows are known not, they say;
Where the way-weary voyager findeth a rest,
And the pure waters wander away.

Our gaze cannot soar to the evergreen-vales,
Which alone by the fancy is trod;
But our souls are refreshed by the odorous gales,
Which are fanned from the gardens of God;
And we sometimes have longed for that beautiful world,
Where the blue hills in majesty rise,
And the clouds, like an army with banners unfurled,
Float away through the ambient skies.

Oh! the stars never smile from their temples of light,
Where the world of eternity glows,
And we never behold the blue mountains at night,
But we dream of a holy repose.
We are traveling home as the centuries roll,
Each a sailor on life's open sea,
To the beautiful hills in the land of the soul,
Whose pleasures and treasures are free.

DREAMS.

BY MRS. A. E. WOODBURY.

Dreams—what are they? No sage can tell
What bears the obedient soul afar,
On tireless wing, to scenes long past—
To moon or star.

All heights and depths, trod with an ease
These mortal bodies ne'er could tread;
Faces familiar greet and smile;
Forms of the dead

Are clothed with life and health; and hands
Clasp ours with youth's warm clasp of love,
Or, crooked with age, and care, and pain,
Tremblingly move.

And other dreams we have, so fraught
With pain and passion, that the pen
Need not the record give, to meet
The eyes of men.

Sometimes, ah! blissful moments rare,
Of Heaven's bliss we catch a gleam,
And wake to find the vision sweet
Was but a dream.

But, though a dream, the holy calm
May tarry with us, if we will;
And, storm-tossed, we may hear the Voice
Say, "Peace, be still!"

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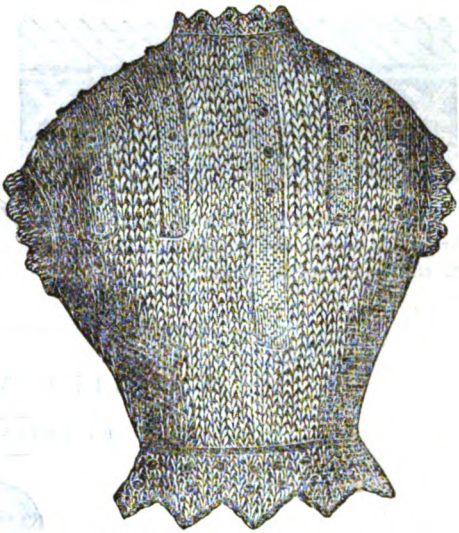
LADIES' JACKET WITHOUT SLEEVES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This jacket is worked with red fleecy wool in a sort of crochet *a tricater;* the strips, which form the trimming, are knitted with red Berlin wool. The back and front are worked separately, and crocheted together on the shoulders and under the arms. Cut a good paper pattern from a bodice and try it on, then begin to work the back part at the upper edge on a sufficiently long foundation chain, and work the first double row as follows:

1st row: Make one loop in every foundation chain, and throw the wool forward after every loop.

2nd row: Cast off the stitches on the needle with the next stitch formed by throwing the wool forward.

In the first row of the second double row take up together one loop in the long chain, and in the stitch of the following stitches formed by throwing the wool forward in the preceding row, and throw the wool forward. At the beginning of every double row miss the first stitch formed by throwing the wool forward, and throw the wool forward after the first selvedge-stitch; the increasing and decreasing takes place at the end of the rows from the paper pattern. When you have arrived at the lower edge, crochet one row of slip-stitches on the last row. Each front part begins likewise at the upper edge, decreasing at the place marked for the breast-pleats on the paper pattern. The front edge of the front parts must be straight. When the back and front parts are completed, crochet them together on the wrong side with slip-stitches, and fasten the knitted bands and the waistband. The latter is terminated at the bottom with vandykes. Begin to work the same with thick, fleecy wool; cast on ten stitches and knit backward and forward twenty plain rows, increasing one stitch at the end of every other row on one side of the knitting, so that the twentieth row has twenty stitches. In the following twenty rows decrease in the same proportion as you increased before. Knit on in the same manner till the waistband is wide enough, (on our pattern eight vandykes,) edge the straight border with a row of double stitches in black wool, and the vandyked border with small chain-stitch scallops. Then sew the waistband on the jacket, letting the vandykes hang down. A similar narrower strip of vandykes edge the armhole and neck. Cast on five stitches for each of these strips; each strip in the middle is nine stitches wide. The strips which trim the jacket are knitted with Berlin wool the long way: they are edged with chain-stitch scallops in black wool, and ornamented with jet beads from illustration. They are one inch wide. At the front edge of the jacket sew on hooks and eyes for fastening it. This jacket is both tasty and useful.

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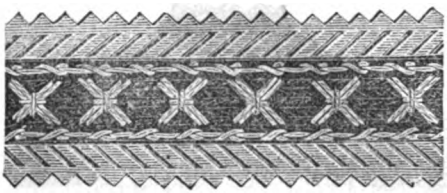
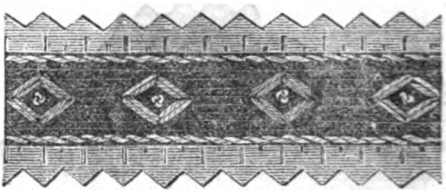
TWO BORDERS FOR PETTICOATS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





THE foundation is a strip of cloth with black braid laid over it, and worked with loose stitches of silk and wool in bright, variegated colors. The woolen braid is fastened on with yellow silk. The different stitches may be easily worked from the design.

PANNIER MANTILLA

BY EMILY H. MAY.

AMONG the novelties of the month is a Pannier Mantilla, an engraving of which we give above. It will be quite a fashionable article of dress; and it is so simple that any lady can make it for herself. It would be quite suitable for young ladies made in book muslin, with hemmed frills, edged with narrow thread lace and goffered. It may be made of the material of the dress, in black lace, or in the most useful of all materials, black silk. Of silk, twenty-four inches in width, four yards and a half would be needed, and sixteen yards of black satin rouleau.

On the next page we give a diagram, from which it may be cut out.

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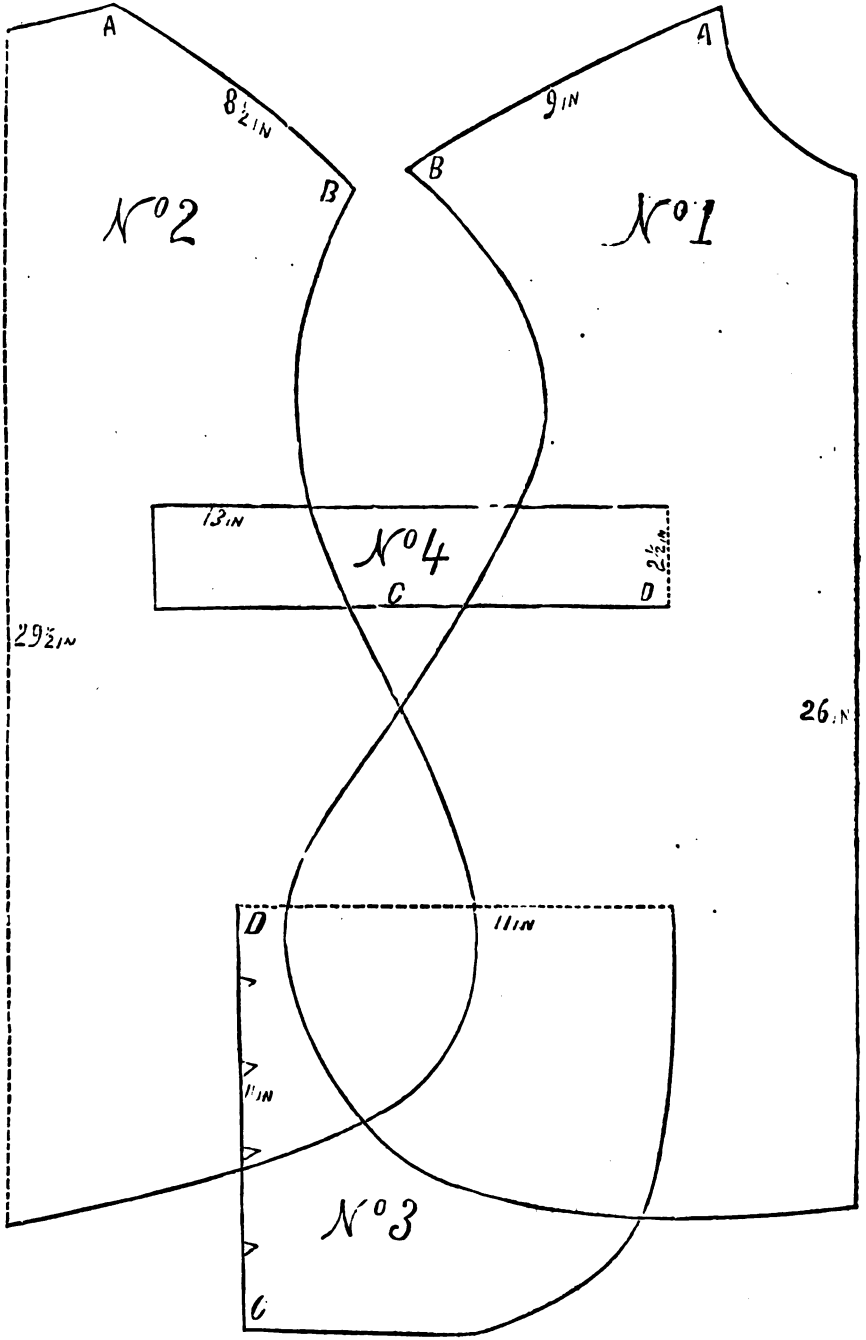

No. 1. Front.
No. 2. Back.
No. 3. Half of Pannier.
No. 4. Half of Band.

The Pannier is to be pleated into the band. A more useful article of dress is not likely to appear this season, and will more than repay for the slight trouble of making it.

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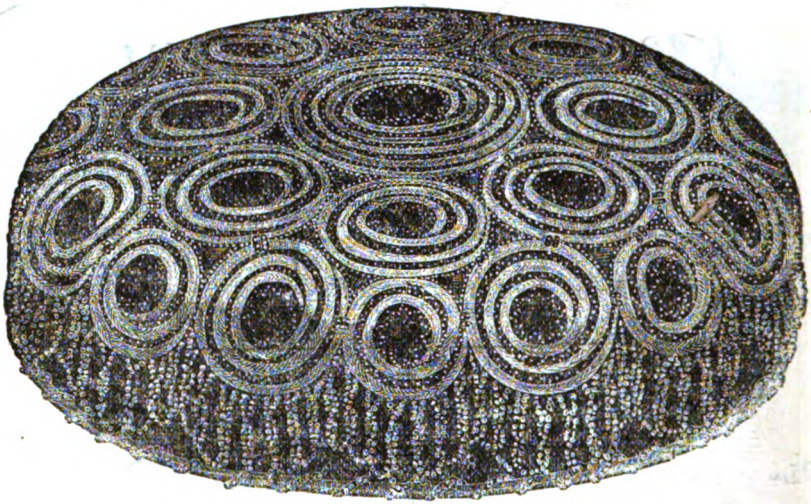
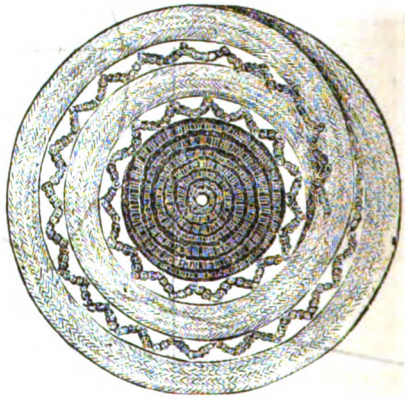
ROUND FOOT-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Red woolen braid, medium sized silk cordon, steel beads, No. 7, glass and chalk beads, same size, one yard and a half of thick, red woolen cord, a piece of blue cashmere, half a yard square, a strip of black velvet, one yard and a half long, four inches wide, strong gray linen, glazed calico, a little darker.

Rosettes of three different sizes form the covering of this stool. These are twenty-five in number, and consist of little rounds one inch in diameter, worked in crochet with black silk. For each of these make a chain of ten stitches, close in a ring and work round eight rows in double stitch, making the proper increase for the work to be quite flat. For the large, middle rosette, a ninth row must be worked in treble, and thus increased to an inch and a half, as clearly shown in the design. The rosettes are filled up with flat, spiral windings of red braid, which are fastened upon a firm paper ground by scallops of strong beads. Each of the eight smallest rosettes has two spiral windings; each of the sixteen large ones has three. For the center one, five inches in diameter, five braid windings are required. For the innermost bead scallops in all the rosettes, two glass and one chalk bead must be strung alternately upon strong white thread, and fastened once on the braid, and then on the crochet. The remaining bead windings are alternating of glass beads entirely once, and then of chalk and glass beads. The number of beads for the slanting scallop lines must be increased in proportion to the widening of the circle. The second bead winding must be begun where the two braid windings join, (see No. 1,) not between them.



When all the rosettes are finished, they are joined together, as in No. 2, and with the exception of the alternate large and small outer scallops, are surrounded with scallops of six steel beads. The thread must be always carried back through the two last beads.

The place where the rosettes are joined is

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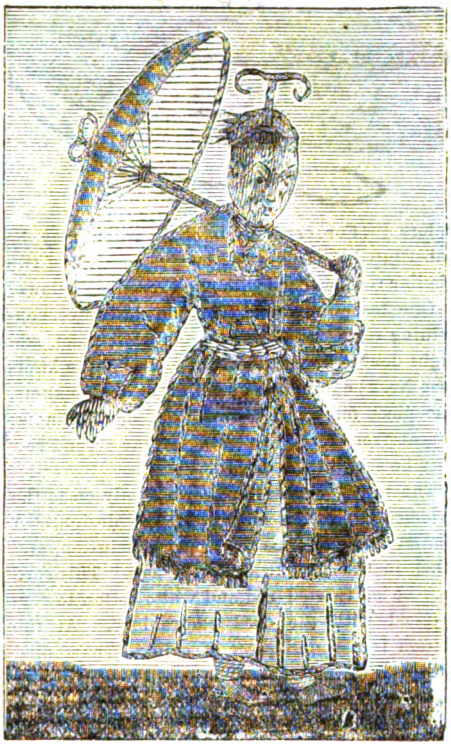
covered by two little cross-bars of four steel beads. The outer scallops are ornamented with bead loops one inch long; for each loop about seventy of the large glass beads are required. The rounded cushion, which measures fourteen inches in diameter, has a black velvet edge three inches broad, an upper covering of dark blue cashmere; and at the under edge a thick, red woolen cord, with glass beads, wound around it. The rosette covering, which shows the blue cashmere through, is fastened on with a few stitches at the upper edge.

CHINESE FIGURES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THESE figures are cut out of satin, and edged with gold cord, by which they are fastened to the foundation. The satin must be first carefully gummed upon paper. The under-dress of the Chinese in No. 1 is blue, the upper-dress red, the parasol is of red satin, the lining and handle are of white satin. The inner bars of the parasol, the fringe on the upper-dress, and the trimming of the chemisette, are in fine gold cord; for the seams and edge of the belt the cord must be thick. For the folds, fine black stitches are required. Face, hands, and hair are worked in the usual marked stitches upon a ground of flesh-color with split silk stitches; two shades of brown are required for the hair. The ornament on the head is of violet silk, and gold thread. The stockings are of white silk, and the shoes red.

No. 2.—The under-dress and sleeves are of straw-colored satin; the folds are marked by red and black stitches. The upper-dress is red satin, with wide sleeves, and trimmed with fringe of fine gold cord. The scarf is of white silk, also trimmed with fringe and fine gold cord. The fan in the hand is of white satin: the foundation and handle are fastened together with gold cord. These figures make very showy decorations for segar-cases, tobacco-pouches, etc.

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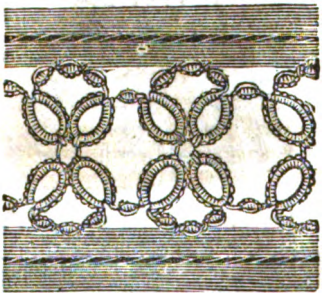
LINEN BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

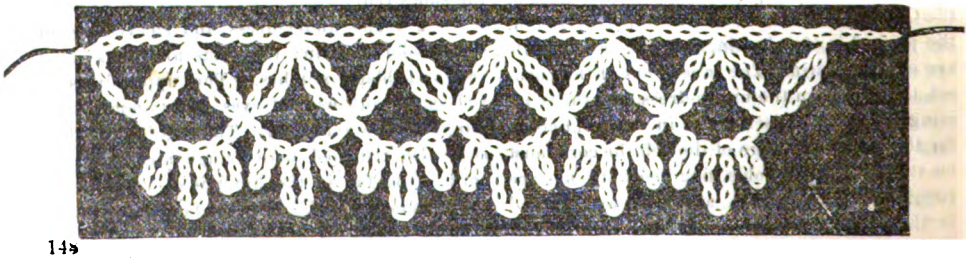
THIS bag is composed of five strips of calico five inches broad and twenty-three inches long, pointed at one end, and ornamented with cord-stitch embroidery, with a border of tatting or crochet. The embroidery consists of large,



white quilting-stitches, twisted, the narrow hems are all fastened with cord-stitch of two colors. (For cord-stitch chain-stitch may be substituted.) The tatted border consists of two similar rows worked with one thread, as follows: * One Josephine knot; then one closed eye, containing eight double knots, one large picot, and eight double knots; then three Josephine knots (see No. 2) again, one eye of eight double knots, one picot for joining, and eight double knots; repeat from *. The placing of the second row may be seen in the design.

The tatted borders are sewn firmly on to the hemmed strips, as shown in the design. A similar border forms the upper conclusion, and takes in the cord to draw the bag. This cord may be of twisted red and white cotton to correspond with the cord embroidery. At the bottom is a round piece of calico, ornamented with a little pattern. The tassel is of red and white cotton, and the head is covered with a kind of crocheted net-work.

CROCHET EDGE.



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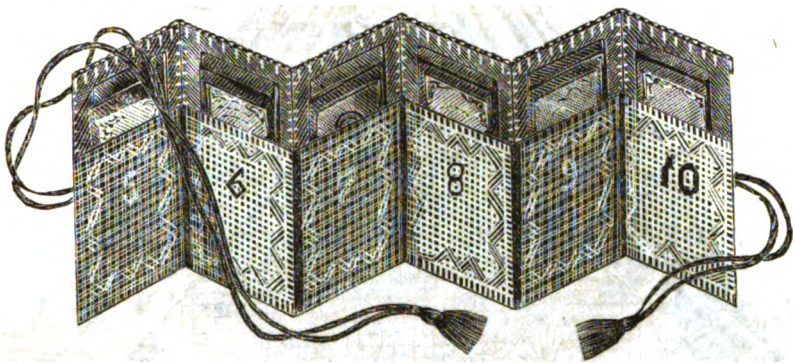
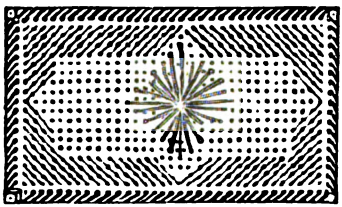
NEEDLE-CASE OF PERFORATED CARDBOARD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Medium-sized perforated cardboard, colored silk, and sewing-silk to match.

Cut six pieces of cardboard of equal size, and ornament two of these for a cover with colored silk stitches, according to No. 1. The other



four, which are ornamented with a narrow border, are represented in No. 2. Then, for the inside, cut six pieces of cardboard the same breadth and one-third shorter. In these, which are fastened on afterward, are placed the papers of needles. The outer part is ornamented with a narrow border of silk stitches, and the numbers placed upon them, for which the types must be cut out according to the design; a few silk stitches are placed here and there to keep them firm. Each of these separate parts must be lined with colored silk, which must be previously sewn on the upper side only. They are then sewn to the large outer parts on the long sides with stripes of button-hole stitch at very small distances, forming afterward a moveable

hinge. The closed case is seen in No. 3 in the proper size; three eyes are placed, and a double silk cord, with tassels, is drawn through to fasten it.

JAVA CANVAS CAP-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS bag is ten inches square, ornamented with cross-stitches of dark-red Berlin wool worked over a square of four threads, with a thread of the same color underneath. The trellis-work foundation in the squares, and the stars in loose stitches, are worked with single; the largest ones, however, are worked with double Berlin wool.

The pattern may be easily worked from the design. Two triangles of thick covered hat-wire forming together a square, and measuring eight inches, must be fastened at the back of the embroidery, which measures an inch more all round.

The side of the bag measures eleven inches; and at the upper part is a running to admit

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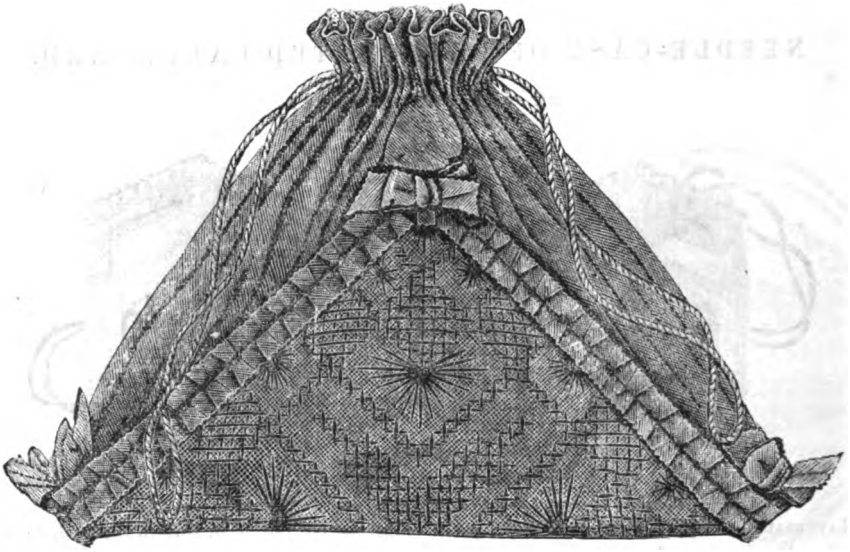
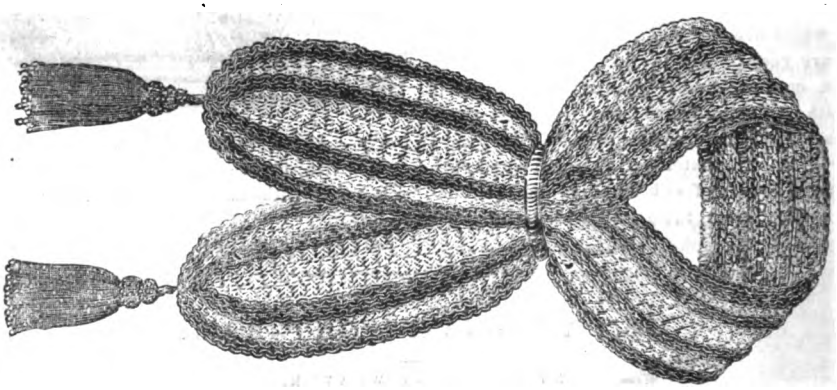


dark-red strings of woolen or silk braid. The bag and lining are cut together to suit the embroidery, which is folded over in the form of a triangle, according to design. A ruche one inch and a half broad covers the part where the embroidery is fastened on to the bag. For the bows, scallop a piece of silk or ribbon.

KNITTED CRAVAT

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Blue and white double Berlin wool, or eight-thread fleecy, wooden needles, No. 4. Cast on eighty stitches, and work four rows in plain knitting backward and forward with the blue wool.

5th row: White wool, purl throughout.

6th row: White wool, knit throughout.

7th row: Same as sixth row.

8th row: White wool. Bring the wool forward and knit two together throughout the row. Knit four rows blue, plain knitting, with white wool repeat twice from the fifth to the eighth row.

Work another strip of four rows of blue: with the white wool repeat from the fifth to the eighth row once. Another four rows of blue finishes the cravat. Draw the ends together, and fasten on a tassel of white and blue mixed.

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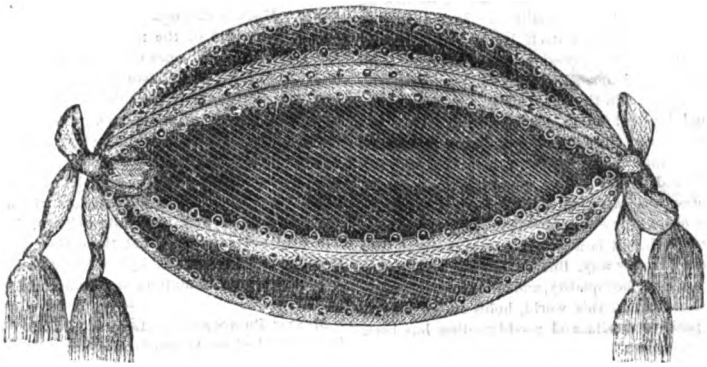
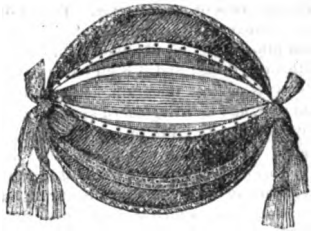
CASE FOR SILK BUTTONS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

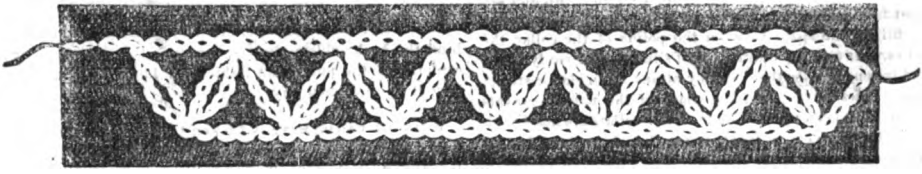


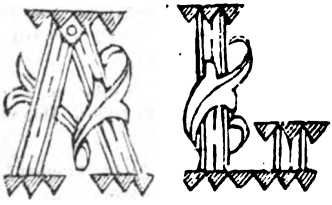
MATERIALS.—Little pieces of colored velvet, wool, or silk stuff, silk braid, steel beads, white cardboard. The case, which is represented in No. 1, is in the form of an egg, and consists of six cardboard parts three inches and three-quarters long, pointed at the ends, and one inch and a half broad in the middle, and may be easily opened by a light pressure of the finger. The outside may be of the same, or different colors. Each piece is bound with silk braid of a contrasting color, ornamented with steel beads; the separate parts are carefully sewn together on the wrong side. The two end parts falling over each other, firmly close the case. Bows are placed at the sides, also made of braid, and drawn out and tied up at the ends



to make a fringe tassel. No. 2 shows the case open.

CROCHET INSERTION. INITIALS FOR MARKING.





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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD MANNERS cannot be estimated too highly. A graceful carriage, a conciliatory demeanor, and tact in conversation, frequently go further in making friends than far more sterling qualities. It is true that success of this kind is not of itself lasting; nor, indeed, should it be; but for first impressions a good manner is invaluable. First impressions, also, if made permanent by real merit, will always win the day. Of two young gentlemen, each equal in solid worth, each an aspirant for the hand of the same lady, and each making her acquaintance at the same time, that one will be sure to succeed who has the best manners. For that matter, too, a lady, under similar circumstances, will carry off a lover from a less well-bred rival. We often hear even sensible people complaining of this. They say that it is a shame to see mere surface qualities overrated in this way. But we doubt both whether good manners are a surface quality, and whether their value is overrated. Nothing, in this world, holds its own long, unless it has positive merit; and good-breeding has been esteemed in all ages, in all nations, and with all classes.

The reason is not far to seek. The best of us, not to put it too fine, have more or less self-love. We meet a stranger for the first time: he is affable, deferential, tries every way to please; and naturally we are flattered, even though we may not be conscious of it ourselves. The same day we meet another stranger: he is rough, dictatorial, supercilious; we part from him feeling out of humor with ourselves, with himself, with everything; and it is all because, so to speak, he has rubbed us against the grain. Beauty, in a woman, goes a great way, and a distinguished appearance in a man, but neither can hope to rival, in the long run, really elegant manners. To a certain extent, good-breeding is conventional: a Turkish gentleman is offended if you ask after his wife, an American one is complimented by it; but behind these conventionalisms, which a traveler easily acquires, lies the basis of all real politeness, "to do unto others as you would wish to be done unto." A thoroughly good man, whatever his station, is always substantially well-bred. But even a bad man, or an indifferent one, if he acts, in society, on this rule, becomes an agreeable companion, and will distance any competitor, no matter how intellectual, or learned, who is boorish, that is selfish, in his deportment.

SAILOR COLLARS, so much worn in summer, especially at the sea-shore, are very much slanted off in front, and are most fashionable, either in linen or in embroidered cambric. To fill up the space between the points of the collar, the ladies wear a pretty cravat-bow of silk or satin, ready made, and fastened under the collar by means of an elastic string. These bows have taken the place of the narrow cravats which have been worn so long. Dress-collars are made with short lace lappets in front, fastened under a brooch or a cravat-bow of satin.

AN ENGLISH JOURNAL says that it is the fashion, in New York, for brides to reside with their parents for the first year after marriage. Another English paper says that American brides make their bridal call in white silks. Both of these items will be news to our readers.

NO WOMAN OF TASTE will dye her hair. The natural color of the hair harmonizes with the complexion, whatever the color may be, and to alter this is to offend one's sense of color. A brunette, who dyes her hair golden, simply makes a fright of herself.

SIMPLER FASHIONS.—In Paris, many ladies of fashion and influence seem disposed to come back to simpler fashions. It is especially against excessively large chignons that these ladies are crying out. They could not attack a more striking abuse. Modern chignons give a frightful shape to female heads. Any idea of the natural hair being worn is out of the question in presence of those gigantic edifices of loops and crepes. All the charm of a coiffure is lost as soon as one sees nothing but artificial tresses in those curls and bandeaux, put on as ornaments, but suddenly becoming an object of real repulsion. During last winter, several young ladies, at the head of Parisian society, achieved a real success by showing themselves with their hair simply braided. We can assure those of our lady readers who are sighing over the necessity of wearing a false *chignon*, that such a necessity does not exist, and that these absurd chignons are beginning to be repudiated by the truest and best authorities France possesses in matters of elegance and good taste.

MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.—Leypoldt & Holt, New York, have just published an Album for confessions, tastes, habits, and convictions, which is quite original in its idea. A place is left, on each page, for a *carte de visite* of a friend, and the rest is occupied with questions as to his, or her tastes, habits, etc., the answers to which are expected to furnish a complete summary of character, etc. We should think an Album of this kind would become very popular.

THE MOST HEALTHY METHOD of dressing the hair of women, especially young ones, is to let the hair be as loose as possible, or arranged in large bands, so as to allow the air to pass through them. It is a mistake to plait tightly the hair of children under eleven or twelve years of age. The process of plaiting more or less strains the hairs in their roots by pulling them tight. The hair of girls should be cut at the ends, and allowed to curl freely.

FLOWERS ARE THE ALPHABET OF ANGELS, as some one has prettily said. Scattered over hill and valley, they speak what no tongue can express: their beauty and fragrance suggesting a world even more beautiful than this.

PLAIN BODICES are trimmed in the shape of a berthe or fichu; often they are open in front, upon a fichu of pleated tulle or very fine muslin. This style of fichu is newer than a high chemisette.

THE PUFF REIGNS SUPREME.—Puff upon the head, puff behind the back; skirts, dresses, casaques, bonnets, all must conform to the puff. The fashions of Louis XV., in fact, have it all their own way.

WHEN AN ENGAGEMENT is broken off it is customary to send back presents. The wisdom of the rule is obvious. We do not see how our fair correspondent came to think differently.

BONNETS have gained in height what they have lost in breadth. They are diadems or puffs very high, and ornamented with feathers and aigrettes.

IF ONIONS are sliced and kept in a sick-room, it is said they will absorb all the atmospheric poison. They should be changed every hour.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to subscribe for "Peterson." See the Prospectus at the end of the number.

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IT WAS WELL SAID, by Zimmerman, that happiness consists, not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess. To want little is always to have enough.

IT IS WOMAN that makes home happy. A man may mar home; he often does; but he cannot make a home.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

How Lisa Loved the King. By George Eliot. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.*—The author of "Adam Bede," "Silas Warner," "Romola," and "The Mill on the Floss," is the greatest of living novelists; but she is not a poet, in the true sense of that term, at least: she is only a wonderful artist, working in rhyme. Her "Spanish Gipsy" exhibited at once her strength and her weakness; and this new tale shows that she has not improved, as, indeed, she cannot. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was a born poet. Yet the critic, in reading her works, continually says to himself, "how much better this could have been made, with a little more care!" In perusing the "Spanish Gipsy," or "How Lisa Loved the King," it is the very opposite reflection that the reader makes: he is astonished to find how much George Eliot has done, with so little real poetical material to work upon. And yet our author is a genius, and one of the very highest rank! She has dramatic as well as narrative power, and an insight that has not been equaled since Shakspeare. Nevertheless the poetic quality, in its highest degree at least, has been denied to her. There is more true poetry, for example, in Coleridge's Christabel," than in both the "Spanish Gipsy" and "How Lisa Loved the King."

Oldtown Folks. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.*—This is a story of the past. We incline to think it the best of Mrs. Stowe's novels, with the exception, perhaps, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We say, perhaps, for the sensation which the latter fiction produced was owing, in part, to its subject, and to the intense and even exalted feeling existing on that subject; and the time has hardly come, even yet, when a critic can dispassionately say, how much of its success was due to this feeling, and how much to its merits as a mere story. But the present fiction has no such adventitious interest: it must stand or fall by its literary excellence alone. That excellence, as we have already said, is very considerable. The pictures of the comparatively primitive life of New England, at the period of the narrative, are quite realistic, and the interest of the story, which begins at once, is maintained to the end.

Men, Women, and Ghosts. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.*—The success of "The Gates Ajar," of which Miss Phelps is the author, has led to the publication of these earlier and fugitive articles. It was not entirely, or even principally, the literary merit of the "The Gates Ajar," that led to the large sale of that book, but the yearning, which exists in every immortal soul, to pierce, if possible, the secrets of a future existence. These slight, half-didactic sketches have no such adventitious attraction. They are neither better, nor worse than the average of magazine articles.

Beautiful Snow, and Other Poems. By J. W. Watson. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: Turner Brothers & Co.*—The principal poem in this volume has long enjoyed considerable newspaper celebrity, so much so, indeed, that several persons, as in the parallel case of "Rock Me to Sleep," have claimed its paternity. The real author, however, is J W. Watson, who, to put the dispute at rest, has published the verses in a neat volume, and added various other of his poetical productions. A handsomely printed book.

Vanity Fair. By W. M. Thackeray. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A cheap, illustrated edition of this inimitable novel. When such a book can be bought for thirty-five cents, there is no excuse for not having it in tens of thousands of households.

The Stranded Ship. By L. Clarke Davis. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.*—Among recent stories by American writers this is one of the best. Very many of the chapters are written with great power. The description of the storm, toward the conclusion, is strikingly fine: one hears the very boom of the surf, and feels the sting of the scud. Mr. Davis understands one cardinal point in story telling: he arrests and fixes the attention at the very opening of the tale; and never afterward lets it go. He is a comparatively new writer, at least to us, but he gives promise of a very successful future.

The Villa on the Rhine. By B. Auerbach. 2 *vols. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.*—We have now the completion of this remarkable novel. It is published in four parts, bound in paper, or in two volumes, bound in cloth: the last being, by all odds, the best edition, at least for the library. Both editions, however, are from the same text. The translation has been made, for these editions, by the author's authority, and for every copy sold, he receives a stipulated sum. A portrait of Mr. Auerbach, and a biography by Bayard Taylor, add to the value and attractions of the volumes. The finer edition is printed on tinted paper.

The Wedding-Day in All Ages and Countries. By Edward J. Wood. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A very curious and even instructive book. The author describes the marriage customs of the earliest and most savage tribes as well as the wedding-day of modern civilization. He shows how, in some nations, the wife was stolen, in others bought, and in others, as with us, won by personal courtship and devoted love. It is a book in which ladies especially will be interested.

The Changed Brides. By E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This writer retains her popularity in a very remarkable degree. She owes this success, we think, principally to her stirring incidents. Her stories, though often improbable, are always alive. Her novels belong to the class that ordinary, uncritical minds, looking only for excitement in their reading, find it difficult to lay down. This new tale is really one of her best.

Elements of Astronomy. By Charles J. White, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.*—A work designed for colleges and the higher grades of academies, very faithful and thorough, and profusely illustrated with diagrams and other engravings. All the latest discoveries in anatomy are given. The chapter on meteoric bodies is particularly interesting. We are not sure but that this is the best work of its kind before the public.

Ethelyn's Mistake. By Mary J. Holmes. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—This is by the author of "Lena Rivers," "Tempest and Sunshine," and other popular American fictions. Mrs. Holmes has her own circle of readers, with whom she is quite a favorite. This new story will add to her popularity.

The Quaker Partisans. By the author of "The Scout." 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A well-told story of the war of independence. It is one of the many merits of this publishing house, that everything they put forth, even a novel, is remarkably well printed. The volume is illustrated.

For Her Sake. By F. W. Robinson. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Rather false in sentiment, and occasionally strained in incident, but nevertheless a readable novel, as novels now go.

The Dodge Club. By James De Mille. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a humorous narrative of travel in Italy, in 1859, and is illustrated copiously with engravings. It is full of spirit and fun.

Beatrice. By the Hon. Roden Noel. 1 *vol.*, 24 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A gracefully told story, written in blank verse. The descriptive passages are especially good.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE BEST COOK-BOOKS are to be had of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Their list comprises the following:

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Mrs. Hale's Receipts for the Million,	1 75
The Family Save-All. By author of National Cook,	1 75
Francatelli's Celebrated Cook-Book. The Modern Cook, with 62 illustrations, 600 large octavo pages,	5 00

If you wish a good Cook-Book, send for one, or more, of these. They are all reliable. Francatelli's will teach you French cookery, if you wish to go so far in the science.

THE NEW BOOKS, lately published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, form a very attractive list. The principal ones are as follows: "The Curse of Gold," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, 1 vol., 12 mo: price, in cloth, $1.75, in paper, $1.50. "The Changed Brides," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, 1 vol., 12 mo: price, in cloth, $1.75, in paper, $1.50. "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," 2 vols., 12 mo: tinted paper, price 75 cents each. "How He Won Her," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, (fourth edition,) 1 vol., 12 mo: price, in cloth, $1.75, in paper, $1.50. "Red Court Farm," by Mrs. Henry Wood, 1 vol., 12 mo: price, in cloth, $1.75, in paper, $1.50. "Fair Play," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, (sixth edition,) 1 vol., 12 mo: price, in cloth, $1.75, in paper, $1.50. All these are especially readable books for the summer months.

FOR OVER TEN YEARS.—Mrs. William A. Obenton, of Union Point, Ga., says:—"My Wheeler & Wilson has been in almost daily use, Sabbaths excepted, for over ten years, doing the work, both coarse and fine, for a family which, for seven years, consisted of more than forty persons. During the whole ten years it has needed *no* repairs of any kind, and its condition is so good now that I would not exchange it for a new machine. So perfect is its running order that it has not required a second needle in over three years."

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

Salad Mixture.—Two eggs, boiled hard, the yolk grated; one mealy potato rubbed through a sieve, a tablespoonful of unmade mustard, two tablespoonfuls of salad-oil, two tablespoonfuls of cream, if obtainable, one teaspoonful of anchovy; add vinegar to a proper sharpness. Mix together, and put in a crinkle-crankle bottle, slicing the yolk of the eggs in it; keep stoppered with a glass stopper, and shake before using. If properly made, it will keep good for twelve months. Into the salad-bowl put one teaspoonful of made mustard, the yolk of one egg, raw, three tablespoonfuls of finest salad-oil, two tablespoonfuls of water; beat these well together till a thickish cream is formed, then add one tablespoonful of Orleans, or pale, malt vinegar, by degrees, till thoroughly mixed. If the vinegar is not of the strongest, a little more may be added. This is sufficient for one moderate-sized cos lettuce; three or four minute, spring onions, cut small, (rejecting the tops,) half a dozen leaves of chervil, quarter of a dozen leaves of tarragon, chopped up fine, and sprinkled over with lettuce; the lettuce should be not only well washed, but every leaf should be taken separately and wiped dry with a clean cloth, and each leaf broken, not cut, into pieces about two inches in length. This will be found first-rate, equal to any in Paris. The mixture will keep many weeks. Six or eight times the quantity of oil, vinegar, etc., will fill a good-sized bottle; pepper and salt *ad libitum*.

Cream Cheese.—(1) To three pints of raw cream put a sufficient quantity of salt to season it, and stir it well. Having folded a cheese-cloth three or four times, place it at the bottom of a sieve, and pour the cream into it. When it hardens, cover it with nettles, and turn it into a pewter-plate. (2) Put together one quart of cream and twelve quarts of new milk, with sufficient rennet to turn it, the milk and cream being just warm. When it has stood long enough for the curd to come, lay a cloth in the vat, which must be of a size proportionate to the cheese. Cut out the curd with a skimming-dish, and put it into the vat, laying on more and more as the curd settles, until you have enough for one cheese, turning the cheese-cloth over it. When the whey has drained off, turn the cheese into a dry cloth, and the next morning salt it a little. Then, having made a bed of nettles or ash-leaves for it to lay on, cover it in the same way, and shift it twice a day for ten days, when it may be sent to table

Milk-Cheese.—Put five quarts of milk into a pan, with two spoonfuls of rennet. When the curd is formed, strike it a few times with the skimming-dish, to break it. Let it stand two hours, spread a cheese-cloth on a sieve, and allow the whey to drain. Having broken the curd a little with the hand, put it in a vat, and lay a two-pound weight upon it. After letting it stand for two hours, take it out and bind a fillet round it. Turn it from one board to another until it is dry; cover it with nettles or dock-leaves, and place it between two pewter-plates to ripen. If the weather should be warm, it will be fit for eating in three weeks.

Toffey.—With the butter (of which you can put as much or as little as you like) at the bottom of the sauce-pan, then put in one pound of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Leave it to soak one night. If it looks too dry in the morning, add a little more vinegar. Then put it on the fire and boil, not stirring it. When you think it likely to be done, stick a knife into the middle of it, and drop it into a cup of cold water, and if it bites crisp it is done. Just before it is done, drop in a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla. Then pour the toffey thinly all over a buttered tin, and it will soon be cold.

Nasturtium Sauce is eaten with boiled mutton. It is made with the green seeds of nasturtiums, pickled simply in cold vinegar. Cut about six ounces of butter into small bits, and put them into a small sauce-pan. Mix with a wine-glass of water sufficient flour to make a thick batter, pour it on the butter, and hold the sauce-pan over hot coals, shaking it quickly round till the butter is melted. Let it just boil up, and then take it from the fire. Thicken it with the pickled nasturtiums, and send it to table in a boat.

Ham a la Croquemitaine.—Melt a small piece of butter in a stew-pan till it is browned, and put into it as much ham, finely minced, as would cover a large round of buttered toast; add as much gravy as will make it quite moist; when thoroughly hot, stir in quickly, with a fork, one egg. Place it on the toast, which cover with it, and cut the toast into pieces of any shape, according to taste.

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Fish Rissoles.—Take some fish, either fresh or that has been cooked, shred it, and let it stew with some butter, covering it over until sufficiently done. Soak a French roll in milk, beat up the fish and this together in a mortar, with a little finely-chopped mushroom and three eggs; season with salt and pepper. Mix all well up, bake in small cups, first buttered, and turn out. Serve with or without anchovy sauce.

Tomato-Omelette.—Six eggs, a wineglass of flour, four ripe tomatoes, pepper and salt to the taste, milk sufficient to mix the flour smoothly. Beat the eggs very light, stir in the mixed milk and flour, peel and chop the tomatoes, and add with the pepper and salt. Have a pan with some hot butter, pour in the mixture, and fry it. When done, it may be lapped half over or not, according to the fancy. Do not turn it.

Potato Croquettes—a Sweet Dish.—Take some nicely-baked potatoes, scoop out the mealy part, and mash it thoroughly smooth; press it through a sieve, make it into a stiff paste with some cream, butter, orange-flower water, powdered loaf-sugar, and raw eggs, well beaten; make it into croquettes by rolling portions in sifted bread-crumbs, and dipping them in white of egg, whipped to a snow; fry them in plenty of lard or fresh butter.

Eggs au Beurre.—Well beat up four eggs; put three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, a little grated tongue, or beef, pepper and salt, and three ounces of butter into a stew-pan until quite hot, when add the eggs, stirring all the time until quite thick. Have ready a slice of bread toasted and well buttered, spread the mixture over it, and serve very hot.

Eggs a la Solferino.—Boil some eggs hard, cut them in two, take out the yolks, and beat these up with a little parsley and salt, and replace into the whites, of which cut previously the under part a little, so as to make them stand in the dish, and serve up with a nice white sauce round them. Let them be quite hot when served.

To Keep Pears.—Place the pears in some large earthenware pans, and cover them over, only leaving enough space to allow of the exhalations from the fruit to escape. The pans should be kept in a cool place, and as the pears begin to ripen, they may be brought into a warm room three or four days before they are wanted for dessert.

Rancid Butter, boiled in water, with a portion of charcoal, (say a tenth part,) will be entirely divested of its rancidity, and may be used for cooking purposes, although its fine flavor will not be restored for the table.

To Make Good Vinegar.—One pint of strained honey and two gallons of soft water. Let it strain in a moderately warm place. In three weeks it will be excellent vinegar.

Burned Sugar.—Put a little sugar on the fire, and a little water, and let it burn. Then add water and bottle it. It keeps any length of time. Used for browning gravy.

SUMMER BEVERAGES.

Lemonades.—Lemons furnish two important products for the formation of beverages, an acid juice, and an aromatic stomachic oil, contained in the rind. Lemon-juice is a slightly turbid, very sour liquid, having a pleasant flavor when diluted. It contains a considerable quantity of gummy mucilage, which causes it to become mouldy on exposure to the air. It is capable of furnishing a large number of acidulated drinks, which are exceedingly useful in allaying thirst, and are most valuable for their anti-scorbutic properties.

In making any kind of lemonade, the proportions given need not be adhered to, but the quantities ordered may be increased, or lessened, to suit the taste. For a quart of lemonade, take six lemons and a quarter of a pound of sugar; rub off part of the yellow rind of the lemons on to the sugar, squeeze the juice on to the latter, and pour on the water boiling hot; mix the whole, and run through a flannel jelly-bag.

Lemons are not always to be procured, especially on a journey, and we have, therefore, much pleasure in drawing attention to the following useful directions for making portable lemonade:

Excellent Portable-Lemonade.—Rasp with a quarter of a pound of sugar, the rind of a fine, juicy lemon; reduce the sugar to powder, and pour on it the strained juice of the fruit; press the mixture into a jar, and when wanted for use, dissolve a tablespoonful of it in a glass of water; it will keep a considerable time. If too sweet for the taste of the drinker, a very small portion of citric acid may be added when it is taken.

Mock-Lemonade.—A cheap substitute for lemonade may be made as follows:—Tartaric acid, a quarter of an ounce; sugar, six ounces; essence of lemon, dropped on the sugar, about four or five drops; boiling water, two pints. This, allowed to stand till cold, makes a wholesome, cooling, summer beverage, economical in its cost, but the flavor is not equal to that prepared from lemon-juice.

Another Mock-Lemonade.—A mock-lemonade of superior flavor may be made by using the acid prepared from lemons, citric acid, according to the following receipt:—Citric acid, a quarter of an ounce; essence of lemon, ten to twenty drops; syrup, half a pint; boiling water, as much as may be required. This preparation is expensive, and is not equal to lemonade from fresh lemons, which should always be preferred when they can be obtained.

Plain Orangeade.—Orangeade should be made in precisely a similar manner to lemonade, using China oranges instead of lemons; but as there is less acid in this fruit, a much larger proportion of juice is required, and however prepared, this beverage is rather insipid, and is inferior to the following:

Orange-Lemonade.—Take three China oranges, one large lemon, and two or three ounces of sugar; rub off some of the peel on to the sugar, squeeze on the juice, and pour on two pints of boiling water; mix the whole, and strain.

Imperial may be regarded as a sort of a mock-lemonade; it forms a cheap, wholesome, cooling, summer beverage. Two receipts are added, the first being the better of the two. No. 1. Cream of tartar, half an ounce; one lemon, cut in slices; white sugar, half a pound; spring-water, three pints. Mix, and allow them to stand for an hour or two before use, as the cream of tartar dissolves but slowly. No. 2. Cream of tartar, a quarter of an ounce; lemon-peel and sugar to suit the taste; boiling water, two pints. Mix, and allow to stand until cold.

Lemonade a la Soyer.—Put a quart of water in a stew-pan to boil, into which put two moist dried figs, each split in two; let it boil a quarter of an hour, then have ready the peel of a lemon, taken off rather thickly, and the half of the lemon cut in thin slices; throw them into the stew-pan, and boil two minutes longer, then pour it into a jug, which cover closely with paper until cold, then pass it through a sieve, add a teaspoonful of honey, and it is ready for use.

Orangeade a la Soyer.—Proceed as for lemonade, but using the whole of the orange, a little of the peel included, sweetening with sugar-candy, and adding a teaspoonful of arrow-root, mixed with a little cold water, which pour into the boiling liquid at the same time you put in the orange. The arrow-root makes it very delicate.

Superior Lemonade a la Soyer.—Take the peel of six lemons, free from pith, cut it up in small pieces, and put it with two cloves into a bottle containing half a pint of hot water, place the bottle in a stew-pan with boiling water, and let it stand by the side of a fire for one or two hours, taking care it does not boil; then take half a pint of lemon-juice, half a pint of syrup, if none, use plain syrup, or sugar, in like proportion, adding a few drops of orange-flower water· add the infusion of the rind, which has been previously made, and allowed to become cold, stir well together, and add two quarts of cold water.

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Barley-Lemonade.—Put a quarter of a pound of sugar into a small stew-pan, with half a pint of water, which boil about ten minutes, or until forming a thickish syrup; then add the rind of a fresh lemon and the pulp of two; let it boil two minutes longer, when add two quarts of barley-water, made without sugar and lemon; boil five minutes longer, pass it through a hair-sieve into a jug, which cover with paper, making a hole in the center to let the heat through; when cold, it is ready for use; if put cold into a bottle, and well corked down, it would keep good several days

Barley-Orangeade.—Barley-orangeade is made in the same manner, substituting the rind and juice of oranges; the juice of a lemon, in addition, is an improvement.

Effervescing drinks are much valued by many persons, during summer especially. Water impregnated with carbonic acid may be made in any of the numerous gazogenes sold for that purpose. We shall now, therefore, confine ourselves to those drinks capable of being made without any special apparatus.

Soda-Powders.—Blue paper, carbonate of soda, thirty grains. White paper, tartaric acid, twenty-five grains. Dissolve the contents of each paper, separately, in one-third of a tumbler of water, mix the solutions, and drink. The soda-water produced by these powders is a solution of tartrate of soda; the effervescence is owing to the escape of the carbonic acid, previously combined with the soda. The bottled soda-water of the shops is a solution of carbonic acid in plain water, or in a dilute solution of soda. The soda-powders yield a cooling, saline beverage, very slightly laxative.

Ginger-Beer Powders.—Blue paper, carbonate of soda, thirty grains; powdered ginger, five grains; powdered sugar, one drachm, or one drachm and a half; essence of lemon, one drop. White paper, tartaric acid, thirty-five grains. Ginger-beer powders are simply soda-powders flavored with the additional ingredients.

Seidlitz-Powders.—We give the directions for these powders, though they are rather to be regarded as medicinal than simply refreshing. Blue paper, tartarized soda, (Rochelle salt,) two drachms; carbonate of soda, two scruples. White paper, tartaric acid, half a drachm. Dissolve the contents of a blue paper in water, stir in the acid powder, and drink during effervescence.

Real Lemon and Kali.—Finely-ground white sugar, two parts; dried and powdered citric acid, one part; powdered bicarbonate of potash, one part and a quarter; mix in a mortar, and keep in a very closely-stopped bottle. One large teaspoonful to be stirred in two thirds of a tumbler of cold water. As this preparation is expensive, and does not keep well, the following is usually substituted for it:

Lemon and Kali, or Sherbet of the Shops.—Finely-ground white sugar, half a pound; powdered tartaric acid and carbonate of soda, of each a quarter of a pound; essence of lemon, thirty to fifty drops; all the powders should be well dried, add the essence to the sugar, then add the other powders, and well mix. One teaspoonful in a tumbler of water. This preparation must be kept very dry in a tightly-stopped bottle.

Ginger-Beer, No 1.—White sugar, five pounds; lemon-juice, a quarter of a pint; honey, a quarter of a pound; ginger, bruised, five ounces; water, four gallons and a half. Boil the ginger in three quarts of the water for half an hour, then add the sugar, lemon-juice, and honey, with the remainder of the water, and strain through a cloth; when cold, add the quarter of the white of an egg, and a small teaspoonful of essence of lemon; let the whole stand four days, and bottle; this will keep many months.

Ginger-Beer, No. 2.—White sugar, three pounds; bruised ginger, two ounces; cream of tartar, one ounce; four lemons, shred; boiling water, four gallons; allow the whole to soak for two hours, then strain; add eight ounces of yeast, and after a few hours, put into tightly-corked stone bottles.

Ginger-Beer, No. 3.—White sugar, one pound and a half; bruised ginger, one ounce; cream of tartar, three ounces; one lemon, shred; boiling water, one gallon and a half; yeast, one ounce. Prepare as No. 1.

Spruce-Beer—White-Spruce.—Sugar, six pounds; essence of spruce, six ounces; boiling water, ten gallons; yeast, eight ounces. Mix together, ferment for a few hours, and cork tightly down in stone bottles.

Spruce-Beer—Brown-Spruce.—Is made in the same manner, an equal quantity of treacle being used instead of the sugar.

Effervescing Fruit Drinks.—By adding a small quantity of any of the fruit syrups, as lemon, raspberry, pine-apple, apricot, cherry, etc., to the water in which the acid of the soda-powders is dissolved, a variety of the most delicious summer beverages may be made.

Very Good Black-Currant Wine.—To every three quarts of the currant-juice put the same of unboiled water, and to every quart of this again add one pound of moist sugar. Put it into a cask, and keep out a little to fill up with afterward. If the cask be placed in a warm, dry room, the liquor will ferment of itself. When this has taken place, skim off the refuse, and fill up with the juice set aside for the purpose. When the working has ceased, pour in three quarts of brandy to forty of the wine. Stop it up closely for ten months; then bottle it, and after draining the thick part through a jelly-bag, it may also be bottled. The wine should be kept ten or twelve months before using.

Peach and Apricot-Waters.—Both these waters, as well as those of other fruits, are readily made by mixing two or three tablespoonfuls of the respective jams with a few blanched and pounded bitter almonds, lemon-juice, and cold spring-water, with powdered loaf-sugar to taste. On being run through a lawn-sieve, these waters are immediately fit to drink.

Shrub.—The rind of half a lemon and half an orange, pared quite thin; put it into a pint of rum, and let it remain three hours, when it should be removed. Add to the rum a small wineglass of strained lemon-juice, and the same of orange-juice, one ounce of lump-sugar dissolved in a pint and a half of water. Mix all together and bottle.

Orange-Bitters.—Take a half ounce yolk of fresh eggs, carefully separated from the white, half an ounce of gentian root, one drachm and a half of Seville orange-peel, and one pint of boiling water. Pour the hot water on the above ingredients, and let them steep in it for two hours; then strain, and bottle for use.

Lemon-Syrup.—Eight pounds of sugar, three quarts of water, one quart of lemon-juice. Mix the sugar and water together. As soon as the sugar has dissolved, place it over the fire, and boil and skim it; then add the lemon-juice.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF GREEN AND PINK CHANGEABLE SILK.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with five bands of green silk. The upper-skirt is made without trimming, and is looped up at the back by a large bow of the silk, fastened with a long, pearl buckle. Waist and sleeves plain. Small straw hat, trimmed with a long, pink gauze veil.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.—The under-dress is short, and is of pink foulard; the upper-dress, of white muslin, is looped up each side of the front with bands of pink foulard, fastened with a black velvet button; full white waist, with long sleeves, and a low, square, black velvet bodice. Black sailor hat, with a pink ribbon.

FIG. III.—SHORT EVENING-DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.—The lower-skirt is of gold-color changeable silk, trimmed with three ruchings of blue silk; the white muslin skirt is looped up with bows and ends of blue ribbon; the body is cut low and square, and is trimmed like the Marie Antoinette sleeves with blue ribbon and lace.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF PINK SILK.—The under-skirt

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is trimmed with a puffing of lace above a deep lace flounce. The long train is also trimmed with narrower white lace. The body is made half-high on the shoulders, and is worn over a white lace chemisette; the Marie Antoinette sleeves are trimmed with lace. Pink flowers in the hair.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY MOHAIR.—The under-skirt is trimmed with one deep ruffle, headed by a ruche of the same; the upper-skirt, body, and sleeves, are trimmed to correspond, and the former is very much looped up over a large *tournure*. Black straw hat, with a gray, curled plume.

FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF MAUVE AND WHITE STRIPED SILK.—The bretelle mantilla, or skeleton skirt, as it is sometimes called, is made of black silk. This garment has no sleeves.

FIG. VII.—DINNER-DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The under-skirt is plain, but very long, and trimmed with a heavy black and green cord around the bottom. The upper-dress is of rich black silk, trimmed with fringe, looped at the sides with rosettes, and has no sleeves.

FIG. VIII.—PANNIER DRESS OF MAUVE-COLORED FOULARD.—One deep ruffle trims the bottom of the under-skirt. The edge of the upper-skirt, body, and sleeves, are trimmed with narrower ruffles.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, with the under-skirt and casaque trimmed with a rich plaiting of black silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It will be seen by our wood-cuts that there is nothing very new in the shape of bonnets and hats. The former continue to be very small at the back, very narrow at the sides, and very high in front; the latter are principally frames to hold a few flowers and a little lace to perch over the forehead. The sailor-shaped collar is more and more popular, especially with those ladies who have pretty throats. For morning wear, they are edged with colored muslin, with a bow of the same, or a white bow, edged with the same.

With regard to the make of dresses, we are glad to say that no change has taken place, for so numerous have been the new styles lately, that the fashion would almost change between the time a lady took her dress to her dress-maker and got it sent home. Short dresses for street wear, for both old and young; short dresses for the morning for the young, long dresses for afternoon, or visiting, seems to be the rule. But the make of these is so varied, and when not too exaggerated, the looped and puffed skirts are so bewitching that one never tires of them.

One of the prettiest new walking-dresses which we have seen had but one skirt, which was ruffled three-fourths of the way up at the back, and all the way up the front breadth; the bodice was made tight-fitting, with a postillion-basque behind; this is jaunty for a nice figure, and newer than the looped-up skirts.

The newest things about the present fashion are the *Confections*, as the French call them, that is paletots, basques, etc., etc., in black or colored silks, muslin, grenadine, etc., not made to match the dress, only to harmonize with it. We will not say that no more paletots are worn. It is too convenient a fashion, too necessary even, in the female toilet, for them to be able to dispense with it. We will then say only that the paletot transforms itself this year into a tunic-casaque, forming at once a tight-fitting bodice and a second skirt. Whether this garment be called a casaque, or a second dress, it is no less true that it takes the place of a paletot, and that, especially when made of black silk, it quite answers the same purposes. The tight-fitting casaque is worn either merely upon an under-skirt, to avoid putting on two tight bodices, one over the other, or else upon a dress with a plain bodice.

Among the new models, we notice the tunic-casaque of black *poult de soie*, open and rounded off in front, gathered upon both seams at the back, and looped up with bows of black ribbon. The tight-fitting bodice is trimmed in the shape of a low bodice in the Marie Antoinette shape, with a silk fluting headed with several cross-strips of satin. The same trimming is put on round the edge of the casaque and of the demi-wide sleeves.

The Watteau Casaque, with large draped folds at the back, falling loose from the neck, is also worn, but less, however, than other models.

Next to tight-fitting casaques, composing the great majority of modern out-of-door garments, we see *mantelets* of different shapes, preferred by a certain number of people. Elderly ladies, all those who do not wish to go out in a tight-fitting casaque, wear the circular mantelet, rounded at the back, and continued into long lapels in front. On the other side, with fancy costumes, we see very pretty mantelets forming a pelerine at the back and rounded lapels under this pelerine, as well as in front. The latter models are meant for young married and unmarried ladies; they are trimmed with a narrow fluting, or with a marquise ruche of the same material as the mantelet.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED AND WHITE STRIPED MOHAIR FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The under-skirt has one deep ruffle; the upper-skirt, which is also trimmed with a ruffle, has a square apron front, and is looped up and trimmed at the back with violet-colored bows. Wide violet silk sash. The body is cut square in front, and the sleeves are demi-wide. White straw hat, with violet plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF STRAW-COLORED MOHAIR, STRIPED WITH BROWN, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is a good deal gored, and trimmed with one ruffle. The waist is made open in front, half-high on the shoulders, and is worn over a white under-body. Short, white, puffed sleeves. Brown silk sash, and hat of brown straw.

FIG. III.—SAILOR COSTUME FOR A BOY FROM FIVE TO SEVEN YEARS OLD.—Jacket with a large turned-down collar, open in front, and loose, wide trousers of blue cloth, piped with white. Black leather belt, edged with a double piping of white kid. Shirt of fine linen, arranged in narrow tucks. Small turned-down collar. Black cravat.

FIG. IV.—APRON OF BLACK GLACE SILK, with braces joined together in front with cross strips of silk. It is trimmed with narrow satin cross-strips, and satin buttons put on in scallops in front. Small, rounded pockets, with a small bow of satin upon each.

FIG. V.—APRON FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—Gored apron of black alpaca, scalloped out round the bottom, and edged with a narrow fluting. A gimp button is placed at the point of each scallop. Two small, round pockets are trimmed with bows made of the same material as the apron.

FIG. VI.—APRON FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—Apron of black grosgrain silk, with braces and a small plastron. The braces are trimmed round with a ruche of the same material; this trimming is continued upon the apron, simulating a double skirt open at the side. It also hides the slit pocket on the right side, and is finished off with two loops and lappets.

FIG. VII.—PINAFORE OF WHITE NAINSOOK; the front part is trimmed with tabs formed of narrow strips of nainsook, stitched, edged round with a narrow border in embroidery. The body of the pinafore is gathered on to a band edged with embroidery round the top. The short sleeves are gathered and trimmed to correspond.

FIG. VIII.—GORED PINAFORE OF BROWN HOLLAND, edged all round with red waved worsted braid.

FIG. IX.—APRON OF BLACK SILK FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt and pockets are trimmed with a black silk frill edged with black guipure lace; the body is only trimmed with the lace.

FIG. X.—APRON FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—This skirt is made much fuller than the former one, and it, with the body and pockets, is trimmed with diamond-shaped pieces of blue silk, and in the center of each diamond is a black button.

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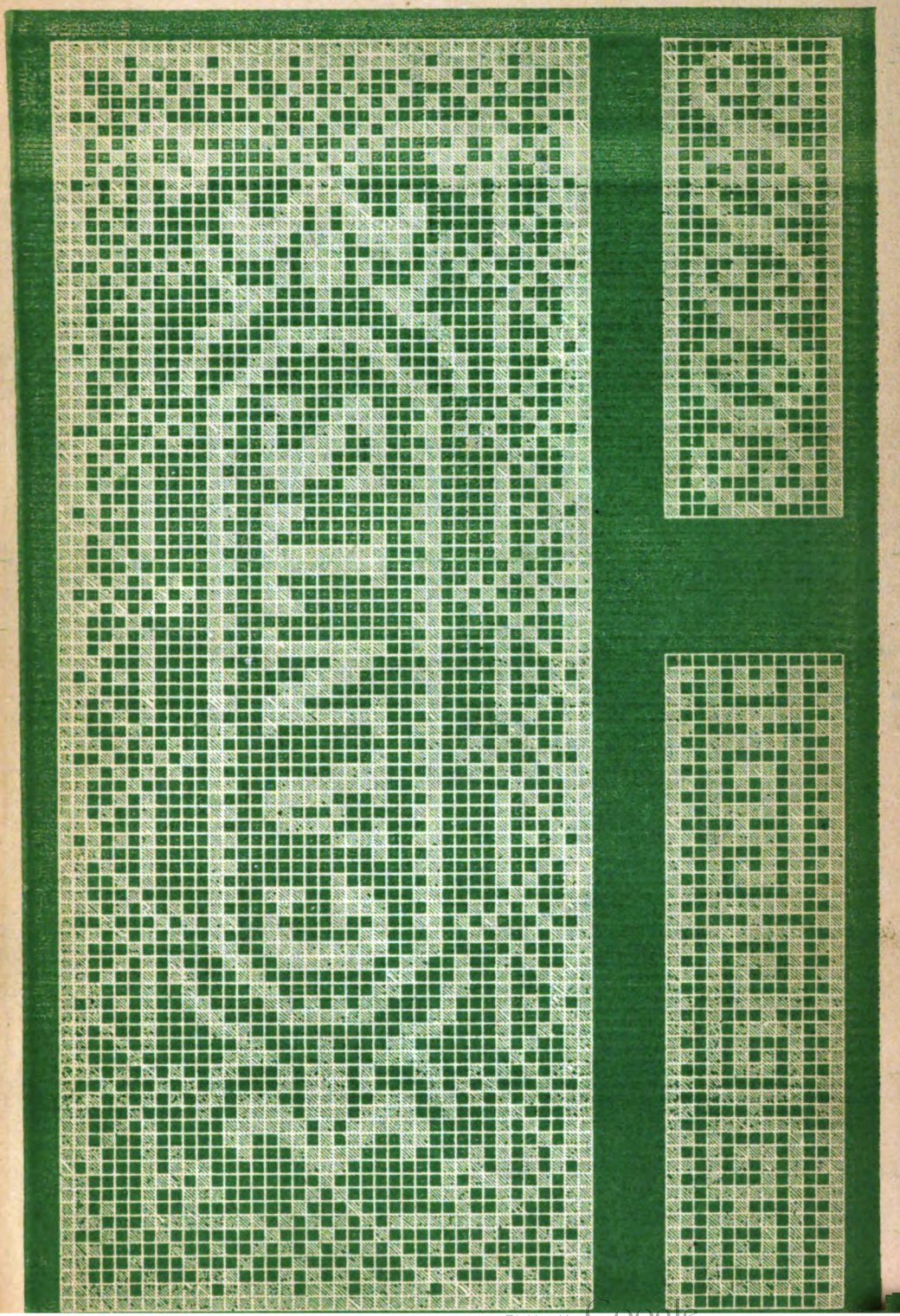

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NUTTING IN THE WOODS.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

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WALKING-DRESS. HAT. BONNET.

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WALKING-DRESS. BONNET. CHEMISE RUSSE

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FALL STYLES OF HATS AND BONNETS.

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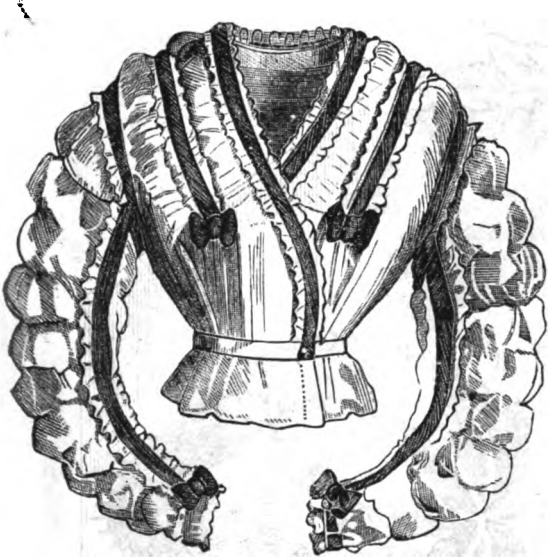

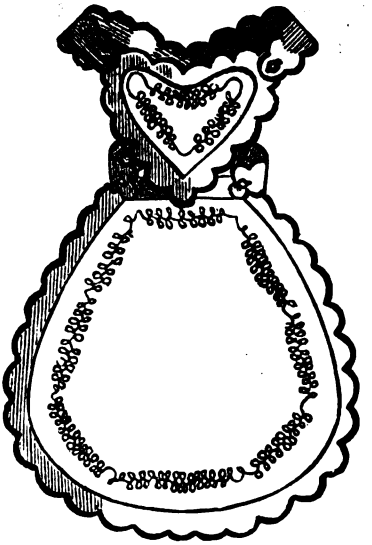

MUSLIN BODICE. ISABEAU BODICE. APRON. FROCK FOR LITTLE GIRL.

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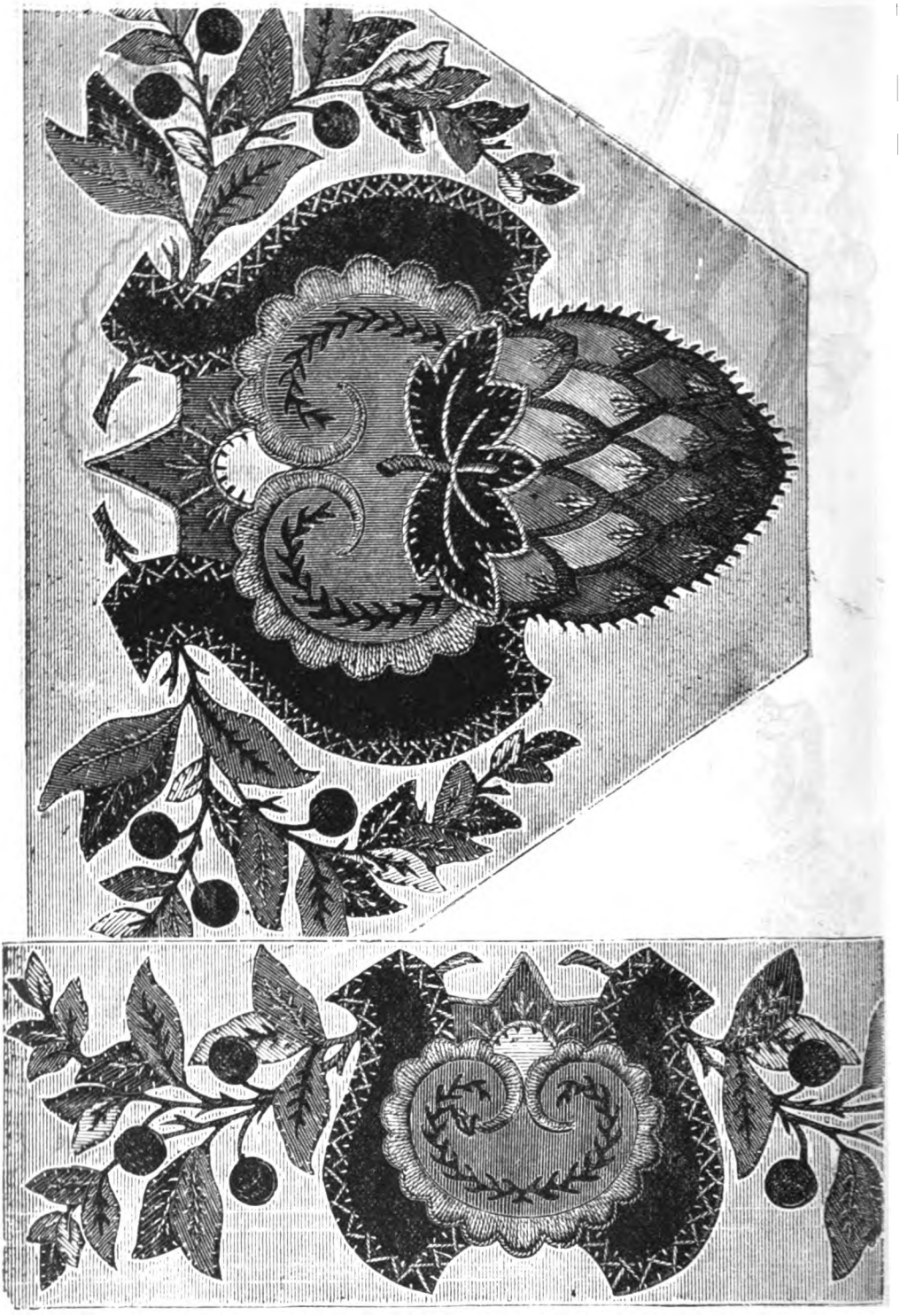

TOE AND BACK OF SLIPPER IN CLOTH APPLIQUE.

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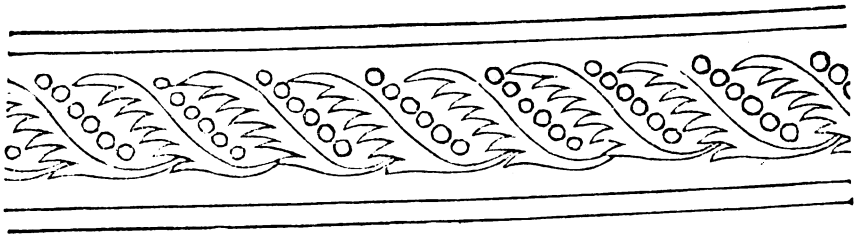

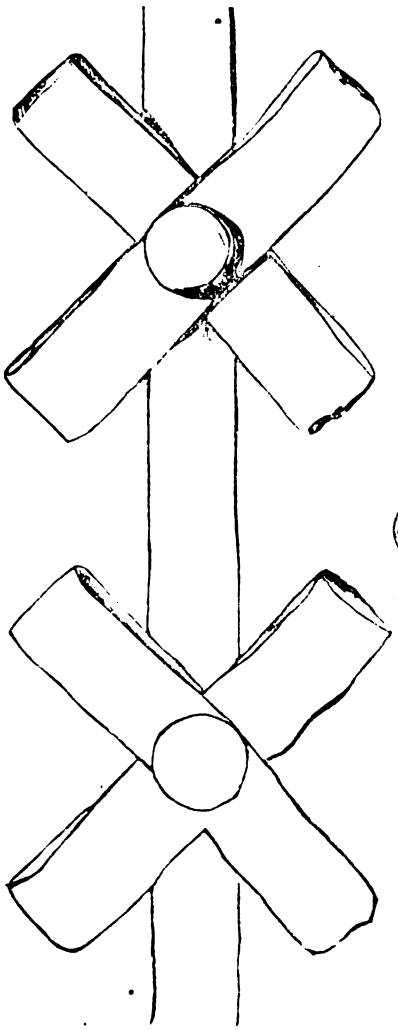

SEGAR-CASE. DRESS TRIMMING. INSERTION.

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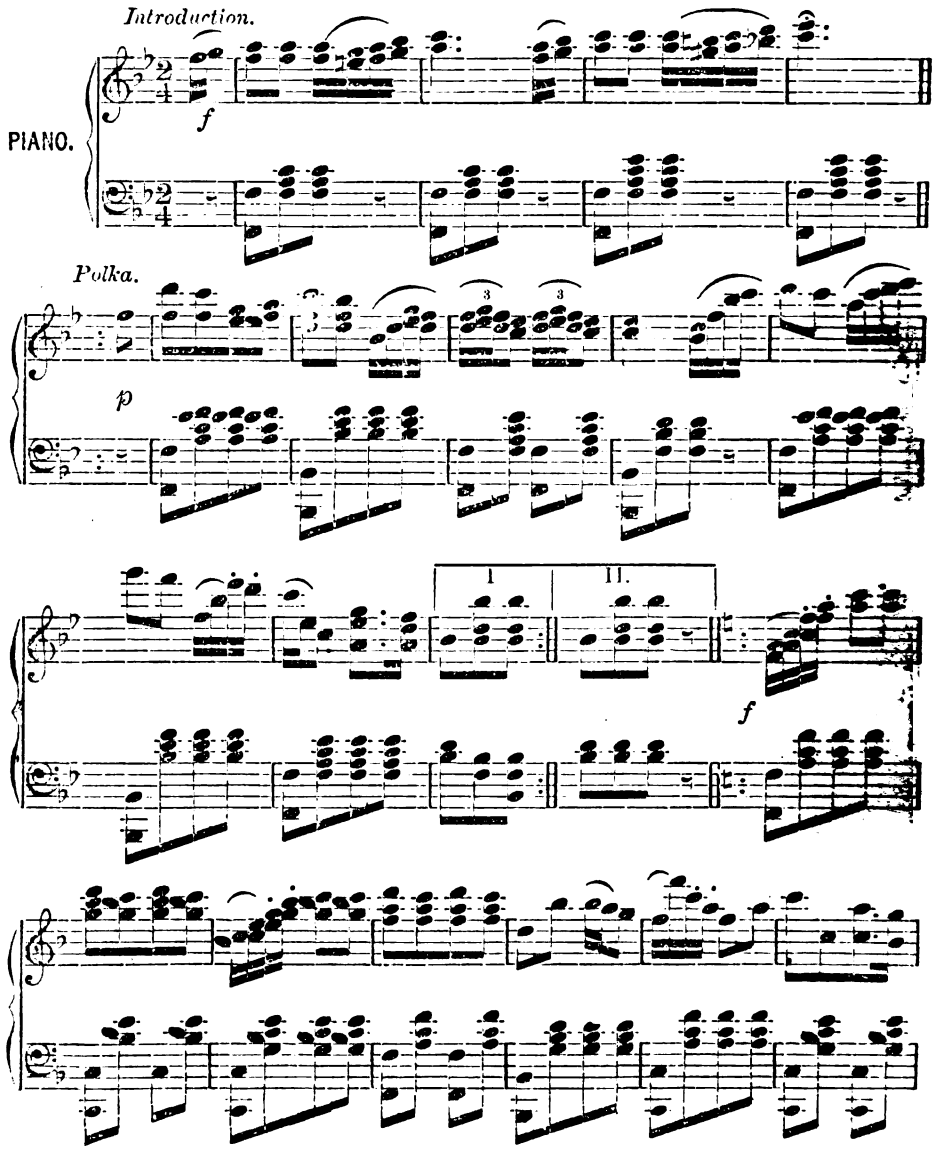
To Mr. F. G. Nichols.

MAGAZINE POLKA.

Composed expressly for "Peterson."

BY A. ROTTENBACH.



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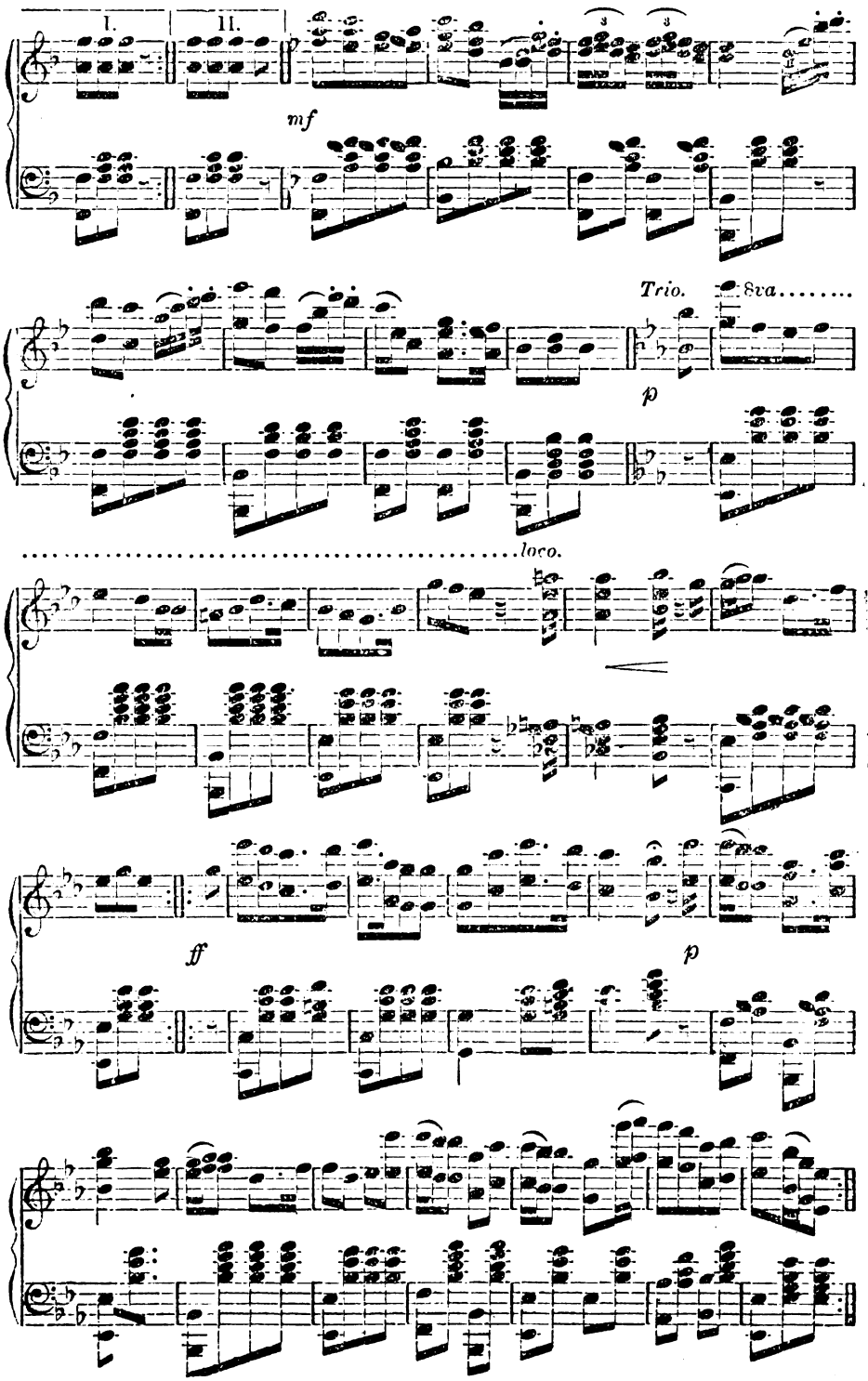
MAGAZINE POLKA.



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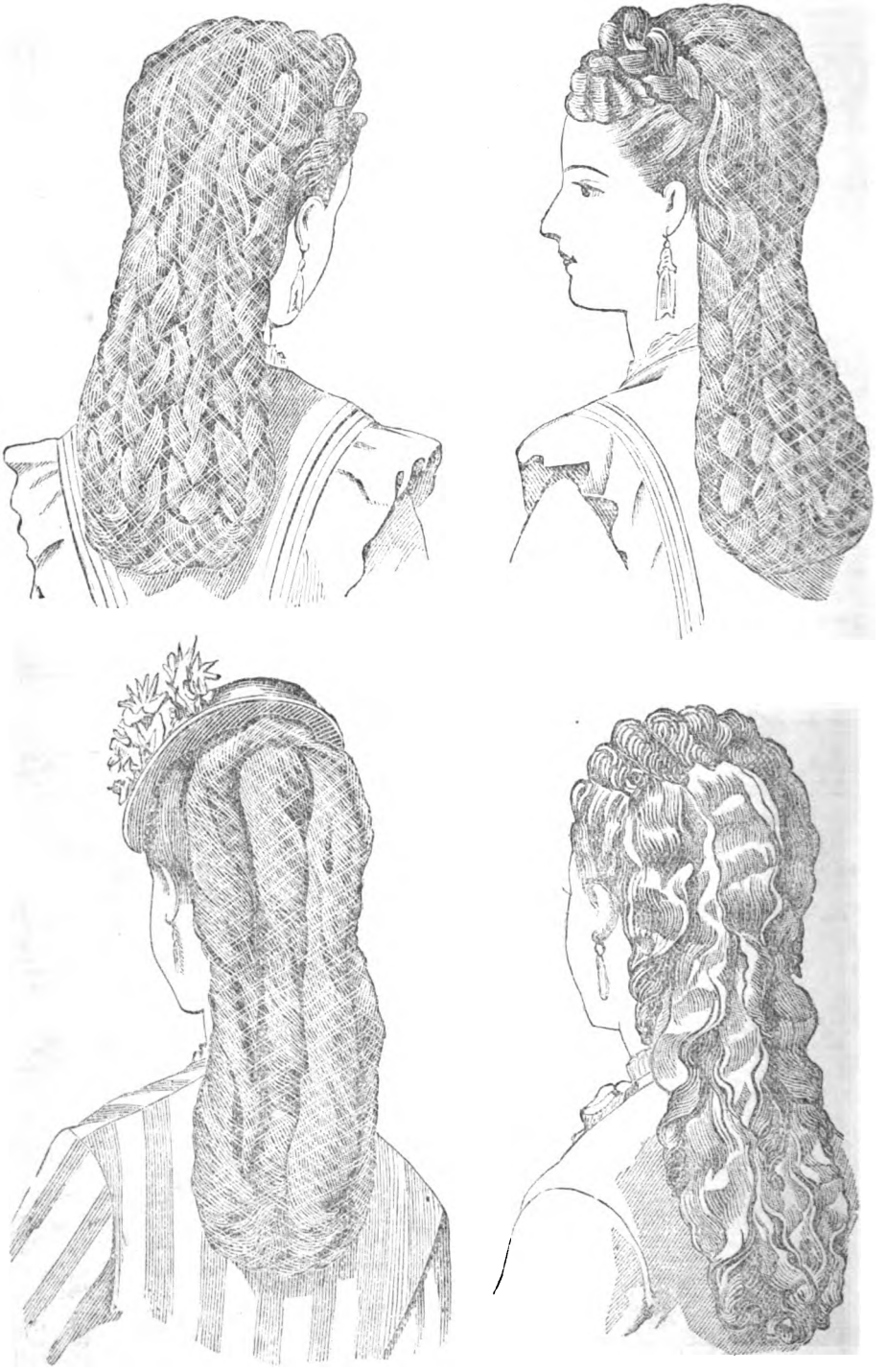

NEW STYLES OF WEARING THE HAIR.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVI. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1869. No. 3.

HUSBAND'S AND WIVES.

BY E. G. TOPLIFF.

"WILL you go to the concert, to-night, Jane?" said Henry Morton to his wife, as she met him at the door, on his return from business.

He kissed her, as he spoke, as was his custom always on coming home or going out.

"Really, Harry, I don't see how I can leave baby," answered his wife, hesitatingly.

"But I think you will enjoy hearing these singers. Surely, for once, Sarah can take care of baby."

So, after a little more hesitation on the wife's part, it was settled. Sarah was given full instructions, and Mrs. Morton, dressing herself in her best, went out on her husband's arm.

"How well you look to-night," said Mr. Morton, gazing fondly on his wife. "Your complexion is as good as it ever was. I have often feared, since you have been shut up so much, that your color would all go, and even your health suffer. There is poor Mrs. Maxwell: she has been married no longer than yourself; yet see how faded and worn she looks."

"It is because she hasn't as thoughtful a husband as somebody else," answered Mrs. Morton, pressing her husband's arm. "Poor thing! she never gets out, and her help is insufficient, for she has two young children to take care of: I sometimes tell her she is killing herself."

"Maxwell makes as much as I do," answered Mr. Morton. "His business is steadily increasing also. He can well afford to live better."

"He is very close, I fear. His wife has never told me the reason why she stays at home so much; but I have no doubt it is because her husband thinks having people there to tea too expensive; and, of course, she cannot visit others, if she is not allowed to ask her friends to her house in return. He never takes her to a concert, or anything of the kind. And, before she married, she was one of the brightest girls I knew, and fonder of society than any of us."

"I can't understand such selfishness as Maxwell's," answered Mr. Morton. "What is the use of a woman always staying at home. I enjoy myself better if you are with me. Besides, a man gets excitement in his business; a woman, on the contrary, has little, or none, unless she goes out."

"A chat with a neighbor, even for ten minutes, will brighten one up wonderfully, sometimes," said Mrs. Morton. "But a walk, in the fresh air, with one's husband, after the day's work is over, is even better," and she looked up, smiling, into Mr. Morton's face.

"Mrs. Maxwell never gets that."

"No," answered his wife. "But there are some men, Maxwell among them, who, I have noticed, never make allowances for their wives. If they have been worried with business, they come home and get angry, unless everything is exceptionally pleasant. If the baby cries, they frown. If the wife is out of spirits, having been worried all day herself, they scold. Such husbands put their wives into a flutter whenever they return at night, for the poor things never know in what humor they will appear. But in other homes how different! The children go dancing to the front door, each trying to be first to welcome papa. Why, at my sister's, where they have four little ones, it is perfectly charming to see Mr. Benson come home in the evening. He generally reaches the parlor-door with one on each arm, and another tugging at his coat-tails. He has smiles and kisses for all, and wants to know how they have been, just as if he had been absent for a month. I used to spend a good deal of my time there, you know, before we married. But see, here we are at the concert-room. What crowds are going in!"

The concert was a very fine one. The music was excellent, the people well-dressed, everybody seemed in high spirits. Mr. Morton saw his wife's face brighten up, till she looked five years younger.

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"Thank you so much, Harry, for taking me," said Mrs. Morton, on coming out. "I will confess, now, that, at first, I didn't care to go. I was very tired: quite worn-out, in fact. But you are always so kind that I thought it would be ungenerous not to do as you asked me. I am glad I came. It has rested me, strange to say, more even than sitting idle at home would have done. It has acted like a tonic. I think it has been the change. One does get dreadfully stupid, if one never hears music or sees other people. But here we are at home. I hope baby has been good."

Baby had been good. Sarah was watching, by his crib when his mother came in.

A few days after, as Mr. Morton was leaving, in the morning, he said,

"What would you like to read, my dear. You must often be lonely, kept in all day, as you frequently are."

"But books cost so much now," answered his wife.

The husband answered,

"Doctors cost more. Out of spirits, out of health, you know, is one of my mottoes. Tell me what you would like, and I will buy it for you I don't intend to ruin myself on books for you, as you know," he continued, stooping to kiss her; "but while I indulge myself in segars, I think you ought to be indulged in books, at least to a moderate degree."

Mrs. Morton mentioned a new book which had just appeared.

"I will stop and get it as I go down town, so as to be sure and not forget it; otherwise some business matter might drive it out of my head before night."

"Ah! you men are so often worried with business. I wish we women could help you."

"You do help us, darling. The cheerful smile, the cozy room, the nice supper that await us on our return at night, soon dissipate the worries of the day. It s like coming into a Paradise to get back at evening."

"But, sometimes, you know, we have been worried also; and then the smile, perhaps, is not quite so bright; though we don't mean to make it a bit less so, for all that."

"We know you don't, darling. No true husband ever visits his business disappointments on his wife; no true wife ever wishes to make her husband suffer because her servants have vexed her."

If all husbands were like Mr. Morton, and all wives like Mrs. Morton, how happy thousands and thousands of families would be!

THUS FADING ON.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

THROUGH childhood's opening hours we glide,
With radiant brow and tender feet;
With love we look on all we meet,
And hope is high whate'er betide.

A passing cloud may bring us pain;
But youthful hearts beat quick and light
To break the gloom that dims the sight,
And hope and joy is ours again.

And youth builds high its palace walls,
And decks them o'er with nice caprice;
To fate, then, signs an armistice—
For low the treacherous fabric falls.

And thus we weave a magic spell,
Wrought fair with hopes too bright to wear;
And when the years bring grief and care,
The heart beats dumbly, like a knell.

So, fading on, our bright dreams go,
And o'er our way the shadows fall,
Till o'er the heart a dreary pall
Glooms all that once had charmed us so.

THE SPIRIT OF AUTUMN.

BY ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

SLOWLY the Spirit of Autumn
Was passing everywhere,
Caressing with cold, damp fingers
Everything sweet and fair.

Softly the Spirit of Autumn
Was borne on the North wind's breath,
Kissing each beautiful blossom—
Alas! the cold kiss was death!

Beneath my window were growing
Flowers, scarlet, blue and gold;
I plead with the restless spirit
To pass by my little fold.

One night, when the moon was shining
Brightly on vine and flower,
The wandering Spirit of Autumn
Came with its subtle power.

Pale lips touched the yielding blossoms,
And bowed each beautiful head:
The morning showed me my treasures,
Blighted, and faded, and dead!

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AT THE FALLS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE sun was almost setting, and such a glory of gorgeous lights flashed in at the windows, that it seemed a shame to stay in-doors an instant longer.

May Crofton caught up her hat, and called to her cousin, who was standing looking out toward the Falls, worlds away from the possibility of remembering that there was any human being near.

"Do come out, Cora," May said; "I shall go wild if I keep quiet a moment longer."

Miss Lasley had to be called several times, and very impatiently at the end, before she even heard. Then she turned, looked at pretty little May with her great, absent eyes, and took up her parasol in silence, nodding to her cousin in sign that she was ready to obey her commands; for, like most people, she seldom had the heart to refuse tiny May anything that she desired.

They were stopping at the Cataract House, under the charge of May's mother, and, thanks to the lateness of the season, they had managed to pass several very quiet and undisturbed days.

The autumn weather, late as it was, kept almost the softness and warmth of summer, and the girls lived principally out-of-doors. May thought to herself that there might be too much of a good thing—quiet, for instance; but Cora seemed to enjoy it so greatly that she bore it like a little martyr, and hoped for better things, especially as she had managed to let several of her adorers know in what place Cora's caprice had landed them.

For I am afraid that I must admit Cora Lasley was capricious, but in a grand, stately way; not because she wanted excitement, but because she had grown tired of it, and went wandering about in search of rest, which she could not find, because the turmoil and great want were within.

She was twenty-four years old, and very weary of being a beauty and an heiress; and she knew the world, that is, the society world, from New York to Rome, and its Vanity Fairs were all alike dreary and empty to her.

Not that she had any great cross or trouble—it would have done her good if she could have stumbled upon one—but she was only *disillusioned* and bored, which is worse. She was tired of wondering what she ought to make of her life, tired of doing nothing, and was always reproaching herself for her waste of existence, and for not knowing how to remedy matters. If she only had something to do—some aim to interest her, she said to herself.

She had been a secret source of uneasiness to her aunt for years, much as the latter loved her; but Cora was so odd, took such strange fancies, that Mrs. Crofton was sometimes fairly afraid she would turn actress, or moral reformer, or something else dreadful and preposterous. As for marrying and being sensible, there seemed less and less hope of that, for she had refused all sorts of men, from Wall street brokers up to German barons, and was no more to be interested in the most fascinating of the opposite sex, than if she had been a snow woman animated by a spell.

May Crofton was four years younger than her cousin, the prettiest, blithest, happiest little fairy that ever made sunshine wherever she moved, extravagantly fond of Cora, and about the only person who was not a little afraid of her grand airs and moods.

Cora would permit her to tease and revile her, and was devotedly attached to her in return; but even to May she did not reveal the fact that, away back in her life, when she was a girl of seventeen, she had lived her little romance, and grown heartily ashamed of it and its hero. She had known for ages that she had never loved the man; but she believed that her youthful folly had taken from her the possibility of ever loving any other, and she had grown suspicious of them as a class, and harder upon their peculiar frailties than, perhaps, they deserved, because, after all, men deserve a little mercy as well as women; and no woman, even a bad one, will ever understand everything about such matters.

The girls wandered out of sight and hearing of everything human, and sat down against a ledge of rocks, where they could look away over that grandest marvel of nature, which only grows more grand as one becomes accustomed to its presence.

May was looking at the clouds and dreaming her pretty dreams, for she was imaginative enough in her way; but Cora kept gazing down into the awful abyss, and being in one of her

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dark moods, her very soul seemed going down, down, under the rush of green waters, over which the setting sun cast rainbows, vivid and quick as lightning.

"What are you thinking of, Cora?" May asked, suddenly.

"Nothing, I believe," her cousin answered.

"I wonder why people always say that when asked such a question suddenly," quoth May, sententiously.

"Probably because the thoughts have been so vague that the question put them to flight, and makes it impossible to answer otherwise."

"Bless me! how wise that sounds. I wish I had a pencil and note-book to write it down."

"You are a saucy little puss!" Cora said, smiling.

"Of course I am. Oh! I'm not in awe of you for all your princess graces! Cora, I don't believe you're happy a bit, for all you are petted and spoiled like a queen."

"I'm tired of being spoiled!" exclaimed Cora, impatiently. "I'm not a baby, or a wax-doll."

"I'll be both to get all the spoiling I want. Why, it's the nicest thing in the world."

"I am sure you have enough of it."

"But you are so unapproachable, people have to worship you at a distance."

"The further off the better."

"Oh! you venomous panther!" cried May, and laughed, highly delighted at the delicious confusion of epithets.

She stopped laughing suddenly, for Cora, who had chanced to be looking down the path, laid a hand upon her arm and whispered,

"Here's somebody coming—how tiresome!"

"Somebody must mean a man, of course," said May; "let me look at him and see what he's like."

She looked and uttered a little exclamation, but sat still and held Cora's hand fast.

The gentleman had been quite near before they saw him. Now he came up, and lifting his hat, said, in a voice so exquisitely modulated that it was a passport to a favorable opinion of itself,

"How do you do, Miss Crofton?"

"Why, Mr. Wellesley!" exclaimed May, "where did you come from? You appear like an evil spirit!"

"I do come from wandering up and down the earth," he replied; "but just now from the Cataract House. Your mamma said I would find you here, and glad to see me."

"My mamma is too much given to opinions," cried May; "but I believe she was right for once," and she held out her hand with her charming frankness. "Only don't be too much elated—I haven't had a man to tease for a week."

"It is really wonderful you are alive," he said, with perfect gravity.

"I see with grief that your travels have not improved you in the least," returned May. "But let me present you to my cousin, Miss Lasley; Cora, Mr. Wellesley—a man capable of doing the coolest and most outrageous things of all his atrocious sex."

The pair, thus absurdly introduced, bowed, and Cora looked indifferent, and Mr. Wellesley looked quiet, and not in the least overcome. Then Cora let May rattle on in her crazy way and had to remark what a charming voice and smile Mr. Wellesley possessed; and that he said his pretty nonsense so brilliantly that it was evident he could talk sense if the opportunity offered.

Finally, May began to drag her into the conversation, and Mr. Wellesley did not seem at all abashed by the honor; so Cora concluded that it was time to go back, and was unusually stately all the way to the hotel.

She saw that both May and her mother treated him like a familiar acquaintance; and she remembered now to have heard them chanting his praises when she returned from her last trip to Europe, a few months back, along with the Otways.

Mr. Wellesley promised to be a very pleasant addition to the little circle of those whom Mrs. Crofton admitted into her private parlor; but Cora was not in a mood to be pleased, and rather snubbed people generally, and, perhaps, would have snubbed Mr. Wellesley, only he was too much occupied with the other young ladies to give her an opportunity.

When her cousin came into her room to say good-night, she did not talk as much about him as Cora had feared she would; so she concluded that the wild, little kitten was more interested in him than she cared to have seen; and Cora was rather sorry, for she thought he seemed too cold and self-centered to be the sort of man to make her petted little cousin happy.

Two or three days passed, and Cora and Mr. Wellesley made very slight progress toward acquaintance. The gentleman seemed to desire it little more than she did, though she had to admit to herself that his manner toward her was perfect, and it was so different from that of other men that she could not help thinking about him.

Their first real conversation was one evening out by the rocks, where they had met on his

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arrival. Cora had wandered out there to be alone, and came upon him stretched on the rock, lazily smoking and reading.

"I am really sorry to disturb you," she said, as he rose; "you look so very comfortable."

"I suppose you are vexed enough with me for being here, when you came out on purpose to be alone."

"You can avenge yourself by hating me for making you get up; but you may smoke."

"Does that mean I may stay?"

"If you wish. Indeed, we need not interfere with each other. Pray go on with your book."

"It is Tennyson," he said. "I was reading Guineveve—shall I read to you?"

She nodded, and he read on to the close of the marvelous poem, which he made more charming than ever by his delightful voice. He closed the book, and sat looking across the waters, repeating half aloud the closing lines,

"Until she passed
To where beyond these voices there is peace."

Straightway they fell to talking, and talked about all sorts of things for a long time, as people must talk who have kindred sympathies when the magnetic chord is touched.

The conversation was interrupted by an invasion, headed by May and two of her adorers, who had just arrived. May was in her gayest mood, and flirted abominably, first with one and then the other; and Cora, watching Mr. Wellesley, thought that he seemed annoyed. She wondered at May for her folly in playing with a man like that, for the sake of two such ordinary geese as Wentworth and Charley Thorne.

More people had arrived at the hotel, and the evening was quite a gay one; and Cora was forced, to oblige her aunt, to dance, and sing, and make herself agreeable. But she could not help watching Mr. Wellesley, and she saw that his eyes often wandered toward May, whatever he was doing, and she was confident that the little witch had sufficiently ensnared him in her spells to make it possible for her to tease him.

Before she went to sleep she tried to talk seriously to May; but she might as well have argued with a white butterfly as with the girl in her mood that night. She would only laugh and say absurd things, and clap her hands and crow when Cora hinted her suspicions in regard to Hugh Wellesley.

"Let me alone and don't lecture," cried she, laughing immoderately.

"But, really, you did not behave well to-night, May," expostulated Cora.

"I can behave worse—I will, unless I am let alone," cried the witch. "Tease Hugh Wellesley—I? How jolly! Oh! you beautiful white goose you. Oh, delicious! Won't I?"

Even after they began to talk of other things, she would at intervals break into a mischievous laugh, and Cora feared that the ordinary luck of people who try to set their friends right had befallen her; that is, that she had done a great deal more harm than good by her interference.

The next morning she saw Wellesley and May walking up and down the long veranda, and May really looked serious; but half an hour after, she was flirting as badly as ever with Wentworth; and Mr. Wellesley looked prouder and more melancholy than usual; and it was the habitual gravity of his face which had first made it attractive to Cora.

So she made up her mind definitely that he was really in love with May, and she decided that May cared for him, but from that very fact was all the more inclined to tease and behave ill. Cora was deeply concerned; she felt certain that Wellesley was not a man to endure such treatment, and that if he once went away, May would be powerless to summon him back, however deep the wound he suffered might be.

So it fell out, from the sympathy she began to feel for him, that Cora treated him with much more cordiality than she often did men. She had a keener sense of justice than is usually supposed to fall to her sex, and she was really indignant with May for conducting herself as she did. But May was more utterly unmanageable than usual, and Mrs. Crofton permitted her to take her own way in a fashion that displeased Cora hugely; but nothing she could say or do had any effect, and she was all the more angry from the fact that, as a general thing, her law throughout her whole circle of relatives was as blindly obeyed as ever those of a Persian satrap could have been.

May would have seasons of treating Willesley in the nicest possible manner; but she always made up for it by being extra wicked immediately after; and he bore with her caprices with a patience that Cora admired, and could not set down to weakness, as she would have done with almost any other man.

Her sympathy for him, her anger at seeing anybody unjustly treated, all combined to soften her so much that, unconsciously to herself, she grew into an intimate acquaintance with him, which would have astonished her greatly had she taken time to think about it.

She allowed him to see how womanly and gentle she was under her exterior of pride and indifference; she displayed to him her rare

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mental qualities as the world did not see them, or, rather, intercourse with a mind like his called them forth as scarcely any other person she had ever met had done. She recognized in this man a nature kindred to her own, only so much more developed, so much wider and firmer, and more serene in its masculine strength and maturity of manhood, that, for the first time in her life, she was content to reverence as well as admire, and be glad to confess that, in following his conversation, and sympathizing in his ambitions and aspirations, she was forced constantly to look up.

The time came when she began to wonder that a man like this could have been attracted toward a gorgeous little butterfly such as May, lovely and bewitching as she was. Then she despised herself for so contemptible a thought, and sternly told herself that it was just such bright, yielding, darling little creatures who got such wealth of adoration in going through this world; and added still more ferociously, with a shake of her head at the proud, still face looking at her out of the glass, that they deserved it much more than a cold-blooded, imperious animal, such as her own type of women were.

Then, all of a sudden, an old, lonely feeling came over her, and she began to think how beautiful it would be to have such love and worship, and to reflect that if she had tried to be different it might have come to her. She felt the tears slowly rolling down her cheeks, and dropping warm upon her hands, and though for her life she could not have told why they flowed, she sat there and wept for a long time. When she was composed again, she assured herself that it was only because she was nervous, finding a dozen reasons, as women will under such circumstances, all as far removed from any approach to the truth as possible.

There came a message from her aunt, desiring her immediate appearance down stairs; so there was nothing for it but to wipe away the trace of her tears and go down. Several people were assembled; they were discussing a riding-party to some place of interest, and her opinion was required.

Nobody seemed to notice anything unusual either in her manners or looks, and Cora congratulated herself thereupon most heartily. Mr. Wellesley had bowed and spoken pleasantly on her entrance; but May seemed to be in one of her gracious moods, and was talking to him in a low tone: so, of course, he did not approach Cora for some time. Once or twice she looked up suddenly and caught his eyes fixed upon her with an expression which she could not understand. Finally, when the business of the day had been settled, and it was known who was to ride, and who drive, Wellesley left May's sofa, and came over to the window where Cora was seated in the shadow of the curtains, with her back to the light.

"I was almost sorry I had urged on the party when I saw you looking so pale," he said; "but, after all, I think the fresh air will do you good."

"Indeed, I am perfectly well," she answered, too much subdued even to be impatient, as she might at another time of such close scrutiny and power of reading her feelings as his words revealed.

"Then out of spirits," he added, "which is rather worse to bear."

"I cannot be that either," she answered, "since I have no reason."

"I believe one's spirits take the liberty of going down to zero without that," he said. "I should be sorry to think you had any real cause."

His voice sounded so gentle and kind, it was such a marvelous voice in the way of expression and intonation, that it made Cora feel more babyish than ever; and she began to be afraid that she had not yet had her cry out.

She left the room as quickly as possible, and once in her chamber, she took herself to task so fiercely, that she looked as proud and cold as Diana by the time she again appeared among the people down stairs, arrayed in her riding-habit, and looking her best therein, as a graceful woman does.

It was the pleasantest possible day; the expedition was an entire success; everybody was agreeable and bright; but the whole thing was an intense weariness to Cora, though, to save her soul, she could not have given a reason therefore.

She looked at May, surrounded by a group of men, so merry and full of spirits, and she wondered at her own stupidity and obstinacy in refusing to be amused.

"I am getting to be a doleful old parrot," she thought, angrily. "I declare, I need not put on spinster airs sooner than is necessary! Cora Lasley, I am completely disgusted with you."

She made a great effort, found a resemblance of gayety somewhere, and rushed out of her silent mood into the other extreme, and astonished and delighted everybody by her brilliancy. Everybody that is, except Hugh Wellesley: she caught him looking at her again with that odd expression she had noticed in his eyes that

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morning; and she feared that he was not deceived by her factitious gayety; but she was more vexed with herself for being so poor an actress, than with his penetration.

The day was over at last. They were back at the hotel, and Cora felt as tired as if she had been doing a forced march with a troop of soldiers, and was suffering fatigue for the whole regiment.

But there was worse weariness and pain in store for the proud woman. She needed, I suppose, the peculiar discipline that was being bestowed upon her, and there was no hope of avoiding it.

There was music and dancing in the parlors. Cora waltzed until she could do her duty no longer; then she managed to escape, and got out on the veranda, where the moonbeams lay clear and silvery as glorified daylight.

She walked slowly round to another part of the building, and came suddenly upon two figures standing together in the shadow. It needed only one glance to show her who they were—May and Hugh Wellesley.

May's hand lay upon his arm, his head was bent toward her, and he was listening eagerly to some low words that fell hesitatingly from her lips.

Cora gathered up her long train and rushed away, swift and noiseless as a ghost, and never stopped till she was in her own room, and the door barred against all intruders.

Then she had it out with herself. The scales had fallen suddenly from her eyes. Useless to try to be blind or deaf any longer; idle to call upon her overweening pride to help; it shrunk and shriveled in the fierce passion that had suddenly burst into flame in her soul, and her woman's heart asserted its womanhood, and throbbed, and ached, and cried out in its agony, and mastered her hitherto indomitable will as if she had been the weakest of her sex.

She sat there, cowering and shaking in the moonlight, hiding her face in her hands as if the white beams had been spirit-watchers, whose gaze she was ashamed to meet; crouched there, and heard her heart beat and moan, and could not deny one syllable of its passionate utterance.

She loved Hugh Wellesley—she who had been more sought than any girl of her day, and had been like a beautiful icicle under it all; at last her heart had gone out, unasked, to a man who did not care for her—worse, who loved another.

The devils that torment poor humanity at certain crises in life, sorely beset poor Cora in that black hour. She fairly hated May, that in her childish loveliness and want of thought she had been able to win the treasure of that man's love. She tried to hate him; to malign him in her thoughts; to deny that he was so much more talented, or gentle, or noble, than scores of other men whom she had met.

She fought her battle desperately, and aided the devils all she could; but it was no use, she was too good and womanly to succeed; her religion was too much a part of her life for her to put it aside even in that frenzy. The bitterness and anger passed—even the insane rage against her own weakness paled and died out.

It was a horrible night, but before it ended Cora was able to accept her humiliation, to admit that she needed and deserved it. It was the worst punishment that could have befallen her—all her life her pride had been her besetting sin; verily, she was mortally punished where she had erred.

And the morning came, and Cora woke from the heavy, unrestful slumber that had come at last, and looked about, and knew that, though an earthquake had passed over her soul and shattered its every stronghold, the world must go on as usual, and she must take her part in it too.

She would not even allow herself the solace of breakfasting in her own room, and was just ready to sail out as grand as Dido, when a servant came up with coffee, and a message from her aunt that she had better not come down, she looked so tired the night before.

So she had another hour to herself. At the end of it there was a tap at the door, and May's voice called,

"I want to come in, enchanted princess."

Cora found a voice quite like her usual one to answer,

"Come in, Miss Wickedness—why didn't you wake me?"

In came May, looking fresher and more lovely than ever, with such light in her eyes, such color in her cheeks, that Cora knew what it meant before she spoke a word.

"I was up so early that I thought I would not disturb you," cooed May, dancing about her. "I have been up for hours, and out. Oh! such a lovely walk as I have had."

"Were you alone?" Cora asked, certain what was coming, and anxious to bring the revelation to a climax, and have it over.

"Not I," cried May. "Do I look like a girl that would take early walks alone?"

Suddenly she threw her arms about Cora, and turned away her head.

"Guess who was with me?" she whispered.

"Mr. Wellesley," Cora said, with a calmness

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that astonished herself, and she felt her heart stop beating.

"Oh, yes—at first!" May replied, hurriedly. "Oh! Cora——"

"I am sure you have something to tell me, my dear," Cora said; when she broke off abruptly, "I think I know what it is."

"Don't!" whispered May. "Oh! it frightens me yet."

She clung fast to Cora; and Cora held her close in her arms, and was thankful that she could offer a prayer for the girl's happiness, though all the while she felt death in her heart, and knew that however long the semblance of existence might last, life was at an end where anything like interest or hope for herself was concerned; it had died in the shudder of agony which shook the very springs of her being, when May's happy voice broke beneath its passion of bliss and delicious shyness.

"Cora," May said, suddenly, still with her head turned aside, "Mr. Wellesley is going away this morning—he wants to bid you good-by."

"Going?" exclaimed Cora.

"Yes; for a day or two only. He got a telegram last night. Please go down—he is in mamma's sitting-room. There's nobody there."

Cora knew what it signified; the trembling voice, the broken words—the worst agony was over; she could bear anything now, could even see him—see the pride and joy in his face, do her part without faltering.

She clasped May more closely in her arms, kissed the bonny brown hair that hung about her shoulders, and said, softly,

"God bless my darling, and make her a happy woman!"

She went straight out of the room without looking back, gave herself not an instant to think, made no pause until her hand was upon the door of the room where May's lover waited.

The very thought that came into her mind—May's lover—it gave her a wild sort of strength which she knew would support her to the end.

She opened the door; there was no tremor in her limbs, no mist before her eyes—she felt dead and cold; she was not conscious even of any suffering, she was just walking about like a ghost whose penance it was to linger upon earth and watch the happiness of those still left here clothed in mortality, and bearing mortality's sensations and happiness.

She saw him rise and come toward her; she was the calmer of the two, and held out her white hand, and was the first to speak.

"May tells me we are forced to bid you good-by," she said. "I am sorry; but I trust you are coming back so soon that we can at once begin to think of your return in order to console ourselves."

"Thank you!" he answered; and Cora was conscious of a vague wonder that his voice should sound so uncertain and tremulous in this first hour of his certainty of his own triumph.

He led her to a seat, and sat down beside her. She glanced at him once, and saw that he was deathly pale; and a fear of some evil for him banished all selfish thoughts.

"Are you in any trouble?" she asked, quickly. "Is there any bad news you wish me to break to May?"

"No," he said, gravely, "no. I am going away—shall I come back?"

"Of course, you are coming, I know from May. She did not tell me, but I understand everything."

"Yes, May is very happy," he said, "and I am so glad. Wentworth is a noble young fellow; but that is not it——"

"Wentworth!" repeated Cora, in horror.

Oh! this was worst of all; he was suffering—May did not love him.

"Wentworth!" she repeated.

"Yes; don't you know your willful little cousin put him out of his suspense this morning?"

"I am so sorry; oh! do believe it! I don't know what to say—I——"

"We can leave them to their happiness," he went on, when he saw that she could not finish. "I am a selfish mortal, and must think of my own hopes and fears. May I come back, Cora?"

Was she going mad? Did her senses play her false?

"Oh! don't you understand?" he cried out. "I love you; I had seen you long before you ever saw me; and, mad as it was, I loved you from the first. May knew it—sent for me here. Cora, don't drive me from you. Give me a hope—may I come back?"

There was an odd little gasp in her throat, which made him look suddenly in her face; he read the whole truth there, and the next instant Cora felt herself pressed to his heart, and heard the words of love and tenderness which burst from his very soul.

It was all made clear in the long hour that elapsed before they were disturbed; then May danced into the room, exclaiming,

"There's a train going, and there's a poor wretch must go on it. Is it all right?"

Their faces must have answered, for she

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dashed at them and kissed them both, laughing and crying, and repeating,

"I did it! I did it! I told old Hugh I would if he'd only mind me! And you thought he liked me, and was badly treated; and so you got acquainted with him. Oh! you panther princess, you!"

She went so crazy that she made them both laugh, and brought them down a little from their lofty romance, which was good for them.

"You'll miss the train," she said.

"I shall not go till night," Mr. Wellesley declared; and he would not, in spite of Cora's attempt at expostulation, when May vowed that the business was of the utmost importance.

Then May danced about them again, and laughed and cried more; and aunt Agatha and Wentworth came in, and I doubt if a happier set of people were gathered together in this old world that has such a trick of sometimes turning into heaven when we least expect it. Thanks be to a merciful Father, who helps us and guides us, in spite of our blind struggles and erring wills—so I leave them.

THE APPLE-TREE IN THE LANE.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

It stood close by where, on leathern-hinge,
The gate swung back from the grassy lane;
Where the cows come home when the dusky eve
Its mantle threw over hill and plain.
Its branches, knotty and gnarled by time,
Waved to and fro in the idle breeze,
When the Spring days brought a blushing crown
Of blossoms bright to the apple-trees.

Its shadow fell o'er the crystal stream,
That all the long, bright Summer days,
Like a silver thread, 'mid the waving grass,
Reflected back the golden rays
Of the noonday sun, that madly strove
To drink the fount of the brooklet dry;
But the rain-clouds showered tear-drops down,
And the glad brook laughed as it glided by.

Never were apples half so sweet—
Golden russet, striped with red—
As those that fell on the yielding turf,
As we shook the branches overhead.

A trysting-place for youthful friends
Was the apple-tree, in the days of yore;
And oft we've sat beneath its shade,
And talked bright dreams of the future o'er.

And when the warm October sun,
Shone on the maple's scarlet robe,
We gathered apples smooth and fair,
And round as our own mystic globe.
The stately hemlock crowns the hill,
And dark pines rise above the plain;
But one we prize far more than they—
The apple-tree in the pasture-lane.

Long years have passed, and cows no more
Come home at night through the grassy lane,
Where the gate swung back on leathern-hinge,
I stand and gaze on the far-off plain.
No more we list to the music low
Of the crystal stream as it ripples on;
And the apple-tree in the pasture-lane,
Is but a dream of the days by-gone.

MEMORY'S HALL.

BY HENRY C. PARK.

Oh! a strange old castle is Memory's Hall,
With its towers and turrets sublime;
For its portals are guarded by spectres tall—
The spectres of years, that come at the call
Of echoes that live in that clime.

It stands in the country of "Long Ago,"
By the side of the river of Time,
Whose waters surge on with an endless flow,
And sing a song as they gently go,
As soft as the vesper chime.

To the door of this castle we often go,
For we've buried our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty, and hands of snow,
And forms we have clasped long years ago,
And tresses of golden hair

There's a lute unswept, and a harp unstrung,
And a part of a dying prayer;
And fragments of song no longer sung,
For the lips that warbled them now are dumb,
And slumber in silence there.

Smiles that have faded, and joys now dead,
And faces we once thought fair,
And wreaths that encircled some loved one's head,
Words of tenderness once been said,
And garments that she used to wear.

Echoes of voices that used to call,
Fall on the tremulous air;
And pictures dim on its sombered walls,
Scenes from the shadowy past recall,
While we stand enchanted there.

The present departs, and the past returns,
As we tread o'er its dusty floor;
And our hearts, overflowing with sadness, burn,
And our souls within us with wildness yearn,
For the things we loved of yore.

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MRS. MARCH'S BOARDERS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Has ever any one of ye had any experience in taking city boarders? If you have, you needn't read this story, you can skip right on to the next one; but if you hain't, then I advise you to read it, and take warning by me.

It's got proper fashionable round here, in Peaville, for the farmer folks to take boarders from the city. It pays well, and anything that pays is pritty likely to be fashionable.

You see, these ere city people come out here to git a sniff of fresh air, and injoy the huckleberries and miskeeters, of which we ginerally have oceans.

Then they go home about the first of September, all burnt and tanned, and bit up, with all their clothes ruinated, and not a grate sight of money into their purses; and they tell everybody that they see how delightfully they have spent the summer.

Isaac, that's my second son, and he's been a hoss-car conductor in Bosting, and has seen a powerful sight of high life, says that they don't go into the country for pleasure—they go because somebody else does. He says a woman would lose *caste* if she stayed to home while the rest of her neighbors was off. I dunna what *caste* means, but mebby you do. Isaac has been to school two year to the Mount Benbo Cemetery, and he is dreadful high-flown sense he come back.

A year ago last summer, Miss Brown—the colonel's wife—she took boarders, and she got rich on it! She had as much as a dozen, and made a sight of money. Folks did pretend to say that she nigh about starved her boarders; but then everybody knows city folks is genteel, and genteel people, it stands to reason, don't need so much to eat as common folks. They live on ceremony and perliteness some.

Mrs. Brown, she saved enuff out of her boarders to pay all expenses, and new furnish her parlor, besides putting a portagal over the front door, and buying a pearley shawl for herself, and a ten-dollar thing, made out of hair and stuff, for her darter Ann to pin onto the back part of her head to set her bunnit onto. It's the slickest thing to keep a bunnit from slipping. And there's that ere purple silk bunnit of mine, that I've had nigh onto five years, it's all the time a slipping off from my head; and Sundays, when I go to meeting, I set in Capen Webster's pew instid of ourn, because his is a wall-pew, and I can put the back part of my bunnit right up aginst the side of the meeting 'us, and that makes it stay pat.

Mrs. Brown's parlor is ilegant. There hain't nothing like it in Peaville.

There's a Brussels carpet that is soft as a piller-tick when you step onto it; and the cheers and sofys is kivered with green stuff that looks like the minister's wife's velvet bunnit; and there's two ottermans, and a picter of Henry Clay with a blue cloak on, and three chany dogs on the mantel-shelf, and a marble-topped table that looks jest as the grave-stuns in the burying-ground does—only there ain't no description on it. And she's got a fotygraft albion, with the picters of her father and mother, and her husband's father and mother, and all their folks, and Napoleon Bonyparte, and Gineral Stark, and Jenny Lind, and lots of others that I disremember intirely.

As soon as I seed them things in that parlor my mind was made up. I'd take boarders too.

I'm a widder woman, and my brother, Lemuel Hanscom, lives with me. He owns the sheep's pasture and the ten-acre wood lot, so I allers try not to be disrespectful to him.

He's a nice man, but he's dreadful nigh to being a monymanyach. He's had a sight of these ere Patent Office Reports sent to him from Washington, and they've long ago sot him crazy to invent sunthin'. And fer more than five year he's been a whittling, and boring and sawing away the best of the time, a trying to make some kind of a machine that'll never stop going. Perpetual motion, he calls it. He says if he can only git it, and he's serting he can in time, he shall be a richer man than Judge Fishtell that lives over to the corner, and keeps two hosses, and drinks brandy that is twenty dollars a gallon.

Lemuel hain't really no right to meddle in my affairs, but when I'm a going to do anything oncommon, I ginerally speak to him about it, jest for the looks of the thing.

So, after I'd made up my mind about the boarders, says I to him, says I,

"Lem, I'm a going to take city boarders this summer."

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"Take city fiddlesticks!" says he, whittling away on a round stick with a hole through it.

"No," says I, "boarders. Mrs. Brown made money last summer, and I mean to see if I can't do as well as her. My Melissy is crazy after one of them new-fashioned pepperlambs that they wear hitched onto the waists of their gounds, and I calkerlate she shall have it. And Isaac needs a new bedstead in his room, and I mean to have some furniture in the fore room, jest like Mrs. Brown's."

"You can do as you're a mind to," says Lemuel, kinder cross like; "but if you do take boarders, you'll wish yer cake dough afore you git through. And they'll bother me to death! A scientific man hadn't ort to be bothered! They'll put me back so on my machine that I shan't git it ready to go to Washington till next winter. And I meant to use some of the money I shall git for the invention in buying that farm of Spencer's."

"'Tain't no use to talk," says I, "I'm fully sot," and he said no more, for he knows when I'm deetarmined on a thing that I hain't easy persuaded to give it up.

I got Eustace Atkins, the schoolmaster over to the corner, to write me some advertisements to put into two of the Bosting papers, and he did it powerful. To have read what he writ you'd have thought our farm was a Paradise upon airth.

He called the house Poplar Lodge, and there hain't but one popple on the farm that I know of, and that's out back of the hog'-house.

Well, in three days, I was overrun with folks that had come out to see the primises. And most of 'em smelt of musk, and carried their heads dreadful high, and turned up their noses at everything. The men they tip-toed round among the cabbage-plants and ruty-beggars, and wondered what kind of flowers them things would turn into; and the women, they screeched and held their smelling-bottles to their noses when the geese and turkeys chased 'em, and stuck out their necks at 'em, as them animals is apt to do.

The fifth day there was a feller came that I thought would do. His name was Henry Cliffe, and he was about as nice-looking a chap as you'll see anywhere out of a picter-book. He was tall, and wore one of these short coats that is a kind of a cross between a coat and a jacket, and he had a red neck-tye, and a buff vest, jest as if he was reddy to be married.

His hair and eyes was black, and his mustache was black, too; and he kinder put me in mind of one of them pirats, or bandanna chieftains, that we read about in the illustratiorated newspapers—them fellers that one is awfully afeard of, and yet sorter falls in love with at the same time.

I took him to once, and give him the north frunt chamber.

The same day there came a woman, all in black, and as handsome as a picter. She'd lost her husband not long afore, she said, and wanted to come out into the country to recooperate.

I told her I didn't know about the cooperating. It wasn't common for women folks to larn the cooper's trade; but then, if they was a going to vote, I didn't know as there'd be anything onproper in their learning one of the men folks' trade.

She laffed, and sed I didn't quite understand her. Her health was poor, and she had come to the country to recruit.

And then she talked so pitifully of her grief and trouble, and flurrished her scented handkercher so sorrowfully around her eyes, that I agreed to take her. I gave her the south frunt chamber, and told her there was a young man by the name of Cliffe in tother, with black eyes, and a red neck-tye; and she sithed, and said black eyes and red neck-tyes were nothing to her now.

Her name was Myra Westley, and she came from New York.

I felt well pleased with her, for I calkerlated that being in trouble she wouldn't be likely to have much appetite. People don't ginerally, you know. So thar'd be a saving.

The next day Mrs. Wilson came, with her three children, and I agreed to take 'em if they'd be contented to sleep in the tool-house chamber, because all my rooms was full. Mrs. Wilson was dreadful genteel, but she said she'd stay if she had to roost in a tree! For her neighbors, the Joneses, and the Smiths, and the Jenkinses, had all gone into the country, and she'd die but what she'd be as much as they was!

Them children of hern was awful! If you should sarch the world over from Californy to the Gulf of Mexico, you couldn't find three such youngsters. Adolphus, he was twelve year old, and Katrina Adelaide was ten, and Ignatius Catterangus was seven.

They provoked Lemuel's life out of him. Dolph, as his ma called him, cut Lem's machine all up to kindle a brush-heap with: and Adelaide tore the picters out of his Patent-Office Reports, and papered the hen-house with 'em; and Angus, the little one, he upsoot my whole

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churning-cream down the sullar-stairs, and filled the churn up with two litters of my spring chickens—and the old hens, they liked to have scratched and picked his eyes out in the scrape.

Their ma said they were children of genius, that she feared they was short-lived; their brains was too big for their heads. And then she'd kiss 'em; and Dolph, he tied a dead rat to her water-fall, and skeered her nigh about into fits.

One morning I missed the cat. She warn't there to git her new milk, and she was allers as constant to the milk-pail as the needle is to the pole. I was worried about her, for she is as good a cat as ever you seed.

I asked the children if they had seen her, and Dolph giggled and looked at Angus, and that little wretch said she was in the flour-barrel.

"Dolph put her in last night," said he; "we didn't like her color, she's so black, and we thought we'd powder her jest as ma does her face!"

"You little trollop!" cried Mrs. Wilson, grabbing him and giving him a shake that made his teeth clatter, "I'll learn you to tell falsehoods!"

"It's so—hain't it, Dolph?" exclaimed Angus, and then he scooted out of the house; and the next I seed of him he was out in the barn, with two hens tied to a pole, trying to brush the cobwebs off from the barn winders. He'd got a feather duster, he said.

As soon as I found out whar the cat was I run to the flour-barrel, and shore enuff, when I histed up the kiver, out she bounced as white as a miller, and skeered nigh about to pieces. And when she come out she jumped onto the cake-board that had as much as a dozen tumblers, jest washed, onto it, and down went the board, and all them tumblers along with it; broke 'em into five hundred pieces, and skeered the cat so that she didn't come anighst the house for more than a month.

Wall, I had my revenge onto the Wilsons in one way. The bread they cat was made out of that indenticle flour!

The next day Dolph fell through the scaffling in the barn into the pen, where we had a sow and some pigs, and the hoggish old lady tore all his clothes off from him afore he could git out. Angus got kicked by the old mare half to death; and Adelaide, she upsot one of the bee-hives, and was stung so bad that her face looked like a biled lobster with the small-pox.

But, land! 'tain't no use for me to try to begin to tell the performances them children had, and the scrapes they got into. It would take half of my lifetime.

Afore many days, the widder Westley, she got to be dreadful peart for a widder. And when she and Mr. Cliffe didn't know that anybody seed 'em, they was jest as sociable together as if they'd known one tother from their cradles.

She got so gay and lively that I sot out to send her off. I was afeard people would begin to talk if I had a woman in the house that laffed so loud, especially as she was a widder.

I spoke to Mr. Cliffe about it one day, and he growed so red that I didn't know but the widder had been saying sunthin' onproper to him.

But he sed he guessed if he was me he wouldn't go to having no fuss, and he was so extry perlite and nice about it, that I told him jest to oblige him I'd keep still.

After that he was dreadful retentive to me, and every time he spoke to me he either called me dear madam, or dear Mrs. March.

And he got into the habit of patting me onto the shoulder, and squeezing my hand whenever he wanted to say that the butter was too salt, or the coffee not sweet enuff.

And he kept telling of me how young I looked, and what pritty hair I had, and what a good form, and said that if all ladies were such a figure as I was, corsets wouldn't never have been invented.

And when he went to the Corner, he allers brung me home some peppermint lozenges, of which I am very fond, and which is excellent fer wind in the stummuk.

After a spell I began to see through it, though at fust I couldn't hardly believe it. But, then, I'm very young-looking of my age, and I hain't near so old as I might be.

And I s'pose I hadn't orter have thought of marrying agin; but then a widder's life is a very lonesome one, and Mr. Cliffe was such a fine-looking fellow! I knowed half the girls in Peaville would be yellow with envy; and as fer the widders and old maids, I doubted if they'd manage to live through it.

One day Mr. Cliffe he sot down terrible nigh me on the settle in the kitchen, and he put his arm round me, and tuk my hand into his as affectionate as ever you seed a person.

"Hold on a minnit," says I, "and let me wipe my hands onto my apron, "I've been a kneeding up bread, and they're a little doughy."

"And he waited jest as obedient as a kitten. Then he took my hand agin, and says he,

"Mrs. March, it is not good for man to be alone. That is Scripture is it not?"

"Yes," says I, "and it's the truth, too."

"I'm glad you think so," says he, "because I'm in love."

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"Land of pity!" says I, hiding my face in my apron, and getting that dough all over it—"how you do talk!"

"I know it's a little sudden," says he, squezing my hand so that the pinch-beck ring, that I wear on my forefinger to keep off the rhumatiz, cut rite into the flesh, "I know it's sudden, and I beg your pardon for speaking of it. But I must confide my trouble to some feeling heart—and to whom shall I speak unless to you, my dear Mrs. March?"

"Sarting!" says I. "I'm the very one. Talk rite along, and tell me everything."

"I'm unfortunate," says he. "I cannot be married without losing a fortune, unless I am married privately. My grandfather is very wealthy, and has made a will in my favor; but if I marry in his lifetime I forfeit all the property. He is opposed to matrimony."

"The old hunks!" says I, indignantly.

"Yes," says he, "so he is, though I must not say so; and, Mrs. March, what I want is, that you will consent to a private marriage, and allow me to remain here afterward with my wife;" and he laughed, and blushed, and looked as silly as could be.

"Lawful heart!" says I; "of course I consent. 'Tain't nobody's business, no way. When is it to be?"

"Next Saturday night, if it pleases you. I have already spoken to Squire Moss about it, and he has consented. We shall go down to his house in the six o'clock train, be united, and return at eight to your house. You'll not fail to be at the depot?"

"No, indeed!" says I, "you can depend on me!" and then he kissed my hand jest as they do in novels, and never seemed to notice the dough that was still sticking to it.

I was as happy as can be; and I made up my mind that I'd deed the six-acre field to Mr. Cliffe the minnit we was married. That would show him how much confidence I had in him.

I should have somebody now to esquart me home from evening meetings, and to go to the sowing-circle with me Thursday nights. It was dreadful nice to think of; and I didn't go to sleep till nigh midnight that night for thinking of it; and when I did get asleep, I dreamed of a funeral, which is a sarting sign of a wedding.

I went and had a buff delaine gound made for the occasion, and Sotterday night, at half past five, I sot sail for the depot. It seemed that Mr. Cliffe didn't want to excite no suspicions by our going to the depot together. Jest as I turned into the road that led to the depot them consarned cars whistled in, and I knowed I was late. I started upon the run, stepped onto my gound, and fell flat, rite into a mud-puddle, and spattered myself from top to toe.

But I jumped up immegiately, and made for the depot. I seed a man standing on the platform. I waved my handkercher to him, and screamed at the top of my voice,

"Stop 'em! Don't let 'em went on without me!"

"They've already went!" says the man—and, shure enough, so they had! I asked the man—who got in? And he said a man and woman—and described Mr. Cliffe exactly.

"Look here!" says I. "Hain't there no way that I can git to Stickneyville without waiting for the next train?"

He scratched his head to scratch up an idee, and said, he and another man there would kerry me down on a hand-car for a dollar. I told them the money was ready for him the minnit I was landed at Stickneyville—and we sot forth rite off.

"Turn like all possessed!" says I. "It's necessary for me to git there as soon as I can!"

And they turned. I guess they fairly airned their dollar.

I paid 'em as soon as we arriv, and hurried to Suire Moss' at the top of my speed. There was a light in the parlor, and I rushed in without knocking.

And, gracious deliverance! I wonder I hadn't swoonded rite on the spot, for jest as true as you live, there stood Cliffe and the widder Westly hold of hands, and the squire was jest a saying,

"I pronounce you man and wife!"

I grabbed Cliffe's arm, and brought him round facing of me in a seckont.

"Land of Goshen!" says I. "What does this mean?"

"She's mine!" says he. "Nobody can separate us now!" and he fell to kissing the widder.

"You're a false, desateful man!" says I; "and I'm a good mind to have you arrested for begotry and breeches of promise! You promised to marry me; and here I've been to the expense of gitting a new gound——"

"My dear Mrs. March!" says he; "what a mistake! I have been engaged to Myra ever since her husband died, and we came to your house to be together. And we hope still to remain."

"Well, you won't," says I, "not by two chalks! I won't keep such a man in my house! You'll tramp to-morrer, both of ye! Oh, dear! dear! what shall I do! If this should get out, how folks would talk! What shall I do?"

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"I dunno," says Squire Moss, kinder soft, "unless you take me instid of him. I've been thinking about coming over to see you for quite a spell; but I've had so much to do I hain't got at it. Things is mighty bad this year, so much wet weather it starts the weeds rite ahead. What do you say, Mrs. March? Will you marry me?"

"Lawful heart, Squire Moss! how you talk!" says I; and then the squire he put his arm round me, and give me a real old-fashioned smack, and—— Wall, we are a going to be married next month, when the sign is in the heart, for good luck.

I sot my boarders all adrift the next day after the wedding of Cliffe and the widder, and I don't calkilate to keep any more never. The squire says he'll buy some ottermans, and things for our parlor, that'll take the shine off from Mrs. Brown's in no time at all.

UNDER THE ELM.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

UNDER the elm, in the eventide,
How we heard the night-bird calling,
As we watched the trailing shadows glide,
When the twilight dews were falling,
Drooping its trailing branches low,
Down to the blush-red clover,
Swaying and eddying to and fro,
As the breeze of night swept over.

Under the elm, when the day was done,
And the quiet night was darkling,
How we watched the stars come, one by one,
In the jeweled sky-vault sparkling.
How we laughed and sung as the moon rode high,
In the depth of ether sailing;
And she seemed to pierce, with her shining eye,
'Neath the pliant branches trailing.

No longer now, as the years flow by,
We lie on the blush-red clover,
And listen and watch for the thrilling sigh
Of the night-wind sailing over.

No longer we sing, 'neath the silver moon,
As the night-shades gather round us,
But, ah! there's a spell in the olden time
That close to the past has bound us.

And struggle and strive, as we oftimes may,
To break from the secret thralling.
Our heart goes back to the olden time,
When we watched the shadows falling;
When, under the branching elm-tree high,
In the beautiful Summer weather,
There fell a word, a blush, and a sigh,
That bound two young hearts together.

Under the elm, you remember, sweet,
How you bent to my wild caresses;
You must have heard how my proud heart beat
At the sweep of those queenly tresses.
But you never, never could have known
How our love-dream must be broken;
And that I should be keeping our tryst alone,
With the wraith of a grief unspoken.

GIVING AND WITHHOLDING.

BY N. F. CARTER.

DENY not to the needy world thy mite,
However small the offering may be;
Give it a tribute of the love and light
Charming thy life as balm the Summer sea.
Denying,
Is dying;
Giving,
Living!

The fountain, hoarding all its treasures up,
At best is but a dark and stagnant pool;
But in the heat, still pouring from its cup,
Gives fresher life with waters clear and cool.
Denying,
Is dying;
Giving,
Living!

In vain seem morning-glories of the Spring,
With blue-bird and the robin ever mute;
The tree is but a poor and worthless thing,
Barren of singing leaves, and flowers, and fruit.
Denying,
Is dying;
Giving,
Living!

The air, to life-blood more than bread and wine,
Without a constant giving, is a blight;
The sun, so glowing, should it cease to shine,
Would be an orb of blackness black as night.
Denying,
Is dying;
Giving,
Living!

Then give, be ever giving, give to live;
Upon the world bestow thy wealth of love,
Of gold, of strength, of service; live to give,
Till dawns the morning of the life above.
Denying,
Is dying;
Giving,
Living!

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DEATH IN LIFE.

BY AGNES JAMES.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101.

A WEEK of Philip Saint Evremonde's odious society Vivienne was compelled to endure. Then he left the chateau, and her life settled again into its quiet routine. She faithfully nursed and tended her invalid mother, whose days seemed to be passing sweetly and tranquilly on to the end—and who never, for an instant, was allowed to see the thousand alarms and forebodings that tortured her daughter's heart. Vivienne felt, day by day, that the marquis was waiting till a set time came for his revenge. It was only deferred—not forgotten. She was constantly made to understand this by his harshness and coldness, and by the strict surveillance which did not leave her a moment unwatched, or permit a letter or messenger to leave the chateau unexamined.

Meanwhile, had escape from this tyranny been possible, duty and affection chained her to the side of the declining mother, whose last days would have been rendered miserable if she had discovered the estrangement between her daughter and the marquis.

So the autumn and winter wore away, and March winds began to wail around the turrets, and bend the sturdy oaks of Hautlieu.

One wild, stormy night, Vivienne was kept awake till daydawn by the restless wind, and the rain that sobbed against her windows. They seemed full of sorrowful voices, of shrieks of despair, of moans from some distant battlefield, where, perhaps, Leon lay dying, of sobs and lamentations. She could not sleep till the gray dawn stole in, and her windows and the wind was lulled to rest.

She was awakened by an eager, agitated voice in her ear. Elise, one of her attendants, stood beside her weeping, and exclaiming, "Oh, madame! will you rise, and come with us to see Monsieur le Marquis? They cannot awaken him! Oh, madame! they are afraid——"

Vivienne did not stay to hear the girl's story. Hastily wrapping herself in a loose robe, she entered the apartments of the marquis, which adjoined her own. A crowd of frightened servants were gathered around the bed, and on it lay, cold and rigid, the body of the Marquis de Hautlieu. He had been dead many hours. The eyes that had gleamed so cruelly upon his young wife, now stared blankly and horribly through the glaze of death; the lips that had uttered such harsh and sneering words were silent forever; the heart that had loved her so fondly, and hated her with so deadly a hate, beat no more with either love or hatred.

But as Vivienne stood gazing down upon his white face, and trying to close his staring eyes, her tears fell fast for the kind old man who had loved her long ago, and she forgot the tyrant whose death set her free.

They led her weeping from his bedside, and she sobbed herself to rest in the arms of her mother, who mingled her tears with Vivienne's, and murmured tender praises of the dead man.

The stately, magnificent funeral ceremonies were over, the body of the marquis rested in the silent vaults beneath the chapel; and of all the train of relatives and friends who had assembled at the chateau, no one remained but Philip Saint Evremonde, his nearest kinsman, and the inheritor of his title. A very small portion, however, of the vast wealth of the marquis accompanied the title; the greater part becoming the property of his young widow.

But the notary, who had drawn the will of the late marquis, on the evening of the funeral requested the presence of the marquise, and of the new marquis, at the reading of the will. Vivienne came in her sable dress, and, without raising her eyes, slightly returned the salutation of Saint Evremonde, seated herself, and listened to the reading.

She scarcely understood the involved legal phraseology of the document. She only comprehended that it put her in possession of almost fabulous wealth, which was to be hers, however, upon one simple condition.

The notary paused in his reading a moment, and Vivienne, raising her head with languid interest, saw that Philip was watching her with eager, expectant eyes.

The notary continued, "All these moneys and estates I do hereby give and bequeath to my wife Vivienne de Hautlieu, on condition that the hours between eight o'clock in the evening and six in the morning, shall be spent by her, alone, in the vaulted chamber adjoining the chapel of the Chateau de Hautlieu, and leading

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to the vaults beneath the chapel. If at any time she fails to be within that chamber when the hour of eight in the evening arrives, or should leave it before the hour of six in the morning, she will immediately forfeit all that I have herein bequeathed to her, which will become the property of my nearest kinsman, Philip de Saint Evremonde, or his heirs. This condition I annex for reasons which my wife will understand, and in the belief that 'a pure conscience, and a devout spirit can make her happy even in that dismal chamber.'"

The voice of the notary ceased abruptly, and Philip started from his seat. With a cry of horror Vivienne had risen from her chair, and then fallen back again ghastly pale, and with closed eyes. But she had not fainted. The sound of Philip's hated voice, as he directed the notary to summon her attendants, recalled her to herself. She opened her eyes, and her breath came in long, gasping sighs.

Oh! it was so cruel, so terrible a revenge!

She must fulfill the condition, for her mother would die if she were removed from the chateau; and Vivienne knew from the pitiless, triumphant look in the eyes of the bad man near her, that he would turn them both out to starve without scruple or regret.

Even in the first instant of her horror and surprise, she determined that her dying mother should never know the condition upon which she was allowed to live on in tranquil ease and luxury. "I shall only have to bear it for a little while," thought Vivienne. "Then my dear mother will be at rest, and I shall seek refuge in a convent. Only a little while! Oh, heaven! give me strength to bear it for my dying mother's sake."

Then the young marquise rose from her chair with quiet dignity, and turning to Saint Evremonde, said calmly, "Monsieur, I am ready to fulfill the condition. It is hard—but I shall find strength for it."

"Nay, madame, it is too hard!" he cried, catching her hand, and gazing into her face passionately. "That such loveliness should be condemned to a living burial is intolerable! There *is* a way to escape it. Become my wife—"

But Vivienne's hand was snatched from his grasp, her eyes flashed, and her cheek crimsoned with anger and resentment.

"Monsieur, you insult me!" she cried, in clear, steady tones, without one shade of fear or irresolution. "I would rather be buried alive in the vaults themselves than become your wife. Monsieur, I desire that you leave my house. Appoint as many persons as you please to see that I fulfill the conditions of my husband's will; but let me be relieved from your presence, which is hateful to me." She swept from the room with the haughty air of an insulted queen, and Philip was left raging with mortification and anger.

And Vivienne, once in her own apartment, the young marquise lay prostrate before the shrine in her little oratory, weeping, trembling, praying for strength and courage to pass through the ordeal before her. Elise and Marion, her favorite attendants, found her in this frightful state, and it was many minutes before she could answer their frightened questions. At last, under promise of strict secrecy, Vivienne confided to them the terrible provision of her husband's will, and rising with inforced calmness, she began to make preparations for going to her gloomy resting-place.

"Madame, you shall not go alone. We will stay with you," cried both the attached women.

Vivienne shook her head mournfully.

"I must remain there alone," she said; "that is the condition."

"Then I will spend the night in the chapel. I will sleep on the threshold of your chamber!" exclaimed Elise, vehemently.

"No, Elise," said Vivienne, with quivering lips. "I shall be safe there. Heaven will protect me. On you, Elise and Marion, do I rely to take care of my dear mother, and, above all, to conceal from her the cause of my absence. Tell her that I am very weary to-night, and have gone to rest. I cannot see her now."

"May we not go with you, madame, and make that terrible place more fit for your occupation?" asked Elise, and without waiting for an answer, she began to collect the rich shawls and silken quilts that lay on the couch of the marquise.

The great clock of the chateau boomed out the hour of half-past seven. Vivienne started at the sound, and followed by her attendants, hurried through hall and passage till the chapel-door was reached.

Darkness had long ago gathered in the silent chapel, and the lamp that burned constantly before the altar shone out like a star amidst black clouds.

For a moment Vivienne prostrated herself near the altar, and her lips moved in prayer; then she opened with a trembling hand the heavy door of the vaulted chamber, and stood again amidst its shadows, and its chill and clinging vapors.

"Madame! Madame! You will die here! Oh! is there no help? Must you stay here?" sobbed

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Marion, shivering with fright, and gazing with terrified eyes around the low chamber, with its scanty furniture, which remained exactly as Vivienne had seen it on that dreadful night long months ago. Elise, though herself quivering with superstitious terror, was, meanwhile, occupied in spreading shawls and quilts over the velvet cover of the couch, in placing a flask of wine on the rough table, and in trying to give some appearance of comfort to the cell-like room. Vivienne, with faltering steps, had descended the stairs leading to the vaults, and examined the bars that fastened the iron doors at their foot.

"Why do you do that, madame?" asked Marion. "Bars, I have heard, avail nothing against——" She paused, checked by a warning look from Elise.

"There is another way of gaining access to the vaults," answered Vivienne. "I do not know what treachery may be meditated. See, Marion, I am prepared to defend myself against other than spiritual terrors;" and Vivienne showed her a keen, glittering dagger fastened in her belt.

As she did so, a slight movement in the chapel startled them, and extorted a piercing shriek from Marion, who threw herself at Vivienne's feet, and buried her face in her mistress' dress.

A figure glided into the dim light shed by a lamp Elise had placed on the table, and Duroc's bloodless face gleamed out from the darkness.

"Ah, Monsieur Duroc!" said Vivienne, speaking calmly, though her very lips were white with terror, "you know why I am here, I presume. I shall certainly remain here. I bid you good-night, monsieur."

An imperious wave of her hand motioned him to leave the chapel, and with a cringing bow he turned away.

"And now you must leave me," said Vivienne, in a low, yet steady tone, to her attendants. Marion sobbed and clung convulsively to the dress of her adored young mistress; but the calmer Elise raised her companion, and then kissing fervently the hand Vivienne extended to her, she exclaimed, "Madame, may our Blessed Lady, and all the saints watch over and guard you through this night!"

Vivienne could only bend her head silently in reply. She motioned to them to leave her. They passed into the chapel; she closed the door, shot the huge bolt into its place, and was alone in her terrible chamber. For a moment she heard the retiring footsteps of the two women, and Marion's low sobs. Then the clock tolled its slow, solemn warning. As the eighth stroke fell on her ear, she heard the chapel-door close behind her attendants, and all was silent—the silence of the grave.

Trembling, half fainting, she threw herself on the couch, and lay there, her heart beating in slow throbs, that sounded like thunder in her ears. She dared not close her eyes for fear some horrible shape would steal to the side of her couch; she dared not look toward the great, black doors of the vaults, there were such horrors behind them as chilled her blood to think of. She thought—though the thought seemed driving her mad—of the dead marquis lying there so near her; of the mouldering dust and whitening skeletons in their coffins, with the silver on them tarnished, and the velvet palls slowly dropping into dust. The ghastly images her imagination pictured seemed to come crowding round her in the chill and gloom. They were there, those shapes of horror, close to her, lingering in the shadows. If she moved her eyes from the little flame of the lamp, which they had fixed themselves upon, she would see them—these pale spectres.

It seemed to her that hours passed, during which her eyes never moved from that dim, flickering flame. She was roused from that trance of terror by the sound of the clock striking the half-hour. She had been here, then, but one short half-hour! With a despairing shudder she closed her aching eyes for an instant. When she opened them again—oh, horror! her lamp was out, and a sound stole through the room like a faint, long-drawn sigh. Wild with terror, Vivienne sprang up, and stood for an instant in the pitchy darkness; then the same low, fluttering sigh breathed through the room, and her senses fled.

She knew not how long this merciful oblivion lasted. Waking at last to faint consciousness, she found herself lying, chilled and stunned, upon the stone floor, with the night-wind blowing coldly on her face. Darkness—thick darkness surrounded her; but as she lay there, conscious only of the horror to which she had returned, her eyes suddenly rested on an object which seemed to stand out of the surrounding gloom.

High up on the wall the silver crucifix shone, appearing to emit a pale, miraculous light, faint, yet steady. It was surely a miracle, wrought to save her from death or madness!

In a transport of religious ecstasy, Vivienne dragged herself to the foot of the cross, and kneeling there, fixed her eyes upon it, and clasped her cold hands in half frenzied prayer.

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She could see nothing but that luminous cross—think of nothing but of the heaven that had pitied her, and sent her help.

The hours passed on, and still she knelt there, half leaning for support against the rough wall. Still her lips moved in passionate prayer, and her eyes never wandered from the faintly-shining cross.

Daylight found her there; and at last, when the hour of her release came, and Elise's voice sounded in trembling accents at her door, she rose and tottered out into the chapel, pale as death, with sunken eyes, and loose, falling hair, and garments dampened by the vapors of the vaults.

Yet the spirit of the Berangers still burned in those hollow eyes; and when Duroc met her in the chapel with his usual obsequious bow, she said calmly, "You have kept good watch, monsieur, I am sure. Your employer has reason to be satisfied with you," and passed on with a steady step.

The day passed away in dutiful attendance upon her mother, who attributed Vivienne's pallor and weakness to her extreme grief for her husband's death, and said all she could to soothe and console her. When night drew on, and Vivienne prepared to leave her, Madame de Beranger entreated her to stay, but it was easy to excuse her absence to so gentle and yielding a person.

Vivienne took her hand, and said gently, "I am sure, dear mother, you will excuse me when I tell you that I leave you now—that I must always leave you at this hour—in order to obey a request of my husband's. He has left me something to do, which occupies me now."

"Go, my dear child," said her mother; "the requests of the dead are sacred. I would not keep you."

Another night of horror, of unspeakable agony, alternating with wild ecstasies of prayer. But on the third night exhausted nature could endure no more. When Vivienne sought her gloomy cell, faint and trembling, she lay down upon the couch which Elise's care had made soft and warm. The lamp placed in a niche, which sheltered it from the sighing wind, shone steadily and calmly on the silver crucifix, and Vivienne's eyes fixed themselves on the holy symbol. Then in a moment her weary eyelids closed, and she sank into a slumber as profound and tranquil as an infant's. All through the long, dark night she slept till Elise roused her by her hurried, frightened calling at the door, and Vivienne, as she unbarred it, welcomed her with a smile, and said, with a little glow on her cheek, "I have had such sweet dreams, Elise. Would you believe that one could sleep well and dream sweet dreams here?"

Elise gazed upon her mistress with eyes of mingled love and awe as she answered warmly, "Yes, madame, those whom the saints love, and the angels guard, may have fair dreams and peaceful slumbers even here."

The faint smile lingered on Vivienne's lips, and her eyes held a tender, happy light in their depths, for she had been dreaming of Leon—and it was no longer a crime to think of him.

Many different rumors concerning the death of the Marquis de Hautlieu, and the strange life the young marquise was leading, had reached the gay and careless court, and had even wandered to the camp far away.

Some averred that Vivienne was mad, others that she intended to convert the chateau into a convent; some that she was doing penance for a terrible, mysterious crime; and others dimly conjectured the true reason, and believed that she was condemned to this death in life by her stern husband's will. The new Marquis de Hautlieu, when questioned about his fair cousin, answered by careless shrugs of his shoulders, and laughing hints, which reflected anything but honor upon the character of the young marquise. But the words and looks of as unprincipled a man as Philip de Hautlieu, made but little impression upon those who remembered the spotless purity and modesty of Vivienne's life at court; and more than once he found himself angrily and haughtily reproved for his malicious insinuations by some young cavalier who had admired the "Child Marquise," but had never dared to tell her so.

Vivienne, however, was ignorant of all this. Day after day she spent by her mother's bedside; night after night was passed in the drear solitude of her tomb-like cell, which was no longer full of horrors too great to be borne, but had become a holy, solemn retreat, where she spent long hours in prayer, and in rapt ecstatic, trance-like visions of the glories of the blest. It mattered little to her that her body grew feeble and emaciated; that the clinging vapors in her cell banished the bloom from her cheek, and the light from her eyes; that she seemed hurrying to the grave while yet in the early dawn of womanhood. She had done with the joys of earth, she thought, and heaven was close before her. She only asked that she might live to soothe her mother's dying moments, and then in the holy peace of a convent she prayed that her life might be ended. When she was dead—when Leon, in the distant camp,

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should hear of her death, would it matter to him? Would he give one regretful thought to the woman he had once loved? Oh! did he love her still? If only she could know that he sometimes thought of her; if this terrible blank of silence and uncertainty could be broken; if she could see him once more! The robe that shook her wasted frame told plainly enough of the heart that still clung to earth, though she would fain have given it all to heaven.

It was midsummer. The flowers bloomed again on the terraces of Hautlieu, and filled with their perfume the chamber where Vivienne knelt beside her dying mother. All that fair summer day Madame de Beranger had lain calm and still, and faintly smiling, while her heart throbbed with pulsations that grew slower and weaker every moment.

Priest and physician had rendered their last services, and there was no sound in the room but Vivienne's low, clear tones, and her mother's faint whispers.

The dying woman held her daughter's hands in her feeble clasp, and looked up with undying love into the sweet, solemn eyes of her child.

So the hours wore away, and the end was very near. The rays of the declining sun penetrated the crimson curtains of the windows, and shed a roseate glory over both the pale, worn faces of the women.

The gloom faded, and twilight gathered in the room; but still Vivienne knelt there with her hands clasped in those feeble, clinging ones which were growing chill in death.

Suddenly Elise drew near, and stooping, whispered something in her young mistress' ear.

Vivienne looked up, and shook her head; but Elise still lingered, with a disturbed expression on her face.

"What is it, my child?" whispered the dying voice. "Ah! I know now! Elise is right. It is time for you to leave me Oh, Vivienne! must you go from me now?"

"No, my mother!" said Vivienne, gently. "I will not leave you now. My work is almost done; I will stay with you to-night."

A smile lit up the wan face of the mother, and an expression of deep peace and rest succeeded the momentary look of anguish that had ruffled her brow.

Silence again in the dim, flower-scented room, and then, faintly and slowly came the chime of the clock. Vivienne counted the eight solemn strokes, and bent her head that her lips might touch her mother's hand.

So the night wore on, and hour after hour the hands that clasped Vivienne's grew colder, yet the end did not come.

The short summer night had passed, and the morning breeze stole gently through the windows, from which the curtains had been withdrawn. The eyelids of the dying woman, that had been closed in the gray, morning twilight, opened gently as an infant's; the eyes wandered from Vivienne's face to the rosy sky. There was a movement of the pale lips, a fleeting smile on the white face, and with one gentle sigh, Madame de Beranger had ceased to breathe.

For a moment Vivienne knelt with those pale hands still clasping hers; then she gently folded them on the quiet bosom, and rose up from the couch. Her work was ended now, and in her weary heart there was no thought but a passionate longing to pass beyond the gates which parted her from the mother she had lived for.

Pallid as the corpse she had left, with bowed head and woeful eyes, she went from the chamber of death.

On the threshold stood Duroc, his eyes glittering with malicious triumph.

He leaned toward her, and half whispered, "Madame has, perhaps, forgotten the penalty attached to what she has done."

She looked at him quietly, and his evil eyes sunk before the dignity and purity of her glance.

"No, monsieur," she said, simply, "I have not forgotten. I am no longer mistress here, and we are going away, my mother and I."

She glided past him, and entering her own chamber, summoned Elise, and began to give directions for the funeral of her mother.

Vivienne was adored by every person on the estate, and she knew her requests would be obeyed, though the right to command was no longer hers.

She wished that her mother's body should be laid, not in the drear vaults of Hautlieu, but in the green church-yard of the village, and that the hands of the humble peasants, who loved her so faithfully, should perform the last sacred duties for the dead.

It was done as she directed. In the hushed calm of the mid-summer evening, the day after her death, they laid Madame de Beranger in the peaceful church-yard; and rough peasants sobbed aloud as they gazed at the black-robed figure, and the pale, lovely face of the young marquise, who stood alone at the head of the grave.

When at last all was finished, Vivienne turned away, and leaning on the arm of the sobbing Elise, she went slowly along the path leading

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to the cottage of Elise's father. It was here that she had determined to seek shelter for a few days, till she was able to go to the distant convent in which she had been educated, and which she had been assured by the abbess would gladly receive her again.

Vivienne had determined to leave the chateau immediately, for her attendants told her that "Monsieur le Marquis was expected every hour," and she would not meet that bold, bad man.

In the lowly cottage of Elise's parents she was welcomed with tears and blessings; and beneath a peasant's roof she found a peace and repose she had never known in the proud Chateau de Hautlieu. The night brought her gentle, heathful slumbers, and the morning, though it roused her to a remembrance of her grief, bore with it also a sense of consolation and safety.

When the noonday sun shone brightly, Vivienne sat by her latticed window, leaning her brow against its frame, and listening to the soothing hum of a spinning-wheel in the adjoining room. Suddenly the wheel stopped. There was a strange step on the cottage-floor, a murmur of voices, and Elise entered the room with an excited face.

"Madame," she cried, "Monsieur le Marquis is arrived. He wishes to see you. Oh, madame! something has happened! I do not know how to tell you. Will you go and speak to monsieur?"

Vivienne rose, bewildered by the girl's excitement and incoherence, and hesitatingly advanced to the door. She shrunk from seeing that cold, cruel, insolent face, and yet there seemed no escape.

Near the open door of the cottage, in the blaze of the summer sun, stood a tall figure in the splendid uniform of an officer of high rank.

The marquis! It was Leon! Leon's brilliant eyes fixed themselves rapturously upon her face. Leon's dear voice called her name in accents he in vain endeavored to render calm and ceremonious; his hand clasped hers, and his lips touched for an instant the fluttering hand he held.

Leon was with her, and she was free! And in spite of her dimmed beauty, and her lost gayety, he loved her still. Not a word did he utter to assure her of that, but not a word was needed. She knew it by the light in his eyes, and the tender accents of his voice. She comprehended it with greater ease than she did the strange story which accounted for his presence here. She learned at last the one central fact that Philip was dead—killed in a duel, brought on by his own wickedness and folly.

Leon, who had arrived in Paris only a few days before his brother's death, received the message summoning the Marquis de Hautlieu to the chateau, and then was first informed of the truth concerning the will of the late marquis, and, as his brother's heir, he succeeded not only to the title, but to the vast estates of Hautlieu.

But Vivienne was destined never again to enter the old chateau. In the dead of night, when she lay sleeping in the cottage, the sky was crimsoned with a great conflagration. From nearly every window of the chateau sudden flames leaped and roared. The new owner of the stately building, sleeping for the first time beneath its roof, was wakened by the crash of falling timbers, and with difficulty escaped, and roused the slumbering servants. Nothing could be done to check the flames—nothing could be saved from the wreck. Of all the beautiful and costly contents of the chateau, not one article escaped destruction save a small casket, which was found lying at a distance from the building, and which, on being opened, was discovered to contain the "Hautlieu rubies." It was afterward conjectured that the chateau was set on fire by Duroc, who was never seen after the death of Philip Saint Evremonde, and who, it was believed, had robbed the chateau of many jewels and other valuables, but in his flight had dropped this single casket.

The chateau sunk into utter ruin, and was never rebuilt; but a beautiful mansion soon rose on a distant portion of the Hautlieu estate, and thither, two years afterward, the young marquis brought his beautiful bride—more beautiful than ever in the light of returning health and happiness, and the dignity of a fine and noble womanhood.

The horrors of the old chateau were almost obliterated from her memory by the two years of tranquil happiness she had spent in the convent, amongst the gentle nuns she had loved in her childhood.

With beauty more wonderful than ever, and with infinitely more winning sweetness and gentleness of character, the young marquise again appeared at court; and the "Hautlieu rubies," though magnificent as the jewels of an empress, were ornaments less rare and beautiful than the purity and modesty that adorned the wife of Leon, Marquis de Hautlieu.

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CHARITY'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

"THE quality of mercy is twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes," said Portia. I would like to add my experience as a corollary to that; to fit the beautiful, ancient truth into a modern setting, as I have seen diamonds foiled by cheap enamel. Perhaps most of the lady readers of "Peterson" can match my story with a like one of their own; but if not, it may save them a pang or two of disheartenment in the beginning of their charitable career; for now-a-days the outside work of women of moderate means, like myself, lies very much in the same fields, and between soldiers' widows and thriftless Irish, I fancy they will find in the courts below Lombard street harder missions than was Portia's to the court of Venice, and will be more apt to lose pounds of flesh in them than to save them.

But to my story.

There was a great fire in Second street the winter after we were married. It began, I remember, in a factory in which they burned bituminous coal, for when we were wakened by the throbbing of the engines in the street below, the night air was choking with oily soot, and the heavy waves of smoke, black, and filled with fiery sparks, were ebbing over the sky westward, shutting out the blue silence into which my husband and I had looked but a few hours ago, and in which the calm beauty of the Pleiades and "Arcturus, with his sons," wrote the same great poem which the old prophets heard.

It was just before dawn. I was alone in the house with the two servants, George having been called out to a patient in the early part of the night—one of his first cases, by-the-way, in the city. I was not yet used to the solid blocks of building in Philadelphia—it was but two months since we had left a country village of Delaware; the flames seemed to me to be gaining ground toward our dwelling, step by step.

"They're tiniment houses, mim," said the cook, who was out on the flat, "while I stood at the window. "God be marciful to thim poor sowls this bitter night." Ann was one of the "Kerry Irish," as little and black as their crows. But she had a gentle, kindly voice, as excellent a thing in cooks as in Cordelia. I chose her for it, in fact.

Of course, I was troubled about the homeless wretches in Second street; but I could not forget that we ourselves had but the furniture which we had bought with uncle John's legacy, and that it was not insured; beyond that we depended on George's practice for our daily bread and butter.

When morning and George came, therefore, I felt worn and haggard enough, and entertained him over his breakfast, which he was eating with a relish, with my terrors.

"I knew the fire was near us," he said. "But I could not leave the child, and I knew you would be taken care of," in a lower tone.

Dr. Brettler was one of the most reticent of men; but I had been his wife long enough to know that Jung Stilling, nor our own pastor, Passavant, never surpassed him in the strength of his simple faith. Doubtless, he had prayed for baby and me; and then knew he would find his threshold unharmed, as surely as if he had seen the sign above the door, over which the Angel of Death had command to pass.

"Where was the fire?" he asked of Ann, who knew the localities better than I.

"Tenement houses!" he exclaimed, when she had named the squares. I noticed that he changed color and pushed away his plate, immediately after drawing his boots toward him again.

"What is it, George?"

"We must go round and see what is to be done. Wrap yourself up well, Lou."

I ran up stairs with my heart full. I did so thank God for my husband that morning! it was so easy to do good with such a leader. For me, like most young girls, I always had been good-naturedly anxious to help to lift the burden of ignorance and poverty in the world; and just here, despite all the popular cant about the indifference of the rich, and those classes who are comfortably provided for in life, to the suffering I must say that I have never seen such indifference. It may serve to point a moral, and adorn a magazine tale, to picture the jeweled lady sweeping by the virtuous, starving beggar; but the chances are that if the wearer of the jewels once recognized the real virtue, and the real starvation apart from their counterfeits, the beggar would be spoiled with indulgence

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from her and her like. There may be much ignorance and thoughtlessness among the one half of our population with regard to the other, but there is not want of sympathy.

Before I was married I had gone through the usual round of established duties—district visiting, and Sunday-school teaching, enthusiastic enough at first, but cooling off when I fell in love, and soon afterward found some of my class (mill-boys) in the county jail for pilfering.

But with Dr. Brettler it was different. The suffering and vice of the world were always fresh, terrible, real to him; to work to remove it, like his Master, was the first work in life for him; fame and comfort came afterward. Now, for instance, I was proud of our boy, ambitious, eager, anxious for his future, baby in the cradle though he was. But the only wish for him I ever heard his father utter was that he might be a "helpful man." Yet, I knew George loved him more than I, being more tender, and like a woman in some things. There were times when I felt coarse and worldly beside my husband. But not on that winter morning, when we stood in the midst of this burned district. My very soul was wrung with unselfish pain—the reflection of the misery I saw around me. I remembered Madame Recamier's wish to hold the Almighty's power for an hour when she looked at some such scene at this. No other would suffice.

There had been about fifty families turned out homeless on the street; inside, the houses had burned to the ground, but a few feet of the outer wall was standing, black and crumbling, and piles of smoking rafters lay around, here and there bursting into flame, about which there were crowds of filthy, and more than half-naked children gathered. It was bitterly cold; the water thrown by the engines lay in masses of ice on the street; the walls, the blackened door-jambs and window-frames were crusted with icicles; a biting north wind swept the fine frost into our faces, cutting the skin like salt spray.

At the end of the street were two lager-beer *sommer-gartens*, one on each side; two or three wagons belonging to them, laden with immense hogsheads redolent of pitch, were drawn up in the midst of the confusion, their drivers clapping their arms about their breast, smoking, and muttering, "Ach!" as they looked about them; and among it all swarmed women, their hair tangled and greasy, a petticoat, perhaps, tied about their waist, but with feet and breast bare, red and dirty, just as the flames had driven them from their lair. They were gathering out of the miserable mass what they could find of their own; here a torn straw mattress, there a broken coal-scuttle, a child's shoe, bottles; a tin candle-stick, in one instance, I remember, so thick with grease that all the fire had not melted it.

There was very little outcry, I noticed, not even tears shed. The women, when I spoke to them, answered in subdued voices almost roughly. It was not the time to do obeisance to the cloak and furs which yesterday the Irish among them would have paid. But I did not talk much to them—what could I say? I picked up two or three of the children, cried over them, and carried them home to the kitchen fire. Ann afterward had considerable trouble in finding their mothers—but I could not help that.

"You have lost everything?" I said, putting my hand on the arm of a stout, raw-boned Irish woman, who was hauling out some dry logs from the ruins.

"The bed from anundher me," she growled. Then, with a sharper look over her shoulder, "Ef you've any money to give, 'dher's a lady that lived on the flure above me wants it more than me; her man's dead, and she's nine childher. Malone's her name. There's ony himself an' me." A wiry, black-faced little man pushed by me with his arms full.

"You have no coat! My husband's would fit you, I'm sure."

"Thrue for yerself, mim," with a chuckle, glancing down at his rag of a flannel shirt. "De'il a scrap of duds did we save for the wife or the young ones, God bless 'em! I'll call round. But if you'd only look in at Missus Clincy, mim, she's five, an' two of 'em babbies-twins. Her man was kilt in Kilpatrick's raid. I've good work meself."

There was a group of girls gathered together, as girls will be, whether in silk and tulle, or like these in greasy wool stuff, tawdry bits of ribbon fastened in their uncombed hair.

"Where can I find a Mrs. Malone, girls?" I asked.

"Oh! will you help her, ma'am?" their faces brightening eagerly. "Indeed, and it's she that needs it. But did you see Mrs. Grew? Her boy, Jemmy, was dead last night, and she picked up his body and run out in the night with it."

I heard an exclamation, and saw my husband behind me. He was more haggard than any of these men about me; his eyes heavy, but with a strange, *far* look in them, as if he saw a meaning which I could not, in all this horrible botch work of life, and the quiet morning light over it all.

"You can find no worse cases than these, Lou, I think," he said, quietly. "You had better

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confine yourself to them." The people about us crowded close to hear.

"Poor cratur! ye'll find none worse than Mrs. Malone. She's afther losin' her man last spring."

"Malone, Clincy, Grew. You know those women?" said Dr. Brettler, to a Dutchman on his knees near him picking out something from under a charred beam.

"Bad enough off. Won't work. Irish," muttered the man.

"I have shoes for you," seeing his feet were bare.

"Ya! I haf got some of mine tools," holding out his hands with a grin.

"But you," I said to the girls, shivering over a burning log. Most of them were holding a baby, with a two-year-old dragging at their knees.

"Well, we're in Smith's garrets, our folks. But we can get washing. There's lots worse off than us."

"But this is beautiful, George!" I cried, as we turned away. "Not one of these wretches, without a roof to cover them, or a whole garment to wear, but has told me of some other poorer than themselves."

"Yes."

"I never saw anything like it before. I always heard that you find the finest traits of human nature among the very poor," I said, enthusiastically.

George stopped without reply. We were at the corner of the street.

"What do you propose to do?" I said, eagerly. "I thought I would bring half a dozen families home. They could have our spare chambers, and keep them for a few months."

George smiled, but his eyes were full.

"No; remember the two pitchers, Lou. These people have found shelter already. No class is so hospitable as the very poor; they will be more at ease with their own people than with you. Besides——"

"I would be patient, George." I saw he remembered certain sharp ways I had with Ann. I am, I confess, what the negroes call a "hard-bit mistress."

"Yes; but—— Find these three women, and do what you can for them, and then go home; I will be there in an hour, and see what plan will be effectual."

Searching for the three, I found fifty others. They were kenneled in back-rooms, cellars, attics, in the neighborhood, of houses which I had passed every day, and which were decent enough outwardly, but within, full of as rank, foul corruption as the whited sepulchres.

I was passed from one to the other eagerly. I found Mrs. Clincy's twins in a shed owned by a gray-haired old weman, and tended by half a dozen others. They were wrapped in old coffee-bags. The other children, who had not the advantage of being twins nor babies, were left to swarm neglected about the kitchen-floor.

"My God!" I thought, as I took one in my arms, "for anything to be made in Thy image to be born to such an inheritance of misery as this!"

"That's Fellorar," exclaimed one woman, "and this is Arrorer. That means the morning, mem. An' you'll obsarve she has as blue eyes as the dawn."

"Where is Mrs. Clincy?"

"Ont beyant, sarching for a room, poor crayture. She's five forbye these two. God bless 'em. Here's Miss Ellen; she's the oldest."

Ellen, a sharp-chinned girl of fifteen, came in, followed by Mrs. Clincy, a tall, cheerful, decent-looking woman of fifty.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Brettler," with a smile, as I named myself. "Yes'm, it's a hard pull," as I said something to show her what I felt.

The smile went straight to my heart. Here was a high, beautiful courage.

"Give me that young un," said Ellen.

"You handle a baby well, Ellen. Would you like a place as child's nurse?"

"I've got work—I kin pay my board. I want nobody's help. Here's mother as does, though," snapped Ellen, with the unmistakable look of a "factory girl."

I felt as if I had been struck in the face. However, it was only sturdy independence, I was not cooled.

"Dear Mrs. Clincy, could you wrap your babies up and send them to me for half an hour?" I had a little scheme in my mind.

She assented with a quiet, "Yes, madam." There was a dignity about the woman that I liked.

A young lady, with a fresh, rosy face, was standing in the door when I turned. She was dressed in Quaker costume, and had a basket on her arm.

"Thee's going to dress the children?" she said.

"Yes."

"Let me bring clothes for one. I have lost my little boy, and——" her eyes were full of tears.

"I heard of a woman whose child died last night. It was burned, they told me," she continued, with a shudder.

"I think she escaped with the corpse, Mrs. Grew. We'll look for her."

We did look, but could not find either her or

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Mrs. Malone. They followed me home, however, Mrs. Grew coming last.

"Your boy died last night?" I said. I could not express my pity in words, I only put my hand on hers. If it had been my Charley who had died, and I turned out in the homeless night, with him dead in my arms!

She was a weak, rabbit-faced looking woman.

"He wasn't dead when the fire broke out, mem; but he was a-dyin'."

"You found shelter before he died?"

"Yes'm," with a sob.

"He *is* dead now?" trying to find what actual aid was needed.

"N—not just to say dead, mem, but a-dyin'."

Ann and I did what we could, of course. There was not a garment or utensil that the house or we could spare which would not be needed. We wound up the morning's work with the twins, thoroughly washing them until the crust of dirt came off of their soft little limbs.

Mrs. Reid, the young Quakeress, came and dressed one of them, and I arranged "Aurora" in a suit which Charley had outgrown, finishing by inducting them each into a couple of dainty little cloaks and hoods which had been given to him. When they were dressed, they were, in reality, very pretty little babes, with wide, blue eyes, and rings of curly, golden hair. Ellen carried them off with a sniff of half-contempt. Besides Charley's old garments, Mrs. Reid brought baby-clothes enough to last them a year.

Dr. Brettler came in the midst of our labors.

"What have you done, George?"

He pulled out a paper. "Here is a list of the families who were burned out, their occupation, and number of children. I got it from the landlords. They are all here; so this will effectually prevent imposture."

"Imposture? Oh, George!"

"About half of the men were mechanics, you see—shoemakers, carpenters, carvers, who have lost their tools. They might almost as well have lost their hands. The women were mostly laundresses, who went out for day's washing. About half of them are Germans; the Germans always help each other. All I had to do was to mention the matter to one or two men of means in the ward, and a meeting was called for to-night, at Beickler's Hall. You will find that enough will be contributed there to furnish the men with tools, and pay the rent for two or three months for all of the families."

"But that would not be your doing, George?"

"Of course not, Louisa. What have I to give that would be of any substantial benefit? Besides, what matters it, so their need is relieved?"

I was disappointed, although I could scarcely say how. I had been used to hear the boundless expression of gratitude of the two or three old women who lived by charity in my native town, when my mother, or any of the elder's wives visited them with aid, they being professors in the same church. I had had a vague idea all day of George playing the part of a Providence to this suffering multitude, and receiving their life-long homage and affection. Here were all my dreams resolved into a committee of Dutchmen.

"But they are naked, literally," I urged. "They have no beds to sleep on, not a pot to cook with, or knife or fork, if they had anything to eat or cook."

"That must be your business, Louisa."

"Mine?" My spirits rose instantly. It was I who was to be the helper to this miserable people!

He drew out the evening paper, and there was a short, forcible description of the destitution caused by the fire, stating at the close that contributions for the sufferers would be received and distributed at No. — —— street—our own house.

"But who knows us in Philadelphia?" I exclaimed. "Who is going to make us their almoners?"

Dr. Brettler colored. "My opinion of human nature is different from yours, Lou. You will have contributions more than enough. The trouble with those who have money is, that they give too much, not too little, without proper investigation."

"Yet, after all, we are only agents," I thought; but I said nothing.

That evening passed quietly, a few packages only being left at the door. Two or three persons who brought them came in, and talked for a few moments.

"I came at once," said one man, an educated mechanic, I thought. "A penny to-day is worth a dollar to-morrow, in a case like this."

The packages consisted of bedding, clothes, and small sums of money.

"Take them into the parlor, Ann," said Dr. Brettler.

"George, the carpet! Those people will be here in droves to-morrow, and there are many little trifles which I should not like to be stolen—nor would you."

"Nor should I. But don't remove them. Let them see you trust them, and you will have nothing stolen."

I may add just here that George was right. During the week that followed, in which our

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visitors were numbered by the hundreds of the very poorest class, not the least article was taken, even of those sent for their use, without my permission, with one exception, when they were not trusted.

"As for the carpet, cover it. That is our only room suitable for the purpose; and we must be willing to make some sacrifice, Lou."

I grew hot to the finger-tips. A moment before I had wanted to be the sole good fortune these people should ever know; and I begrudged the dust on the carpet, and sun on the curtains.

Morning had scarcely dawned when the door-bell began to ring, peal after peal. Some one had seen the notice in the paper, and the news had spread. It was their first tangible chance of aid. They came singly, and in families; children, old, tottering men and women, half-clothed, or in garments borrowed for the day; worn, haggard women, scrofulous infants—literally the lame, the halt, the blind. Ann nor I ate any breakfast that day. We had but little time, and I was too sick at heart to care for my own comfort.

I had enough to supply all. I don't know whether human nature is the same everywhere; but I do know that the heart of Philadelphia responds quick, and warm, and full, to any cry for aid. This was but a little matter compared to great charities; there had been but a line or two of notice in two of the morning papers, but all day long boxes, packages, baskets poured in. There were groceries, money, provisions, bedding, clothes, for men, women, and children, bales of flannel and muslin. They came in carts, by express, in barrows, by hand: they were sent from the brown-stone houses in Walnut street, from two-story houses in Spring Garden, from Jews and Gentiles, from the sail-makers in Southwark, from neat-looking, small housekeepers, slovenly milliner's apprentices, drygoods houses, servant girls, farms beyond Germantown.

Generally, they were sent anonymously, but often the donors came with them; and I was surprised and touched at perceiving how natural, and simple, and every-day an act it seemed to be to all these people, varying so widely in every other point.

When the first day's work was over, (not until ten at night, by-the-way,) we sat down to our cozy little supper with good appetites and light hearts. There seemed to be a glow about the house unknown before; the want had been so urgent, the relief so ample, the gratitude so eager and sincere.

"I believe those poor creatures would serve me till death, George," I said, as I filled his cup of tea. I felt my hand shake, and a choking in my throat—it was so good a thing to be the agent of conferring so much happiness!

"It was quite useless for me," he went on, "to try to explain that I only gave the alms of others. Those Irish are so full of eager, tender feeling! If their prayers could carry me there, the heavens would be my bed 'to-night.'"

George muttered something which was lost in a gulp of tea.

"The Germans show a very different spirit. I confess I don't like it as well. The women pick out such garments as they think will fit their children in a quiet, dogged fashion, and end by telling me they will do a day's cleaning, or wash for them—as if I gave to them for pay! 'You haf mooch trouble, Frau,' that is all the gratitude they offer!"

George laughed. "Wait," was all he said.

A ring at the bell summoned me from the table. The gas burned dimly in the parlor, scarcely bright enough for me to distinguish a woman's figure, slight and small, in a thin, print dress of gaudy color, and a soiled opera-hood drawn close over her head. She did not speak, her head turned quickly from side to side, scanning the heaps of clothes, etc.

"You lived in the burned district?" gently, after waiting a moment.

"Yes, I did," in a loud, defiant tone.

"I am glad to be able to help you through the kindness of others. What do you want?"

"I want everything, bread, and meat, and clothes. I borrowed this frock and cap. Mother an' me have had nothing to eat since morning."

I stooped to find a bundle of women's dresses which I thought would fit her, when she interrupted me in the same shrill, forced tone,

"You'd better give me what I want. You'd better, or it will be the worse for——"

I dropped the bundle and stood up. "What did you say was your name?"

"Margaret Lennox," with hesitation.

I turned on the gas and examined my list. There was no such name as Lennox. Then I looked at the girl. She was quite young, with a sharp, hungry face; but the chalk and rouge lay thickly over it, and the light hair was crimped on top in a miserable attempt at the prevailing style. Here was the first of the impostors, with a threat, too! I would show George that I was not altogether the impulsive, generous creature which I feared he thought me.

"I have nothing for you," I said, in as severe a voice as I could use, and which, I have no doubt, was sharp and grating, for I have an

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innate dread of being found credulous and a dupe. "You speak falsely. You were *not* one of the sufferers on Monday night. And I fear," feeling my face burn, "it is too easy to guess at the means by which you live."

I looked for a burst of fury, but to my surprise the girl made no word of reply. She got up and walked straight to the door, as if she had expected detection, and had no hope to succeed in her plan. But she turned there, staring about her at the clothes and food, her painted face distorted, her lips moving without a sound. She made a strange gesture with her hands, the fingers outspread, and then arm and hand falling nerveless—it was like one in a spasm.

I had heard so much of the depravity and cunning of her class in the large cities, that I felt an inexpressible loathing and disgust for her.

"It is quite useless to try to impose on *me*," I said.

"And you are what they call a Christian?" she said, with a look which for years I did not forget. Then she turned and went out. I was angry, hurt, excited; I cried a few hot tears, and pitied myself. But as I went out to George I had an uneasy remembrance of the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

It made me heighten her shamelessness, her fierce threatening when I told him the story. I was justifying myself to myself. He was smoking, and his face was turned from me, and as usual, he expressed no opinion, only saying,

"Is she gone?"

"No, zur," said Ann. "When I let her out, she just sated hersilf on the stip a few doors aff, and she's there yit."

Dr. Brettler put on his hat and went out. I followed him to the door. I saw him go up to the figure sitting on the door-step, speak to her, and give her something which I supposed was money. Then he came back to me and waited. There was a bakery at one end of the street, a gin-shop at the other.

"She went for bread, not whisky," he said. "Go in, Lou; I will be back in half an hour."

It was near midnight when he came, and I was asleep. He was called out early in the morning, and only had time to say, the girl's story was partly true, Louisa. Her mother is dying of a slow, torturing disease. If she comes for help to-day, do not refuse her."

"But she did not live in Second street, George."

"No: but she was starving," and having muffled his comforter about his neck, he went out.

"Men," I thought, "had such an inconsiderate way of dismissing all subjects." But the business of the day put her out of my mind—she did not come for aid.

The door was besieged as much as it had been the day before, the contributions as heavy. I noticed a slight change in the class of applicants, however; there was little or no gratitude expressed, they claimed the articles as their right; and when they did pray for the Virgin to watch over me, or the clouds to cover me, they did it with one eye speculatively measuring the garment I was giving to their next neighbor. My first business, the day before, had been to see that the other children of Mrs. Clincy, and the nine of Mrs. Malone were thoroughly clothed, socked, and shod; but to-day I could not but fancy that they were all back again in their old filthy nakedness. About noon, a drove of children of all ages, principally boys, and of all degrees of dirt and rags, took possession of the front steps, making forays inside every quarter of an hour. After dinner, there could be no doubt as to the Malones and Clincy's, I had clothed them in the morning as "Matt Smith's b'ys, mem;" and now they blossomed again in native undress as "Weymers."

Mrs. Grew was in just after breakfast. "I'm thinking," she said, "these pants 'll suit my Jemmy. He's a foine b'y, mum."

"Jemmy? Wasn't it Jemmy who was dead that you carried out? No; dying, you told me?"

"Shure, mem, and 'twas a fit he had. He's subject to dem fits. Shure, the yowling and the shindy he makes is enough to dhrive you from your sinses. He's low, mem; very low."

"Now, do you mean? Is he still ill?"

"Faith, an' it's the docther, as he's jest left the dure. 'Mrs. Grew,' ses he, 'it's a chance if he holds out till the mornin',' ses he. Oh, me! Oh, me!" bursting into a cry of inexpressible pathos. "'It's to-morrow ye'll be wakin' him,' ses he. So I thought the pants would give my poor dead b'y a dacent appearance; but ne'er a coat has he to purtect him from the cowld, an' him in his coffin!"

"Take a coat by all means, Mrs. Grew," I said. But, somehow, I could not mingle my tears with hers.

That evening two or three half-grown boys came in, smoking stumps of segars. "I think," said one, "these breeches 'ud about fit me."

"What is your name?" asked Ann, sharply.

"Jemmy Grew's my name; Ireland is my nation."

Our supper-table was not so cheerful that evening—at least, on my part. George's face wore its quiet, singular look of content when he was especially gratified.

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"The meeting was held at Beickler's Hall last night, and the Germans subscribed liberally, as I told you they would, Lou. They will disburse it to-morrow, each family receiving a sum proportioned to the number of children."

I wondered in silence how many appearances the Malones would put in, and whether Jemmy Grew would not find it most profitable to enter as a corpse. The bloom was wearing off of my peach for some reason.

Two days like the last passed, of which I retain but mixed, unsatisfactory recollections.

I was bitterly disappointed. I saw Dr. Brettler watch me anxiously each evening, but I said nothing; the annoyances were too slight to complain of. But, surely, these were not the ideal poor of novels, or even religious newspapers.

The last day of my work, however, deserves mention. It was intensely cold. My first duty in the morning was to find work for the boys who thronged the steps. I had the theory that work was better than alms for any man. So, with Ann's help, I provided the tasks and promised liberal pay. Two of the ubiquitous Malones were set to clean the cellar—an hour's job, probably.

"You had better remove anything that can be carried away," I said to Ann. Probably they heard me.

My supplies were nearly exhausted. There was one bright-eyed little Dutch girl who had given me very efficient aid in finding out such as needed more money than the committee allowed them. Among others, a couple over seventy years old, to whom the sum we had raised for them was quite sufficient to keep in comfort their few remaining days.

"Peter is out picking rags to-day, and Mary has moved into Smith's basement. It's green with damp," said my ally, that morning.

"I know, ma'am," interpreting my look; "the rent of their room was paid for a year. But they've got it back, and put it and the rest in an old stocking. It's for their berryin', I guess; and Mary says, 'It's so comfortable to have a bit laid by.'"

My Quaker friend, Mrs. Reid, came in, and helped me for an hour or two. "I think," she said, after awhile, "I will go around and see 'Aurora and Flora.'" Her heart had gone out curiously to them with the first garment of her little dead boy's that she had put on them.

She came back in a few moments with her pleasant face flushed angrily. "They were in the coffee-bags again," she cried. "There were two visitors from some Arch street society there, measuring the children all round for clothes. They 'wondered what thee had done with thy very liberal supply.' Mrs. Clincy was drunk. My baby's clothes bought the liquor, no doubt," her lips trembling.

I had no word of reply. As the supply waxed low, "beggars became choosers" in reality, and rode Ann's patience to the last extremity. Scarcely an article had been given to one of my countrymen, (for I have Irish blood in my veins, and consequently but little forbearance for them,) not an article, I say, about which they did not return with complaints. They never brought the garments with them, however.

"Thrue for you, Mrs. Cleary," in a loud aside, where I could hear; "it *wos* a cowld night, harrd on the poor. The childher's feet was froze intirely this mornin'."

"Why, Mrs. Kelly, I gave you two beds, and full sets of comforters and blankets yesterday."

"Was it bids, ma'am? Troth, I didn't think as a leddy like yerself 'ud be callin' them bits of things bids! An' thim blankets hes about as much hate in as a linen rag. The childher's not used to sich. The feather bids as I had burned were saxty pounds to the tick——"

"No matter—that's enough."

"Wich my mother gev me on my weddin'-day, God rest her sowl. 'Mary,' sez she——"

"Are you here again, Mrs. Malone?"

"Saxty pounds to the tick—six beds burned! What does the Americans know of sich? onless a leddy like yerself," with the usual sycophantic whine. "Indade, ma'am, an' why shud I not be hare? It's ony onct I've thrubbled you before." Mrs. Malone's yellow face had become as much a fixture in the parlor as the Psyche in the corner.

"What is it you need?"

"Faix," with a courtesy, and a wave downward of her hands over her skinny figure, "hare I am; see for yerself, ma'am. There's nine of the childher, beside himself, naked and starving, as ye may say."

"Himself? I thought your husband died in the Libby prison?"

"Didn't ye hare?" without a moment's discomposure. "He come home last night, glory be to God! But he's in the docthor's hands at the present moment. It's ony another weight for me poor hands to carry."

"But the clothes I gave you?"

"Is it clothes? Ah! an' now I remimber, ye give John a coat an' meself an owld skirt. They weren't much of fits, as ye'll see for yerself; and that's all, as the Good Man hears me."

It was very weak, no doubt; but, in spite of the knowledge that I was being swindled, so to

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speak, by this woman and her like, I gave them what they asked for. Poverty had made them rapacious, perhaps.

About noon there was a lull in the storm.

"Shure, ma'am, they can't say we've turned one empty-handed away," said Ann, as she busied herself sorting away the remaining piles of clothing.

Ann had worked faithfully enough all week to entitle her to say "we;" the ready tears coming as quickly to her blue eyes as the sharp word of her tongue.

I was nervously anxious there should be no complaint. I felt more deeply than I could express the confidence placed in me by people who never saw my face, and was doubly fearful of failing in my duty.

After noon, however, the confusion waxed loud and fierce. The news had spread that after today no more supplies would be received or given out, so convinced was I that the wants of all had been effectually relieved. Not one of the sufferers, I felt assured, was as comfortably provided for the winter, before the fire, as now. Several of the Germans, had told me this; most of them, the women, had taken possession of their new rooms, and had already got work. Only one or two were here this afternoon. Besides these came the Clincys, the Grews, the Kellys, and all of that ilk. They broke out in fresh numbers; the Joes appeared as Johns, the pock-marked Peggys and Nans that had guarded the front door for days, arose, translated into Isabels and "me d'ater Constance, mem."

They threw off all restraint, finding it was their last chance; they pulled, they dragged, they absolutely fought in the hall and vestibule, over the remaining articles.

Finding that some decisive measures were needed, as the evening came on, I enforced a moderate silence, and proceeded to divide the garments with as much justice as possible.

"Here is your bundle, Mrs. Holt. Will you go now, and make room for others?"

"My bundle, is it?" with a contemptuous sniff. "There's none as needy as meself."

"An' that's the God's truth," came a chorus. "She's a lone woman, with two arphant children, ma'am."

"The committee restocked your shop?"

"An' what's a few bit of tapes an' pins to keep three on? It's little them Dutch have done for me. The b'ys are goin' to help me out wid a ball. Mebbe ye'll buy a ticket?" holding out a card, on which was printed, "Complimentary Supper. Mrs. Catharine Holt Admission fifty cents."

"I think, with the ball and shop, this bundle will be enough. You can go."

A chuckle run round the room as she went out. "Good for yerself," winking and nodding. "Much need has she of charity. Her two b'ys are grown young men, arning good wages."

After that opened another phase of their character. They twitched my sleeve, they drew me to one corner, they beckoned me out to the hall.

"Them Smiths is imposing on you, good leddy. They've money in bank these ten years."

"Don't give another haporth to dem Dutch. I saw them selling what you giv 'em yesterday for whisky at Stulz's, as I was a-going by to church."

"I'd scorn to do that, I would. I'd have too much feelin'."

After awhile they did not draw me aside, nor whisper. But one of them asked boldly,

"What are ye a-going to do wid that pile?" pointing to some clothes I had reserved for a woman too old to come out.

"It is for Mrs. Camp."

"Camp, is it! Lord! ef the good people as sent these things could see how you giv to yer pets, and how the deservin' is turned from your door! There's them Myerses is rich."

"That's so! They're just rotten wid money."

"As for me," said a healthy, strapping Dutch girl, with her baby in her arms, "I've not had a rag given me."

"No; nor will you have. Your husband has a good trade, owns the house he lives in, and you did not lose a penny's worth by the fire."

"I don't care; my baby ought to be in short clothes now, and there's lots here. They're not your's to give; and I'll see if you dare to refuse them! They belong to *us*, hey!" facing me with both her black, staring eyes.

Ann opened the door, and said a few words in a low tone; and the girl went out, growling. Kerry blood told.

"Now," said Ann, coming back into the fighting crowd, while I stood irresolute, "here's your bundles; the misthress's sick ov the sight ov yez. Walk out o' that duer, and let me be shut ov yez for good."

They went; but the squabbling, the abuse, the bitter taunts flung back, with all the sharpness of Irish wit and venom, made me more sick at heart than Ann could guess.

Mrs. Malone was the last. She gathered up some stray shoes in her apron, and stopping at the door, surveyed me with the furtive, watchful eyes peculiar to her race.

"Well, good-by to ye, Mrs. Brettler! I hope

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the next fire they'll send their things where they'll be giv to the vartuous poor an' not to them as plazes your fancy, mem. Good-evening, mem." She turned to a woman beside her, and went on without lowering her tone. "She's young yet. She'll git more sense as she gits older. All the best things they kept. But them Brettlers is misabul trash. He's a quack doctor, I've heerd."

The door shut behind them at last. George coming in, ran up to the sitting-room, and I followed with a heavy step. It was dark and cold; before I could ask what was the matter, Jane, the nurse, came in with a dismayed voice.

"Please, Mrs Brettler, them Clincy boys let out the fire in the heater, and carried off the wraps from the metre, and the gas is dead froze, and they've made off with the spades; and as to the keg of butter——"

That was the last straw. I sat down in the dark, and, I am ashamed to say, cried bitterly.

I felt my husband's hand on my head, stroking the hair very gently.

"It has been a hard week for you, poor Lou!"

"Yes, it has," I broke out. "I never will try to do good again! I never want to hear of the 'widows or the fatherless,' if they are Irish! I don't wonder that charitable women get that look and manner as if they and the poor were machines together."

George only said, "Let us have tea." So we ate our supper by the flaring light of a tallow-candle, stuck in a bottle, for candlestick there was none.

As we went out of the room, he said, "It is a little dismal here. Let us go for a walk."

In spite of the cold I was glad of the chance of fresh air; so I bathed my red eyes, put on my cloak and bonnet, and we were soon out in a lonely street, the blue, dark sky overhead, with its glitter of eternal stars. and the frosty, exhilarating wind stirring our pulses.

I tried to put the misery of the world out of my head, as something with which I had no further work nor part, and to go back to my old cheerful self.

"Where are we going, George?" I said, as we stopped in front of one of the interminable rows of neat, cheap dwellings which form the suburbs of Philadelphia.

"I want you to see one of my patients," he said, leading me straight up the stairs. "She has the rooms on the second floor."

He knocked at a door—an authoritative, doctor's knock—and went in. I followed him. The rooms were clean, but barely furnished. On a bed, near the door, lay an old woman, with one of the most reserved, honest, straightforward faces I ever had seen. The sandy hair was drawn back under her cap; her features had that peculiar, pinched look, given by long, patient suffering. I did not need George's whisper to make me "be kind to her."

"This is my wife, Mrs. Lennox. I would have brought her sooner to see you, but she has been occupied since I first came to you."

She bowed gravely, holding out her hand.

"Your husband has been very kind to me, madam."

"He did not tell me that."

"Then I must. I can live but a few years now, they tell me, and it is owing to him those years will be comfortable and happy. I have no fear of my girl's life, now." She glanced as she said this to a young girl near the fire, who had been sewing, but now got up and stood looking at us.

I had no recollection of having seen her before; it was not until she came close, speaking, that I remembered the girl whom I had driven from the door on Tuesday-night. Now that her dress was exchanged for a plain, dark calico, her skin clean, and her fair hair smoothly brushed back, she was a homely, attractive-looking girl, with her mother's peculiar honorable, undaunted look on her face.

My husband stooped over the bed to make some professional inquiries, and the girl moved slightly aside, beckoning me to her side.

"You remember me?"

"Yes. Margaret Lennox."

"I wish that mother should not know of my visit to you. It is not long now, and I do not want her to know how near I was to——"

I held out my hand. "I wronged you that night. I am sorry——"

"No. You—— I would have been all you thought me, if God had not sent your husband to me. I was desperate. Mother had eaten nothing all day. I couldn't see her die before my eyes. Dr. Brettler tells me that if I had prayed, God would have heard me. I don't know. He takes care of us whether we remember him or not, I think."

I could say nothing. The bitter gnawing of ineffectual effort was sharp at my heart.

"I was very unjust," I said, at last.

"I hardly remember. I would have done anything that night for money," her eyes wandering. "I could not see her die. I could not get work. I went and lied to you. But I went out to get money. I would have had it, at any price—at any price."

"Have you work now?" to turn her thoughts.

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"Yes—zephyr work. It pays well—over a dollar a day. Your husband got me a place in the factory, and leave to bring my work home."

Her face brightened quickly. It was naturally cheerful, intelligent, and, as I have said, true. Her mother was, as I afterward learned, a north country Irishwoman, with better cultivation than most of her class.

Dr. Brettler sat talking as he but seldom exerted himself to do. I saw that so deep was the feeling for him with both of these women, that his visit was more helpful, and more of a cordial than any which money could buy.

"You have your tea drawn, Margaret," he said, glancing at the kettle on the stove. "Will you spare us a cup? My wife will tell you our supper was anything but cheerful."

Margaret's face flushed with pleasure as she handed us the cups. As we drank the tea, I gave her mother a slight outline of the day's history. She listened gravely. She had a shrewd, thoughtful face.

"That's the way! That's the way!" shaking her head. "And then the kindest-hearted people get discouraged, and hardened, and wash their hands of the poor!"

"What is wrong, then, Mrs. Lennox? Why should these people have been generous and helpful to each other until this public aid was offered? The first appearance of help from the rich seemed to rouse the worst passions of their nature. They were greedy, envious, ungrateful."

"I don't know if I can say rightly what I think. But it seems to me, ma'am, as if the rich and poor never could understand each other unless they changed places. You give, thinking you are generous—and so you are; but you don't see that the poor take it with a feeling they've had secretly all their lives, that it is their right; that you cheat them, so long as you wear your silk dresses, and they wear rags. The more kept down a people have been, the more they feel that. But don't give up, madam—don't give up!"

We bade her good-night soon after, and walked slowly home. Ann had aired the parlor, removed the dusty drugget from the floor, and made a fire in the open grate, which cast a soft, red light over the pretty room, more heartsome than any other could be. Before it sat Charley, keeping his eyes open with staring at it.

I was not tired now. When I sat down, happy and thankful for my pleasant home and the loving faces opposite me, I did not forget the friendly, Irish heart of Ann, with her quick insight and sensitive nature. It only made the riddle deeper that puzzled me. George romped with Charley awhile, and then sang for us. Soon Charley fell asleep, and we were left alone.

"How could you do so much for Mrs. Lennox, George?" I said. I knew how straitened he was.

"I could do but little myself; but there is a systematized machinery of charity here, sufficient to relieve all the need that exists. It only requires to be set in motion."

"Well!" I sighed, "I want to be a helper in the world, but I am disappointed, George."

"I am sorry, Lou."

"This was but a little matter, I know, but it is an index; and it seems to me there's a great gulf between the two classes, even in this country, that charity will never bridge over."

"Alms-giving will not."

"What then?"

"I think old Mrs. Lennox had partly seen the truth; the poor need to have their birth, their education, the generations of vice and oppression that went before them, to be considered before we can understand them. Sympathy and help are more wanted by dwarfed minds, and warped consciences, than starved bodies; 'though I give all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'"

"But their minds are not always dwarfed. Mrs. Lennox is a far cleverer woman than I, I doubt not. Generally, when that is the case, they are rough, impertinent. They assert their equality by ill-breeding. And again; are you to go on trying to help, when, in nine cases out of ten, you will be misjudged or imposed upon?"

"Isn't it worth the risk?"

"I don't know. Well, at all events, I am glad you persisted in helping Margaret Lennox, impostor as she was at first. She had a sterling nature, her face speaks it. And you saved her, dear George!" my heart choked me. "You know what is promised to him who converts a sinner? 'he shall save his own soul alive'—is not that it?"

"No. But, dear Lou," he said, with an effort, "would not this gulf you talked of be bridged over, if we thought less of our own generosity, or danger of being cheated or misjudged, and met every man, the rich as the poor, on the simple platform of God's creatures, sure to need help for something as we ourselves do. We should fear neither impertinence from the one class, nor aggression from the other, in that case. Our brothers—isn't that the secret?"

Now this all happened a long time ago. But I often ask myself now, seeing how His suns shine and rains fall on all alike, not heeding their response, "God's creatures—is that the secret?"

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GUARDY'S PEARL.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

I NEVER was so provoked in my life—no, never! And to think that I had made such a ridiculous goose of myself before that white witch, Marguerite Vivian; and that now Guardy would have an excellent excuse for—— But, oh, dear! you don't know who Guardy is. A fine mixed up affair I am making of my story; let's go back and begin all over again.

I, the desperately provoked individual, am Kathie Trevor, and, as I lost my parents before I was old enough to remember anything about them, I am the blissful possessor of a guardian, who rejoices in the name of Gerald King, but whom I always call "Guardy" for short, or, sometimes, when I'm very angry with him, "Lord Magnifico." Of course, you will suppose that, like most guardians, mine is old, cross, and crabbed. I beg leave to contradict you. He is not very old, only thirty-three, and handsome as—as the Apollo Belvidere and Raphael's cherubs combined; or, better still, he's a thorough-bred American gentleman, and that species is difficult to surpass, with all due deference to our English cousins. Don't imagine that I fell in love with him—thank you! I'd as soon be bewitched with the Sphinx; and, moreover, all the heart I had belonged to Charley Blake, which was the rock that Guardy and I split upon. Have patience, and I'll tell you the story.

I have the misfortune to be an heiress; yes, it *is* a misfortune, for poor Charley gets the credit of running after my money, when I know he'd love me just as well if I hadn't a penny. I am only seventeen years old, and have been at boarding-school the greater part of my days, until a year ago, when I came back to New York to live with aunt Frances, and be bothered with Guardy. He returned from Europe about that time; and as he, like myself, is an orphan, aunt invited him to come and live with us in Madison Avenue. I know she wanted to make a match between Guardy and me, and it puts me out of all patience when I remember how she acted. I am convinced that Guardy saw through it, and that he was only induced to remain in our domicile by my utter and extreme indifference upon the subject of his handsome self. Where both parties refuse to be coaxed into a tender passion, (isn't that what they call it in novels?) it's rather up hill work for the poor match-maker; so aunt gave it up in despair, and pounced upon me in no end of a rage because Charley was so devoted. We used to go skating every day, and she scolded, and finally appealed to Guardy as supreme authority to stop it. And Guardy, very good-naturedly, I admit, only said, "Kathie is old enough to behave herself, and if she wants to skate with young Blake I have no earthly objection." To which I elegantly responded that he was "a brick;" and he looked annoyed, and mounted his magnificent stilts immediately, and read me a long lecture upon the extreme vulgarity of "slang."

But the grand climax came to pass about a month after, just before Christmas. Charley and I had been out skating all the afternoon, and we came home dreadfully cold; so I invited him to come into the library. It was only lit by the grate-fire, and I knelt down on the hearth-rug to get warm; so, of course, Charley took the opportunity to be affectionate, and having bestowed two kisses, was in the act of perpetrating a third, when out walked Guardy from the window-seat, and said in an awful voice,

"Kathie, what *am* I to understand from this?"

I had never heard him speak so sternly, and I was too frightened to say one word; but Charley answered,

"Don't be angry with Kathie, Mr. King. It's all my fault."

I think Guardy rather liked his honesty, for he looked a shade less dreadful as he motioned Charley to a chair.

"The—the truth is," said Charley, hesitating a little at his own impudence, "Kathie and I love each other dearly, and," here he had the grace to blush, "and," with a burst of candor, "I haven't got a cent, you know; we Blakes are not rich, though we are good blood." Here Charley looked proud, and I saw Guardy's eyes twinkle.

"Well?" said he, coolly, as Charley took breath. Provoking wretch, he would not help us one bit!

"Don't you see," I interposed, "I mean to give Charley all my money when we get married, and then it won't make a particle of odds who was original owner."

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"Will you consent to let her belong to me some day?" said Gharley, by way of a clincher. There! our secret was told, and vexed enough Guardy was about it. In the first place, he informed us that I was much too young to even think of being engaged, and intimated that Charley was not much better off. Secondly, according to the will of my father, I could not marry until I came of age, unless by special consent of my guardian. Thirdly, it was a fancy which we would each recover from without serious detriment to our hearts, and he must forbid me to think of such nonsense just at present. All this was said in Guardy's most tranquil and placid manner, which always makes me feel as if I were beating against a rock, or a blank wall, and makes me a little more angry than any other of his extremely aggravating ways. He was amiable enough to say that he knew he could trust me not to do clandestinely what he had forbidden; and he was sorry that he must ask Mr. Blake to cease his daily visits for the next six months. And then, all at once, he marched over and took Charley's hand.

"My dear boy," said he, kindly, "don't think me a brute, but I must do my duty by that child in a straightforward manner. You have a manly heart; take my refusal in good part if you can, and when you grow older you will appreciate better the awkward dilemma which you two children have placed me in to-day;" and, without allowing me to say a word, he bowed poor Charley out of the room. Of course, I was furious, and stormed until Guardy opened his handsome eyes upon me in perfect amazement.

I assured him that I had not the smallest intention of obeying him; and I am ashamed now to remember how I talked. The scene ended by my being left to expend my passion alone, and Guardy went off to consult aunt Frances as to fit punishment for his refractory ward. I fully expected to be banished to some remote country school in supreme disgrace; so you may fancy my surprise when Guardy informed me, the next day, that I was invited to spend a month at Rainsford Priory, and that aunt Frances and he had concluded that I had better accept it. He was so good-natured to forget all my wicked speeches of the day before, and so politely ignored any offence, that my conscience smote me, and I was half inclined to tell him why I was pleased with the plan. You see, Charley and I had talked the matter over beforehand. He had a houseful of cousins, the Dares, nice, jolly girls, who lived near Rainsford Priory, and they had asked Charley to go up and spend Christmas week with them. Now Mrs. Rainsford was Marguerite Vivian's sister, and Marguerite had hinted to me that I would be invited to the Priory when she paid her annual visit there. And to think that Guardy should fall into the trap, and send me right to the very place where Charley and I had planned to have such fun! I very nearly laughed outright.

"What makes you look so mischievous, Kathie?" asked he.

"Nothing," said I, drawing down the corners of my mouth very demurely. "I'm sure it's very thoughtful and kind of Marguerite."

"Who?" said Guardy, suddenly.

"Marguerite Vivian, of course," said I, rather wondering why he took me up in such a hurry. "Do you know her, Guardy? Isn't she lovely?"

"I have not seen Miss Vivian for some years," said he, as he took up the morning paper. "As I remember her, you would do well to imitate her elegant repose of manner, Kathie."

After which criticism, I indignantly left him to his own reflections.

Aunt Frances was occupied for two days in packing my dresses, and scolding me for my past sins. And by the time I got into the train with my maid, Martha, bestowed on the opposite seat, I was in such a state of nervous irritation that I would hardly speak to Guardy, or bid him a good-by. I think I should have been quite amiable and obedient under Guardy's tuition in those days, if aunt Frances had not persisted in rubbing my unfortunate temper the wrong way upon every occasion. It was useless for me to attempt reading when I felt so cross; so I tried to go to sleep, and almost succeeded, when at last the brakeman sung out "Chestnut Hill," and Martha jumped up in a violent hurry. Martha is a dreadfully stupid person, and the worst possible sort of a traveler. Out on the platform I walked, and there was Marguerite and Mrs. Rainsford in the sleigh waiting for me, and in another sleigh beside them the three Dare girls, and Charley!

"How late you are, little girl," said Marguerite's calm voice, in a pause between the noisy greetings of the Dares; "this is my sister, Kathie, and we are delighted to have you come and lighten the monotony of the country in such cold weather."

Mrs. Rainsford was a bright-eyed, beautiful brunette, not a particle like her sister; but somehow, though she kissed me with what the French call *effusion*, I did not trust her. Charley came around to tuck in the robe at my side of the sleigh, and whispered in my ear,

"I'm so glad you've come, Kathie, I shall

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have a chance to see you as much as I please now." I think Mrs. Rainsford heard him, for she turned, with a smile, and invited him to come over and spend the evening; and then we drove off.

I don't know what Marguerite meant by calling their life at the Priory dull, for there were three gentlemen staying in the house, and, besides Charley, two others came up from Boston that evening. It was a little unfortunate for me that one of the visitors in the house happened to be Owen Clarke; for all winter long he had teased and annoyed Charley by his attention to me. Now, contrary to the usual practice of my sex, I aver boldly that I *do* like attention, and I love dearly to flirt. Owen Clarke has dangerously beautiful eyes, and being an older man, and considerably more deceitful and wicked than my dear, honest-hearted Charley, I allowed him to be more polite to me than I should have done. I'm very sorry now, but I delighted to tease Charley then. It was such fun to see him get sulky; and on one never-to-be-forgotten night, the night after Christmas, Charley was so abominably jealous, and behaved so badly, that I was ashamed of him. What do you think of his sitting, like a great bear, glaring at Owen Clarke and me, while Marguerite sat singing for us at the piano, and deliberately tearing up his lilac gloves, bit by bit? If you don't believe it, I assure you I've got them yet; and I take them out and show them to Charley whenever he gets bearish.

Of course, I did not want him to go off in such a rage, so I managed to slip away from Owen Clarke, and made Charley a sign to follow me into the library.

"Kathie," said he, hoarsely, seizing my hands, "I can't stand this another hour. If you care anything for me you would not torture me so."

"You know I love you," coaxed I, "and I'd face Guardy, or do anything equally terrific to prove it. You're an absurd boy to be so jealous; you mortify me to death. Look at the shreds of your gloves!" And then Charley threw them on the table, and proposed a plan so astounding that I didn't have breath enough to answer him for full five minutes. He wanted me to elope with him!

I do not expect any well-bred young person to countenance my proceedings at this emergency. If I had possessed a mamma, and been properly brought up on the hot-bed principle, I should have spurned the idea of renouncing a church wedding, satin, point lace, and a bishop in full canonicals to perform the ceremony. But I loved Charley, and I was as full of tricks as a young monkey; and the fun of running away from aunt Frances and my Lord Magnifico, not to speak of the romance of being minus money and bank-stocks, was too tempting to my ill-regulated mind; and after considerable teasing and tragic threats on Charley's part, I actually consented. Whatever we did, would have to be done quickly, for Mrs. Rainsford had sent for aunt Frances to come up and spend New-Year with us.

"No matter," quoth I, courageously; "we'll go to-morrow night."

"That's a darling," said Charley, admiringly.

"And," continued I, my energies rising, "I shall have to get out of my window, and meet you at the summer-house, on the other side of the bridge. You can't bring a carriage inside the grounds, because of the gate-house; and you must not venture to come over the bridge, for that monster of a dog roams all about the place at night. He won't fly at me, but he'd raise the household if you came near him. And don't you come inside of this house to-morrow, sir. Hush! There comes Marguerite!"

"At half-past twelve, my darling," was all Charley had time for, as the others entered. For the rest of that evening I danced and laughed, and acted like a crazy creature, feeling a guilty pang each time I remembered Guardy, and how he had placed me on my honor about seeing Charley.

I suppose that, if I had been a heroine in a novel, I should describe myself as having a fever of excitement the next day. On the contrary, I was in nothing of the sort. I did not half appreciate what a tremendous step I was taking upon my own responsibility; and my chief trouble was in making up a small bag-full of my jewelry, and a dress or two, and reflecting how upon earth I was going to get out of my window, and jump off the balcony without detection. The day began dark and cloudy; and while we were at lunch, a storm came up, which went on steadily increasing, with wind and sleet, until at nightfall it was really dreadful. My mind half misgave me as I stood in the library, with Owen Clarke, looking out at the bleak prospect. "But then," reflected I, "it's not far to the summer-house, and in a water-proof cloak I cannot get very wet; besides, it's jolly tragical to run off in the face of such raging elements. I wonder whether Guardy will storm like great Jove himself?"

I thought I should never get away from Marguerite that night. She followed me into my

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room, and looked a little suspiciously, I fancied, at my jewel-case, now almost empty. Finally, she said, good-night, (our rooms were on the same side of the house, but hers was at one end of the balcony, and mine at the other,) and then I sent Martha away, pretending that I would do my hair myself. Twelve o'clock! It was nearly time to start; so I put up my window and gazed cautiously out. The rain had stopped a little, but it blew just as hard as ever; and, oh, dear! how slippery the balcony looked! No help for it; so I turned my gas down very low, and having lowered my bag, gathered my dress in my hand, and slid safely and almost noiselessly down. Then came a gust that nearly took my breath away, and there was a distant gleam of light in the summer-house. How could Charley be so imprudent! On any less stormy night the people at the lodge must have seen it. I am certainly a very plucky girl, for between the pitchy darkness and the wet, slippery ground, I was in a little the worst plight I ever imagined. On I plunged, however, until I got to the little bridge, and there stopped to take breath. My bag was heavy, so I deposited it on the boards, and at that instant I heard Charley's voice, so sharp and quick, that I fairly jumped.

"Kathie, take care, for heaven's sake! Don't try the bridge, it's broken in several places, and the stream has risen so——"

Bang! A furious blast of wind, a rush of swollen water; and as he snatched me away from the dangerous locality, the remains of the little bridge went floating off—my bag, my jewels, and my dresses with it, and I, like Lord Ullric, was "left lamenting."

"Goodness! my bag!" I gasped; and then, as I saw Charley's face, by the light of his lantern, I went off into a fit of laughter that nearly strangled me, as I tried not to make a noise.

"How upon earth are we going over, Charley? The gate is locked, and the stream impassable." Alas! for the romance of the elopement, fancy Charley's horror! "Don't you think we're a pair of geese, dear?"

"Most unmitigated ones," said the clear, soft voice of Marguerite, close at my elbow. In my fright I nearly tumbled into the water, and Charley was almost as bad. There she stood, her long hair wet and loosened, her pale face and gleaming eyes looking at us with a mixture of censure and kindness.

"Kathie, come home," said she, a little severely; "I think you are mad to risk so much in such an utterly thoughtless, childish fashion. Mr. Blake, I hardly think such foolish children have any claim for mercy at Our King's hands."

I don't think I ever felt so like a fool. To be foiled in my elopement was not half so hard as to have merited the white witch's contempt—for I love Marguerite almost as well as I do Charley. But I didn't hang my head like a chidden child then; I scolded, and laughed, and cried, and defended Charley, and would not allow him to say that it was at all his fault.

"I only implore you not to tell aunt Frances," said I. "Write for Guardy to-morrow, if you choose; but I won't be bullied by that old lady. And then, just think of my bag and jewelry at the bottom of the river!" Marguerite's lips quivered at the climax.

"Kathie, darling, go home," said Charley, at last. "Miss Vivian, I am thoroughly ashamed of my own conduct. Try to be as merciful to that poor child as you can. May I come back as far as the house?"

But Marguerite sent him to the lodge instead, to knock up the keeper, with a story of being locked in; and then we girls battered against the wind and rain back to our balcony. Without a word, Marguerite locked the window, turned on the gas, and throwing herself in my easy-chair, laughed a little, low laugh of contentment.

"Oh, Kathie! you naughty, naughty child! How I have been watching you every moment since last night, when I overheard you plotting with Charley in the library, and made up my mind to stop you. I would have done it earlier, but you were bent upon trying it. Yes, I followed you from the time you started, except that I let myself quietly out of the house-door, instead of the balcony. I have kept my own counsel; and you will be heartily ashamed of it in six months. Child! don't be silly! Are you crying?"

"To be sure I am," sobbed I, as Marguerite's busy fingers loosened my wet cloak. "You're such a cold, proud girl, you don't know what it means to love any one as I love Charley. I tell you I shall die if Guardy separates me from him." And I stamped my feet in genuine, passionate misery. Marguerite drew me down close beside her, and kissed me twice. I looked up in surprise at the unexpected caress, and saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"So I am too cold to love, Kathie? Little girl, do you wish to listen to a story—a short one, and very commonplace. I would like to comfort you, and, perhaps, I can do so best by telling you what a sore heart I have carried this five years. Yes, five years—don't you know I'm twenty-four, Kathie?" She did not look it, with her beautiful, pearly skin, and violet eyes; and she smiled, as I told her so.

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"I knew a man once—a man considerably older than I—who was my devoted friend. At times he was even more than that—and my sister did all in her power to throw us together. Don't mistake me; he never really proposed to me, but I knew he loved me—a little! One day I heard that he was engaged to a very lovely woman, and I took the news so calmly that even my sister was deceived. I faced my misery alone, Kathie; it's the better plan always. But his glad, bright prospects faded away like a dream, and she died, pretty creature, very suddenly, before the end of a year. I have never seen him since—since one day, just before his engagement, when he bade me good-by, to go with his regiment to the war. I think I suffered most in feeling the soreness of *his* sorrow, when I, who would have given my life almost to comfort him, did not even dare to write him a kindly line lest it should be misconstrued." I was so interested by this wonderful glimpse into Marguerite's heart, that I really forgot my own trials.

"But now," said I, "if you were to meet—do you think——" She shook her stately head.

"Do you think I would 'stoop to conquer?' I wish I dared! No, dear child, this is all past; I shall never love or marry any other man. Come, lift your head up, dear, and tell me whether I cannot feel some sympathy for you."

Marguerite and I talked there until nearly dawn. She tried in vain to reason me out of my determination to marry Charley at all hazards; and then endeavored to counsel me into some degree of tact in my management of Guardy.

"Good-night," said I, as the clock struck three. "I'll be heroic enough to write Guardy to-morrow, and tell him the whole story. Heigh-ho! I'll make him laugh with a graphic account of your appearance. You have a fine idea of stage effect, *ma belle.*"

That letter was a herculean task, but I finally achieved it in the following fashion:

"DEAR GUARDY—I took the opportunity of the storm last night to jump off the balcony, and try an elopement with Charley Blake. As the bridge broke down, (providentially, it only carried my bag with it, instead of myself;) and Miss Vivian insisted that I should wait for a moonlight night as being more romantic and becoming—I yielded to her persuasions, and returned home peaceably. As I lost all my pretty jewelry in the smash, when you come up to scold me, please bring that lovely new locket you promised me. Dear Guardy, don't be furious with your naughty little KATHIE."

I fairly shrieked over the idea of Guardy's face when he should read it—and though Marguerite scolded me heartily, not a line more would I add. But she sat down and despatched him a note, which I don't doubt was all that was lady-like and proper!

The response to our epistles came in the form of a telegram to Miss Vivian, and it was concise enough. "On board train due at seven-thirty." I had seen Charley that day, and had been wretchedly doleful. I made up my mind to appeal to Guardy's sympathies, but I did not have an opportunity very soon. Mrs. Rainsford had a dinner-party, and we were all sitting in the music-room when Guardy came in. Marguerite was singing, exquisitely as usual, and Guardy's *entree* was made with his customary quietude, so she only saw him as she rose. I never knew her to be awkward before; but her dress caught in the music-book, and it fell with a crash on the ivory keys. I glanced at her, surprised, and saw that she had turned white as marble. In an instant the truth flashed upon me—Gerald King was the hero of her story.

Guardy's greeting to me was a trifle stern and cold, and, very much to my surprise, I felt the tears rush to my eyes as he omitted his kiss on my forehead. After all, I did care a little about my handsome guardian, and between his coldness, and my consciousness of having acted very badly, I was in a sufficiently penitent frame of mind when he sent for me to come to the library the next morning.

"Kathie," said he, stroking my hair with a kindly gesture as I burst into tears, and sobbed out something about "forgiveness," "I have been talking over this madcap performance of yours with Miss Vivian, and I begin to think that you are more really fond of that boy than I had supposed. If I put you on probation, do you think that you will keep the pledge as well as you did my placing you on your honor?" For once I hung my head, speechless. "Sit down," Guardy went on, gently putting me in a chair, "and take matters quietly. I am willing to allow Charley to visit you for a year, at the end of which I shall take you to Europe for a six months' trip. On your return, if you still wish it, Kathie, you may rely upon my free consent to your marriage. My chief objection was the extreme youth of both parties—what a pair of foolish children to plan a runaway match!" I think I rather startled him, for I jumped up and threw my arms around his neck.

"Guardy, you're a brick! Oh! I forgot; but on this extraordinary occasion you must excuse the slang. I love Charley with all my heart,

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and I had no right to expect you would be so good to such a horrid madcap as I am. Do, *do* forgive my saucy note; I'm as wicked as poor Topsey was. And don't let aunt Frances bully me! I shall never, never call either you or Marguerite cold and hard-hearted again." Guardy gave me a queer look.

"Pray, what has your wise head got in it now? Has Miss Vivian been casting her spells over you? I used to call her a white witch long ago, but she seems more like a pure, stately pearl now-a-days. And, if you have made such a discovery about my warm-hearted qualities, how in the world did you happen to arrive at the conclusion that she is not cold? Verily, she has changed since lang syne."

I looked up through the half open door, where beyond, in the music-room, I could see Marguerite's fair, classic profile bent over her embroidery-frame; and I made an audacious resolution.

"Guardy," quoth I, slipping down on the floor in my favorite position, and looking very innocently up into his face, "I want to tell you a story. Once upon a time, there was a beautiful Prince, (at least he would have been a Prince if we had such things in America,) and he had a garden, of which he was very fond. He admired all the flowers there, but he took the most care of a certain blush-rose, and a beautiful, stately lily. And one day he said to himself, 'I will gather the rose and wear it on my heart; see how she smiles and blushes when I stand beside her—the lily is always the same, she is more to be admired at a distance.' But, after it was plucked, the rose began to fade; and the Prince was smitten with sore grief when he saw it wither away and die. And the lily stretched out her hands to him, and longed to comfort him, but he was selfish in his grief, and was blind. And day by day the lily grew paler and colder, till the Prince began to think it a marble flower."

"Kathie!" and Guardy's angry face frightened me, but I went on faster than ever.

"So the Prince wandered away all over the world, and at last, after many years, he came back to visit his long neglected garden. And a pert little daisy lifted up her head, and whispered in his ears, 'See! the lily queen would suffer no hand to pluck it but yours. Place it on your breast, and learn its sweetness.' And, behold! the scales fell from the Prince's eyes, and taking the daisy's advice in good part—Guardy, suppose you finish the story!"

For a second there was silence; I dared not lift my eyes to Gerald King's face. Then, imperiously,

"Kathie, are you an angel, or an impish monkey, to tear open hearts thus? Brave child!"—and, actually, my stern, proud, dignified Guardy, hurried from the room in as hot haste as if he had been Charley himself.

I know it was abominably mean, but I could not help peeping through the door after him. I saw him go to Marguerite's side, and beheld the crimson blood dye her pearly throat as he took her unresisting hand; and then, with a more perfectly triumphant heart than I ever expect to possess again, I danced every step of the way up stairs into my own room. Positively, Charley and my own delight fled away for full five minutes, in the overwhelming idea that I had had a share in the darling white witch's joy.

So you see, Guardy having found his "Pearl," his heart relented even more toward Charley and me. And I am to take my European tour this fall, instead of a year hence; and to prevent any more elopements, Charley will accompany us; for, as soon as the dress-makers and such bothers will let us, Marguerite and I are going to change our names, and we shall all go across the Atlantic together—such a jolly party.

Guardy has forgiven me for my impudence, and tries his best to induce "Pearl" to overlook my awful breach of confidence. He has generously supplied the deficiencies of my jewel-case; and Charley and I are more happy than two such monkeys deserve to be. Good-by!

MY PLANETS—MARS, JUPITER, VENUS.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Are these my stars? the mystic planets
  Presiding o'er my mortal life?
I well believe that Mars is one,
  For fate and I are still at strife.

And Jupiter, the traveling planet,
  Homeless as Autumn leaf, and
Driven by each wind of circumstance,
  Against an ever darkening sky.

But Venus, she whose silver radiance
  Flings bright enchantment o'er the Heaven,
Oh! naught so mild and beautiful
  Can to my restless course be given.

It must be Saturn, the misanthrope,
  Progenitor of cannibals;
Those outre folks we sometimes find,
  That man their choicest morsel call.

Oh! mystic planets, though we scorn you,
  We shrink at your far-reaching power;
We walk, encircled by your influence,
  To death, e'en from our natal hour.

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MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139.

CHAPTER XIV.

At daylight the next morning, a dashing page, clothed in the livery of some great house, which no one in Versailles could satisfactorily identify, came riding up the streets of the town entirely at his leisure, and looking around curiously as if the place were new to him. He dismounted in front of the Swan, and calling for a hostler in the affected and somewhat effeminate voice so fashionable among his class, entered the inn.

"What do I please to want?" he said, giving a twirl to the long love-look that waved down his shoulder. "First, I shall want some breakfast, and a room in which this dilapidated toilet can be arranged; for, upon my honor, madame, I am ashamed to stand in this guise before a lady of so much taste, and so fine a presence—queenly I might say, but that I fear so much familiarity might——"

"Nay, speak out—speak frankly, my friend," said Dame Tillery, fluttering heavily. "It is true, the air of a court may cling to one; indeed, I feel that it is so. Since yesterday this inn, large and commodious as every one will admit, seems too small for me. There is no room for the expansion that comes natural after a free intercourse with royal personages."

"Ah! I understand; but there is nothing surprising in the fact that royalty knows where it can bestow favors."

"Not favors, but confidence," interposed the dame.

"Yes, confidence. I dare say it is you who have granted favors."

Dame Tillery drew close to the page, first looking over her shoulder to make sure that no one was listening.

"Would you call it a favor if a person I will not mention, being modest, had saved the queen's life?"

"Would I?" answered the page, stepping back and throwing a world of reverence and astonishment into his air; "that would be to make one's self immortal. Ah! if the chance had been given me."

"You could not have done it. Such things require strength and wonderful presence of mind."

"I dare say; in fact, the thought was presumption. If I could but obtain an audience with her highness, it would be glory enough for me, even though I do bring her good news."

"Indeed," said the dame. "Is that your business? Good news for her highness, and no one to introduce you. Well, we shall see what can be done."

"Kind and noble, as they told me," answered the page, with enthusiasm. "'Go to Dame Tillery, of the Swan. She has power, she has influence with the court; her introduction will be the making of you.' This was what was said to me."

"But who said it? Pray tell me, who said it?"

"Ah! that is my secret. Some one who knows you well, and understood how you are considered up yonder; but we will mention no names—diplomacy forbids it."

"Indeed! Diplomacy!" said the dame, somewhat puzzled by the word. "Certainly, I understand. He is the lord you serve, and who sends good news to the queen. It would be a shame and a pity if you could not reach her; but, as I said before, we shall think of it."

"And now for the room and the breakfast," answered the page, accepting her patronage with a profound bow.

"The breakfast I can promise you—in that respect the Swan is never wanting; but as for a room, the truth is, I have a person here whose name I need not mention, as it might be an offence to some one we know of—a lady whom one neither wishes to entertain or offend, but who has taken every room in my house for herself and her train; but there is a closet next her own chamber, which a little marmosette of a page sleeps in; I will turn him out and give the room to you. Only move softly and speak low, for the partition is thin, and there is danger of being overheard."

The page bowed low again with a hand on his heart.

"I see that the praise I heard of madame's goodness is well bestowed. Place me anywhere,

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I shall be content, so long as there is a pallet on which I may snatch a few hours' rest, and light enough to refresh my toilet by."

"The room has a glazed window, and you shall not be disturbed."

"Meanwhile, perhaps, you will think of some method by which I can speak to the queen."

"It is difficult, very difficult; but there are few things that Dame Tillery cannot accomplish when all her energies are set upon it. This is the room; marmosette has arisen—go in, go in; if he has left anything there, set it outside the door, and draw the bolt. I see his bed has not been touched."

The page stepped over the threshold, saying, "I will not disturb the lady with any noise."

"Oh! never mind her—she cannot rule here! The time was—but no matter; a good morning's sleep to you. When the breakfast is ready you shall be informed."

The page entered the little room assigned to him, threw himself on the pallet-bed, and burst into a low, rich gush of laughter, that was little in keeping with the promise he had made not to disturb the lady in the next room. A few minutes after Zamara came to the door. The page sprung up, drew the bolt, and gave the dwarf a glimpse of his laughing face.

"Go away!" he said, "I am here safe and well. Your lady will sleep late; she is ill—has an abominable headache. I should not wonder if she keeps her bed all day."

Zamara left the door smiling, for he had been very anxious during the night. In the passage he met Dame Tillery.

"How has your lady rested?" she inquired. "Have you seen her this morning?"

"No; but I will inquire," answered the dwarf.

"It is time, we must be thinking about her breakfast."

"I fear madame will have but little appetite; she was not well last night."

"Still we must take her orders. Yes, yes, I am coming! Was ever a house like this! Dame Tillery here, Dame Tillery there! If I could cut myself into a dozen, it would not be enough. You hear how they are calling me, marmosette. In ten minutes I will be back again—expect me."

Zamara went at once to the door which he had just left, and, after a faint knock, put his lips to the key-hole, and whispered something to the person he heard moving inside. Then he sauntered away, waiting patiently for the reappearance of the dame. She appeared at last, breathing heavily, and flushed with the exertion she was forced to make in lifting her ponderous weight up the stairs.

"Now you will make inquiries about madame," she said. "It is important; I have so much to accomplish before presenting myself at the chateau."

Zamara walked softly to Madame Du Barry's chamber and knocked at the door. A voice bade him come in, and he disappeared. Directly he came back and beckoned to the dame, who was glad enough to enter the sleeping-room of her guest. She would not have known the room in her own house, so completely was it metamorphosed. Silken hangings fell over the windows through which the light came, richly filling the room as with a warm sunset. The only table in the room had been covered with a scarlet cloth, on which golden scent-bottles, pomade-boxes, and caskets, shone in gorgeous profusion. Instead of the best sheets and blankets that her linen-closet could afford, Dame Tillery saw sheets of the finest linen peeping out from blankets of delicate lamb's-wool, and over them was a coverlet of pale-green satin, which swept the oaken floor with a border of delicate embroidery.

In this bed, with her hair all loose, and her night-dress open at the throat, lay Madame Du Barry, with all the rouge washed from her face, and her head resting languidly on the snowy-whiteness of her pillows. She certainly had all the appearance of an invalid. The countess held out her hand with a gentle smile.

"This is kind," she said; "I have been so ill in the night. You are looking at these things. It is foolish, I know, but they please me—they have become necessary; so, when I travel, Zamara always has them ready. I hope you are not offended."

"Offended! Well, I was, almost! Her majesty, I think, would not have scorned to sleep in my best room as it was."

"Ah, dame! but she is the queen. She has everything, while I possess nothing but old memories and habits, that make commonplace things repulsive."

"I do not know about it. Princes have slept in this room before now, and never seemed to feel a want. Well, madame, if you are so dainty, the aid of Dame Tillery can be nothing to you. I shall not take your message to the queen, remember that."

"Ah, dame! this is unkind."

"I think it is only prudent."

"Well, if you really refuse. I have nothing more to say. There was a time when the most courageous woman in Versailles would have been afraid to refuse a request of mine."

"But now it would take the bravest woman

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in Versailles to grant a request from the Countess Du Barry."

"But you have courage for anything."

"Not for that. When the Queen of France selects a favorite from the people, she expects discretion—and that she shall find with Dame Tillery."

"But you have already introduced a stranger—that young girl."

"Ah! but that is another matter; the difference here is that Madame Du Barry is not a stranger."

Du Barry almost laughed at the blunt frankness of this speech.

"Well, well," she said, "if you will have nothing to do with me, I cannot help it; but you have lost a rouleau of gold which I had already counted out."

Dame Tillery had evidently forgotten the gold, or she might not have been in such haste to assert her determination. Her countenance fell; her fat fingers worked nervously in the folds of her dress.

"Well," she said, "tell me what the message is and I will decide—everything depends on that."

A mischievous smile quivered around Du Barry's mouth, and mischief twinkled in her eyes.

"No," she said, "I will not embarrass you; perhaps I shall myself go to the chateau."

"What, you?"

"Possibly. At any rate, I will bring no one else into disrepute."

Dame Tillery was crestfallen enough. She had expected to be argued with and implored, but found herself utterly put aside.

"But I did not mean to be altogether unaccommodating. It was the slight you put upon my room that aggravated me. There is not a more obliging woman in the world than Dame Tillery, if she is a little restive at times. So, if your message is a safe one——"

Du Barry rose to her elbow, and with her still fine hair falling around her shoulders, drew a ponderous gold watch, flaming with pearls, from under her pillow.

"It is getting late," she said. "You will have scarcely time to prepare; as for me, talking makes my head ache."

Dame Tillery arose, feeling the poorer by a rouleau of gold.

"Madame has had no breakfast," she said, still lingering.

"Not a morsel," murmured Du Barry, closing her eyes with an appearance of disgust. "I shall not eat a morsel to-day."

"But, shall I send nothing?"

"On the contrary, I must have profound rest. No one but Zamara need approach me. He will understand if I want anything."

Dame Tillery went out, feeling herself put down; but she had no time to dwell on her disappointment. The breakfast of that dashing page had not yet been served, and the time was fast approaching when she was to appear at the royal chateau. She hurried down to her kitchen, saw that the stranger's meal was in reasonable forwardness, and then gave herself up to the mysteries of a most wonderful toilet, in which she appeared an hour after, armed with her fan, and rustling like a forest-tree in October.

The dame joined her latest guest at the table, with his hair freshly curled, his laces spotless as gossamer, and the ribbons on his dress fluttering airily.

"Ah! but this is magnificent!" he said, with an affected lisp. "Who shall say after this it is the nobility alone that understand what is befitting the presence of royalty? Under such protection I shall be sure of success."

Dame Tillery had found such unthought of success in her last protege that she was emboldened to test her fortune again, and, being a woman, was particularly pleased that this time her companion would be a handsome and dashing fellow, who would not feel abashed by anything he might see at the palace.

"You are in haste, I see," observed the page, helping himself to the nearest dish; "but this omelet is delicious, and I must detain you for another plate."

"Take your time; take plenty of time," answered the dame, charmed that he should have praised the dish she had herself prepared; "it will be half an hour before her majesty can be kept waiting, so there is no especial haste; still it is always well to be ready."

The page finished his omelet, shook off a crumb or two of bread that had fallen among his ribbons, and arose.

"Pray, my good dame, glance your eyes over my person, that I may be sure that all is right," he said, pluming himself like a bird. "It seems to me that this love-lock might be brought forward the fraction of an inch with good effect. Pray let me have your judgment on the matter."

Dame Tillery took the glossy curl between her fat thumb and finger, laid it very daintily a little forward on the shoulder, and stood back with her head on one side to mark the effect.

"That is perfect," she said. "The Duke De Richelieu's love-lock fell just in that way when he presented us yesterday. He is a handsome

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man, a little younger than you, I should think; but if I were to choose—— But all this is romance."

"Younger than me, dame, that seems impossible. Look again."

It seemed as if the page was determined to challenge the woman's closest attention, for he went close to her, that she might scrutinize his face, and exclaimed at last,

"Now, can you persist in saying that I am not younger than the Duke De Richelieu?"

"Well, I am not sure. At a little distance I should say no; but with the light on your face—"

"There, there! do not say it, the very thought breaks my heart," said the page, interrupting her airily. "One does so hate to feel the bloom of his youth going. But I am keeping you. It is time—it is time."

Dame Tillery took her fan from a corner where she had placed it, and settling all the amplitude of her garments, led the way into the street, and sailed off toward the palace like a frigate with all sails set to a stiff breeze. The people of the town, who had by this time heard pretty generally of her good fortune, crowded to their doors and windows to see her pass. Children paused, open-mouthed, in the street, wondering at her finery; and those who met her stood aside, as if contact with royalty had given her some mysterious prerogatives, which they were bound to reverence. The dame felt all this glory with wonderful exhilaration. She bowed graciously, right and left, as she moved on; gave one or two near acquaintances the tips of her plump fingers in passing, and swept through the palace-gates like an empress.

CHAPTER XV.

THERE had been no audience arranged for Dame Tillery that day. The queen wished to see her, that some proper reward might be given for the danger she had run, and, perhaps, promised herself some little amusement from the eccentric vanity of the good woman, whose superb airs had excited the merriment of all her ladies. But the day happened to be very lovely, and Marie Antoinette forgot her gratitude so far that she went into the Park with one or two of her favorites, ready for any amusement that might present itself, and in a humor to enjoy the bright, fresh air of those green glades with peculiar relish. She was pleased with herself and everything about her that day—kind acts bring a glow of happiness with them. She was pleased with the great happiness her interposition had secured for that young girl; she was grateful that an outstanding wrong of such terrible duration had been redressed. No harassing intelligence had reached her from the city, and she went forth from her palace cheerfully, like a child let out from school before the stated hour.

"After all, my Campan, this is a beautiful world," she said, lifting the folds of her dress as she descended the broad flight of steps that led to the grand fountain, full of music and lovely colors. How greenly the trees overlock that arcade; how bright the grass is. Oh! if those people in Paris would only let us alone for a little while we might be very happy here. The king asks so little; and I—tell me, my Campan, am I very unreasonable? Do I require so much more than other women?"

Madame Campan lifted her soft eyes to the handsome face bent upon her, and Marie Antoinette saw that they were misty with tears, such as spring readily from her affectionate heart.

"Ah, my mistress! if the people could but know how little would satisfy you, how earnestly you seek their welfare, rather than your own, all the discontent we hear might pass away as yonder mist arises from the lawn, and turns to silver in the sunshine."

"How I wish it might," answered the queen, fervently. "Sometimes I think it is my presence in France that has occasioned all this broad-spread discontent. Yet the people seemed to love me; and you remember how they would go into a tumult of delight if I but waved a bouquet to them from my box at the theatre; how they would crowd around my carriage only for a sight of my face. Tell me, Campan, was it because I was younger then and more beautiful, or is it that they have really learned to hate me?"

Campan shook her head, and heaved a deep sigh as her affectionate glance rested on that queenly face.

"The people loved their queen once, and will love her again when the insane clamor of the clubs has worn itself out," she said, speaking from her simple wisdom, for she could not comprehend any of the great causes of discontent which lay seething in the riotous city of Paris—causes that were rooted so deep in the past, that it has taken almost a century to discover and trace them back through the awful convulsion they had led to. "The people have their caprices," she added, "and change easily. Wait a little, and all this popularity will come back."

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"God grant it!" said Marie Antoinette, clasping her hands, and looking upward where the blue sky, veiled with silvery sunshine, bent over her like a promise. "I did not know how sweet it was to be beloved until this terrible change came."

The queen was growing anxious, the bright spirits with which she had left the palace were saddened by the turn her conversation had taken. She walked on awhile thoughtfully, and with all the beauty of her face clouded, as it was seen so often of late; but after awhile she seemed to throw off this depression, and looked up with a smile.

"You are a kind prophet, my Campan, and I will believe you. Why should a people I have never wronged hold me in perpetual dislike? I will not believe it! I will not believe it!"

Madame Campan smiled till all her round face was aglow. She was delighted that any words of hers should have brought courage to her beautiful mistress. The queen had more kindly sympathy with Campan than any other person in her household. During all her residence in France, this cordial, kind-hearted woman had been so closely knitted with her domestic life, that a spirit of sisterhood had sprung up in the queen's bosom toward her; the little woman herself fairly worshiped her mistress, while she never forgot the vast distance that lay between them.

"Let us turn down this shady path," said the queen, who, for the moment, was out of sight to all the ladies that had followed her, except Campan; "no matter if we do lose them. It is so pleasant to be alone; but we must talk of more cheerful things, my Campan. I, too, will believe that this black cloud will be swept away from France, and that our bright days will come back again. It shall be my policy, as it surely is my pleasure, to conciliate the people. That was not an unwise thing which his majesty did yesterday—I mean the pardon of that poor girl's father."

"It was an act of justice—a brave act, because just now dangerous, perhaps."

"Dangerous, my Campan—and how?"

"Because the awful wrong done this man by one king, has been continued so far into the reign of another, that the people will never distinguish which has been most in fault."

"I did not think of this," said the queen, thoughtfully, "but the thing was right in itself; and if it had not been, that lovely girl did, in fact, save me from being torn to pieces. I could not have refused her, though the life she gave me had been at stake."

"Our Lady forbid that I should say anything against a clemency as fearless as it was just. I did but speak of the unreasonableness of the people," said Madame Campan, glancing anxiously at the queen's face, which was again overclouded.

The king must have had some such apprehensions when he hesitated, she thought; but in my impulsive gratitude I forgot everything but the fact that this poor man was unjustly incarcerated, and that his child had flung herself between me and death. Well, I am glad, only these ideas were in my mind; too much caution makes cowards of us all. I, too, might have hesitated, for these times harden one's heart fearfully. Still, with those wistful eyes looking into mine, I must have done it—and I am glad it is done.

When she came to this conclusion in her mind, Marie Antoinette lifted her head from its bent attitude, and looked around smiling.

"I think we have escaped our ladies," she said, with a gleam of the sparkling mischief in her eyes which Madame Campan knew well, but had seen so rarely of late. "Oh! here they are coming, I can see their dresses through the branches. We must take up our state now, my Campan," she said, with a sigh, "there is no escaping it."

"But it is not the ladies," said Campan, shading her eyes and looking through the trees; "but—but—— Why, your highness, it is the woman who taught us how to churn."

"What, my dame of the dairy! I had forgotten all about her," answered the queen, laughing. "Well, I am glad she finds us here. But who is this coming with her?"

"A page; but I do not know the livery," answered Madame Campan. "He lingers behind, now that she has seen your highness. Shall she approach?"

"Oh, yes! We shall find amusement in her, if nothing more. You have my purse; it will be needed, for, after all, the woman has done us a service; but for her we should never have met that young girl, or the man who took that fierce animal by the horns. Let her approach."

Madame Campan laughed with the faintest, mellow chuckle in the world, spite of the high sense of etiquette that reigned at court. In fact, she could not help it; for Dame Tillery was approaching toward them, her face all smiles, her dress in a flutter of gorgeous colors, her closed fan held in the middle like a baton, and her body swaying forward now and then in a ponderous salutation, which was repeated over and over again as she approached the queen.

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Marie Antoinette had too keen a sense of the ridiculous to think of reprimanding her lady; in fact, she put up one hand, and gave a little cough behind it to break up an impulse to laugh, which was almost irrepressible with that woman in sight; but as Dame Tillery drew close to her, a gentle gravity covered this feeling, and she kindly bade the dame draw near. With all her boastfulness, there was something in that presence which subdued the exuberance of Dame Tillery's self-conceit. So she came forward smiling and blushing like a peony in the sunshine, and waited in a flutter of expectation for the queen to address her.

"So, my good dame, you have found your audience, though we had forgotten it," said Marie Antoinette.

Dame Tillery let out one of her profound courtesies, which swept the grass with the swelling circumference of her garments.

"The gentleman up yonder, knowing that the queen desired my coming, bade me and my companion walk in the Park until the pleasure of your highness should be known; these were his very words."

"So you came out here to see our Park, and chanced upon this spot. Well, dame, all places are proper where a service is to be rewarded. Madame has a purse of gold that I have desired her to present to you."

Madame Campan arose, smiling, and placed the purse in Dame Tillery's hand, which was rather reluctantly extended. The queen was not accustomed to see her favors received with awkward silence, looked a little annoyed; but before she could speak, Dame Tillery had dropped down on her knees in the grass, making what a school-girl would have called enormous cheeses with her dress, and clasped her plump hands in a passion of entreaty.

"Take the money back. Oh! your royal highness and sacred majesty, take back the gold! It is another reward I want."

"Another," said the queen, scarcely caring to check the burst of sunshiny humor that came over her face. "Well, let us hear what it is that you love better than gold."

"Oh, madame! Oh, my queen! I love the wife of our king ten thousand times better than gold or precious stones. I want to serve her; I want to adore her. I pine to go forth among the people and say how good, how grand, how beautiful she is! I wish to say that it is not always from the nobility she choses those who serve her; but where the people have ability, she is ready to acknowledge it."

"And so I would," answered Marie Antoinette, looking at Madame Campan for sympathy with this new idea. "So I would, if that would please our subjects; but how to begin."

She spoke in a low voice, but Dame Tillery heard her. Leaning forward, and pressing one hand into the grass, she lifted herself up and spoke with great earnestness, before the little governess had time to collect her thoughts.

"I do not ask to be made a lady of the palace!"

Here the smile that had hovered about the queen's lips broke into a laugh, so clear and ringing that the dame broke off abruptly, and looked around to see what object could have given her majesty such amusement; but seeing nothing, she went on,

"No, I ask nothing of that kind; but there is a position, a title, as one may assert, that a woman of the people might fairly claim. Make me the Dame of the Dairy."

Again that laugh rang out louder and more prolonged, until tears absolutely leaped down the queen's cheek, and so sparkled in her eyes that she was obliged to use her handkerchief.

Dame Tillery drew slowly back, and her broad face clouded. She began to comprehend that the laughter was for her.

"Is it so strange," she said, with something like dignity, "that a woman of the people should ask to be mistress of the queen's cows?"

Marie Antoinette arose, and continued wiping the tears from her laughing eyes. Dame Tillery's face grew more and more stormy. She cast the purse at Madame Campan's feet, and was turning away in hot anger, when Marie Antoinette's voice arrested her.

"Strange, dame—no, it is not strange. Only the title; but, after all, it is a good one, and expresses the duties well. So, henceforth, consider yourself as belonging to the court, and Mistress of the Dairy at the little Treanon. But all positions have a salary attached, so take up the purse, it contains yours for the next half year."

Dame Tillery stooped with some difficulty, and lifted the purse from Madame Campan's feet. Her broad face was rosy with happiness as she turned it on the queen.

"The people shall hear of this—they know Dame Tillery. When she speaks they listen and believe. The queen has enemies among the people of Versailles—they shall disappear."

When the good woman ended this speech, tears stood in her eyes. She turned to go away, but saw the page lingering a little way off, and was reminded of her promise.

"Madame, your highness."

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The queen, who had been somewhat moved by the dame's earnestness, met her return with a pleasant, questioning look.

"Before coming here I made a promise. Yonder page, who has something that he wishes to lay before your highness, besought me to let him follow my poor footsteps to the royal presence. Bethinking me of the great good which chanced to the young demoiselle who was made so happy yesterday, simply because she came under Dame Tillery's wing, I could but give this young man his opportunity."

The good-humor with which Marie Antoinette had received the woman was not yet exhausted. She glanced toward the page, and her practiced eye discovered at once that he must belong to some powerful family. She made an assenting gesture with her hand, which the page comprehended even better than Dame Tillery, and he advanced at once. Marie Antoinette's keen eyes was bent on his face as he came clearly out of the shadows. Somewhere, it seemed to her, that she had seen it before, but she could not recognize the colors that should have distinguished him as the follower of any great family well known to the court, and was a little puzzled to guess who he was.

Nothing could be more courtly than the manner of the page as he dropped his hat, and bent his perfumed head low before the queen.

"You have some message? You would speak with us?" she said, with that gentle grace no queen in Europe ever surpassed her in.

"Your highness, may I crave an especial indulgence, and ask that my message may be given to your majesty alone?"

The queen looked at her strange visitor searchingly a moment, then waved her hand; at which Madame Campan drew discreetly out of ear-shot, after giving Dame Tillery the signal that she was expected to withdraw.

"Now," said the queen, "what is the message you bring, and from whom?"

She lifted her hand as she spoke, from which the glove had been withdrawn, and among the jewels that blazed on the slender fingers was the serpent holding that scarabee in its folds. Marie Antoinette saw that the face she looked upon was turning coldly pale; this agitation disturbed her a little, and she drew a step back, watching it keenly.

"I come," said the page at length, recovering from what seemed to have been a sudden shock, "I come from one who wishes to be a friend to the Queen of France, and who may have some power to aid her; but at present I am forbidden to reveal the name."

"This is a strange message," said the queen.

"Not strange, unless gratitude is unusual," answered the page, with profound respect. "This person has once received great kindness and much undeserved forbearance from the King and Queen of France, and she would gladly prove, in some way, that the favors so royally conferred have not been thrown away."

A faint and almost bitter smile curled the lips of the queen.

"This is, indeed, a stranger thing than I dreamed of. Does some one offer the king help out of simple gratitude?"

"Out of simple gratitude, nothing more. Nay, so anxious is the lady——"

"Then your principal is a lady," cried the queen, interrupting him, "and one who has been the recipient of royal favors, too; this is more and more remarkable. Well, what is it that she wishes?"

"Only this, your highness; through the royal munificence this lady has become rich."

The queen lifted her hand while she seemed to reflect; but after a little she shook her head.

"There have been so many such, that I fail to guess at your mistress from the number; but out of them all this seems to be foremost in finding a memory for thanks."

"My mistress would do more. She has heard —it may not be true—but she has heard that in these disturbed times the royal exchequer is often in want of money. She has some to spare, that is, to give back, if it will help the king to struggle through the difficulties that beset the throne."

Marie Antoinette drew herself up as the object of this speech dawned upon her; but the color gradually grew cooler on her face, and a flush, as of hardly suppressed tears, came about her eyes, when the page ceased speaking, and with downcast look awaited her answer.

"This is kind, but very, very strange," she said, as if reasoning with herself. "Where and when have we dealt so generously with this lady, that she is ready to stand by the throne when so many that should have upheld it to the last are ready to flee anywhere to save themselves even from unpopularity."

"I was forbidden to explain further than I have already done," answered the page; "but of this your highness may be certain, so long as my mistress possesses a Louis d'or, it belongs to the Queen of France."

Marie Antoinette was touched by this strange offer. Such acts as this had been very rare with the court of late; and she felt this all the more keenly. She would have given much to

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know who the friend was who offered so much, and yet concealed everything.

"That your highness may have no doubt," continued the page, "I was empowered to beg your acceptance of this, and to say that twice the amount will await royal order whenever it is needed."

The page took from the bosom of his dress a slip of paper, which represented so large a sum of money that the queen opened her eyes in in astonishment.

"There is no need of this now," she said, with deep feeling; "take it back to the generous lady who sent it. Say that the queen is grateful, but can yet look to the people of France for such support as the throne may need."

"But, should the time ever come?" said the page, receiving the order with hesitation.

"Then we will refuse help from no loyal man or woman of France who has power or wealth to give—for it will be for the nation not ourselves that we shall receive."

"May the time be far away when France shall be so menaced," said the page, looking wistfully at the queen's hand, from which the green tints of the scarabee stood out in dull relief among so many jewels. "But the time may come when even the best friends of the monarchy may not find easy access to the queen, when even the little help my mistress could give would not find its way to the royal coffers."

"Nay, this is a dark view to take even of gloomy times. Those who love their sovereigns have seldom found it difficult to gain access to them through friends or enemies."

"Even now," said the page, "when my object was a loyal one, I was compelled to crave assistance from yonder good-natured dame, who almost forced a passage for me through the guards."

The queen looked toward Dame Tillery, who was walking up and down in a neighboring avenue, watching the interview between her protege and the queen with some jealousy and impatience. The smile which brightened that beautiful face seemed to encourage the page.

"If I had anything that would insure me entrance to the royal presence without such delay as has impeded me now," he said, looking so wistfully at the queen's hand that she observed the glance.

"That is easy," she said, with the quick imprudence of action which cost her so dearly, one of these——"

She was about to take one of the jewels from her finger, but with an impulse he could not control, the page cried out,

"Not that; not that, your highness, it is of value; but that serpent with the dull-green beetle in its coil. Oh! I pray you, let me have that as a token!"

Marie Antoinette drew the scarabee half off her finger, then thrust it back, remembering how little she knew of the person before her.

"No," she murmured, "this is a talisman;" and with a sudden gesture of dismissal, she walked toward Madame Campan, leaving the page standing there, trembling with the effect of a baffled hope.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MISSING VIOLET.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

A VIOLET grew on a grassy slope,
  Where the meadow bends to the lucid rill,
From fragrant May, when it gleamed like hope,
  Till the frost crept over the guardian hill.

And it shook its tender leaves in the wind,
  When glowed or lowered the vernal skies,
Till myriad flowers, in the turf confined,
  Outsprung with radiant cheek and eyes.

And all the luxuriant, long, bright days,
  A choral prayer in incense rose,
While the zephyr searched through the sunlit ways,
  Or the dews instilled at the twilight's close.

And though, when the woodlands were stippled in dyes
  Too gaudily brilliant for pencil or pen,
The violet melted out into the skies
  Each welcoming May-time, it flourished again.

But late, when the sun leaned lovingly low
  On the loosened soil, in the Spring just gone,
I searched on this emerald glade below,
  Yet the grasses and butter-cups glimmered alone.

Some harsher eddy of Autumn storm
  Had reached it, and scattered its vital seed;
Or, perchance, it had winged with the agile form
  Of the sparrow, sporting on upland and mead.

But I know, somewhere, when the frosts are fled,
  And the fields laugh out in their bliss of spirit,
This delicate flower will reveal, and shed
  A lustre that other souls may inherit.

For truth or beauty, in thought or deed,
  Though draped awhile in the shadow of death,
Will again unfold from the living seed,
  And exhale its native and eloquent breath.

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SEGAR-CASE, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a page of engravings, containing a Segar-Case, a new Dress-Trimming, and a pattern for Insertion. The Segar-Case is to be worked in braid or embroidery on leather or velvet. The Dress-Trimming is made of velvet ribbons and buttons. The Insertion is to be done in chain-stitch and the dots in embroidery.

PANNIER DRESS WITH CAMARGO SASH.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here a very pretty pattern for a Pannier dress, with what is known as one of the fashionable Camargo Sashes. On the next page, we give a diagram, by which it may be cut out: the size of each piece, it will be seen, is marked in inches on the diagram. Enlarge

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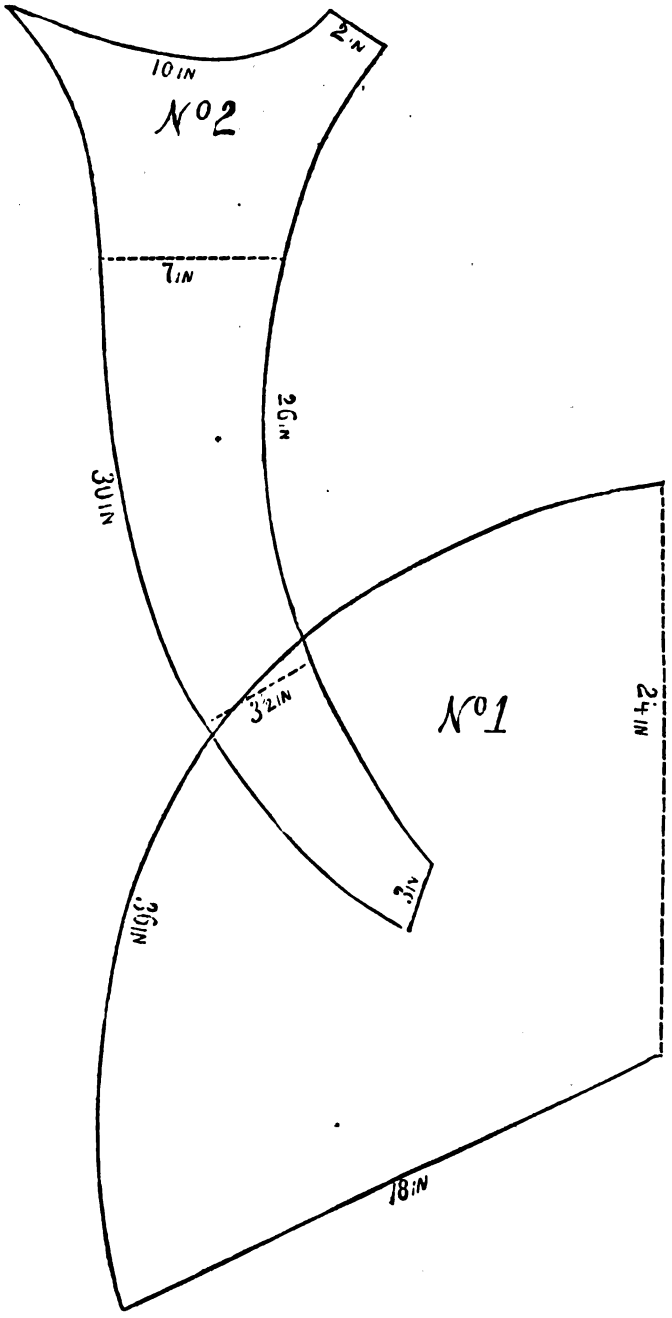

these diagrams, by taking a piece of old newspaper, and having thus made a full-size paper pattern, cut out the Pannier, and then the Sash. The diagram consists of two pieces.

No. 1. Half of Pannier.

No. 2. Half of Sash.

This is one of the prettiest styles that has come out from Paris, and is exceedingly easy to cut out and make up, and will amply repay for making it.

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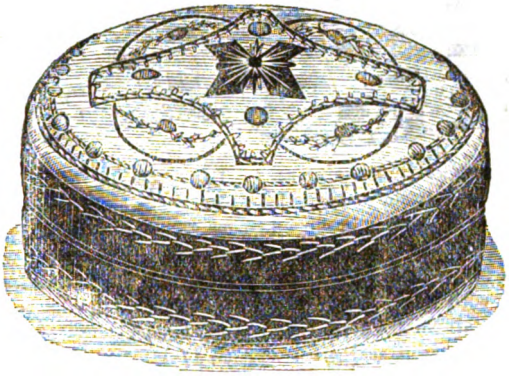
PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Any scraps of velvet, cashmere, or silk, will make the ground-work for a very pretty little cushion, as seen above. The cuts below give designs for the top and bottom, which may be worked in cordon with any colors which may contrast with the ground. The side may be made of a strip of velvet with two rows of coral-stitch upon it. A little wadding should be laid over the cardboard rounds previously to putting on the embroidered covers. Either wadding or bran will make a suitable stuffing for the cushion.

SLIPPER IN CLOTH APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give an illustration (two engravings) of a toe and back of a slipper in cloth applique. The material of the slipper is gray cloth; the patterns are worked in applique, in black and colored cloth, sewn on with colored purse-silk. The stitch to be worked can be seen in illustration. The slipper can be made of any other color, according to taste.

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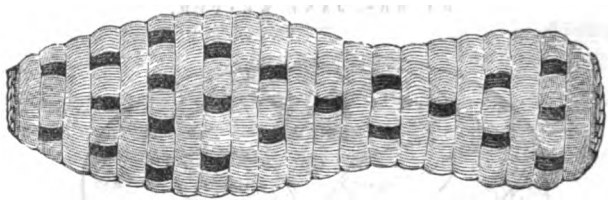
CROCHET SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a very warm slipper, and, therefore, most suitable for an elderly person, or one suffering from cold feet. It is worked in ribbed or Russian crochet, (which is plain double crochet worked always in the back of the loop instead of the front,) with a row of looped crochet between. The detail No. 1 *a* gives such a clear idea of the stitch that it scarcely requires more explanation; but for those who may not be able to work from it, we will describe the manner of its execution.

In making a looped stitch, you still take up the back of the loop, take up the stitch, then wind the wool 3 times round the mesh, pass the crochet-hook under the loops, draw the wool under, then loop the wool over the loops; then draw through the two on the needle. The loop can be made quite as well by winding over the fingers and working in the same manner. The top of the shoe is worked to the shape required of alternate rows of black and white loops. Your shoemaker will give you a pattern. The stitches are increased by working 2 stitches in the 2nd stitch at the commencement of a row, and 2 in the last but one of the same row. In working the rows, always make 1 ch before commencing. After these explanations, you will only require the number of looped stitches and plain ones for the respective rows, to form the pattern. Materials required: 1½ ounce of white and black Angola wool, a short bone crochet-hook, medium size, a netting-mesh ¾ of an inch wide.

The Sole of Shoe.—You commence with white wool, and make a ch of 12. 1st row: Work 11 dc (double crochet.) 2nd row: 13 dc (the increasings are generally made in the plain rows.) 3rd row: 13 white looped stitches. 4th row: 15 dc. 5th row: 3 white loops, * join the black, 1 black lp, 3 white lps; repeat twice. 6th row: 17 dc. 7th row: 17 white loops. 8th row: 19 dc. 9th row: 5 white, 1 black, 6 white, 1 black, 5 white loops. 10th row: 17 dc. 11th row: 17 white loops. 12th row: 8 white, 1 black, 8 white loops. 13th row: 15 dc. 14th row: 15 white loops. 15th row: 13 dc. 16th row: 3 white, 1 black, 5 white, 1 black, 3 white loops. 17th row: 11 dc. 18th row: 11 white loops. 19th row: 13 dc. 20th row: 6 white, 1 black, 6 white loops. 21st row: 15 dc. 22nd row: 15 white loops. 23rd row: 17 dc. 24th row: 5 white, 1 black, 5 white, 1 black, 5 white loops. 25th row: 19 dc. 26th row: 19 white loops. 27th row: 19 dc. 28th row: 4 white, * 1 black, 4 white loops; repeat twice. 29th row: 19 dc. 30th row: 19 white loops. 31st row: 19 dc. 32nd row: 3 white, * 1 black, 3 white loops; repeat 3 times. 33rd row: 19 dc. 34th row: 19 white loops. 35th row: 17 dc. 36th row: As the 28th row. 37th row: 15 dc. 38th row: 15 white loops. 39th row: 13 dc. 40th row: 3 white, 1 black, 5 white, 1 black, 3 white loops. 41st row: 11 dc. 42nd row: 11 white loops. The loops are to be cut and combed, which makes them more fleecy-looking.

GLOVE-CASE IN SQUARE CROCHET, OR DARNED NETTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This design, for the top of glove-case, (given in the front of the number,) may be done in fine spool cotton in square crochet, or be netted, and then darned with fine French working cotton: then stretched over a box or case of the proper size, being previously covered with silk or cambric of some pretty color; or again, this design may be worked upon canvas, the pattern in clear crystal beads, filling up with a solid color, either in floss silk or zephyr.

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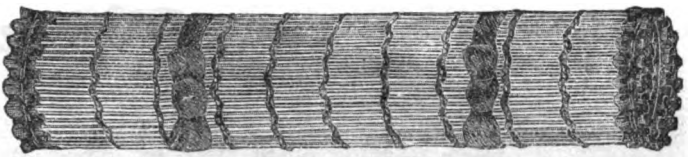
CASE FOR KNITTING AND DARNING-NEEDLES.

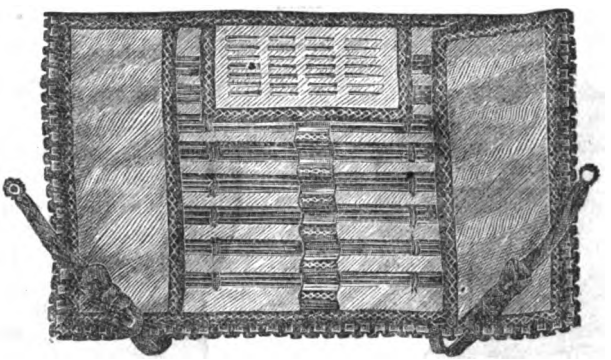
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Fine ticking, white flannel, five yards and a half of lilac sarcenet ribbon, yellow silk cordon, lilac sewing-silk, and two little black buttons.

The foundation is ten inches long and seven inches broad. It is ornamented with loose stitches of lilac Berlin wool (see above.) The inside is furnished with a piece of flannel fifteen inches long, and six inches and a half broad, turned in two inches and a half on both sides.

A strap of sarcenet, ornamented with yellow silk cordon, is placed across the middle for holding the knitting-needles, and a piece of flannel at the side for the darning-needles, measuring four inches in length and two inches and a half in breadth, bound with ribbon like the rest, and ornamented with a yellow border of herring-bone stitch. The flannel and ticking parts are bound together with ribbon. One of the flannel ends turned back is left disengaged, the other is fastened as a pocket. Three sides are ornamented with a ruche and herring-bone stitch. Two ribbons, five inches long, with bows and silk eyes, and two buttons, four inches and a half distant, for fastening the case, are placed underneath the ruche. Embroidered leather canvas, Java canvas, or an applique upon cloth or reps would make a very good foundation instead of the ticking.



BOY'S GAITER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—One ounce of white, quarter of an ounce of colored Berlin wool, four knitting-pins, No. 15, (bell gauge.)

Begin at the upper edge with white wool. Cast on sixty-three stitches—twenty on each of two pins, and twenty-three on the third. The twelfth stitch on the third pin is knitted to form the seam at the back.

Knit eighteen rows as for a stocking, alternately, two plain, two purled; then, with colored wool, one row plain, two rows purled; then, with white, three rows plain; then colored one row plain, and two purled. For the broad, white stripe, alternately, as follows:—Purl one, knit one, (the back part of this stitch is knitted in each instance,) so as to form a narrow perpendicular stripe. The whole stripe contains seven rows; then the colored is repeated, then the plain white stripe, and so on until, according to design, there are twelve narrow colored stripes. Between them there must, however, be a decrease in the same manner as for the

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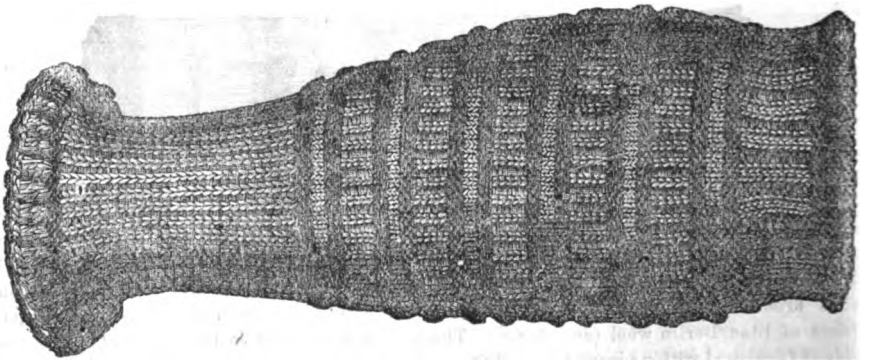
calf of a stocking, and this begins from the seventh stripe in each colored one, so that when the last of these stripes is finished the number is reduced twelve stitches. Now knit without decreasing forty rows all white of alternately one purled stitch and one plain stitch, then cast off loosely. For the under conclusion work a few rows of crochet with white wool as follows: In each of the knitted stitches work five double-treble.

In the following row work one single, and one chain between every fifth treble. This raises the trebles into little flutings. At the top and bottom of these flutings work little scallops of three chain and one single, and work a line of three chain and one single at the top of the gaiter.

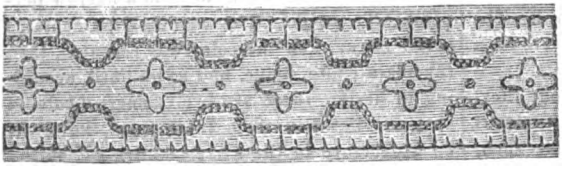


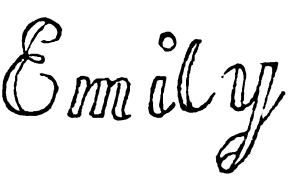
WADDED WAISTCOATS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

These small waistcoats are intended for wearing under out-door coverings that are not sufficiently warm. No. 1 is made of black satin quilted with orange silk, and trimmed with orange plush. It fastens down the front, first with hooks and eyes sewn in the inside, and then with buttons and silk cord on the outside. No. 2 is made of blue satin quilted with white silk; it is edged with swansdown. These will be found very serviceable.

BRETON BORDER. NAME FOR MARKING.





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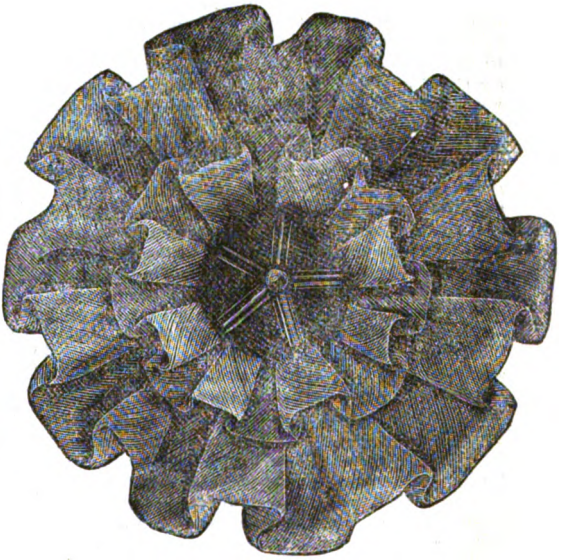
FOOT-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Red cashmere, black ribbon velvet half an inch broad, red calico lining, sixteen dozen of little raised wooden buttons, lining, etc.

This cushion is of an octagon shape, and has on both sides a plait of cashmere strips and black velvet. The strips of cashmere are one inch broad, and are laid over thick paper half an inch broad, with the open stuff edges sewn together in such a manner that the seam lies along the middle underneath. The breadth of the velvet ribbon must correspond with the cashmere strips. The plaiting may be easily worked from the design. The length of the strips must be regulated by the size of the cushion. The outer arched surface of our model, when stuffed with horsehair, measures twenty inches in diameter; each side of the octagon measures eight inches in length. A plain edge, two inches high, joins the two outer parts of the cushion, which is lined with a firm lining. When stuffed, it is covered with a red lining, and the plaited work is placed over that. The seam is hidden by a plain red piece of cashmere. The seam of the plain stuff edge is hidden on each side by twelve little buttons covered with red cashmere, and rosettes are placed at the corners. Each rosette consists of two straight strips of cashmere—the outer one is eighteen inches long and two and a half broad, the inner one nine inches long and one and a quarter broad. Each strip is sewn together separately, folded in half, quilled in a single quilling, and drawn round. In the center is a button covered with velvet and ornamented with beads. This is both neat and pretty.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Giving Croquet-Parties is an art in itself. Informal ones may be got up at a few hours' notice. These must be small, however: and the guests must be selected with tact; for unless in a large party it will not do to bring people together who do not thoroughly harmonize. A few refreshments, in these impromptu parties, are quite sufficient. Too much in the way of eating and drinking, on such occasions, is in bad taste. But if the party is intended to be a large one, the preparations of every kind should be different. There should be regular cards of invitation, and these should be the same as those for a dance, viz., "Mrs. ——, at home," with this difference, that, instead of "Dancing" being written on them, "Croquet and Tea" take its place, and the hours named are "three to seven o'clock," or whatever other hours are preferred. The numbers invited for croquet only, are from twenty to fifty; but this is a matter depending on the pleasure of the hostess. During the afternoon two tables are laid out by the servants, either under the trees or the veranda, but usually where the process of preparation can be carried on without much observation. One long table should be for tea, coffee, biscuits, and cakes of various kinds, also plates of white and brown bread and butter; the other, smaller, for champagne and claret cup in glass jugs, small tumblers in abundance, and a few wine-glasses; and to this table it is generally found that the gentlemen of the party resort instead of to the former one. To these refreshments, in the case of a very large party, may be added ices, sherry, and biscuits. In either case flowers, tastefully arranged, should on no account be omitted. Should the numbers exceed fifty, dancing also usually goes on, as it is not often that more than four games of croquet are played at the same time on one lawn, and as these would only occupy thirty-two guests at once, it is desirable to provide some amusement for the rest of the company. We may here mention that eight in each game is the usual number, but some prefer only six, as making a shorter game. A sofa here and there on the lawn is very desirable, also chairs placed together in groups of three or four in different parts, and there should be one or two near the game, as they are always acceptable to those who are waiting for their turn to play, and for these the most shady spots will be best. When croquet is the only amusement, most of the ladies wear short costumes; but at larger parties, where there is dancing, dresses with slight trains are admissible, (especially in white figured piques,) and these are looped up in front over a blue, rose, or mauve camlet petticoat, with a rosette to match the petticoat. Hats are universally worn, and taken off when dancing begins. When the announcement "croquet and dancing" is on the card, many young ladies wear light silk, or white, clear muslin over a colored petticoat. Some do not join in both amusemements, a choice being always at their option, but if intending to do so, they provide themselves with black satin shoes for the dancing. It is better, if you owe many civilities, to return them all, at once, by a large party for both croquet and dancing; and these day-parties, in summer, and in the country, are much to be preferred to evening ones. In England they are called Lawn Parties.

It is Not Too Soon to begin to get up clubs for 1870. Every year we receive letters, in which the writers say they could have raised larger clubs, if they had begun earlier. A specimen number will be sent, gratis, to every person wishing to get up a club.

Cards, Wedding-Cards, etc.—Our fair subscribers will thank us, we know, for giving them occasional hints on the changes in fashion, in relation to cards of invitation and other matters of visiting etiquette. This season the phrasing of cards is slightly altered. People begin to drop the "At Home," as old-fashioned, especially in invitations to wedding receptions, and other very formal occasions. The invitation formula for a ceremonious wedding, therefore, differs a little from the style which has hitherto prevailed. The square note-sheet, with the white or embossed monogram of the initials of bride and bridegroom, is still required, the collocation of phrases being the same as formerly. The monogram appears at the top. About one-fourth down from the top is the word "ceremony." A few lines below appears the name of the place. Still beneath, the name of the street. Still beneath, on another line, in what part of the street, as between Broadway and Sixth Avenue, or between Walnut and Chestnut streets; and finally, at the foot of the page, the day of the ceremony. Within this sheet is the wedding reception-card issued by the bride's parents, which, instead of reading "Mr. and Mrs. —— at home," with date, hour, and number of street, as formerly, is in the form of a script invitation. Thus:

"Mr. and Mrs. ——

Request (or desire) the pleasure of your company at the wedding reception of their daughter."

Date, hour of the day, and number are in Roman text as before; and a second card announcing the reception days of the bride is inserted. The insertion of a card, bearing the name of the mother of the bridegroom, may be noted also as an innovation which has made its way rapidly, and is becoming quite customary and proper.

A new form of cards of announcement has also made its appearance, and, from its exceeding simplicity, is fast winning popular favor. It consists of a single card, instead of the two tied with white satin ribbon, with the name of the bridegroom prefaced with "Mr. and Mrs.," and the maiden name of the bride in the right hand lower corner. The name of the bride is preceded by *nee*—the card running simply:

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Mason,
(*Nee* Emma Wilson.)

1001 Fifth Avenue.

A note-sheet accompanies, and the envelope, with white or embossed monogram, is used. But even in anniversary weddings, it is now the custom to omit the phrase "At home"—issuing instead a regular note of invitation in engraved script.

Among some of the most fashionable people, it is now the practice to omit the initials of the French phrases formerly so popular, and to write instead, in pencil, plain English, such as "good-by," "we go out of town," "condolences," "congratulations," etc., etc. This is a very sensible reform.

An Effectual Remedy for the insect tribes that infest our gardens, such as worms, bugs, etc., etc., is as follows:—Mix in three or four gallons of warm water one pound of black or white hellebori, and add to this eight or ten pails of water. Apply to the infested trees, bushes, or vines, any way you please, but a syringe is best. The cure will be immediate and certain. We have tried it on apple-tree worms, gooseberry and currant worms, and also the rose louse.

More for the Money, and of a better quality of its kind, is given in this Magazine, than in any one published. Whatever other magazine you take, take "Peterson" first.

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VELOCIPEDS ARE GOING OUT OF FASHION, as they are found, in many cases, to produce dislocations of the upper extremities, fractions and sprains. Accidents, too, are very frequent. In short, they are dangerous as toys, and, on the whole, not beneficial to health.

"WE THINK THIS THE CHEAPEST, and one of the best Magazines in the Universe," says the Bryan (O.) Democrat, speaking of Peterson's Magazine. "No one can do without it."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

He Knew He Was Right. By Anthony Trollope. 1 *vol.* 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The second part of this novel, completing the work, has now appeared. To us it is not a pleasant story. The dissensions of a young married couple are always painful to hear of in real life, and merely painful things, which do not rise to the heroic in their tragedy, are hardly fit subjects for fiction. "There is as much genius in choosing your theme," said a great writer to us once, "as there is in developing it afterward." In "He Knew He Was Right," both man and wife act with contemptible silliness. The motive in the main plot is indescribably mean and petty. Mr. Trollope seems to have realized this, when too late, for he introduces other plots, so to speak, that interweave themselves with the original one, and lighten up and dignify the book, at least in a degree. These subsidiary stories, with their heroes, and heroines, and other characters, are the best parts of the work. Miss Stansbury, the eccentric old maiden aunt, particularly, is a real original. The volume is illustrated.

Three Seasons in European Vineyards. By William J. Flagg. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this volume is a son-in-law of the late Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, and himself a successful grower of grapes and maker of wine. A few years ago he visited Europe; and this little book is the result. Mr. Flagg went to all the great wine-growing districts, from Bordeaux to the Rhine, from Naples to Burgundy, and treats fully and understandingly of vine-culture, vine-disease and its cure; wine-making and wines, red and white; and wine-drinking, as affecting health and morals. He is an enthusiastic advocate of the raising and drinking of light wines, especially red wines, as cheap and healthful substitutes for tea and coffee; and thinks the time will come, when every farmer, on half an acre of land, will raise enough wine to supply himself and family for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

The Sacristan's Household. By the author of "Mabel's Progress." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The writer of this excellent story, we understand, is not a daughter of Charles Dickens, as has been asserted, but the wife of Adolphus Trollope, author of "Beppo," "Gemma," "Leonora Casaloni," etc., etc. The scene of her novel is laid in Lippe-Detmold, a little known, but picturesque German principality. The tale is fresh, genial, and natural. The characters have a certain old-world air about them, which is as spicy and exhilarating as the fragrance of their own pine forests. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

Five Acres Too Much. By R. B. Roosevelt. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This book is intended to quiz those enthusiastic agricultural writers who fancy that only half a dozen acres, well-tilled, are enough to support a man and his family. It is a pretended narrative of experiences, something in the vein of the "Sparrowgrass Papers," and will raise many a hearty laugh.

My Daughter Elinor. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is an American novel, by an anonymous writer, but it is, what is rare, a really praiseworthy one. The characters are types of the American people at large.

Stretton. By Henry Kingsley. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Not as good as "Ravenshoe," by the same author, but still a novel full of stir and life.

Dream Numbers. By T. Adolphus Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The Italians, even in this advanced nineteenth century, are much given to lotteries, and to believing in dreams. One of the most curious things, in Rome or Florence, is to see the crowds around the lottery-offices, on the day that a drawing is to be announced. The present novel is founded on a real incident, that of a person who dreamed of certain fortunate numbers in a lottery, and is written with that thorough feeling for, and knowledge of, Italian life, which makes these stories by Adolphus Trollope so interesting and instructive. One might travel in Italy for months, if not years, without learning as much of the habits, manners, and modes of thought of the Italian people, as by reading one or two of these tales For ourselves, we never found them dull, but always regret when we have finished them,

Athaliah. By J. H. Greene, Jr. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—This is a story of ancient Jewish life, and turns on the rebellion of Absalom against King David. It is full of stirring incidents and of glowing pictures of Palestine, but is too long, like nine-tenths of the novels now written. Is no one, in these latter times, capable of writing a tale with the unity, precision, and power of "Ellen Wareham," where the reader is taken up, as it were, in a whirlwind, and remains breathless to the close? We believe that "Ellen Wareham" is out of print, for it was a novel of the last generation; but it would pay some bookseller to republish it: that is, if every person who was about to write a story, would first buy and study this real master-piece before inflicting their own sham one on the public.

Hans Breitmann's Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. 1 *vol.*, *small* 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We have here, complete in one volume, handsomely bound in morocco cloth, gilt and gilt-edged, or in half-calf, the entire ballads of the now famous "Hans Breitmann." The humor of these ballads is universally acknowledged, not only in this country, but in England also: in their way, they are nearly perfect. We are glad, therefore, to see them in a dress so entirely worthy of them. "Hans Breitmann" ought to be in every library; for it is a book that will live, like the "Bigelow Papers," and be quoted, years hence, as an exponent of real American humor.

Problematic Characters. By Frederick Spielhagen. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.*—The two most popular novelists of Germany, in our day, are Auerbach and Spielhagen. While everybody is reading "On the Heights," and "The Villa on the Rhine," by the former writer, we thank Leypoldt & Holt for introducing to the public, in this admirable work of fiction, his great cotemporary and rival. Like Auerbach, Spielhagen is rather long-winded, but not quite so much so, and in that respect he is to be preferred, for, really, life is too short to read many such books as "The Villa on the Rhine." The work before us comes within five hundred pages, whereas the "Villa" makes a thousand.

Artemus Ward's Panorama. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—This little book is edited by the executors of the late Artemus Ward. It is the series of lectures that was delivered at Egyptian Hall, in London, and is illustrated with thirty-four engravings, all full of fun. The volume deserves, and will have, an immense sale.

Mopsa the Fairy. By Jean Ingelow. With Illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—A charming little book, which, though written for children, grown-up men and women will be glad to read. There are several pretty songs scattered through the volume.

Sights and Sensations in France, Germany, and Switzerland. By E. G. Buffum. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A racy narrative of a run through Europe, full of point and force, and well worth reading, even by those who have been over the same ground themselves.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—The newspapers, with extraordinary unanimity, pronounce "Peterson's Magazine," *the best and cheapest of all the lady's books.* These newspapers see all the monthlies, and when they give this verdict in favor of "Peterson," they speak of "that which they do know." Says the Western (Mo.) Landmark:—"No magazine can compare with 'Peterson.'" Says the Allentown (Pa.) Vindicator:—"This Magazine contains more for the money than any in the world." Says the Appleton (Wis.) Crescent:—"Should be in every household in the country." Says the Bennettsville (S. C.) Journal:—"The fashion-plates are unequaled." Says the Decatur (Mich.) Republican:—"The best Magazine published for the price." Says the Minneapolis (Minn.) Union:—"Peterson for August is at hand. It is, without doubt, the cheapest of the many magazines, as well as the best." Says the Kingston (N. Y.) Press:—"The Work-Table department is unequaled." The Cape Girardeau (Mo.) Democrat says:—"Deservedly the most popular of all the monthlies." Says the New Lisbon (O.) Patriot:—"The best and cheapest Magazine in America." Says the Albion (Mich.) Mirror:—"The reading matter is from the best female authors of the country" The London (C. W.) Prototype says:—"Its contents are of surpassing artistic and literary merit." Says the Mechanic Falls (Me.) Herald:—"Just what everybody needs in the house." The Batesville (Ark.) Times says:—"The number before us is superb." The Springfield (Mass.) Union says:—"The favorite Magazine with the ladies." The Peeksville (N. Y.) Enterprise says:—"Contains a splendid steel engraving, but what makes it still more attractive, is the attractive stories." The Douglas (Mass.) Herald says:—In point of literary merit it is unsurpassed." The Lapeer (Mich.) Clarion says:—"There is an interest and fascination about the stories of this Magazine which few publications possess." The Reading (Pa.) Gazette says:—"Becoming more popular daily, and deservedly so." Says the Boston (Mass.) Banner of Light:—"Its brilliant fashion-plates are fresh from Paris." The Coburg (C. W.) Sentinel says:—"The literary contents are of the best description, being from the first writers of America." We could give, if we had space, hundreds of similar notices. But these are enough to prove to our subscribers that they take the best and cheapest of the lady's books.

W. F. TAYLOR, Berlin, N. Y., says:—"I have a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, (No. 289,) bought of Mr. Gardner in 1853, he having used it a year. I have used it constantly in shirt manufacturing, as well as family sewing, sixteen years. My wife ran it four years, and earned between seven hundred and eight hundred dollars, besides doing her housework. I have never expended fifty cents on it for repairs. It is today in the best of order, stitching fine linen bosoms nicely. I started manufacturing shirts with this machine, and now have over one hundred of them in use. I have paid at least three thousand dollars for the stitching done by this old machine, and it will do as much now as any machine I have."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this periodical at reasonable rates. "Peterson" is the most valuable vehicle in the United States for advertising, for it has a larger circulation than any other Magazine, and goes to every town, village, and cross-roads in the Nation. For terms, etc., address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

A COPY of "Peterson's Magazine," and a copy of the "Star of Bethlehem," will be sent to one address for $2.50. Address C. J. Peterson, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philada., Pa.

"IN ITS PECULIAR FIELD," says the Vergennes (Vt.) Vermonter, "Peterson's Magazine is the ladies' favorite. It defies competition."

THE WIFE'S DEPARTMENT.

HOW TO COOK A CHOP.—A mutton-chop is one of the best things in the world, if properly cooked: it is one of the worst if not cooked rightly. We are old-fashioned enough to think that a wife ought to know how to cook, even if she is so rich that she never needs to do any cooking herself, and, therefore, we shall give our fair readers, with their permission, a hint or two about cooking mutton-chops. It may help them out some time, in getting up an appetizing repast, when nothing but mutton-chops can be had.

The requisites for serving up a good mutton-chop are, that the chop should be cut properly; that there should be a bright, clear, fierce fire; that the chop should be broiled, and not fried; and that the cook should turn it quickly, at the right moment, and know exactly, by the change of color on the surface of the chop, when that right moment has come. A few chops, under these conditions, make a dinner of themselves.

The first thing is to have the chop cut properly. This is really the butcher's business. But butchers, like other people, frequently do not know the things they ought to know, and many of them, especially in country towns, are ignorant how to cut a chop artistically. It ought to be sawed, and not cut, (to be critical in our phraseology,) and should be at least an inch or an inch and a quarter thick. If it is too thin it will not contain sufficient gravy to keep the interior in a soft and tender condition, and in spite of all the care possible, it will become hard and tasteless in cooking. The fat, of course, must be trimmed according to taste; it is a good plan, where a number of chops are served up together, to trim them differently, so that all tastes may be suited. If there is the slightest suspicion about their tenderness, they should be well beaten with a knife-handle or silver spoon, about an hour before cooking them, taking care not to alter their natural shape.

The next consideration is the fire. This should be a bed of live coals, hickory being the best, where wood can be had, or is used. If anthracite, or bituminous, coal is employed, the fire should be intensely hot, without smoke. It is generally dangerous to touch a fire during cooking. Make a good fire at first, and the rest is comparatively easy. The gridiron, of course, should be scrupulously clean, and should be placed well slanting forward, so that the fat may trickle along the bars, and drop into the fire away from the chop, otherwise the chop will be scorched. The chop should never be turned with a fork, for this lets out all the most delicious gravy. A couple of silver spoons, properly handled, will turn it much better.

This may seem a trifling point; but it is really a very important one. Let us look into the philosophy of it for a moment. Chemists tell us, that raw meat consists principally of fibrin and certain juices holding albumen and various salts in solution. This fibrin, or solid portion of the flesh, constitutes only about one-quarter of the weight of the meat, the rest being made of a watery fluid containing the albumen and salts. The liquid portion is held by the fibrin much in the same way that water is held in a sponge; but as soon as the fibrin is submitted to the action of heat, it contracts and squeezes out these juices, which contain not only the greater portion of the nourishment, but also the flavor of the meat. The fibrin from which the juices have been separated contains scarcely any nourishment, and is almost tasteless. On the other hand, the cooked juices are sapid and full of flavor and nourishment. Hence, it is very important not to lose these juices, by sticking a fork into the chop. Of course, it is even worse to overdo the chop, and nearly as bad not to turn it at the right moment.

Let us follow this up. You put your chop down to a bright, clear, and even somewhat fierce fire. The first thing that happens is the coagulation of a portion of the albumen on the under-side of the chop, and a contraction of the fibrin which draws the juices into the center. If you leave your

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chop untouched, the meat will gradually harden all the way through, driving the juices before it, and causing them to overflow into the fire from the upper-side. To counteract this you must turn your chop over the instant the under-side begins to harden. As soon as what was at first the upper-side is sufficiently hard, which generally happens with a good fire in a minute or so, it is turned once more, and so on until the operation is complete. In fact, a game of battledore and shuttlecock must be played with the chop; the moment the juices have been driven into the middle of the meat it must be turned, and the turning repeated continually, so that each side may be done alike. The length of time for cooking a chop properly must depend on the fierceness of the fire and the tastes of the individual. Ten minutes, and at least ten turnings may be taken as the shortest period when the fire is brisk, and when an underdone chop is preferred; but there is no royal road to chop-cooking, and perfection in it can only be attained by practice and a fair amount of intelligence.

After cooking your chop, "after catching your bird," the next thing is to eat it. Some persons load their plate with vegetables of every kind in season; and with pepper, mustard, sauce, and half a dozen other incongruities. But we prefer, for ourselves, good bread and a mealy potato. Cut boldly into the middle of the chop, and soak your bread and potato in the delicious gravy that follows the knife, and you will realize that there are few things as good, and nothing better. Perhaps, if you wish perfection, you will use a dash of mushroom catchup.

A final word of advice. If you want a new bonnet, cook such a chop for your husband, and after he has eaten it, ask for the millinery. Our word for it, you will get the bonnet.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

We give this month a few more of Baron Brisse's fine receipts.

From the remains of roast poultry, especially turkey, a great delicacy can be made.

Hashed Turkey a la Creme.—Chop very fine the pieces of meat, after having carefully removed the bones, and season them with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Chop equally fine some shallots, and parsley; put over the fire, in a sauce-pan, a lump of butter and some flour; stir, then moisten with cream or milk, or, what is still better, half of either, with half broth, and the shallots and parsley; season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and let it stew gently for at least twenty minutes. When the sauce has good consistency, incorporate the hashed turkey, draw the sauce-pan to the corner of the range, and serve it hot, without letting it boil. To send to the table, turn the hash out on a dish and surround it with a border of fried bread and poached eggs.

Poached Eggs.—Put salted water, acidulated with a little vinegar, in a sauce-pan over a slow fire. When this water boils, withdraw the sauce-pan to the other side of the range, so that the ebullition shall not become too violent. Break perfectly fresh eggs, one after another, above the sauce-pan, and let them fall cautiously into the boiling water. When they are sufficiently hard take them out gently with a skimmer, watching carefully lest they break; put them to drain on a plate and serve.

When Jules Gouffe wrote his "Cook-Book" he made a series of experiments, at the end of which he felt able to declare that on a well-made fire, that is to say, composed of live coals extended on ashes for several inches beyond the gridiron, the bed of the coals being an inch thick for a "strong fire," and half an inch for a "slow fire:"

A spare-rib of three-quarters of a pound requires ten minutes over a "strong fire."

A beef-steak of the same weight seven minutes.

A mutton-cutlet, six minutes.

A mutton kidney, spitted, four minutes.

A veal-cutlet, nine minutes.

A mutton-chop, trimmed and bread-crumbled, requires ten minutes over a "slow fire."

A mutton-chop, trimmed and bread-crumbled, requires ten minutes over a "slow fire."

He adds that it is a great mistake to spare fuel in boiling; much good meat is lost by being imperfectly cooked, so as to economize a few handfuls of coals, and he is undoubtedly right. In my opinion we can only deduce from all these experiments very useful information, but no rules. One acquires from study and observation alone the art of taking a gridiron from the fire at the exact moment that the cooking is finished.

PICKLES AND CATCHUPS.

To Pickle Red Cabbage.—Choose a medium-sized fresh, red cabbage; take off the coarse outer leaves; quarter it; remove the stalk; cut the cabbage into slices of about the third of an inch in thickness; place it in a bowl; strew among it two good handfuls of salt; let the whole stand for twenty-four hours, stirring it once or twice; drain it as dry as possible; place it loosely in wide-mouthed jars, and fill up with strong, raw vinegar, adding pepper-corns, capsicums, pieces of ginger, or what other spice you may fancy. This in a day or two will be of a splendid crimson color, and eat deliciously crisp. Those cooks who prefer to boil their vinegar and spices in an iron pot, and forthwith pour the pickle boiling hot upon the cabbage, may reasonably expect to find the latter limp, ill-flavored, and of a dismal purplish blue. The caution here given respecting the boiling the vinegar in an iron vessel is perfectly correct. For if done, a small quantity of the metal will be dissolved by the acid, and, although perfectly wholesome, alter materially the fine color which is so much esteemed in this pickle.

To Pickle Mushrooms.—Throw the smallest mushrooms you can find into spring-water, and rub them with a piece of flannel dipped in salt, throwing them back into the cold water as you do them: this makes them keep their color. Put them into a sauce-pan, strew a handful of salt over them, cover them closely, and place them over the fire for four or five minutes until they are thoroughly hot, and the liquor is quite drawn out of them. Lay them to cool between two clean cloths; put them in glass bottles, filling up with the best distilled vinegar. It is very essential that the vinegar should be good, as, if too sharp, the mushrooms will be softened by it, and they will neither keep so long nor look so white as they ought.

Tomato Chow-Chow.—One peck of green tomatoes bruised, half a dozen onions, sliced, half a dozen chillies, if to be obtained; sprinkle over them half a pint of salt; let it stand over night, then drain off the brine; cover it with good vinegar; let it cook in the oven one hour slowly, then drain and pack in a jar; take one pound of sugar, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, allspice, cloves, and pepper, one half-cup of ground mustard, and vinegar enough to mix thin; boil together, when boiling pour over the pulp in the jar, and cover tight. Then it is ready for use, and will keep for months.

To Pickle Nasturtiums.—Very frequently nasturtiums are merely thrown into seasoned vinegar; they should be gathered when it is sunshiny weather. Although this method answers tolerably well, it is preferable to put the freshly-picked nasturtiums into a strong brine of salt-and-water, and let them remain in this till they grow somewhat soft; then place them in a good deal of strong vinegar, and they will keep for years.

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MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Elder-Flower Wine.—Allow three pounds of sugar for every gallon of wine; and in putting the water, great care must be taken to avoid allowing more than will make the right quantity of wine, as the allowance of three pounds of sugar to the gallon should not be at all curtailed. Place the sugar in an earthen pan sufficiently large, or in a wooden vessel in which water has stood for a day and a night. Gather for every gallon of wine to be made one quart of elder-flowers; cut from the stalks, and pour boiling water over them, allowing a pint of water to every quart of flowers. Cover them close until cold. Then add the flowers and their liquor to the sugar, and as much water as will make the quantity of wine desired. Let it work by stirring in yeast, allowing a tablespoonful to every gallon; cover it with a cloth; stir it thoroughly every day for three or four days. Then skim the surface clean, and tun the wine, adding for every two gallons the juice of one lemon, and the peel taken off, so as to divide the globules. As the wine works over, fill up by dropping in raisins, previously cut, at the bung-hole, a quarter of a pound to every gallon. The time the wine continues to work in the cask will depend on the weather, position, etc., but it will generally be ready to have the bung put over the hole in a week, and fastened down a few days later. It may be drank at the end of six months, but it will be better if kept in the cask a year.

Milk-Toast.—Boil a pint of rich milk, and then take it off and stir into it a quarter of a pound of fresh butter mixed with a small tablespoonful of flour. Then let it again come to a boil. Have ready two deep plates, with half a dozen slices of toast in each. Pour the milk over them hot, and keep them covered till they go to table. Milk-toast is generally eaten at breakfast. The warming of the bread gradually through, on both sides, is a very great improvement upon the quality of the toast. All kinds of toast must be done the same way; but if to be served under a bird, eggs, or kidneys, it requires to be toasted drier. Dry toast should not be made until quite ready to serve; when done, place it in a toast-rack, or upon its edges, one piece resting against another. Any kind of toast that has been made half an hour is not worth eating.

Lard.—Leaf lard is the nicest for all cooking purposes; skin all the fat that is to be fried into lard, and commence by frying gently a little leaf lard, or your fat will scorch; let it cook slowly, and dip off the fat as fast as it is liquefied, and strain it through a cloth; when all is strained that can be dipped off, squeeze the remainder by itself in the cloth. If the lard is to be used for cooking, salt it a trifle when first put on; much of the salt will be found at the bottom of the kettle undissolved; still it would seem better that salt should be used.

Milk-Punch.—(1.) Pare the rind off twelve lemons and two Seville oranges thinly; put them to steep in six pints of rum, brandy, or whisky for twenty-four hours, then add two pounds of loaf-sugar, three pints of water, two nutmegs, grated, and one pint of lemon-juice; stir it till the sugar is dissolved, then take three pints of new milk, boiling hot, and pour on the ingredients: let it stand twelve hours, closely covered; strain through a jelly-bag till quite clear; bottle it.

(2.) Pare eighteen lemons very thin, infuse the peel in one quart of rum, and keep it closely covered. The next day squeeze the juice of the eighteen lemons over four pounds of white sugar, and keep this also closely covered. The third day mix the above ingredients together, and add three quarts more of rum (or else one quart of rum and two quarts of best cognac, which is preferred by some,) and five quarts of water that has been boiled, but is cold when added, also two quarts of boiling milk; stir the whole mixture for about ten minutes, cover close, and let it stand for about three hours, until quite cold; strain through a flannel-bag two or three times till quite clear. In bottling care should be taken that the corks fit tight, and it will keep three or four years.

Pickle Chow-chow.—A quarter of a peck of green tomatoes, a quarter of a peck of white onions, a quarter of a peck of pickling beans, one dozen green cucumbers, one dozen green peppers, one large head of cabbage. Season with mustard, celery-seed, salt to suit the taste. Cover the mixture with the best vinegar. Boil two hours slowly, continually stirring, and add two tablespoonfuls of salid-oil while hot.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF SULTAN-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is made with one deep flounce, pointed at the top and bottom, bound with black silk, and put on witn a narrow bias band; a deep, full puff without trimming falls nearly to the top of the flounce at the back. The small mantilla, round at the back, with long, square ends in front, has a round hood, and is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Black lace bonnet, with a sultan-colored agriette at the side.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF CANARY-COLORED TARLETAN.—The skirt is trimmed with three ruffles; the bottom one extends all around the skirt; the other two finish the two full puffs at the back, and in the middle are fastened by two wide satin bows; a row of smaller bows trims the front of the dress. The effectiveness of this dress is very much increased by the white flowers, with black velvet leaves which ornament it. The hair is studded with white flowers and black leaves.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF APRICOT-COLORED SATIN.—The lower-skirt has only a rich quilling of satin; the upper-skirt is very short, and is of blue satin, trimmed with ruffles and puffings of satin. There is a low, square, blue waist attached to the skirt, which comes just below the quilling of the apricot-colored waist.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GREEN STRIPED SILK.—The long skirt has one bias flounce of medium width; the low corsage is covered in front and at the back with a white muslin cape, trimmed with Valenciennes, and fastened on the shoulder by a bow of green ribbon. A similar bow ornaments the front. Broad ribbon sash at the back, and long, close sleeves.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT CLARET-COLORED POPLIN.—The skirt is quite plain. *Confection* of black silk. It is quite short in front, but at the back it falls low, and is trimmed with a ruffle; the side-pieces and square cape are trimmed with lace; from the cape at the back to where the side-pieces meet, a puffing of silk gives it the appearance of a Watteau Mantle. Small Versailles hat.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF STONE-COLORED POPLIN.—The under-skirt is made with two deep ruffles, not put on very full; the upper-skirt and body are cut in one, forming a deep casaque, which opens in front, and is looped up in two places on each side, and trimmed with fringe.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED POPLIN.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with three deep flounces put on in full plaits. The upper-skirt and body (all in one) is of dark-gray poplin, trimmed with a plaiting like that on the lower-skirt.

GENERAL REMARKS.—*The bodice of white muslin* is made in small puffs, open in front, and trimmed with black or colored velvet. Black velvet bows upon the sleeves and bosom.

THE ISABEAU BODICE is of black or colored silk, cut low and square, and ornamented with a deep lace border, standing up like old-fashioned collarettes. Short sleeves, puffed, trimmed with two lace borders. Sash with wide lapels and bow of a new shape.

THE CHEMISE RUSSE is of white cashmere, trimmed with rows of blue velvet; red, green, violet, or black velvet may be employed in place of the blue, or black, violet, red, or blue cashmere may be used, as fancy dictates.

We also give the latest novelties in the way of bonnets and hats—nothing very different from those which have been worn; but it is too early in the season for any decided change.

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The chemisette has become an important part of the toilet, now that so many bodices are worn open in front or cut square. Among the new models we have seen this month the most elegant is the Raphael parure, forming a stomacher of strips of insertion in lace and embroidery, with a jabot formed of a wide strip of lace arranged in slightly gathered coils; a double lace frill forms the collar. The sleeves are tight, with two strips of embroidery and one of lace in the middle, and a lace frill at the bottom. The same style of square chemisette is made with wide strips of Valenciennes lace insertion, divided by garlands of leaves in embroidery to match with the pattern of the lace. Two rows of Valenciennes lace form cravat ends in front. The tight sleeves are trimmed with insertion and embroidery. A Scudery chemisette, open in the shape of a heart, and formed of strips of Mechlin lace insertion, is trimmed round with a deep stand-up border of the same lace. Lace ruffles to correspond.

The Elizabethan collars, of which we spoke above, are becoming very fashionable; they are called in Paris collars *a la Medicis*.

We only repeat ourselves when we attempt to describe the modes of making and trimming dresses. Never was the fashion so varied, as will be seen from the great variety of the figures in the plates; but we have so often described what we think the prettiest styles, that we have nothing new to record till the colder weather, and the return of the fashionable world to Paris, will have induced the leading *modistes* to open their stores of novelties. But the following hints may be useful in this mid-season.

Silk, poplin, foulard, and mohair, may be either straight or bias, plaited or gathered. The flounces that require least material are bias and gathered scantily, with only one-fourth additional fullness. Narrow silk flounces are sometimes raveled half an inch at the edges, others are notched like saw-teeth, or pinked in scallops. Again, there are points or deep scallops, faced with silk, run together on the wrong side and turned. Many of heavy silk are simply hemmed by the machine, and a few are bound with contrasting colors. The plaits of flounces are fancifully arranged in groups; two or three box-plaits are together, with a plain interval between, on which is a rosette or hollow bow. Others have clusters of plaits all turned one way. Flat bands of plaits are lined with thin foundation, the material being hemmed over it loosely, the stitches not showing outside. On many suits are seen two frills a quarter of a yard wide, while on others are five or seven frills a finger deep. Another fancy is a wide ruffle above a narrow one. Many skirts have four inches of plain space below the frills. Box-plaited ruches of inch-wide satin ribbon are much worn on alpaca and summer poplins. Others of silk, in double box-plaits, are two inches wide, raveled or notched at the edges.

English embroidery, as it is called, is very fashionable for piques, thick, white muslins, and colored laine or linen dresses. This embroidery is only the heavy worked ruffling, edging and insertion, which was so popular a few years ago.

A mixture of colors is more allowable now than it was a year or so ago, and the stronger the contrast the more stylish it is considered. This is, however, a dangerous ground for an inexperienced eye, for if the tones of color are not well selected the effect will be uncomfortable, and even "loud." Thus pearl-gray and pink, gray and blue, black and scarlet, buff and blue, yellow and black, etc., etc., are all fashionable combinations.

Added to this, lace trimmings are often worn. Thus on the pearl-gray and pink, black lace is a rich adjunct; and on the buff and blue, or on the gray and blue, white lace would look well.

It is evident that a more ample and flowing style of dress than that worn of late years, is now deemed indispensable to all who would lay any claim to elegance.

The dress, fully gathered at the back, must be more or less puffed out; nor is this unbecoming when not exaggerated; far from it, it sets off a slight figure to great advantage. When no puff is worn, the sash-bow is made very full, with a large number of *coque* loops, but no lappets, or very short, wide ones.

SUGGESTIONS TO STOUT FIGURES.—Stout persons complain of the fashions now in vogue. Double skirts, panniers, and bouffant sashes, are not for them. Tight casaques disclose the figure too plainly, and shawls, gathered up over the arms, increase the appearance of the size. The best drapery for such ample figures is that which fits the shoulders closely, and hangs loosely below, such as short, loose sacques without sleeves for young ladies, baschliks and mantillas for those more advanced. Trained skirts give the appearance of less breadth. Short dresses are unbecoming, and should be worn to touch the floor. An upper-skirt may be outlined by a scant ruffle ten inches wide, on which two very narrow ruffles are placed. Folds and other flat trimmings should be used by large ladies. Low-throated dresses are becoming to short necks. A bonnet without a coronet or face-trimming is best suited to broad faces.

The chignon is no longer indispensable; we may add that it is given up by a large number of ladies of the best society. The hair is plaited and simply arranged, without the help of the least crepe. A great simplicity is about to succeed to the elaborate coiffures we have seen too long; curls or plaits will constitute all the ornament of the hair. In front, the hair is still raised as high as possible, and the ears remain free. For quite young girls, two bandeaux are raised off in front, fastened very high at the back, and then droop in curls, if long enough. All the rest of the hair is left loose, in curls, or simply waved. If the hair is very long, however, it is plaited, as above mentioned.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with two ruffles, vandyked at both the top and bottom edge. *Confection* in the shape of a skeleton body of black silk. Violet hat, and white plume.

FIG. II.—KNICKERBOCKER SUIT OF BROWN VELVETEEN, trimmed with black braid, for a boy. Glazed sailor hat.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF BROWN MOHAIR, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt has three narrow ruffles, body and sleeves plain. An upper-dress of gray mohair has a low, square waist, and the skirt is looped up and trimmed with brown rosettes. Hat of Chinese shape, trimmed with roses.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF BLUE AND BLACK STRIPED POPLIN, FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt, body, and sleeves, are quite plain; the upper-skirt has a low, square waist, is made of plain blue poplin, is a good deal puffed at the back, has long lapels at the side, and is trimmed with black ribbon. Black ribbon sash. Black straw hat, and blue plume.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF YELLOW MARSEILLES, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is trimmed with three rows of broad, white cotton braid. The loose paletot is made with a cape looped up on the shoulders, and is trimmed with braid and a white, wash fringe. White felt hat, and plume.

FIG. VI.—APRON FOR A GIRL FROM THREE TO FIVE.—The model is made of white *pique*, braided with scarlet, the edge being festooned in button-hole stitch, with scarlet wool. Brown holland might also be used, and black braid substituted for scarlet.

FIG. VII.—FROCK FOR A GIRL FROM FOUR TO SIX.—This frock is made of white *pique*; the over-skirt, waistband, and epaulets of buff *pique*. The under-skirt is braided with fine black mohair braid, and the edge of the upper-skirt is button-holed, according to illustration, with fine black wool. The top of the bodice and the edge of under-skirt are bordered with narrow white embroidery. The frock fastens at the back with four pearl buttons.

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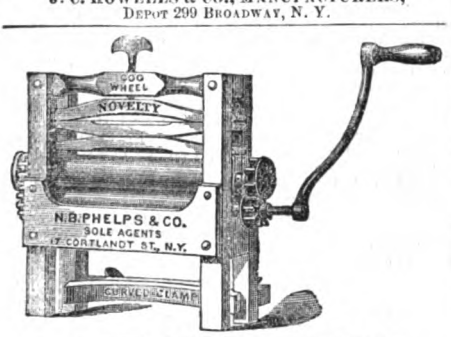

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MANUFACTURERS OF

AXES, SHOVELS, SAWS, &c.

No. 118 WATER STREET,

Pittsburgh, Dec. 3, 1868.

MESSRS. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.

Gentlemen:—One year ago with much hesitation, we gave you an advertisement for one of your Lists of One Hundred local papers; a very short time thereafter, we unhesitatingly added two more Lists of One Hundred papers.

But a short time elapsed before we were inquired of on every side for "Colburn's Patent Red Jacket Ax," proving to us that your plan of Lists had reached the very parties to whom we wanted to introduce the new patent Ax.

The year having now nearly gone by, we cannot but believe your system of advertising by "Lists of Local papers" is just the kind of advertising we want, and we to-day forward you an order still adding one more List of One Hundred papers, making the number now altogether four (4) Lists of One Hundred (100) local papers.

The more we talk with newspaper agents and editors' agents, the more satisfied we are that the arrangement we have made with you, is preferable to any we have ever heard of. The merit of the Ax itself has, of course, something to do with the great demand for it, but we are satisfied that by your system of advertising by "Lists," we have accomplished in one year, what would have ordinarily taken us five years to accomplish.

Respectfully,

LIPPINCOTT & BAKEWELL.

OFFICE OF THE

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.

No. 26 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET,

J. R. JONES, PRESIDENT.

Philadelphia, Dec. 10, 1868.

MESSRS. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO. 40 PARK ROW, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—It is more than three years since we began advertising in your "Lists of One Hundred Papers" each, and in that time have given "The List System," as originated by you, a thorough trial, and we can now say it is the **cheapest** and **best** general advertising medium we have any knowledge of.

We have tried every possible mode of advertising, having dealt with the press direct, and through nearly every advertising agency in the country, and have no hesitation in saying that your Lists have paid us 50 per cent. better than any other way.

Respectfully,

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.

SEND FOR OUR TWENTY-FOUR PAGE CIRCULAR

Which contains: A List of over One Thousand Newspapers, (THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUMS,) and price cards showing advertising rates, and much valuable information on the subject of advertising, **free for 3 cent stamp.**

Address

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.

Advertising Agents,

40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES.

OCTOBER

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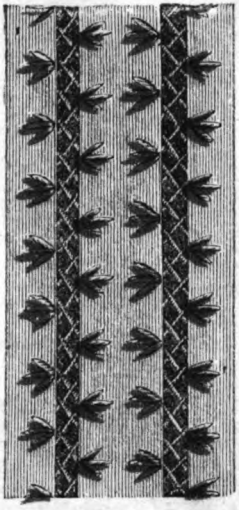

WORK BASKET; Enlarged Pattern of the Same. Trimming of Velvet and Point Russe. nt Russe

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THE BLIND RUSH-SELLER.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

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EVENING-DRESS. COLLAR. WHITE BODY.

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DRESS FOR THE OPERA. NEW STYLES OF COLLARS.

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WALKING-DRESS. NEW STYLES OF FALL HATS.

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EDGING. NAMES FOR MARKING. CORNER FOR FLANNEL SHAWL IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

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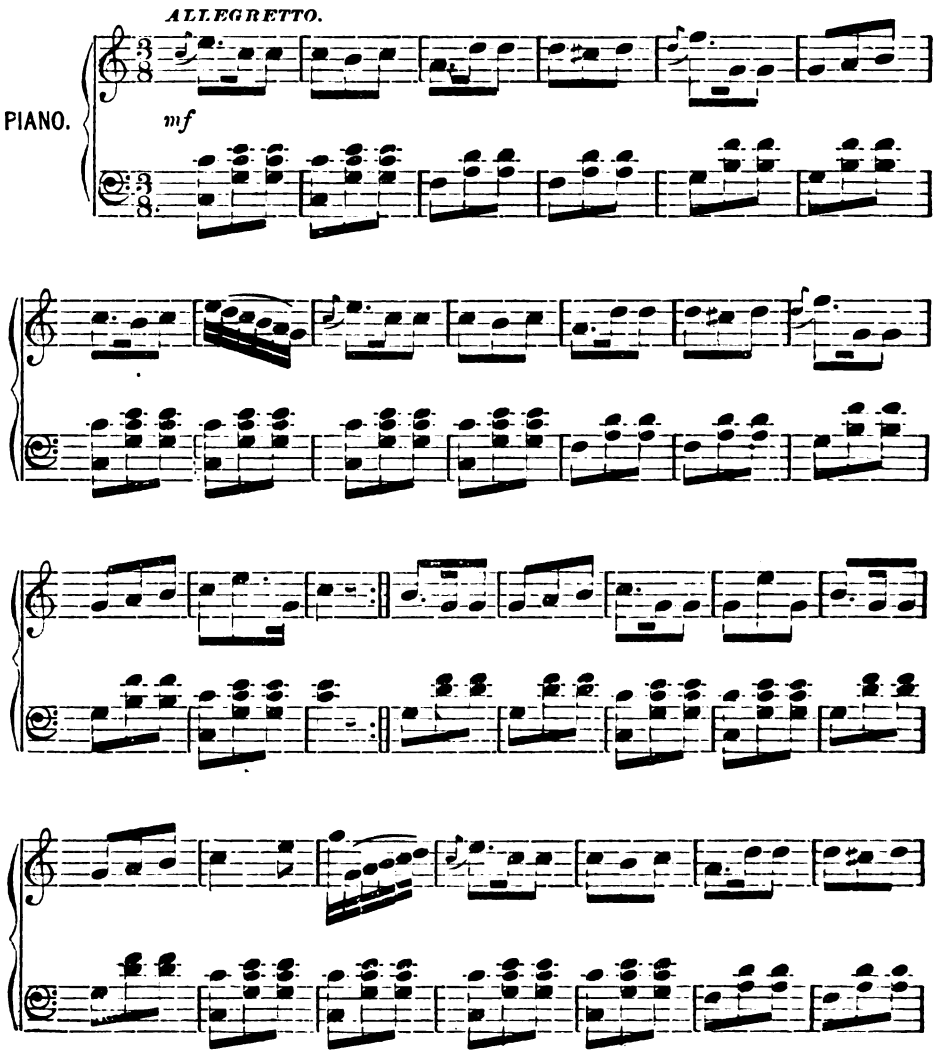
To Maggie F. Winner.

IRMA WALTZ.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

BY WALTER IRVING.

Published by permission of SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.



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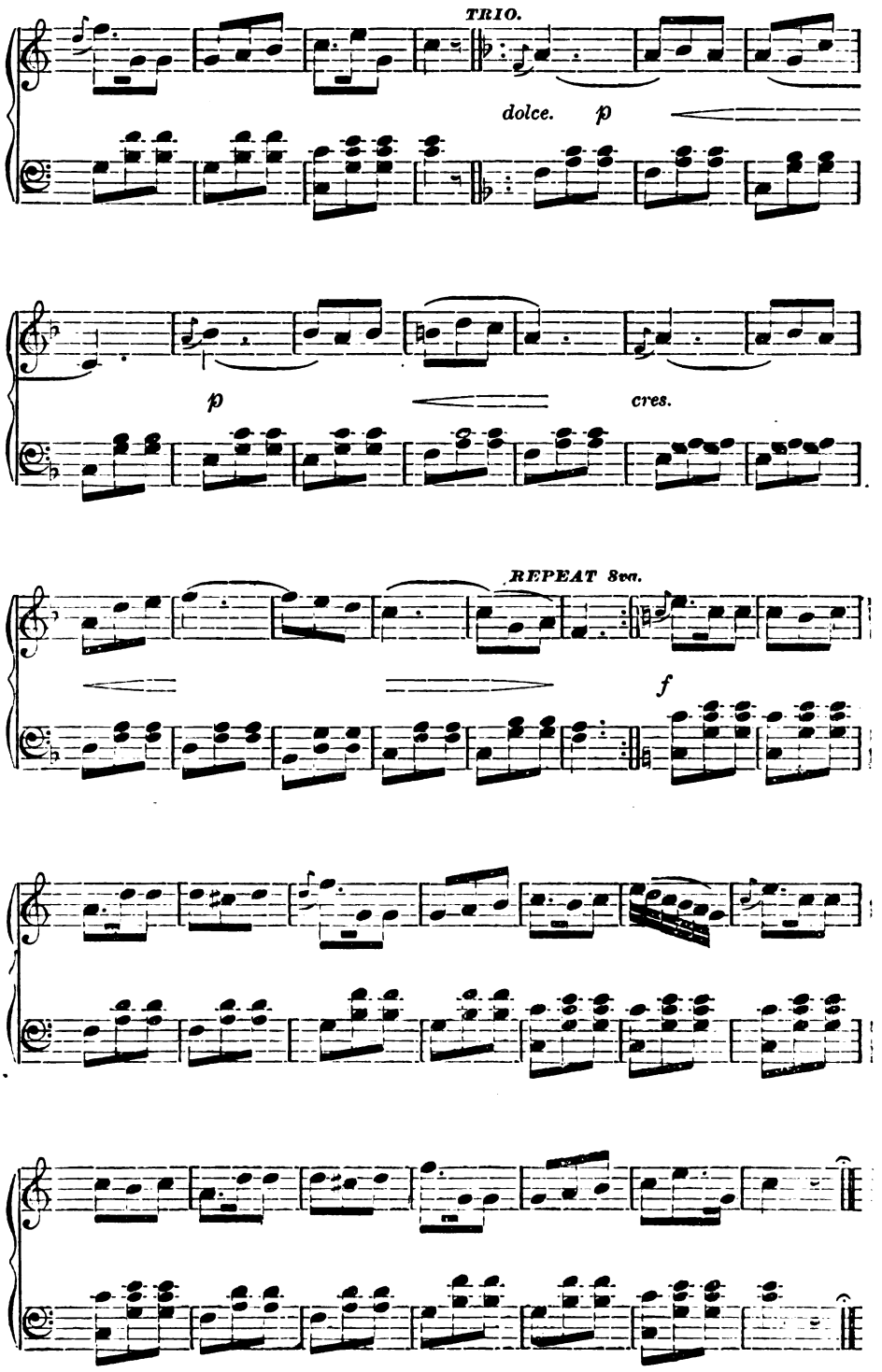
IRMA WALTZ.



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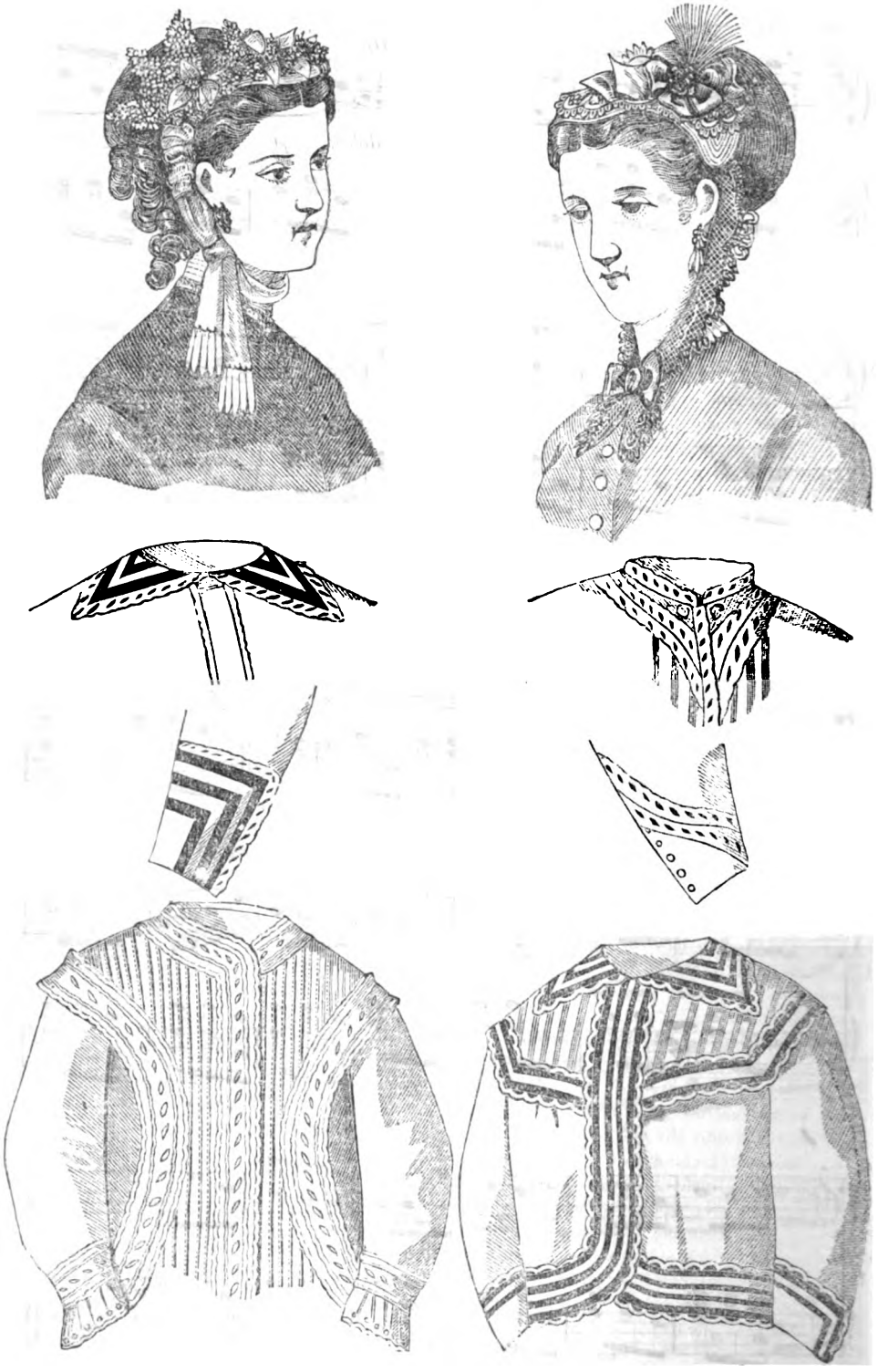

BONNETS. COLLARS AND CUFFS. NIGHT-DRESS. JACONET MUSLIN CAMISOLE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVI. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1869. No. 4.

THE BLIND RUSH-SELLER.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

THE quaint, old town of Rouen lay glittering in the early sunlight of an autumn morning—an October morning, clear, crisp, sparkling, with just a suggestion of winter in its bracing atmosphere. Every spire, and tower, and gable in the old town was aflame with splendor; every sail on the bosom of the Seine seemed touched with unwonted splendor; and the river itself, lapsing in drowsy waves upon its sunny shores, flashed, in every wave and bubble, like molten gold.

A royal morning and a royal day in Rouen. In the newer and more fashionable parts of the town, near the public garden and depot, gay equipages rolled along; and along the Rue de L'Imperatrice, gay ladies sauntered, and fluttered, and gathered in little, chattering bevies, like flocks of bright-plumaged birds. Sounds of stirring music filled the air, snatches of merry song, and bursts of happy laughter. In the older and quainter parts of the town, the voices of the tradespeople were heard crying their different wares. Now a pretty rustic trilled out her posies for sale in silvery notes, and anon a stout fish-woman bawled vociferously over her baskets. At intervals, in a patient, mournful monotone, came the cry, "Rushes, rushes for sale—who'll buy?"

But no one seemed to hear or notice. The busy crowd bustled onward, and the old Rush-Seller stood patiently in the sunlight, lifting his poor, sightless eyes to the glittering sky; while at his side, shy and pitiful as some little, motherless bird, clung his little, half-clad granddaughter. "Rushes, rushes—who'll buy?"

Over and over again the patient cry was repeated; and when the old man grew weary, the little thing at his side took it up and piped it out in her shrill, childish treble.

The morning wore away, and the October sun stood at noontide, flaming down upon the old town in cloudless splendor. The crowds began to disperse, the streets grew quieter. The old man dropped his head upon his breast, and the little child, nestling down at his feet, let her heavy, brown locks fall over her eyes to shut out the blinding glare, and resting her dimpled cheeks in her little, brown palms, fell into a placid sleep, from which she started ever and anon, and half-unclosing her sleepy, brown eyes, took up the monotonous cry, "Rushes for sale!"

But nobody bought. The noontide waned, and the evening shadows began to lengthen. The old man stooped, and taking the child's hand, called gently,

"Come, Matihl, we may as well plod homeward, little one, our chances are over for today."

The child roused up and started on ahead, leading the old man along the silent, sunny streets, until they reached their humble abode. At the door of the lowly habitation he paused, removing his hat, and turned his face westward, as if even through his sealed eyelids penetrated some sense of the glory and magnificence of the declining day. Just then there came a mellow peal of bells, and the swelling music of an evening hymn from the grand old cathedral near at hand. Both went down upon their knees for a moment, then arose and entered.

A square, comfortless room, with a small, cheap bed, and a few articles of broken furniture, prominent among which was a huge arm-chair, made of some old-fashioned wood, elaborately carved, and cushioned with tattered brocatelle, which in its day had been royal both in tint and texture. Indeed, the old chair, despite its age and ill-usage, was still rather an imposing object, and looked a good deal out of place in the squalid and poverty-stricken abode of the old Rush-Seller.

The old man entered, and after depositing

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his bundle of rushes in one corner of the small room, threw himself down in the old chair with a heavy sigh.

"Another day," he murmured, "and not a penny, and the poor child half-famished. The good God pity us!"

In the meantime, little Matihl had crept to the hearth, and raking open the coals, she sat swaying herself to and fro, and whimpering in a babyish way.

"What is it little one?" called the old man.

"Oh, grandpap! I'm so tired, and so cold, and so very, very hungry. If we only had some supper!"

By a kind of instinct he turned his sightless eyes toward the one window, through whose dingy panes the pomp and splendor of the closing day were visible, and his lips moved silently, as if asking help from some source more compassionate than man.

"Run down to the baker's, Matihl," he said, at last, his voice slow and hesitating, as if the resolution pained him, "and ask him to trust me for a loaf. I think I can raise enough to pay him to-morrow."

The child went off like a bird on the wing, her brown hair streaming behind her in disheveled masses; but in a few moments she returned, drooping and dispirited

"He wouldn't let me have it, grandpap," she sobbed; "and ordered me out of the shop for a beggar."

The old man made no answer, but leaned his head upon his hand, while the tears fell silently. The weary child soon sobbed herself to sleep. But still he sat there, in the purple twilight, silent, and thinking of the past.

For even this poor, blind Rush-Seller had his happy memories There had been a day, when he was young and strong, and as gallant a soldier, perhaps, as could be found in Rouen. His father, Piere De Courcy, was a wealthy and reputable citizen, and at his death Jacques had looked forward to the possession of a handsome income But when that event occurred, he found, to his dismay and astonishment, that his father was a bankrupt. Too proud to remain in Rouen, he wandered off to the South of France. Here his wife died Here, too, one fine day, when looking at a parade, a piece of artillery exploded, and the poor man was blind for life.

But he still had one blessing left, an only son, who was now growing to manhood. The son married, and of this union the little Matihl was the offspring. When she was a babe in her mother's arms, her father went off to the Austrian wars, and in less than a month fell fatally wounded. His wife, too frail to endure the shock, soon followed her husband, and little Matihl and her blind, old grandfather were left alone in the world.

Actuated by that yearning, instinctive love of home, which is as deathless as the soul itself, they wandered back to Rouen. The quaint, old city was unchanged; but its streets were thronged with unfamiliar faces; and led along by his little grandchild, Jacques De Courcy found that he was as utterly unknown and forgotten in his native town as if he had never existed.

Friendless, nameless, and well-nigh penniless, yet too proud of heart to make himself known, he settled down in a humble quarter of the city, and took to selling rushes for a livelihood. A meagre subsistence it brought him, but the poor, old man could do nothing better; and he must do something, for the paltry sum which had accrued to him from the disposal of his household effects was well-nigh gone.

And one sunny afternoon, strolling along with his little guide, and amusing himself by listening to the idle chat of the by-standers, he chanced upon a small crowd collected around the sale of some old books and second-hand furniture. The auctioneer had just put up an old chair, and was descanting quite volubly upon its rare merits. "It was worth buying," he said, "as a relic, if nothing more. It had belonged to the De Courcies, one of the best families in Rouen in their day, and had been handed down from one to another as a kind of heir-loom."

Old Jacques waited to hear no more. He arose, and groping across to where the old chair stood, fell to passing his hands over its quaint carvings with a kind of caressing fondness. It was the same, the dear old chair in which he had seen his father, and his grandfather before him, sit so often. With tears running down his furrowed cheeks he bought it back, glad to get it, though it took the last sous from his pocket. He had it conveyed to his poor lodgings, and those who noticed, wondered what in the world old Jacques, the Rush-Seller, wanted with the De Courcy chair.

And thus, having spent the last of his little mite of money, he had nothing to fall back upon when his rush-selling failed him; and poor, little Matihl, as we have seen, was forced to go supperless to bed. She awoke in the morning with no prospect of breakfast. Her grandfather, worn-out by hunger and anxiety, was still asleep. Noiselessly the little thing unbolted the door,

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and went out. The day was dawning grandly over quaint, old Rouen. The child went round to the window-ledge to look at her pansies. There were two pretty purple things, with lustrous, golden hearts An old market-woman had given her the plant, and the child watched and nurtured it with a kind of adoration Her pansy-pot was the shrine at which she worshiped. Looking at the dewy blossoms, a sudden thought flashed upon her. What if she should break them off and run out and sell them! Surely they would bring enough to buy them some breakfast! But her lips quivered, and tears filled her eyes. It almost broke her heart to give up her pansies. But she was so hungry, and poor grandpa would have no breakfast. At this last thought, she put out her hand resolutely and broke them off; then ran away as fast as she could.

At a corner of the market-place she paused breathless. A fine gentleman was passing by, and extending the tiny, brown hand that held the blossoms, she said timidly,

"Will you please, sir, buy my pansies?"

But he pushed on, well-nigh brushing them from her grasp The next passer was an old countryman, with a wagon filled with milk-cans rattling ahead of him. The child put out her blossoms, and repeated her meek entreaty The old man paused. His garden was overrun with such things, but the child's little, eager face touched him.

"Buy your pansies?" he said. "Why, bless your poor, little heart, to be sure I will, if you want to sell 'em. What do you want for 'em?"

"Only enough to buy a loaf, sir. We are so hungry, grandpap and I."

The countryman's eyes filled with tears.

"Give me the blossoms," he said. "I'll take 'em home to my little girl; and you come along, you poor, hungry, little bird, and get a drink o' fresh milk."

The child followed him eagerly, drinking the milk, and clutched at the wheaten roll he gave her But before she had swallowed the second mouthful she paused, holding the bread in her hand.

"Why don't you eat?" he said.

"Grandpap," she half sobbed, "he's so hungry, too!"

"Then take this," continued the man, drawing his sleeve across his eyes, "and run home and buy him some breakfast."

He put a silver piece in her hand. She grasped it with dilating eyes.

"The good God reward you!" she murmured, kissing his hands vehemently. Then, before he was aware of her motion, she had disappeared.

"Grandpap! Oh, grandpap! see what I've got," she cried, bursting into the little room a few minutes later; "see what I sold my pansies for. We'll have such a breakfast now, bread and sausage, and——"

But she stopped short, for, in the middle of the room, the old man lay prone on his face. She flew to his side, with a startled cry, tossing her silver piece into the old chair.

"Oh, grandpap!" raising his head, "what is it? Speak to me, grandpap!"

The old man slowly roused, and tottered to his feet. His face looked ghastly, he had fasted so long, and he shook with weakness.

"Grandpap," the child continued, "you shan't be sick any more; it is because you're hungry—you shall have plenty of breakfast now I've sold my pansies, and—oh! where is the money? I threw it in the chair when I was so frightened. Oh! it's gone, it's gone. It's slipped down behind the cushion," she said, examining it closely. "May I try to raise the cushion up and find it?"

"Yes; but don't hurt the old chair, Matihl," said the old man, anxiously.

The child ran her little fingers into every crevice, and at last she fell to working vigorously at the huge cushion. It was covered with leather beneath the brocatelle, but it was decayed and rotten, and a few vigorous tugs from her nervous little hands broke it loose with a crash.

"Oh, grandpap!" she cried, starting back in amazement, for, as it yielded, a glittering stream came flashing and tinkling to the floor.

The old man, hearing the sound, crossed over. A sudden light seemed to dawn upon him. He threw up his hands, and cried,

"Shut the door, Matihl, and tell me what they are like."

The child obeyed, dropping on her knees before the old chair.

"Here's jewels, grandpap," she said, in an awed whisper, "just like the empress wore when she rode through Rouen that day—whole heaps of 'em, as bright as stars; and great piles of gold, and papers with Jacques De Courcy marked on 'em."

"Put them all back, Matihl," said the old man, quietly; "and then run down to the good abbe's and ask him to come here."

"But our breakfast, grandpap?" said the child, pausing in the door-way.

"We can afford to wait a little while for

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that," replied the old man, smiling. "We shall never want for breakfasts any more, little Matihl."

"This is a letter from Piere De Courcy," said the abbe, after a careful examination of the contents of the chair, "telling his only son, Jacques De Courcy, that these treasures were concealed in the chair, in order that, if fortune went against him, he might have something to fall back upon. But the chair seems to have passed from the family. Where can this Jacques De Courcy be?"

"I am the man," said the old Rush-Seller, proudly. "Jacques De Courcy, son of Piere De Courcy, thank God!"

After that morning, the market-people missed the old Rush-Seller and his little granddaughter, and passing the sunny nook where they had stood so long, wondered what had become of them. If they had chanced to pass the ancestral villa, formerly occupied by the De Courcies, they would have found them. The old man sitting in his garden, and little Matihl tending her roses and pansies that grew along its borders, the happiest pair that could be found in the quiet, sunny, old city.

ROBERT AND THE ROBIN.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

ROBERT and robin were out on the lea,
And the robin was merry as robin could be;
I saw him sit singing the spruces among,
Sipping the dew from their branches hung;
Eagerly singing of things that he knew,
Dancing so lightly in ether so blue.

Holding on to a twig with his little brown hands,
Talking of things he so well understands,
Singing, at least so it seemed unto me,
Of things that he fancied no other could see;
Airily swinging like pendulum there,
He seemed to be saying, "You know I don't care."

So careless he seems, idly fluttering there,
So thoughtlessly saying, "You know I don't care;"
So fearlessly telling whatever he knows,
Unmindful what wit and what folly he shows;
I wonder what makes him so frank and so free,
What makes him keep telling that story to me.

Airily swinging, like spirit in air,
He seemed to be singing, "You know I don't care."
I wonder what makes him so frank and so free,
What makes him keep telling that story to me;
He seems to be saying, "You know it is true,
And that's why I'm telling the story to you."

But while I am looking the robin has flown,
And the dew on the spruce has exhaled and is gone;
And while I am thinking the songster has fled,
And the wind shakes the bough, and its odors are shed;
He has gone like the wind through the ether so blue,
But the soul of his song lives with me and with you.

He has gone like the wind away over the town,
With his eye full of light, and his heart full of down;
And Robert sits looking up into the sky,
And wishing he, too, like the robin might fly;
And the bird means, be happy, be careless, be free,
For the hand that has made, cares for you and for me.

OCTOBER.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

A GLORY rests o'er all the sea and land;
The hills are folded in a robe of mist;
Across the hyaline, by daylight spanned,
The clouds are wrought of purest amethyst.
The languid air is heavy with the sweet
Of Summer flowers dying 'neath our feet.

The royal Autumn, queenly in her pride,
Comes forth attended by a fairy train;
About her all the softest odors glide,
Sweet music chaunts for her its low refrain.
We catch her noiseless footfalls 'neath the shade,
And mark the sunshine by her presence made.

Our life is launched upon a sea of dream,
Above whose misty depths we float serene;
We revel in the light that o'er us beams,
As on we glide the sea and sky between.
The dew of morn upon our pathway lies,
And evening wraps us in her tyrian dyes.

Rich globes of honeyed sweets hang in the sun,
Their ruby blushes deepening day by day;
From all the golden Summer they have won,
The treasured stores so deftly hid away.
With nectared lip, and downy cheek they shine,
A sumptuous banquet for a taste divine.

The winds are hushed to stillness; on the air
There falls the drowsy hum of insect life;
The droning beetle hurls, with little care,
His whirring lance of sound amid the strife.
Our lives flow on toward the sunset verge,
With neither break of wave nor roar of surge.

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KATE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT

CHAPTER I.

OUTSIDE, the roll of carriages, the low-toned but vigorous ejaculations of coachmen, the impatient orders from youthful masculines, eager for the fray, glimpses of cloaked and hooded women mounting the steps of the brilliantly-lighted mansion; gathered about, the crowd of idle boys and shabby men that such a scene usually brings.

Within, a noble suite of rooms, furnished in a way that showed that wealth had been aided by a refined and elegant taste, filled with a gay crowd who surged back and forth through the stately apartments, going or returning from paying salutations to the hostess, who owned and deserved the reputation of being the most graceful woman in America.

There, you have the ground-work upon which I mean to bring forward the people whom I want you to know; but I must add that the scene was Washington—and a Washington ball is like nothing else under the sun; whether that be complimentary or not you shall decide for yourselves; looking back on certain experiences, I am inclined to answer in the affirmative; but, as I am not coming into this story myself, perhaps my opinion is of no consequence.

It was the opening-ball of the season—I say ball, because I am tired of that odious word, "party"—and it was evident that the mistress of the revels, as old-fashioned novelists were fond of calling those unfortunate wretches who are forced to give monstrous entertainments to monstrous bores, had evidently meant to make it so unique and perfect, that all women who must needs follow in her wake, would be ready to expire when they recollected that their soirees must be given, and that coming after this success, they would be as poor as two or three miserable little meteors coming a few nights after a September shower of falling-stars.

She had meant it, and had succeeded; what was more, not a woman present but was forced to confess that, difficult as it might have been; and, after all, though we pretend to think them slight things, a great social triumph is just as pleasant as ever one of Napoleon's was.

The ball-room was thrown open at last—a temporary affair, built out in the garden, reached from the balcony at the back of the house, draped with lovely rose-colored hangings, decorated with masses of green vines and choice flowers, with the marine band—really a good one, though not playing exactly like seraphs, even if Washington people do force one to say so at the point of the bayonet—rolling out a stormy galop that would have made a wooden-legged man dance, and the full, delightful insanity of the evening had begun.

It happened that it was quite late when Kate Wallingford arrived. There was a lull in the music, so everybody had leisure, as she stood in the entrance of the ball-room, leaning on her uncle's arm, and exchanging laughing salutations with her graceful hostess.

Just a beautiful girl, not tall, but so perfectly formed that she seemed so; one of those pliable, willowy shapes that could no more be ungraceful than a bird; a face that depended more upon its coloring and expression for loveliness than on perfection of feature, with a power of change that, perhaps, was somewhat indicative of the character within; crowned with masses of wavy, golden hair, lighted up by a pair of great, purple eyes, that looked black at night, dressed in white, with wreaths of some odd, green sea-plant; there you have all the description I can give of her, and, of course, it gives you no idea at all—but no matter.

Men go mad enough over a new face anywhere, but never so hopelessly insane as they do in Washington. Of course, there was a rush, from members of cabinet down to the humblest dandy—if ever a dandy was humble; and if in the next quarter of an hour Kate Wallingford felt very much as Victoria may have done the day she was crowned queen, (baring the feeling of responsibility which made it all the more delightful, lacking that, I mean,) I suppose no one could blame her.

Somebody whirled her away in the mazes of a heavenly waltz that had just struck up, and as she was being led to a seat, at its conclusion, in that delightful state of intoxication which only a waltz can produce, she found herself face to face with Harry Everett; and Harry Everett's face was the first masculine one that had not smiled admiration and approval at her since her arrival in the capitol—an event of only ten days back.

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She started, and gave an odd little gasp of surprise; but it was over in a second, and she held out her pretty hand and said gayly,

"I thought you were a ghost at first! I supposed you were in New Orleans by this time."

"I am here, you see; I hope not sorry to see it," he added, in a lower tone, as she sunk into her chair.

She hesitated, and he observed it.

"I hope not sorry?" he repeated, somewhat impatiently, after masculine habit.

"No," she answered, doubtfully, and then looking up, beheld the crowd of men again gathering about her, and became conscious that she had told a white lie, for she was sorry to have that reproving face, and those jealous eyes, come in between her and the full enjoyment of her hour of triumph.

But there was no opportunity for Harry Everett to indulge in sentiment, for up came her promised partners, and there was a struggle as to whose right came first, and Harry had only time to whisper,

"At least save me one waltz, Kate—one waltz."

Then she was gone, and he could only stare disconsolately after her, and utter mental anathemas against Washington.

He could not even indulge in that healthful recreation long, for he was a dancing man, and his hostess knew it; so up she came, captured him, led him off, and victimized him on the shrine of a young woman in green, and all the while he was waltzing with her, Harry felt seasick, and wished to goodness that her back hair would fall off, or some other calamity occur, which would make it necessary for her to beat a retreat.

But he was not to be let off in that way. After the young woman in green came one in yellow, then a red female, and so on, through all the variations of color, till Harry felt as if he made part of some hideous rainbow, through whose distorted arc he looked out and occasionally caught glimpses of Kate so radiant and happy, that he was ready to do theatre in the most exaggerated manner.

At last he got near her again, and found an opportunity to whisper in her ear; and with the usual stupidity of people in love, he could not help doing it in that injured tone which is always so aggravating to the one whispered at.

"I suppose you have not been able to save me a single waltz, Kate?"

"Indeed, I am afraid not," she answered. "I am very sorry, but I was engaged ever so many deep before you came." Then she saw the cloud gather on his forehead, and could not resist adding, fretfully, "It is not my fault."

"You begin to defend yourself before you are accused," he said, in an irritating way.

"I was not defending myself," Kate replied, with sufficiently natural impatience.

"You do not take the trouble, I suppose," quoth Harry.

Again Kate felt rising in her heart that wish that he had not intruded himself between her and her season of success; but, woman-like, she was conscience-pricked for allowing the wish a resting-place in her mind; and besides, she hated having anybody look cross at her, and to feel that anybody was uncomfortable, so she added, softly,

"I should not mind the trouble, or think it one; but I've done nothing to make it necessary, Harry," and she spoke his name with a gentle lingering on the word that would have mollified him if he had been a second Othello.

"No, no, I am sure you have not," he rereturned in haste, with that charming inconsistency which characterizes lovers; "I am sure of that, Kate."

Perhaps they might have come to a thoroughly good understanding, and so spoiled this history, if there had been time; but just then the supper march pealed out, and a bewhiskered and decorated foreigner, with an unpronounceable name, tetered up to lead Kate away.

CHAPTER II.

KATE cared nothing for him, and probably would not have remembered his face an hour after; but for the life of her she could not help smiling and looking up slyly with her great luminous eyes, all of which meant nothing at all—and Harry might have known it, instead of fuming and raging internally, as he did, and condemning her as a flirt.

Though he was not wrong there—Kate Wallingford was one of those unfortunate creatures, a born flirt. Other people blame, I pity the man or woman cursed with that fatal desire to please any person of the opposite sex who comes near—that strange faculty of being pleased for the hour with attentions that mean nothing, with that more fatal gift of being able to attract and keep attention, which always goes with a temperament like that.

Mind you, I am not talking about coquets, male or female; a flirt is a different species of animal, always in scrapes, always sorry, really doing mischief in spite of self—that was Kate Wallingford exactly.

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All the rest of the night Kate was too closely surrounded for Everett to get near her; and as soon as she lost sight of his face she forgot all about him and his annoyance, and floated up on the topmost wave of enjoyment and excitement.

It was not until she was coming down, cloaked and hooded, to the carriage, that she saw him again. He was watching her from a little distance as she stood with one man insisting that she was not sufficiently wrapped up, another securing the floating end of a scarf, another pleading for a flower from her bouquet, two or three more saying exaggerated nothings—Kate too much excited to know exactly how much brilliant nonsense she was talking—then she saw him. It was like a cold wind blowing over her; she was vexed, then sorry, then vexed again; then, dreading a scene, she made a little deprecating sign, and allowed herself to be led away.

After she was seated in the carriage, Harry Everett, somewhat unceremoniously, pushed his way between the men who were hovering about the door, and whispered,

"Shall you be at home in the morning?"

Kate nodded.

"I shall come to see you—that is, if you can spare me a few moments. I should be sorry to detain you from your hosts of new and fascinating friends."

Kate said in a stately manner,

"You are very kind."

Everett bowed as stiffly as Sir Charles Grandison himself could have done, and stepped back.

"Don't forget to-morrow, Miss Wallingford," called somebody from the steps.

Then Kate remembered there had been an engagement to go down to the Navy Yard to have an impromptu dance; and she bent forward to tell Harry and ask him to join them, but he was no longer in sight.

She leaned back in her seat, and was driven off, feeling a sudden reaction of spirits that made her shiver, till her uncle asked what was the matter; and she had great difficulty in keeping back a rush of hysterical tears as she answered,

"Only a little cold, and so sleepy."

Then the lady who was playing chaperone began dilating on her triumphs, while Mr. Wallingford went to sleep in the corner of the carriage; and Kate wished that good Mrs. Fairfield might be struck dumb, or herself deaf, and all the other abominable wishes that will overtake one when one is tired from over excitement.

Kate was weary enough to fall asleep very soon after her head touched the pillow, in spite of the little pangs Harry Everett's conduct had caused her, and never woke until her maid roused her, with the information that breakfast had been over a long time, and her uncle was just going out.

She remembered the proposed expedition—it was so late that she had to dress at once, but before drinking her coffee she wrote a line to Everett explaining the reason of her absence. Before she was ready the carriage drove to the door, and up came merry messages from the party; and altogether she was in such haste that she forgot to give orders to have her note sent off, and went away leaving it on her dressing-table.

Of course, half an hour after she had gone Everett reached the house, and was informed of her departure. Being a man, and in love, it was natural enough that he should rush into a stormy rage, and metaphorically shake the dust off his feet as he left the house.

But going down the avenue he met a young officer, who was driving back in hot haste to the Navy Yard, to be in time for the matinee, and nothing would do but Everett must accompany him. Harry was vexed with himself for yielding; but, in spite of feeling it beneath the dignity of his twenty-five years to follow a girl who had treated him with such barbarous neglect, he could not resist the temptation of meeting her, and having the pleasure of overwhelming her by his stately disregard of her proceedings in all ways.

So he got into the carriage with young Graves, and listened to his nonsense with all the attention he could give; smoked, talked of horses and women, after the fashion of youthful cubs, and felt what a dreary mockery it was all the while; and really made himself quite happy in the contemplation of his own misery, as poor human nature has a trick of doing.

Then came a fresh pang when the drive was over. He followed Graves into the dancing-room, for there was Kate flying about the hall in the arms of Philip Marsden, to the tones of the craziest waltz that ever did duty at Mabille before attempting its appearance in decorous society.

To make matters worse, up came Marsden's wife, whom Everett knew better than most people, and cordially hated in consequence—the prettiest, smoothest, soft-voiced, green-eyed little woman that ever did mischief without a pang of conscience.

"You're a dear, good fellow to have come," said she, slipping her exquisitely gloved hand through his arm. "I scarcely got a chance to

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speak to you last night. I scolded Kate well for not asking you to come with us."

"You were very kind to take so much trouble on my account," returned Everett, stiffly.

"Ah! now you needn't be stately," said Circe, in a plaintive tone. "See how good I have been to you! I have kept Kate away from all those devouring dragons, and made her dance with my husband. I think you might be a little grateful, instead of glaring as if you were the wolf in Red Riding Hood, and meant to eat poor little me."

"I am at a loss to understand why I should be especially grateful," Everett said, coldly.

"Oh, nonsense! You needn't attempt that with me," returned Mrs. Marsden, shaking her head and laughing gayly. "I know all about it, so you may just as well be frank with me."

"I don't see any necessity either for frankness or reserve," replied Everett; and his words would have sounded rude had they not been softened by his tone and manner.

"You are not behaving well to me!" exclaimed Circe, with a bewildering glance from the emerald eyes. "Ah, Harry! we used to be good friends. Why do you dislike and avoid me always now?"

It was not easy to tell her the truth, that he knew her thoroughly, so Everett answered,

"I was not conscious of having done so."

"Please don't deny it—I'd rather you were frank. This fall, when I was in New York, you never came near me; never answered my little note last summer. I don't think it was nice of you, Harry, for when you were here last winter we were such good friends! Do tell me what I have done?"

Another long, bewitching glance of those dangerous eyes; but it had no effect whatever on Everett, except to put him more on his guard, and make him feel as if the pretty creature hanging on his arm were a lithesome snake, only waiting an opportunity to sting.

CHAPTER III.

Yes, they had been good friends the previous winter, when Everett was in Washington; that is, in plain English, before Everett knew where he was, he found himself involved in a flirtation, from which he extricated himself with considerable difficulty.

There was no wrong where he was concerned, beyond the folly of having said and looked foolish things; but circumstances transpired which made him well acquainted with the real characters of both husband and wife; and he felt that he would rather see Kate dead than the intimate friend of Circe, as people called her; that to behold the girl he loved with Marsden's arm about her waist was a positive degradation, which absolutely made his blood run cold to watch.

And Circe was whispering again in his ear; and sweet as the voice was, it sounded to Everett like a hiss, and he longed to strangle the woman where she stood.

"You haven't asked me to dance, Harry—you used to like to waltz with me, or you said so."

"I believe my dancing days are about over, Mrs. Marsden," he answered.

"Mrs. Marsden! So you won't be friends? Oh! what have I done to you, Harry? I suppose I must say Mr. Everett now."

"I thought we were very good friends," Everett said, ignoring the latter part of her speech.

"When you treat me in such a stately way! No, no, I remember how different you can be! Oh, dear! I'm such a silly little thing—I never can forget."

And then a sigh, a quick glance, a slight pressure on his arm, all beautifully done, but wasted, and Circe felt it, and began to hate him accordingly.

"Allow me the pleasure of this waltz," cried she, with a sudden change of manner and a merry laugh. "Leap year, is it not? Oh! you cross old bachelor, I am furious with you; but you shall dance."

There was nothing for it but to whirl her off into the ring, of course; and she lay back in his arms, and looked up in his eyes, and whispered,

"Have you forgotten how jealous Marsden got of our waltzing so much together?"

The recollection made Everett set his teeth hard, and he mentally called Circe the daughter of a dreadful old personage, who lives in a very hot place, and devoutly wished that she might go straight to her natural home.

He believed in his heart that it had been a deliberate plot between husband and wife to force him into paying a lot of money—and he had good reason for his suspicions; but it had been a failure, and the doughty colonel found himself met in so decided a manner that he had been glad to be the first to retreat, and smooth matters over as well as he was able.

When the dance was ended, Everett got rid of his tormentor and went in search of Kate.

"I owe you many thanks for paying so much regard to your promise of last night," said he.

Kate was just getting her breath after the last rapid whirl, and asked, thoughtlessly,

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"What promise?"

"You do not even remember that you told me you would be at home this morning?" said he, bitterly.

"Oh, Harry! I had forgotten about the matinee here—I had, indeed; but I wrote——"

"Kate!" he interrupted, sternly, for, unlike most of the present generation, he was very strict about what we call white lies; strict not only for others, but absolutely about telling them.

Then Kate remembered that in her hurry she had forgotten her note on her dressing-table; but she was very angry at his suspecting her of having told an untruth.

"Have the kindness to allow me to finish," said she; "and be a little careful how you insinuate even that you think I am telling a falsehood—that is an insult I will not permit from any one."

The great purple eyes began to blaze, and the hot color came into her cheeks. She looked aggravatingly beautiful, and Harry said more meekly,

"I received no note or message, at all events."

"That is not surprising," returned Kate, coolly, feeling that she had the advantage, and meaning to make the most of it. "The carriage came before I was through dressing, and in my hurry I forgot to send it."

"You might as well have not written!" exclaimed Everett, growing angry again.

"Quite as well to anybody so utterly unreasonable," retorted Kate.

"You call it unreasonable for me not to be willing to be treated as if——"

"As if?" repeated Kate. "Pray go on."

"Oh, Kate!" he said, trying to control himself when he saw that she was growing angry, "I did not come here to quarrel."

"No?" drawled she, with a delightfully assumed indifference. "Then you must have changed your intention since you arrived."

"See, Kate, I have only a day or two to stay. Don't let us pass it in useless disagreements."

Kate was a little horrified to feel that the first part of his sentence gave her a feeling of relief, and she replied quickly,

"I have no wish to quarrel—it is your own fault. You came on here without warning; you find me enjoying myself, and you are furious—that is the whole story. There is neither sense or reason in it, and I do not intend to submit to such treatment. I did not come here to shut myself up like a nun, and I shall not do it. There, we might talk a week, I could not say any more."

Everett knew that Circe had been at work already; at least, he must put Kate on her guard against both husband and wife.

"I have no desire to tyrannize," he said, "nor have I the right, since you have told me that you did not consider our engagement more than a conditional one; but I thought—I thought you loved me, Kate."

He leaned forward and looked full in her face with his honest, brown eyes. Kate's heart began to flutter. For an instant all this new life upon which she had entered, this rush of gayety, this fresh love of admiration, this newly-developed desire of attention, the flatteries, the adoration, all seemed poor and worthless enough beside the dream which had made the quiet summer in the country so beautiful.

She was softened, and if Everett had followed up his advantage he might have worked some good; but being only a man, his head could hold but one idea at a time, and he was busy with his desire to warn her against her new friends.

"Promise me one thing, Kate," he said; "you must do that."

He did not mean to speak in a dictatorial way, it was only his eagerness; but, of course, Kate did not know that, and her head lifted itself proudly as she repeated under her breath,

"Must!"

She waited with an ominous quiet for Everett to go on; but he was too much engrossed to notice the warning signs.

"Those people—you will be careful; I cannot explain now, but keep away from them——"

"Do you mean the people here, or all Washington? You are so charmingly vague that I have not the slightest idea who or what you do mean?" interrupted Kate, with elaborate courtesy.

"You know perfectly well that I am talking about that abominable Marsden and his wife," returned Everett, angry at her assumption of indifference.

"You are speaking of my friends," said Kate; "you will have the kindness to choose other expressions."

"Friends! People that you have only known since last autumn"

"That has nothing to do with the matter," returned Kate, with more decision than logic.

"I know them thoroughly! I know how that woman works. They want to use your uncle through you! The man is a contemptible lobbyist, among other things, and she——"

"Is a woman, and my friend—be good enough to remember that."

"Do you know what she has done several

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times? Encouraged young girls to receive her husband's attentions, as she does you; then suddenly gone off into a pretended jealous fit, and made them absurd, or worse, in the eyes of the whole world."

"You are talking worse than nonsense!" exclaimed Kate.

"It is not, as you will find to your cost——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Graves is coming. I promised to dance with him."

"Then you refuse to listen? You wish me to think you utterly heartless and indifferent?"

"You must think what you choose—I am sick of scenes!"

As Everett stood silently raging, up came Kate's partner. At the same instant Circe, who had been watching, glided near, and whispered to her,

"Is my lord playing master already? Be a good little girl and obey—we are only women, and must give up our wills."

Kate was hurried away with a storm of angry thoughts in her mind; and Circe stood close by Everett, and was saying in her softest voice,

"Can't we be friends, Harry? Only say that you do not absolutely hate me! I'm a silly thing, but I cannot bear to think anybody is vexed with me; and I like little Kate so much—oh, so much!"

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Wallingford possessed the doubtful advantage of being one of the rulers of this blessed country; and as his Senatorial term had only lately commenced, the pleasant days were still making sunshine about his path. That is to say, he was still approved of, his speeches admired, his course considered that of a true patriot; and he received success, as he had done most things in this life, with perfect composure.

Kate had come on to spend the winter with him, and beyond a short season during the past summer; society and its gayeties were entirely new to her; for, though almost nineteen, she had only then emerged from the retirement of a quiet school in the country, where her uncle had seen fit to keep her much longer than the generality of the wonderful and precocious young women of this land will consent to be detained.

Harry Everett she had known all her life, and probably neither of them could have told when the affection that existed between them began; and I am inclined to think that a love like that brings with it, at least to a young girl, many doubts as to whether it be the strong passion of which she has dreamed and read. At least, it was so in Kate's case, and she had felt it more than ever since the winter began.

It was only that summer that anything like an engagement had existed between them: and with Kate's disposition, the mere fact of feeling herself in the slightest degree fettered and bound, rendered her impatient, and brought up all sorts of doubts and fears to haunt her like black shadows.

Everett had been several days in Washington now, and daily these feelings had grown stronger. He had not behaved wisely, not even well; and Kate's conduct might have been characterized, perhaps, by harsher terms.

The demon of flirtation and teasing seemed to have taken full possession of her; the innate love of approbation and attention which was in her character, rapidly developed under the influence of her new life; it really seemed as if there had been some radical change in her whole nature.

Then, too, she got into her little head those ideas that young women are very apt to during a first season in Washington, that there is nothing worthy a man's attention but politics: and as Harry Everett had developed no taste whatever in that direction, she began comparing him with men double his age, and deciding that he had neither the requisite talent or energy to satisfy a mind like hers.

When a woman begins to think that of her lover or her husband, a dangerous blow has been struck at any possibility of mutual peace and happiness.

But that was not all; Circe gained every day fresh influence over her—she was just the sort of person to fascinate a girl of Kate's age, and she was unsparing in her efforts. And Circe inoculated her with that most unfortunate malady that any woman, at least a young one, can be troubled with—an insane desire to mix herself up with politics, to make what French people would call a *salon;* to fancy herself confided in by men of position; to attempt to direct the votes of lesser lights when any measure came up in which the party she espoused was interested; to coax here, wheedle there, attempt to have a motive for every word and glance; in short, to get herself in such a muddle generally, that she fancies herself sailing smoothly away upon a bottomless sea, while she is only out a a short distance in very muddy water, and, unless she has extraordinarily good luck, is pretty sure to run her frail little barque against some hidden snag, and come to grief.

Don't imagine that I am going to treat you to

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politics—nothing of the sort; but it was necessary to give you, in as few words as possible, a clear understanding of what my heroine was about, and the troubled weather she was likely to bring into her sky, through her own restlessness, and the machinations of her pretended friend.

For Circe could no more have lived without being the head and center of all sorts of plots and artifices, and something on hand to make her life like a French play or a sensation novel, than an opium-eater could without his drugs.

That was the way the Marsdens lived—lobbyists by profession; and they seemed to make it pay, judging from the style in which they lived and Circe's elegant dressing; she had perfect taste—I always have forgiven her a great deal for that. By-the-way, it is odd, that virtue so often has no eye for color, but will mix tints up in a way that make one sea-sick to look at. I am sure there is some profound metaphysical marvel hidden under that fact, only I have not time to discuss it.

Of course, the Marsdens needed Kate; they hoped through her to approach the Senator—and neither cared for the means employed. Philip Marsden was to the full as fascinating as his wife—words could not go further. It was perfectly useless to have been warned against him, you could not resist his spells. Ten to one, after you have been duped and learned to avoid him, if you were able to hate him as you would have done another man, and about the only way to be sure of not being again taken in by his frankness, or his brilliant schemes, or his penitence, if that suited his purpose, was to keep out of his presence forever.

Kate was the same to Mr. Wallingford as if she had been his own daughter; but he was too much engrossed in the duties of his life to do more than see that she was comfortable in all material ways; and as as far society claims went, he expected those details to devolve upon her, both in the matter of visits and decisions as to the list of guests to be received in their own home.

So there was nobody to warn her against the intimacy into which she had rushed with the Marsdens—that is, nobody besides Harry Everett; and though it cannot be said that he failed in his duty, his efforts and expostulations naturally made her more headstrong and determined. He seemed to have forgotten his New Orleans trip; there he staid and badgered Kate's life out, and did much more harm than good, as people usually do in such cases.

They quarreled fiercely, and it did seem that the end must be near many times; but in spite of their mutual obstinacy and wrong-headedness, they were both so true-hearted that the painful climax was slower in being reached than it would have been with a pair possessed of less brains and capabilities of affection.

Lily Marsden did her best to widen the breach; she wormed herself so artfully into Kate's confidence that, although the girl was not in the least of the gushing order, it became as natural to utter her thoughts to Lily as to think them.

"You are letting that man torment you out of your senses," she said one day, as she sat with Kate in the pretty morning-room Mr. Wallingford had had fitted up for his niece's especial benefit. "Just let him ruin all your enjoyment, and your peace into the bargain."

Mrs. Marsden had come in as Harry Everett was leaving, after a stormy scene, the effects of which were plainly visible in both Kate's face and his, at least to the eyes of the astute manœuvrer.

Kate sighed and felt like a martyr, which was a sort of consolation for the moment, as it is to most people, though she was really troubled and suffering.

"Poor child!" continued Mrs. Marsden, "I know it is hard, but it is what most women have to bear—learning that their first fancy was only an ideal. But then we women live through so much. Heigh-ho!"

"Are you not out of spirits, too, this morning?" Kate asked.

"Oh, no! not up to concert pitch, that is all. Oh, my dearest! I forgot my liege-lord's message; he wants to have the pleasure of driving you out this afternoon."

"Will you go?"

"Can't, positively. I've had an engagement for a week, with that tiresome Mrs. Rawson, to go out to Georgetown and visit her cubs, and she has set to-day."

"I wouldn't go."

"That's very fine—then she would be furious; and you will please to remember that I want her husband's countenance—what an ugly one—for my young friend, who wishes to get into the naval school."

"Then there's no help for it, I suppose."

"And you must take pity on my desolate Philip; I am not afraid of his missing me in your society."

"You know that is not true."

"Well, I believe the man does care for me more than I deserve. Still, if I am not a very affectionate wife, I am *bon comarade*, and go

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with him hand-in-hand in all his plans and ambitions."

"Flirting is your one fault, Lily," Kate said.

"I confess, fair saint, *mea maxima culpa*—doesn't that sound learned? But I can say what few women can now-a-days—it means nothing; and my lord and master knows it."

"Then he is never troubled?"

"Only by a ghost! My dear, he has always been jealous of a dead man—the man, of course! Mercy! I dare say, if he had lived, he would not have been half the man Phil is; but, just because he had the luck to die, he is an angel in my eyes."

"One never can tell whether you are in jest or earnest," said Kate.

"Oh, my dear! I am just as much in earnest as if I pursed a long face, and did high tragedy But, after all, Phil and I get on better than most people: we don't quarrel, and we have lots of fun together."

Kate, of course, had known before that there was not much affection between her friends. She was sorry, but it was too common a fact to shock her any more than it does the rest of us in similar cases.

Fond as she was of Lily, she was rather inclined to lay the blame on her. Marsden had posed before Kate in the heavy poetic style which he could so well assume, and she felt convinced that at least he was a sad, unhappy man, and pitied him accordingly

He had adopted the confidential dodge with her, too; and his manner was so unlike flirting, that it never occurred to her there could be anything wrong or dangerous in the intimacy into which he had led her She pitied him, and believed that his life was a disappointment; and he told her marvelous romances, and looked up in her face with those wonderful eyes, that would have sent a thrill to the heart of his own grandmother, if she had been a perfect statue of propriety.

That in any of his schemes he dreamed of making money she never for an instant suspected. She really thought he took all that trouble for other people out of sheer kindness of heart His own career had been thwarted and blighted; in his stories some powerful enemy, mysterious and ever-present as that diabolical × in an algebraic problem, was meeting him at every turn, and Philip could not crush him, (though he had the means in his hand,) because the innocent would suffer Into the bargain, he had no motive for being ambitious—no home-interest, no one to care! Lily was the dearest woman in the world, but wholly wedded to society, capable of friendship, but not love; and he, oh, bless me! Leander or Romeo never had such gushing hearts at eighteen as this poet of thirty-five, who never put his woes in verse.

It was all delightfully sketchy and vague, and wonderfully interesting to sage eighteen, learned in Owen Meredith, and all manner of modern philosophers—at least the order who put their wisdom and misanthropy into poetry and novels.

Kate was thinking of it all while Lily talked—a little more seriously than was her wont; and loving Lily, and seeing how pretty she looked, she could not find it in her heart to blame her either, so pitied both husband and wife because fate had bound them together, each admirable, but unsuited to one another.

"Bless me! where have we strayed to!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden, pausing suddenly in the sentimental verbiage she had been talking, which sounded so fine, and in reality meant so little. "What Owen says of women, I suppose, is trus of men,

'Those free from faults have beds beneath the willow.'"

She sighed, then laughed in a bewitching way.

"Now let us come back to the actual," said she. "What are you going to wear to Mrs. Hanson's to-night?"

With all her poetry and political ambitions, Kate was woman enough to be devoted to dress—so the pair plunged into millinery at once, and were happy.

That afternoon Harry Everett saw Kate drive past with Phil Marsden. You can tell how he felt; you know the pain and agony which any human being must endure, who sees one beloved going in direct opposition to one's wishes and ideas of right.

Harry was not jealous, he knew Kate too thoroughly for that—but he loved her: and though in his solitary hours he could not help acknowledging that he had goaded her on by his ill-timed expostulations and attempts to draw the reins too tightly, he could not keep back the hardness and bitterness which rose in his mind.

He sauntered down the avenue, and passing Gult's, saw Mrs. Rawson's carriage at the door, and just then out of the shop came the lady herself, accompanied by Circe, and Circe laid her pretty claws on him at once, metaphorically.

"He shall go with us, Mrs. Rawson," said she. "My husband has run off with a young woman, and we will have him for cavalier."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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ONLY A WOMAN AFTER ALL.

BY LILLIAN LOUISE GILBERT.

SEPTEMBER 25th.—"Is it worth while to live?"

I must have uttered my thought, for a sweet voice behind me answered, "Is it worth while to die when youth and health are left?"

I was standing by the window, looking out at the shining river as it melted into the ocean miles away. I watched the reflections of trees and houses in its sparkling surface, and then saw in my own heart the reflections of the present. For the first time I considered my future.

"I am alone," I said, bitterly, as the great tears fell on my clasped hands. "What does it matter what I do, or where I go?"

Little enough, certainly, to any one; but to me the necessity of doing something for a livelihood is pressing.

I may ponder once more the events of the last few weeks, and then nerve myself to work.

I was an only child, and loved and petted as all only children are. We were wealthy, and all that wealth could do and bring was mine. I was unlike most girls, or I might have had more friends now. I cared little for society, and rarely went into company. My few companions were women, older than myself, who could teach me something, or very young girls, who, trusting me fully, came to me to confide their secrets. My shy and quiet nature I get from my mother, my desire for study and love of nature from my father.

A month ago my parents were brought home to me dead. A terrible accident had made me a penniless orphan. On examination of my father's affairs they were found to be so much involved, that to cover all his liabilities everything must be sold. Our beautiful house, and all it contained, our horses, our plate, our library, our pictures, everything, in fact, that had made our home the pleasantest for miles around.

The creditors were most generous in offering to accept much less than belonged to them, and allow me to keep the house. Of course, I could not consent to it; so I furnished a room in Mrs. Lane's little house, and having a hundred dollars left after every debt was paid, I am trying to decide what to do.

It was thinking all this made me speak the words with which this day's record is begun. The answer I felt as a rebuke, though it was softened by a warm kiss, and my friend, almost the only one I have now, Eliza Greggerson, stood before me.

"My dear girl," she said, after our greetings, "why do you despond? I know how hard life seems to you, and naturally, for life *is* hard sometimes." The great, salt tears welled up into her gentle eyes, and I knew she was thinking of the two fair children who slept beside each other under the violets and moss.

"But," she continued, "there is much to make life pleasant, even when it looks most barren. I know you will say, 'Eliza, you have John,' and, indeed, I have in him the tenderest, best of husbands; but my heart yearns for my children sometimes as you, who have never had them, cannot guess.

"We all have our trials, which seem greater than those of our friends; though, believe me, my dear child, that life is worth living at any rate.

"And now, dear, I will tell my errand. We have a friend staying with us for a time, and as we are intending to row on the river to-night, we want you to go with us. John said I must insist on it, but I told him you should do as you liked best. Our friend is the gentleman who bought your old home, and if you would not like to meet him, you shall not. I do not think, however, it will be unpleasant to you. I shall be disappointed if you do not join us, for it will do you good, I know."

For the moment I was angry. I hated the man who seemed to have robbed me of my home. I hated my only friends who could be his friends too. I would not meet him. Then I realized how foolish I was to vent my temper on him who had innocently bought a house, not because it was my home, but because it was for sale, and he wanted it. I could not be reconciled to any one living there who cared nothing for it, when all associations I held dear were centered in it. Eliza waited patiently until I said, "I will go." She pressed my hand. I put on my hat, a light shawl, and, catching up my gloves, followed her from the room.

We walked in silence to the boat-house, where the gentlemen were to meet us.

As we came within hearing distance, the

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delicious notes of the serenade from "Don Pasquale" floated up from the river-bank, and, mingling in sweetest unity with John Greggerson's clear tenor, came the rich, deep bass of his friend. I note this, for it was the first actual knowledge I had of his existence, and it softened my heart as nothing else would have done.

After the introductions were over, we placed ourselves in the boat, and at my request we were rowed up the river to the Pines, that we might drift down with the tide. Eliza sat in the bow dabbling her soft hands in the ripples; the gentlemen took the oars, and by tacit consent, I placed myself in the stern to manage the rudder.

We sailed on and on, and at last Eliza began to sing; the others joined her; but I could only sink to the floor, and leaning my head against the seat, weep restful tears. It was the first moment of peace I had known for weeks, and in its comfort I forgot all else.

The river smooth as any lake; the paling loveliness of the sky; the young moon whose radiance was just mellowing the twilight; the rubbing of the oars against the row-locks; the sweet voices near me; all faded slowly away, and I slept. How long I know not, for I was suddenly wakened by an arm being passed quickly under my head, and the boat twitching violently in another direction.

Mr. Barrington, to whom the arm belonged, said, "I beg your pardon, but we were nearly on the pier."

I started up, and discovered, to my horror, that we had only missed running against the bridge by a few inches, and that the fault was mine, for, in my sleep, I had lost my hold of the rudder, against which my head had fallen, and pushed in the wrong direction.

I was mortified, and annoyed, for I prided myself on my skill in steering.

All the way home I was speechless, and brought the boat up to the little wharf in good style. They all walked to Mrs. Lane's with me—I cannot call it home—as I declined going back with Eliza. We parted at the gate, and since then I've been writing these pages. Why I have dwelt so much on the trifles of this evening I cannot tell. Perhaps—but it is of no use to speculate, and I'll go to bed.

September 30th.—The next morning, after my last writing, brought Mr. Barrington to the door with an inquiry for me. I went down to the parlor, when he said, "I am the bearer of a message from Mrs. Greggerson. As we were going up the steps last night she slipped, fell, and sprained her ankle severely; and she begs you will come over to see her, prepared to stay, if you can. I suppose she thinks John and I are not sufficiently entertaining," and he smiled.

"Oh! it's not that, I am sure," I answered, and blushed at my own earnestness. "But I dare say there are many things about the house which I can attend to for her; and then Eliza is accustomed to having me near her when she is ill. I'll get my hat immediately."

I was glad to go if Eliza needed me; but it was another day passing without any effort to "do" something, which I had told myself yesterday I must begin, or my little stock of money would soon be gone. Perhaps, though, I would talk it over with my friend and decide the matter; and it would be something to come to a conclusion. I thought I would not go to stay all night, but would leave a bag packed, which I could send for in case I found it necessary to remain. I ran down stairs, and we set out.

Mr. Barrington is a most agreeable talker, and we had reached the house before I realized we were half-way there.

I found Eliza in considerable pain, and spent the remainder of the forenoon in soothing her nerves, and looking after the household. In the afternoon Mr. Barrington came to know if we would be read to, for, John having gone away on business, he was alone. Eliza cried out, "Do, by all means. I was just wishing for it; and this poor child, here, looks so tired, I would not ask her;" and she patted my hand affectionately.

Mr. Barrington came in and sat down.

"What shall it be?" he asked. "Fact or fiction, prose or poetry?"

"Anything," Eliza answered. "Take the paper, and see if there is anything new in it. I've not read it for two or three days."

He opened the sheet and read for awhile. Very soon Eliza fell asleep. Looking up, he said, "You are feverish and tired, and she will rest better if we are not in the room. Suppose we go into the garden;" and rising, he held the door open for me to pass through.

On the terrace the talk turned on woman's rights.

"I hope, Mr. Barrington," I said, in answer to a remark of his, "that you are not one of those narrow members of your sex who believe that woman's sphere is limited by the four walls of her home; and deny her right to work outside of it, whether she has the necessity or not. If you are, we must ever be at variance."

"I am not so narrow as you fear. I acknowledge woman's right to work, while I deprecate

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the necessity. I think woman should have all avenues of employment open to her, which she can tread with safety.

"That a sympathetic marriage is the true and happiest condition of any woman, I believe earnestly; but, missing that, I think there are many other things in which she can find satisfaction, and, perhaps, happiness."

"What do you mean by 'avenues which she can tread with safety?' Do you mean that she wouldn't be very well able to carry a hod of bricks up a ladder without falling off?"

"Yes, partly. I mean with both physical and moral safety. Nature has imposed so many restraints on your sex that there are many things you cannot do without injury to yourselves physically; and contact with the world has a tendency—I mean a tendency merely—to roughen and harden you morally. Do you agree with this?"

I was forced to acknowledge I did. I hate to allow there is anything we cannot do; but I know there are many roads which must remain closed till we cease to be women.

I answered, "I do agree with you. But don't you think we are prevented from doing many things now, by law and by custom, which it would be better, under all circumstances, for us to do? Don't you think our employments should be increased in equal proportion to the increase of demand?"

"Yes, I do, most certainly. But is the demand any larger than it has been, or is it only being more generally made known? For my own part, I think women ought not to work at all in any capacity, or anywhere. We ought to be the providers, you the employers, if I may use the word."

"The demand is increased by one at least. I am trying to decide at this very moment what to do for a livelihood. I presume you know my history, and that I am penniless. I am ready to do something, and am willing to work hard, but I know not what to attempt. I cannot teach, or, rather, my instincts and tastes are all against teaching; and it would be wrong for me to try to fill a place badly which some other person would fill well.

"I might—but Eliza is calling, and I must go."

So ended the first long conversation I have had with Mr. Barrington. I like him, and I don't like him. He is different from any man I have seen. I have the consciousness that he is trying to make me like him; yet when I endeavor to fix on any word or act which could give the impression, I cannot find one.

Eliza seemed so loth to let me go that night that at last I sent for my satchel, and have promised to remain till she needs me no longer, which will be, I suppose, as long or as short as her caprice happens to be.

It is the tacit arrangement now for the gentlemen to join us in Eliza's little sitting-room after luncheon, and we while away the hours till dinner, and then to bedtime with pleasant talk, singing, and reading. I enjoy it all, and find each day the idea of going out into the world to struggle for myself harder to entertain. I must not let it slip from my grasp, for I doubt if I can bring it back readily. When I try to say to Eliza that I am wasting time, and must go to work, she answers in her pretty, petting way, "Dear girl, haven't you work enough to do to take care of me? If I'm not sufficient trouble, I can easily be more. Do put those notions out of your head, for you are going to stay here for the present." And when she kisses me, and looks so pleadingly in my eyes, I cannot say no.

If it were not for her, I would go this instant, though it will be hard to thrust behind me all this brightness, which looks like the last I shall ever have.

October 14th, 10 P. M.—The last time I wrote in this journal was, I see, a fortnight ago. That day Eliza took a severe cold from sitting in a draft. I begged her to let me close either the door or window; but she would not, for it was very warm. Her cold brought on a fever, and she is now very ill. She cannot sleep, and the doctor says she cannot get well till she is rested. Mr. Barrington proposed to Dr. Marly that I should try to magnetize her to-night, and see if that would help her. I used to put her to sleep in fun, but I never tried in earnest. I I am writing to calm my nerves, for Eliza's dear life depends on the sleep she gets to-night. Dare I try such an experiment? If I succeed, all will be well; if I fail, oh! I shall never be free from the shadow of the terrible result! I shall not fail; I will not permit my mind to consider it.

Poor John is distracted, and paces back and forth from his wife's room to the library where I am writing, looking like the spectre of the man he was two weeks since.

Mr. Barrington is very kind, and does more for us than we know. Whatever is needed is always ready, and the servants go to him regularly. When Eliza was taken ill, he proposed to leave the house and go to the village; but I asked him to stay on John's account, and he has been invaluable.

Mr. Barrington has brought me a glass of

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wine, and says it is time for me to try the experiment. Heaven grant me success!

October 15th, 4 A. M.—Eliza is safe! What joy it is to know it I cannot express. I find now how much my heart clings to these, almost my only, friends.

I followed Mr. Barrington to Eliza's room. As I turned to go in he laid his hand on mine, and whispered, "Courage! You will not fail. Come to the library when it is over."

As soon as I had seated myself by the bedside, Dr. Marly took John by the arm and left the room. He thought best to prevent the possibility of exciting counter-currents.

At first I thought I could never fix Eliza's eyes on mine, they wandered so from one thing to another. After awhile they seemed fastened by mine, and I waited breathless to see the first flutter of the lids, which is always, to me, a sign that I am controlling. They stared till I almost feared her mind was gone.

At last came two or three convulsive quivers, and the eyes closed.

I longed to carry the good news to John, but dared not move. For three hours she slept, and I held her hands. During the time I know Dr. Marly came to the door and looked in more than once; often, too, I could hear John's impatient breathing, and once I felt Mr. Barrington behind me. I did not look nor speak to any of them. I feared to lessen my influence. I sat there till I ached all over, and felt sometimes that I must scream, the silence was so oppressive.

Eliza waked refreshed and renewed, it seemed, and I left her, feeling too nervous to stay.

John buried his face in the sofa-cushions and wept, when I stepped into the library to tell him the result; and his grateful smile, when he went up stairs, I shall never forget.

I found, when I came to the library, that Mr. Barrington had prepared a cup of chocolate, and a dish of oysters for me, and, although I refused them, he said, "Eat," in such a way that I began, with the words of declination on my lips. They were both delicious; and when I tasted them, I discovered I was very much in need of refreshment.

After I had eaten, Mr. Barrington sat down, and pretty soon said,

"I suppose you will stay here, at least till Mrs. Greggerson is well again?"

"I shall stay," I answered, "until she is able to come down stairs; it is out of my power to remain longer. I must and will do something. Thus far I have felt it a duty to stay; but I must begin for myself now."

"Mrs. Greggerson is very much opposed to your attempting to work for yourself, you know, and wants you to remain with her. Why don't you?"

"Eliza knows I could not accept charity, as I should have to if I remained here. I know it would delight John and Eliza to give me everything I wanted; but I cannot accept what does not rightfully belong to me. I am determined to receive no favors from any one, but to make my own way in the world."

"Do you long for a career?" And I fancied I could detect the least bit of a sarcastic smile.

"Not a public career," I answered; "that would be distasteful to me; but I do very much want to prove that a woman, alone, and unaided by friends, can, without loss of womanly delicacy or womanly dignity, make a place, however small, for herself in the world."

"Had you not put it out of my power to do so, by saying, 'unaided by friends,' I should have offered you any assistance I could render; but now I see it would be useless. If ever you do need help in any way, promise me there is no one from whom you will sooner seek it than Richard Barrington."

He held out his hand, and half relucant, half pleased, I placed my own in it.

Presently he resumed, "Have you decided what to do yet?"

"I have decided to try to get the position of corresponding secretary in an Institution, as I happen to know the place is soon to be vacated. I shall send in an application to-morrow."

"Since you seem to desire success, let me wish it you most truly."

Again I fancied I saw the covert smile, and I exclaimed, "Why is it, Mr. Barrington, that whenever I talk of my own plans you smile, which smile, but for your politeness, would, I know, be an absolute laugh?"

"I beg your pardon; but I confess it does seem paradoxical to me to think of a young lady like yourself going out into a harsh and bitter world to do what even men, without means, often find it hard to accomplish."

"If you will strike out 'even' from your last sentence I shall like it better; and at the same time permit me to ask why you used it?"

"Because it did seem right to me. I did not intend to give you the impression that men, in my opinion, are in and of themselves better calculated to make a way in the world; but all their education, from their very babyhood, tends to that end, and so they have the advantage.

"And now let me advise you to lie down and

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rest. I suppose it would be useless to urge you to go to bed,

"Good-night, or good-morning."

Again his hand touched mine, and sent the blood tingling to my cheeks.

I suppose I'm a little goose to write all this; but it will be pleasant to look back upon when I have begun "my career," as Mr. Barrington calls it.

There is one thing, I shall have the satisfaction of proving my theory to him, for he tells me he is coming here to live permanently. He does not mention my old home in any way, and I heartily thank him for it; for when I do have a chance to think, the awful sense of being utterly alone overwhelms me. I will lie down now, as I should have done before, had I not desired to chronicle this night while its impressions were strongest.

October 18th.—I have received an answer to my application for the secretaryship. It reads thus: "Dear Madam—We have received your note in regard to the position to be vacated in this Institution. A gentleman has already been engaged to fill the place; and even were it otherwise, we fear the duties are more arduous than a lady could perform," which is a polite way of saying they don't think a woman knows enough. When will the world learn that justice is better than generosity, plain truth than polite falsehood?

I am discouraged, though I told myself I would not be, at the first failure. I know the way I have chosen is hard, but I will struggle along it till I show my friends I am right.

Eliza is rapidly improving. She has slept much of the time since the night of the crisis, and the physician thinks she will be able to come down stairs the first of next week. Dr. Marly says my magnetic influence over her is good, so I spend all the time she is awake in her room.

John is like himself now, and is the same kind friend he has always been.

I cannot help contrasting in my own mind Eliza's future with my own. Her husband is a generous, cultivated gentleman, devoted to her, and her life will flow happily and sweetly to the end. My future will be full of storms and darkness, through which, now and then, I shall catch glimpses of brightness and beauty that I can never reach. But I would not change with my friend. I have made my decision, and shall abide by it.

After Eliza went to sleep this afternoon, I picked up my hat and went out into the garden for a walk in the delicious breeze. I had only gone half down the terrace when Mr. Barrington joined me. I was not inclined to talk, for I felt that every word I should utter would betray my disappointment, and to him of all persons I was unwilling to show it. He seemed to read my thoughts, for very soon he asked, "Haven't you succeeded in becoming secretary to the Institution you told me about?"

I did not answer at first, and he added,

"Pardon me, if I seem inquisitive. I am very much interested in your experiment."

"It is an experiment which will eventually succeed, though in this particular instance I have failed."

"Undoubtedly it will succeed, since you are determined it shall. But now I suppose you won't leave your friends so soon as you expected?"

This piqued me a little, for I felt as if he meant that I could not do without my friends; so I answered abruptly,

"I shall, probably, leave this house even sooner than I expected. Eliza is gaining so rapidly she will not need me much longer."

"Then, if you are determined to go, won't you walk over to my new home with me, at this time to-morrow, and see a few improve—— alterations I have been making? It would gratify me very much."

At first I felt that I could not bear it; but I remembered the delicacy which changed on his lips the word improvements to alterations, and I knew I should suffer no more than I had the last time I was there. So I said, "I will go," and came into the house.

October 30th.—How long it seems since I last made a record in this little book; and it is really only twelve days. Twelve such days as have never been to me before. When I accepted Mr. Barrington's invitation, I never dreamed that little walk would revolutionize my whole life.

At the appointed hour I found him waiting for me on the piazza, and we walked on silently. I could scarcely keep the tears back as we neared the house. All that had been, all that was to come, enveloped me in a mist of thought. We went on, I following where he led, carefully noting the few changes he had made. They were improvements, and I knew it. At last we reached the family sitting-room, and, overpowered by tender emotions, I leaned my head against the window, weeping silently. Mr. Barrington took my hands, and said, gently.

"Dear child, I will not wait longer to tell you why I brought you here. I have found something for you to do. Be my wife. I want

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you to come back to your old home in this house, and your new home in my heart; to leave all your schemes for the future; to place your life and happiness in my keeping, and to assure you the trust will not be betrayed. Will you?"

A flood of happiness filled me; my plans, my ambition, my independence melted away, and as I turned toward him, and felt his arms about me, his warm kisses on hair, and cheek, and lips, I knew that the only future I cared to have must be blended with his.

After awhile he told me how from interest in me love had sprung; and how he had determined to let me try the world a little before taking me home; for he seems to have felt sure I should come, and that, after seeing my first disappointment, he could not bear to wait longer.

We only waited till Eliza was able to come to our wedding; and last night, just before dusk, Richard and I walked together to the little church beside the shining river, where I first saw him, and with John and Eliza as our only friends, we pledged our faith.

And now, at my husband's request, having written all I care to transmit to paper, I close this book, perhaps forever, and sign myself, for the first time, Hilda Home Barrington.

VOICES OF THE TWILIGHT.

BY ADDIE A. SEARLE.

When the glory has died from the hill-tops,
And the blue faded into the gray;
When day is veiled from the dreamer,
And night lingers long in the way;
When the humming is still in the clover,
And the night-flowers bloom on the lea,
I list in the twilight for voices,
That come through the stillness to me.

There's the ringing of merry laughter,
And the prattle of childish glee;
I peer through the gathering dimness,
For faces I may not see;
But I know that a little angel
Has come through the portals of light,
And with soft arms round me clinging,
Has folded her wings to-night.

Then there comes the laugh of a maiden,
And the chaunt of a school-day strain,
And soft through the evening stillness
Comes, in tenderest tones, my name;
And I list for the sound of a footfall,
For the echo of parted feet;
I grope in vain through the darkness,
No answering touch I greet.

And then, as the shadows deepen,
And darkness begins his reign,
Comes a dearer than childhood's music,
A sweeter than maiden's strain;
From the endless brightness of Heaven,
The home of the guardian band,
It comes, in the childtime of even,
At the touching of memory's wand.

I welcome the gentle presence,
Though I see not the vanished face,
And I know soft arms are about me,
Though I feel not their fond embrace.
White hands are raised in blessing,
I kneel as in childhood there,
And linger last in the twilight,
The tones of a mother's prayer.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

By a cottage sat, one eventide,
An old man: withered and gray was he;
His son was resting by his side,
A blooming bride upon his knee;
Bright and low, and lower yet the orbed day went down before them;
Deep and deeper yet away, the world through starry darkness bore them.
And the father said:—
"Thus the life-light quits my soul,
Wears the radiant chain that bound me;
Toward the spectral deeps I roll;
Woe is me, ah! bitter woe,
Son and daughter, must I go
Far from ye, with nought around me
Save the starry dead?"

Upon a supreme summit bright,
Above a paradisial star,
Three spirits dazzled in the light
Of universes gazed afar.
Vast and rich, and richer yet the radiant spaces spread around them;
Deep and deeper yet away, the throbbing depths of Being wound them!
And exclaimed the three:—
"Death and fear for evermore
Have vanished from our spirit's vision,
Space is ours from shore to shore;
From sun to sun existence turns
In endless gloried godlike dreams,
In realms of bliss and thoughts elysian—
Our soul's home is—infinity."

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SOME LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

April 10th.—You ask me how I like my brother-in-law, Howard Nilmore. I scarcely know how to reply, for, to tell you the truth, I do not like him at all. I am afraid this is a breach of honor, after "eating of his salt," and perhaps, too, irreverent to "the cloth;" but he seems a cold, strange man, and I feel quite troubled for Rosalie. Sometimes, I even think he is not quite in his right mind.

I am dreadfully disappointed in my visions of an affectionate brother, a want that I have always felt from childhood; and my timid attempts at fraternizing have been so coldly, I might sometimes say even rudely, repulsed, that I have felt hurt enough to leave the house.

But Rosalie says that it is "only Howard's way."

"He is just so to me," she continues, laughing, "even when we are alone—no more demonstrative than when you see him; but as I am not one of the kind to like my hair and dress put out of order by unnecessary caresses, we get along very well. You'd break your heart in a week, Sue, if Howard were your husband; but I reason thus: if he didn't marry me for love, what did he marry me for? I am sure no one asked him to! And if he loved me well enough to marry me, he must love me as much as he is capable of loving any one. If I cried my eyes out I couldn't get more than this."

Now wouldn't any one be surprised to find that Rosalie, with her drooping curls, and helpless ways, was the greater philosopher of the two? One might expect such sentiments, perhaps, from a person with "severely-twisted hair, closely-fitting dresses, and arms and neck scrupulously concealed," (my portrait painted by Rosalie, who says that I always remind her of "Dame Durden" in Bleak House;) but from Rosalie, who is picturesque and romantic as her name, they seem entirely out of character.

Rosalie is certainly not "romantic," according to my interpretation of the word; but she reads novels, and hates everything practical, especially the Spartan virtues of patience and endurance: therefore, it has been the fashion to call her so. She makes rather an odd clergyman's wife, particularly for this out-of-the-way place, and people will make remarks; but I have great sympathy for ministers in this respect: their parishioners would leave them no more choice in their love affairs than is usually accorded to royal personages; and as they do not hire the wife, as well as the husband, I think he has a right to please himself.

The parsonage is very pretty, "sweet," Rosalie calls it; and it is just after her pet pattern, brown and Gothic, with gossamer window-curtains, flowers, and engravings, a pretty garden in the rear, and a very English-looking little lawn in front. It is a place where happiness ought to dwell, if it is possible to cage that phantom anywhere; but I am sure that the master of the house is not happy, if one can judge from his cold, emotionless face, and rigid features—and I know that I am not.

I am afraid, too, that Howard Nilmore has a volcano-like temper; for I have seen the blood surge in an angry glow over his pale features at some unguarded remark of Rosalie's or mine; words, too, that one would think could not possibly affect him. But he has never "sinned with his lips;" sometimes, he leaves the room suddenly, or, if he remains, his face soon becomes colorless as before, and he only seems a little colder than ever.

June 12th.—I do not know what to make of this queer man—he is a perfect sphinx. I find myself watching him continually, with the fear that something dreadful will transpire; and it seems impossible to make him out at all. Only to-day, I heard him speaking so lovingly to a little crippled child, who hung upon every word—and his face glowed and softened with the expression of the beloved Apostle. But when he found that I was near, he colored angrily, I thought, and retired immediately into the Polar regions.

If I had not promised Rosalie to spend the first year with her, I would return at once to father; but aunt Darnett is taking excellent care of him, he writes, and I know that he wishes me to remain with Rosalie.

June 15th.—I have been thinking, to-day, how curiously this all came about; I mean, our close connection with Mr. Nilmore. Rosalie's, I might better say, for I certainly do not feel that I have any connection with him; and I think this is just what he desires.

How well I recollect the afternoon that father

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brought him home to tea!—a stranger, who had come from a long distance to attend some important anniversary, and whom father, in his generous hospitality, seized upon with delight because he was a stranger, and needed the shelter of a friendly roof. Dear father! how many might say to him, "I was a stranger and ye took me in." Rosalie and I were too much accustomed to visitors to be at all excited at such an occurrence, for we were motherless girls, and accustomed to doing the honors of our father's house; but a handsome, gentlemanly, unmarried clergyman, like Mr. Nilmore, was not a frequent guest; and such visits were real enjoyment.

He stayed all night; and that evening was one to be remembered. How very different he then seemed, and how little one can tell what men really are! He was bright and enthusiastic, with such a charming smile; and I actually accused myself of the folly of almost losing my heart to him! He talked more to me than to Rosalie, we seemed to have more in common; but Rosalie posed herself in graceful attitudes, and I knew that he could not but admire her. There was never any feeling of rivalry between us. I think Rosalie was more generally liked than I; but the few who cared for me cared heartily, and I gave them the same in return.

When Mr. Nilmore left us, he was cordially invited to repeat his visit; and he said that, if he ever wandered so far from his parish again, he would be most happy to do so.

We supposed that this was the last of him; but a few weeks afterward, there came a very manly, straightforward sort of letter, addressed to "Miss Rosalie Benners," and requesting the pleasure of a correspondence with her with a view to their better acquaintance. The letter was signed "Howard Nilmore;" and the writer spoke of the pleasant evening spent in her society, and a strong desire for many more evenings of the same kind.

Rosalie laughed a good deal over this letter; and, as was our wont in any such matter, showed it at once to father.

"You can answer it," said he, "if you feel disposed—a correspondence with Mr. Nilmore can do you no harm."

We had considerable trouble with the answer—for I was called into council, and the great difficulty lay in the beginning. Rosalie wrote down, "My Dear Mr. Nilmore," and concluded that this was too affectionate; then, "Dear Sir," which did not seem much better; "Mr. Nilmore;" and then, "Sir;" but these last were too stiff and business-like. His own letter began, "My Dear Miss Rosalie," and went on as naturally as though he had written to her all his life. Finally, we settled upon "Dear Mr. Nilmore;" and after much laughter, and many alterations, the epistle was, at length, disposed of.

Rosalie said that it was extremely funny, about the last thing she would have expected; and I could not tell why I felt depressed about it. Did I imagne that the letter should have been written to me?

Mr. Nilmore sent another epistle so promptly, that Rosalie declared it quite a bore to be writing to him so often. I had my sister's answers to overlook and correct; for Rosalie had a natural infirmity, peculiar to some persons, of misspelling her words: neither were her sentences always grammatically arranged. Once, when she was sick, she fairly teased me into writing an entire letter for her, which she copied and sent with much satisfaction. Mr. Nilmore's next letter spoke of this enthusiastically, declaring it to be the most charming epistle she had written to him. Rosalie laughed; but she was not troubled about it, as I would have been.

Soon after this came the proposal; and my sister seemed scarcely to know her own mind in the business. Father gave his consent, with the warmest expressions of satisfaction; but Rosalie told me in confidence that "she didn't think she was a bit in love."

"Then I wouldn't marry him," said I, decidedly.

"But, perhaps, I never shall be in love," continued my sister.

"Then," I replied, "never marry."

"But, Susan," pursued Rosalie, "I don't want to be an old maid!"

"Ah, me!" I thought, "how often, in this world, are 'pearls cast before swine!'"

"I am a little afraid of Mr. Nilmore" said my sister; "and as I rather like any one I am afraid of, I think I shall take him into consideration. Then, too, he has such a pretty parsonage—he has written me all about it; and I should think it might be rather nice to be a clergyman's wife."

Another impassioned letter soon arrived from Mr. Nilmore, in which he added so many arguments, that Rosalie was finally prevailed on to decide favorably.

Then poured in congratulations, for my sister seemed rather proud of publishing the fact that she was to marry a clergyman, and go off so many hundred miles to live; and one of those persons, whose mission seems to be to say some-

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thing disagreeable on every possible occasion, remarked to me, in a sympathizing tone,

"Quite trying for you, I have no doubt, to have your younger sister married first. I think you would have made a far better clergyman's wife than Rosalie. I wonder how it happened!"

I could not tell, and, therefore, I said nothing.

Mr. Nilmore had apologized for not being able to leave his parish, except for a day or two before the wedding; but Rosalie seemed too much occupied with her bridal finery to be troubled at his absence.

The day drew near; and finally, came the evening on which the bridegroom was to arrive. After much giggling and blushing, Rosalie went down to receive him; and when a reasonable time had been allotted to the lovers for a private interview, Mr. Nilmore was presented to the family in his new relation.

I saw, at the first glance, that he was painfully changed; he looked as though he had passed through a great shock, or a severe fit of illness. He smiled faintly at the latter suggestion, and said that he was subject to nervous headaches; but as his eyes rested on me for a moment, I fancied that they had the glare of incipient madness.

"I declare," said Rosalie, pouting, as we went to our room for the night, "I think that Howard Nilmore is a dreadfully stupid man, if he is to be my husband! How could we ever have thought him bright? I do believe that, if it were not for all these new clothes and things, I wouldn't marry him, after all!"

"Rosalie," said I, solemnly, "I wish that you would give him up. I really think that Mr. Nilmore is not quite in his right mind—he glares at me so fearfully. Perhaps, he has had some great trouble since we saw him."

"Nonsense, Sue!" laughed Rosalie, "you are always fancying such outlandish things! Thinking and writing men, like Howard, are apt to be absent-minded; and often stare at people for an hour together without being aware of their presence. I dare say he was puzzling over some knotty point in theology, when, as you say, he 'glared' at you; but I would really be obliged to him if he would just put his studies aside long enough to get married decently. As to 'giving him up,' do you see those rows of new shoes, and that box of new gloves? I never had so many before in my life; and, taking all things into consideration, I certainly will not 'desert Mr. Micawber.'"

I sighed at this flippancy in what seemed to me so serious a matter; but as remonstrance was useless, I ceased to trouble Rosalie with my fears and conjectures.

My sister made a very pretty bride, and was in the gayest spirits on her wedding-morning; but the bridegroom looked as though he had not slept for a week, and seemed taken with an ague-fit on entering the church. Never shall I forget the expression of his countenance at the heart-searching words,

"If any person can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

During the short pause that ensued, Mr. Nilmore glanced about as though searching for aid, or dreading exposure, I could not tell which; for who knew what dark story lay at the bottom of his strange manner? It seemed to me that our knowledge of him was very slight; and a life of misery might, perhaps, be in store for Rosalie.

They were married, however, without any disturbance; and when the carriage containing the bride and groom had driven away, I went into our lonely room to have a good cry. They were gone on a wedding-tour of two weeks, and were to stop on their return for me; Rosalie having insisted upon the arrangement that I was to go to the parsonage for a year.

And this brings me to where I am now.

July 1st.—It is a very disagreeably-perplexing circumstance to find that a person from whom you have a right to expect very different feelings, and whom you have timidly sought to propitiate, persists in regarding you with calm disfavor.

I cannot complain of any want of politeness on my brother-in-law's part; but his manner toward me is so exceedingly frigid, considering our relationship, that I am constantly thrown back upon myself in a way that makes me both curious and indignant.

I have spoken of this to Rosalie; and she said, half laughingly,

"Well, it is a little odd, Sue, about you and Howard—you don't seem to get on a bit. I think, however, that you are not easy to get acquainted with; you have a way of stiffening yourself up without knowing it. I am sure, though, that Howard really considers you a piece of perfection, judging from various things he has said to me."

As "pieces of perfection" are invariably disagreeable, it is quite probable that my brother-in-law may regard me in this light.

August 3rd.—We came here last October; and before the month comes round again, I hope

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that his baby's smile will wake an answering sunshine in Howard's face.

I am sure he was not always so moody and distant; for an old woman told me confidentially, the other day, that "Mr. Nilmore was so still-like, since he married, people wondered what had come over him." The old women and children almost worship him; and few clergymen are as generally beloved in their parish as Howard.

I can see that people look pityingly at Rosalie—they evidently think that, by some strange mistake, she has gotten into a place for which she is quite unfit.

September 15th.—Rosalie is lying very ill, having taken a turn for the worse that puzzles us not a little, and the doctor evidently does not understand it. Her baby girl is five days old, and, until the third day, the mother seemed unusually strong and well. A bright fever spot burns on either cheek, and they have cut off all her pretty curls. She is very much changed, and her mind wanders continually. There is a constitutional tendency to disease, the doctor says, never before developed.

I cannot do much else but pray. Howard makes the tenderest of nurses, and looks more like a ghost than ever.

September 20th.—I am holding a newspaper in my hand, with my eyes fixed on two lines, that I study again and again, in the vain hope of being able to realize the sad truth:

"Died, on the twenty-fourth instant, Rosalie, wife of the Rev. Howard Nilmore, aged twenty one years."

I cannot realize that my bright, young sister is soon to be laid in the grave. Oh, Rosalie! my sister! How willingly I would have died in your stead! I have nothing to live for; but you had so much!

October 20th.—"You will not leave me yet, Susan?" said my brother-in-law, imploringly, when we returned from the funeral. "I know that you will care for Rosalie's child."

"I care for you, too, very much," I said, completely melted by the scene through which we had passed, and by the thought of what he must be suffering in his quiet, enduring fashion. "I care very much for Rosalie's husband and child; and I shall not leave you, if my presence is any comfort, until it is my duty to go elsewhere."

A faint smile of gratitude, that made him look more as he did when I first saw him, lighted up his face; and with the scarcely audible words, "Thank you," he went into his study, and I saw him no more that night.

Poor, motherless baby! My heart bled for her when the nurse brought her down, with black ribbons on her little sleeves—and I took the poor little thing to my affections at once. Her father loves her, too, and will hold her by the hour together. She is a pretty child, but delicate as a spring blossom; and we call her, "Wind-Flower."

Howard is certainly softened; he seems no longer stern—only sad He never speaks of Rosalie—I believe he loved her very deeply, after all; and now that she is gone, he is more kind to me because I am her sister

December 9th.—Would it not be a charitable enterprise to get up a society to provide employment of mind for people who have nothing to do but to attend to their neighbors' affairs? One of these unfortunate ones said to me to-day,

"People think that Mr. Nilmore will not go very far to look for a second wife. It must be quite a different feeling to be step-mother to a sister's child, instead of a stranger's"

"A second wife!" And poor Rosalie scarcely cold in her grave! I was filled with wrath; and I answered warmly,

"'People think' and say a great deal that they have no right to think and say. Can they not respect our grief at such a time as this, instead of publishing their coarse surmises? As far as I am concerned, and I now say it once for all, I could never look upon a dead sister's husband in any other light than that of a brother; and I am sure that Mr. Nilmore would be equally shocked by such a revolting idea. I beg to hear no more of this—but it shall not prevent me from doing my duty."

March 20th.—For six months our little blossom looked, with wondering eyes, upon this curious world, and then went back to heaven. I robed the waxen form in its prettiest dress, and laid it in the flower-wreathed casket. When they opened the mother's grave, and laid her babe again upon her bosom, I felt that I had done my last duty to Rosalie and her child.

Soon I was on my homeward way, with the recollection of Howard's warm, clasping hand; and his murmured, "God bless you, Susan! for all your kindness to me and mine! You have been an angel of light to this sorrow-stricken dwelling; don't forget the lonely minister in your far-off home."

December 19th.—Nearly Christmas again, the second Christmas since Rosalie's death; and my story is coming out so strangely that I know not how to write it. Not long ago, I had a letter from Howard—a letter that sent the blood in quick bounds through my veins, and nearly deprived me of every portion of my sober senses.

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"I have a story to tell," said the writer, "which must be told, although it may not avail me now. I love you, sweet Susan, and have loved you from the first moment I saw you.

"Do not turn from this in scorn. I was at your father's house, you will remember, but one evening, on that first visit; and by some stupid mistake on my part, I thought they called you 'Rosalie.' Your face and your words haunted me when I returned to my quiet parsonage—I felt that you were just the wife I wanted. I could not leave my duties again to renew our acquaintance, and so penned that letter—directed to your sister, but intended for you. Your reply, as I thought it, did not quite answer my expectations, as coming from you; but the next letter I liked better; and, finally, I asked you to become my wife, and was accepted by your sister.

"Never, as long as I live, can I forget the night that opened to me the dreadful truth. I sat listening for your footstep, picturing to myself your elegant face, and scarcely able to wait for your coming to clasp you to my bosom, and call you mine.

"In the midst of these thoughts the door opened, and Rosalie appeared, blushing, expectant, with a face and manner that told the whole dreadful mistake. For a moment the room seemed to reel around me, and I had to struggle hard to retain possession of my senses; but a stern feeling of honor nerved me to endurance, as I glanced at the pretty, timid-looking girl, who had confided herself to my love and tenderness.

"I do not know what I said; but when I met you, my senses nearly forsook me again. Oh, beloved! it is a hard and bitter thing for a man to see before him the woman he loves, and the woman to whom his honor is pledged, and to find that they are not one, but two! No one knows what I suffered in those first hours. You asked me if I had been sick, and I felt like replying, 'I am sick, sick unto death.' I saw that you looked upon me with distrust, and I hardened myself into frigidness, for fear of betraying my feelings.

"I know that you thought me cold, and even rude, perhaps, in my own house; but my teeth were hard set in endurance, and I dared not assume toward you a brother's manner, lest I should unguardedly betray the lover. Innocent words were often spoken by you and Rosalie that sent a sharp pain to my heart; and, at times, the very sight of you was almost maddening. In those occasional moments, when we have been alone together, I have been on the point of saying, 'Go! leave my sight, or I shall tell you all!"

"I believe that Rosalie was a happy wife; I think no suspicion of the truth ever crossed her mind; and it is now more than a year since we laid her in the grave. Will you, my first, my only love, not take the place offered to you before, and be to me what no other woman ever could be, my wife in the best and holiest sense of the word?"

I read this letter with many tears; and I felt then that I had loved Howard Nilmore, not as a brother, but even as he loved me.

My love, however, was not allowed to run riot over every other feeling. I asked myself seriously if I could go to that home where my sister had reigned so short a time before, and where gossips were waiting for this very confirmation of their surmises. I did not think I could face it; for although the circumstances entirely changed my sentiments with respect to marrying a sister's husband, yet I had uttered those sentiments there most decidedly; and I could not make our story public.

So I wrote to Howard as gently as I could, telling him of all these things, and begging him to think more of his usefulness as a Christian minister than of a few short years of happiness for us on earth.

I have made a great sacrifice, but I fully mean it; he has set me a noble example.

January 1st.—Another letter from that persevering man! Howard had long thought it best, for many reasons, to change his parish; and in the course of the coming year, he will remove to L——, a place only ten miles from my own home.

There came also a letter for father, who seems ready to give Howard Nilmore all the daughters he possesses. A few weeks hence I shall stand in the very parlor which poor Rosalie entered with such different feelings, waiting for the lover who has always been mine.

THEY DO NOT DIE.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

Why should we, for the dying, weep?
They do not die, they only sleep.
'Tis not the soul, 'tis but the shell
We bury with the funeral knell.
This sorrowing life, thank God, is brief;
But that's eternal—why this grief?

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THE LIBRARY OF FATE.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

"SUNSET, gentlemen! The library will close in five minutes," announced the janitor, taking his own coat from its peg in the corner, and rattling the bunch of keys in his hand.

The few students, who still lingered in the dusky hall, hastened to obey the suggestions thus plainly given, and one after another passed through the open door with a brief good-night to the janitor, and, perhaps, some slight word of farewell to each other, as most of them were habitual visitors, and a sort of acquaintance had grown up from the mere fact of sitting several hours a day in each other's society without, however, even hearing each other's names.

"All gone! Then I'll go, too," remarked Peters, the janitor, turning round from a last survey of the smouldering fire, which he was allowed to kindle in the disused fire-place, for his own especial benefit, in this chilly weather of early summer.

"All gone! Yes," repeated the janitor, absently, as he went out, locked the door, clumped down the stairs, and out into the wintry street, where the gas, just lighted, contended with the dying daylight.

But Peters had not perceived, nor had any one of the readers so unceremoniously ejected, that one of their number remained behind; and that the worthy janitor's remark, "All gone!" was consequently an untruth, for Romuald Braithe, fast asleep in a distant alcove, had neither heard the announcement of sunset, nor the steps of his departing comrades, nor the clang of the closing door.

But then, to be sure, Romuald Braithe had an excuse for sleepiness, in the fact of having remained awake and afoot all the previous night, his reason for this vigil being the simple fact, that in all the vast city, where he found himself, he possessed neither home, friend, or the means of buying even the semblance of those comforts.

Not to evade a truth that must finally be confessed, this hero of ours is hardly better than a good-looking, gentlemanly, well-educated vagrant, without property or resources other than the capricious benevolence of an ill-tempered old man, his uncle, who, having bred him in luxury, had, in a fit of anger at some unexpected opposition to his will, turned him out-of-doors, just about a year before this night. In the course of that year, Romuald had discovered that the friends, even the lovers, of a wild, young man, with his pockets full of money, not even the acquaintances of a poor devil without one cent to jingle against another in those same pockets, that the accomplishments, or even the now solid acquirements of such a young man, are not available as legal tender on 'Change; and, finally, that he who cannot dig, while to beg he is ashamed, runs every chance of starving to death, even in the midst of plenty.

"I will go to Gomorrah. Surely, in the largest and wealthiest city of my native land, there must be some honest work which even I can do," said our young friend at last; and by the next steamboat he arrived in Gomorrah with precisely nine cents in his pocket. Nine cents will not pay for even a very modest lodging in Gomorrah, a city where prices are proportioned to the income-tax of its upper ten thousand tax-payers; but it will purchase a limited amount of food, and, consequently, in food did Romuald Braithe expend it, purchasing, after long consideration, twelve large, soft crackers, for which he paid five cents, and a crumb of cheese, for which he gave the other four. The city stood treat for water enough to wash down this simple repast, and also extended the hospitality of the streets to the houseless wanderer, who promenaded them until daylight, when he took the liberty of stretching himself upon a bench in the Park and going to sleep, a proceeding permitted after sunrise, but severely censured during the hours of darkness by the astute guardians of the public safety.

His nap out, our Romuald finished the crackers and cheese, collected and devoured every crumb remaining at the bottom of his pockets, and severely blamed himself for the extravagance of purchasing cheese at all; for, as he sagely argued, the cheese only added a relish to the biscuit, and tempted me to eat them the faster, while the four cents expended in eight crackers would have given me a very good breakfast.

Chewing this reflection instead of the missing meal, our young philosopher next set forth in search of work, and, of course, found none, Gomorrah governing itself strictly upon the Biblical principle. "To him who hath shall be given, and from him who hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

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Toward evening, finding himself too weary and giddy to walk without reeling, or stand without falling, Braithe accosted a policeman.

"My friend, is there anywhere that I can go and sit down awhile without having to pay for the accommodation?"

"Sure an' there's the Li'bry—it's free to all," replied Dogberry, himself of such recent importation that he had not unlearned all his civility, and Braithe staggered in at the designated door-way, found the library, took a book in his hand, and seating himself upon the floor, in the furthest angle of the remotest alcove, went fast asleep, and so remained for the next six hours.

He was awakened by the clang of the city clocks striking midnight, an operation lasting over some ten minutes, an approach to unanimity really wonderful, when we consider that most of these clocks are upon Christian churches of different creeds.

"Why, where—where am I?" muttered Romuald Braithe, rubbing his eyes, and sitting up very straight. For manifest reasons, nobody replied to this question; and after staring about him for a minute or two, the young man scrambled to his feet, stretched himself, and staggered back against the book-shelves.

"I'm very hungry," remarked he, plaintively: "and I don't remember where I can be. Oh, yes! the free library! I wonder if a fellow is free to die here."

No copy of the regulations being at hand, or any light to read it by if there had been, this question also went unanswered, and Romuald remained leaning against the book-shelves, in a profound fit of meditation.

"Very hungry, and very cold," continued he, presently. "I wonder if that old door-keeper has left some fire in his rusty grate? Who knows but the remnant of his luncheon may be found in some of those drawers beside his desk. I will go and see. If not, I shall eat the binding of one of those books; I hope I shall be able to find a new one, not too much thumbed."

So muttering, Braithe felt his way along the line of shelves until emerging from the alcove into the open space, he could gain a view of the further end of the hall. A faint glimmer of firelight served to guide him between the Scylla of the reading-table and the Charybdis of the bookcases, and he finally reached a point from which he could command the nook usually occupied by the janitor. To his astonishment it was so occupied now, or at least the figure of an old man was seated in the leathern arm-chair appropriated to that officer, and appeared to be writing diligently in a thick volume bound in vellum.

"So the old fellow stayed with us for company; that was very polite of him," murmured Braithe, whose brain, giddy from long fasting and recent sleep, seemed incapable of any serious ideas: and advancing a few steps, he politely inquired.

"Did you stay here to make sure that I should not be disturbed, or was it to keep up the fire for me, my good sir?"

Thus addressed, the figure at the desk looked up, fixing his dim, blue eyes upon the face of the young man, who now stood close beside him. Something, he knew not what, in that dim, far-off regard, chilled the blood at Braithe's heart, and involuntarily he drew back from his close vicinity to the supposed janitor.

"I beg pardon, sir," stammered he, confusedly.

"What name?" asked the old man, in a voice so like his look that one could hardly tell whether it was the eyes that spoke and the voice that looked, or the converse.

"What name?" asked he again, as the youth delayed to answer

"My name, do you mean, sir?"

"Surely. You wish your volume, do you not?"

"I—I hardly know. It seems to me that we mistake each other, sir," hesitated Braithe. "I am a mere wayfarer, who, straying into this place overnight, have overslept myself, and am now intruding both upon your time and your premises."

"You think so. But you would find it all written in your volume. I knew you would come to-night, but I did not care to look out your name—what is it?"

"My name is Romuald Braithe; but, excuse me, I hardly think you could have known of my coming, any more than I now know what you mean by my volume. This is the City Library, is it not?"

"This is the Library of Fate, young man, and I am the librarian. Do you see these volumes?"

He waved his hands as he spoke, and Romuald, looking about him, noticed, for the first time, that the bookcases he had already seen were swung open like doors, giving entrance to long arcades and vistas, extending far as the eye could reach, and all lined with tiers upon tiers of books bound like that upon the desk, in white vellum, with a label of read leather at the back. In front of these bookcases, and eagerly examining volumes which they held in their hands, were crowds of figures, which to the bewildered vision of the young man seemed incapable of

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resolution into individuals. Say as he might, and as he did, he found it impossible to select one face or form from the densest group, and make of it a distinct impression upon his brain, each seemed to melt into each, to change and disappear, and yet return with increasing motion, so that Braithe found himself at last seriously questioning whether he was surrounded by a vast multitude of persons, or whether he was quite alone, nay deprived even of the company of his own senses and his own identity.

From this speculation he was roused by the vague voice of the librarian, who was saying, as he walked down one of the long arcades at his side,

"Of course, being here, you wish to see your volume?"

"Yes," answered the young man, mechanically.

"But do you know how uncommon a privilege this is which you enjoy? Had not you been born at precisely midnight of midsummer-eve, it would have been impossible, and now it is only once in seven of your birthnights, and then but for an hour, that you enjoy the privilege."

"But all these?" asked Braithe, pointing at the throng about him, which, as before, seemed to melt away the moment he closely inspected it. His conductor glanced carelessly in the direction of his gesture, and replied,

"Ah, yes! these to be sure. But where are their bodies, you know?"

"Why, are they not in their bodies?"

"Of course not. These are all souls, which, having left the bodies to which they belong fast asleep, have sped hither to take a peep into their respective volumes. To-morrow, when they and their bodies awaken, there will remain within the souls some memories, perhaps, so vivid as to be called dreams, perhaps so vague as to vanish the instant the coarser perceptions attempt to lay hold upon them, but, at any rate, all that the poor souls succeed in carrying away of all that they learn here. Were you never yourself conscious, on first waking, of some such reminiscence? An impression of something highly important and valuable which you have known while you were asleep, and which eludes your waking consciousness?"

"Yes, I have had such experiences," replied Braithe, eagerly.

"Well, it was because your soul had been here while you slept. But to-night you are here in the body, and, as I say, it is a rare privilege."

"Is no one else here in the same way to-night?"

"Not one."

"And you?" asked Braithe, hesitatingly.

"I—I am myself the embodiment of fate. As you see me now I have always existed, and shall always exist until——"

"Until when?"

"How can I tell? Fate itself has limits, and I know not mine."

The voice of the librarian seemed to die away with the last words, not so much as if he had ceased to speak, as if he could speak no more, and Braithe, turning suddenly toward him, was hardly surprised at seeing nothing, but almost before he was conscious of the fact, the same weird voice spoke at his other side.

"Here is your volume—do you see it?"

He pointed as he spoke to a volume, upon whose back Romuald Braithe read his own name. He extended his hand eagerly, but was checked by the librarian.

"Have a care," said he. "Do not strain the cords."

"The cords!" echoed the young man, pausing with his hand upon the book.

"Yes. Take it down; in fact, no one but yourself has the power to touch it at all, but handle it carefully."

Braithe did as he was ordered, and carefully drawing the volume from its place, he perceived that several fine cords proceeding from between its pages, connected it more or less nearly with other volumes in the same compartment, and that, although these cords were elastic and strong, a rough motion upon his part might sever them.

"Whose volumes are these to which I am thus bound?" asked he, turning to the librarian

"Those persons with whom fate has connected you from the moment of your birth."

"But the ties can be broken."

"Yes, and fate would reunite them. But the knots and weak places thus caused would give you and the others infinite trouble when you arrived at them."

"Here is one of silk and gold. To whom does this unite me?" asked the young man, curiously examining the cords which he held in his hand.

"Open to the page it marks and read. But your hour is nearly gone; you have need to hasten."

Braithe opened precipitately. The page was covered with close, crabbed characters in some unknown language, as incomprehensible to him as if it had been the ancient Copt, or the primitive Sanscrit. Bitterly disappointed, he turned to the librarian, who, with a shadowy smile, replied to his unspoken appeal.

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"To be sure. I forgot that the eyes of your soul are buried in those bodily organs, which, however, can be opened, as thus."

And with a sudden movement he placed a finger-tip upon each of Braithe's eyes, who started back with a low cry, for the sensation was as of red-hot needles penetrating the ball.

"Now look at your book," said the librarian, quietly.

Braithe obeyed, and, to his delight, found that the page stood before him distinct and clear, although, whether it had become translated into his own tongue, or whether he had suddenly acquired that new language in which it had at first appeared written, he could not decide.

"Now read, and quickly, for the clock is on the stroke of one," murmured the vague voice at his side; and, without further delay, Braithe began at the top of the page marked by the cord of silk and gold, and read as follows:

—— "He will refuse to avail himself of the opportunity, fancying his mind fixed in the other direction; but it is decided that no choice shall be left him, and that what appears his greatest loss shall prove his greatest gain. For finding——"

One! Tolled the nearest clock; and one! and one! repeated all the others; but at the first stroke, Braithe felt a hand laid over his eyes, and the book gently taken from his hand.

"Your hour is past," murmured the visionary voice of the librarian in his ear, and then he felt himself resistlessly borne backward to the floor, while a deep sleep settled upon his senses.

When he awoke it was broad daylight, and the sound of footsteps and voices announced that the library was open and occupied. Rousing himself, and passing down the long hall, Braithe recognized many of the faces he had seen upon the previous afternoon, and, conspicuously, that of the janitor, who hovered over his just-kindled fire.

"It did not keep alive all night, then?" asked Braithe, lingering for a moment beside him.

"All night? No. I don't remember your name now, sir. Do you come here a good deal?"

"They always demand one's name here. I wonder if this old man would hand me down my Fate-book, as the other one did, if I gave him the name he asks!"

So muttering, Braithe passed out of the library and into the street, whose chill, morning air awakened afresh the pangs of hunger which sleep had stilled.

"I must beg or starve—which I wonder is harder?" thought he, dragging himself along the streets busy with morning traffic. Presently he reached others, where the smell of savory breakfasts, arising from half-opened basement-windows, saluted him with mocking invitation.

"Good God! To starve among all these people! Can it be! Shall it be!" cried he aloud, as he clung to the iron-railing opposite one of these tantalizing breakfast-rooms, and felt the delicious fumes mount to his brain.

"What do you say? To starve! Are you starving?" asked a clear voice above him, and raising his dim eyes Braithe saw a fresh and lovely young girl's face at an open window just over his head.

"Yes, I am starving," said he, in a hollow voice, his eyes clinging to that face, as his cold and crisped fingers clung to the iron-railing.

"Goodness! how horrible! Here, wait a minute." And the young girl disappeared, but the next moment showed herself at the hall-door.

"Come in directly! Come, do you hear!" cried she, in peremptory and terrified tones. "Are you too far gone to move? Here, James! James!"

But Braithe, disregarding the proffered help of the footman, feebly climbed the high stone-steps, and, hat in hand, bowed to the benevolent fairy who stood waiting to continue her ministrations.

"Come straight in, never mind explaining—you must have something to eat and drink first of all. This way."

And the fairy led the way down stairs, hesitated an instant at the entrance of the kitchen-passage, and then, with a decided gesture, opened the door of an elegant dining-room, where stood a small round-table, spread for one, and combining that agreeable glitter of silver, glass, china, and polished damask, so conducive to decorum. The room was empty, and Braithe's fairy stopped, and looked inquiringly back at James, who followed them.

"My father?" asked she.

"Mr. Lorimer took breakfast early, and went down town. He left word, Miss Edith, that he hoped you'd excuse him, and make a good breakfast."

"Has Mr. Edward been in this morning?"

"No, Miss Edith."

"Very well. Set another plate for this gentleman, and bring breakfast."

And Miss Edith Lorimer, with a slightly flushed face, and slightly doubtful voice, turned to her guest.

"My father and brother are not at home this morning, sir, but I am sure they would be glad to have me——"

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"Relieve a poor starving fellow; although, no doubt, Miss Lorimer, they would suggest that the kitchen is a more suitable place than your own table in which to do so."

"One does not ask a gentleman into the kitchen, whatever his momentary misfortunes may be," said Miss Lorimer, her indecision over, now that she heard his speech.

"Thank you. May I introduce myself as Romuald Braithe, the veritable 'man without a home;' and also coming under the penal statute as being without visible means of livelihood. You will not have me committed?"

"Mr. Braithe, excuse me, you are growing frightfully pale; here, do drink this tea at once."

And Miss Lorimer, hastily pouring some tea and preparing it, brought it with her own hands and held it to the ashen lips of the young man, who was, in fact, upon the verge of swooning.

Braithe drank, then murmured,

"Pray, do not—the servant! Set it down!"

With a rosy blush the young girl obeyed; and when stately James entered the room with his salver, his young mistress sat in her own place at the table, while the stranger, bending over his teacup, feebly raised it to his mouth.

"Some dry toast, James," ordered Miss Lorimer, opening an egg; and while James ordered the toast, she adroitly transferred the prepared egg to the other end of the table, and helped herself to another.

"There, for goodness sake, do eat something! No matter about waiting for me," said she, in pretty impatience; and Braithe obeyed without reply.

Breakfast over, the young lady led her guest up stairs to a handsome library.

"Before you go away, Mr. Braithe," said she, with a shade of reserve in her manner, "I should be glad to know if we cannot be of some permanent use to you. My father is a merchant down town; he might find some business for you in his office or warehouse. Should you like it?"

"Miss Lorimer, why not ask me also, whether I liked the food and drink with which you just fed me?"

"Then I will give you a note to my father, and you can——"

But at this moment the door flew violently open, and a second young lady, as bright, and dark, and sparkling as the first was soft, and rosy, and delicate, rushed into the room, exclaiming,

"Oh! Edith, Edith, Edith! What are we to do?"

"Good gracious, Priscilla! what is the matter?" and with a slight gesture of apology to her guest, Miss Lorimer led the exclamatory young lady into the recess of a bay-window, where the conversation, at first carried on in murmurs, presently became so audible that Braithe most unwillingly became an auditor.

"And I told him that I would go, and I would dance with whom I liked, and I wouldn't be dictated to. Now, Edy, wasn't I right?"

"Of course, you were, darling."

"And then he said he wouldn't go with us to the picnic to-day; and I said I'd go without him; and he said, 'with Mr. Hunslow?' and I said with whomever I liked; and so we parted, and I haven't seen or heard from him this morning; but I'm resolved to go to the picnic, just to show that I can do as I choose, and that I will, too."

"But how are we to manage, darling? It wouldn't do to go with only a groom," said Edith, thoughtfully.

"N—o, I suppose not. Edy, I do think men are perfectly detestable, don't you?"

"When they behave like this bad brother of mine; but you will forgive him before night. The question now is, how shall we get to Claremont?"

"Who is your visitor? Why not ask him?"

"Hush!" And then followed a whispered explanation, succeeded by an eager debate in the same tone. At the end of it, the two young ladies approached Braithe.

"Do you ride, Mr. Braithe?" asked Miss Lorimer, biting her under-lip, and blushing violently in the effort to suppress some emotion.

"Yes, Miss Lorimer, I have ridden a good deal."

"And would you like to accompany us to a little picnic at Claremont?"

"If you see fit to honor me with an invitation," replied Braithe, inwardly wondering what manner of innocent or reckless children he had stumbled upon.

"Certainly. Miss Belmont, let me present Mr. Braithe. You see, Mr. Braithe, that we are disappointed of the —— of my brother's escort, and we do not wish to stay at home for very particular reasons——"

"Pardon me," interposed Braithe, pitying her confusion. "But I could not avoid hearing a good deal of what you and Miss Belmont were saying, and I believe I understand the matter pretty thoroughly."

"That's splendid, and saves a world of explanation," coolly replied Miss Belmont, not in the least abashed, and then turning to Edith,

"So, pet, if you will order the horses, I will run home and put on my habit, and you and Mr. ——"

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"Braithe," quietly suggested the owner of that name.

"Excuse me, certainly—Mr. Braithe will call for me in about half an hour."

"Yes, darling!"

"And I shan't mention to mamma about the peculiar circumstances, you understand?" continued Priscilla, darting a droll glance at Braithe as she left the room.

"Miss Belmont is engaged to my brother," explained Edith, when the door was closed. "She is the dearest girl, but very, very high-spirited; and Ned is a little so also; and so they do not always quite agree, you know. But excuse me, Mr. Braithe, should you like to go to a dressing-room, and, perhaps, if some of Ned's things would—of course, you are not prepared——"

"Thank you very much, Miss Lorimer. I should of all things like the privilege of the bathing-room; but, although it is quite evident I am not prepared, as you say, I can hardly borrow your brother's clothes without his leave, more especially for the present expedition."

"Why, no, to be sure," laughed Edith. "But if you wouldn't mind, I have some things put away to—to give to people, you know; and those are quite my own, and nobody would ever be the wiser——"

"Thank you. I will accept them with great pleasure, or rather the use of them for the day," said Braithe, and then, more gravely, "one word more, Miss Lorimer. I feel it due to myself to say that, unless I were conscious of having the right in all but fortune to associate with you and your friends, upon equal terms, not even your kindness would tempt me——"

"Dear me, Mr. Braithe, don't I know it? Now, please, come quick, for Priscilla will be waiting."

Half an hour later, Miss Lorimer, attended by a gentleman, faultless in appearance, manners, and horsemanship, called for her friend, Miss Belmont, whom she found ready and waiting; and the three, followed by a groom, rode briskly up the avenue, along which, some hours previously, Braithe had tottered, starving, homeless, and utterly forlorn.

"I wonder if the silk and gold cord connected me with Edith Lorimer," thought he, watching the pure color deepening in her cheek as they rode on; "or could it be this saucy brunette," added he, turning to glance at Priscilla, who gayly cried,

"Well, Mr. Braithe, a penny——"

"I was recalling a—dream, I suppose, I must call it, or, perhaps, a fancy of mine last night," said the young man.

"I'll warrant you did not dream of being where you now are," replied Miss Belmont, laughing so as to show two rows of clear white teeth; but at this moment the sound of horses' feet, in rapid pursuit of the party, caused every one to turn around, and the two girls to exclaim, "Edward!" in tones of surprise, and a little alarm.

Edward, a handsome, and somewhat imperious-looking youth, overtook them upon the instant, acknowledged his sister's quiet introduction of "Mr. Braithe, Edward," with an impatient bow, and then manœuvred his horse close to Miss Belmont's, which sagacious beast immediately fell back and slackened his pace.

"He has repented, and wants to make up," murmured Edith.

"And 'Othello's occupation's gone,'" replied Braithe, in the same tone.

"Not unless Othello chooses," replied Edith, kindly; and on they rode in great and mutual content.

Arrived at the scene of the festival, Braithe was not surprised at being somewhat sternly summoned to a private interview with Edward Lorimer.

"I should like, sir, to ask some explanation of the relations in which I find you toward my sister and Miss Belmont, who declines to give me any satisfaction upon the subject."

"You are entitled to such explanation, and shall have it," replied Braithe; and in five minutes presented a hasty sketch of his life, his struggles since he had been turned off by his uncle, and his adventures of the morning; everything, in fact, except his visit to the Library of Fate. At the close, he produced some letters and papers which he had preserved through everything for just such an emergency.

"Romuald Braithe!" exclaimed Lorimer, glancing at the address upon one of them. "Well, by all that's wonderful! Why——" but here he checked himself, walked to the window, stared out for a moment, then strode back with outstretched hand,

"I am quite satisfied, Mr. Braithe, and if you please, we will return to the ladies."

"Certainly," replied Braithe, too proud to ask an explanation so evidently withheld from him: and the two young men, returning to the ladies, were met by the anxious glances of two pairs of eyes, which glances turned to smiles as soon as the *entente cordial* of the young men became apparent.

"I am so glad Ned is satisfied," murmured Edith.

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"He'd better be pretty indulgent, if he wants pardon for his own sins," returned Priscilla, defiantly.

The picnic was charming, of course; but it is no affair of ours, and we rejoin our young people as they enter the door of the Lorimer mansion.

"You will spend the night with us, Mr. Braithe," said Edward, courteously; and as Edith seconded the invitation with a look, it was accepted.

"Is my father in the house, James?"

"Yes, sir; just come in."

"Pris, will you excuse me for a moment? I want to say two words to my father, and then I will take you home. Mr. Braithe, will you stand by Miss Belmont a moment, while I run into the house?"

At the end of the moment, which really was not more than five, Lorimer, Jr., reappeared, followed by a fine old gentleman, none other than Lorimer, Sr., who, being introduced, seconded his son's hospitable overtures so cordially as to quite set Braithe's mind at rest; and he followed the old gentleman and the young lady into the house with much content, while Lorimer, Jr., and Miss Belmont rode away in a similar state of mind.

The next day a place in Lorimer, Sr.'s, counting-house was provided for Romuald Braithe, who accepted it, as also his position of guest in his employer's house, with a mild protest in his own mind against all this being any doing of his, and waited.

Nor did he wait without results; for one evening, as the family seated themselves at dinner, in walked a second old gentleman, stout, florid, and absolute of manner, who bustled up to Braithe, exclaiming,

"Caught you, you dog!" and shook him by both hands.

"Uncle!" exclaimed Braithe, coloring with delight.

"Yes, uncle, you young scamp; and if you had waited to hear all I had to say, instead of flying in my face and putting me in a passion before I had even told you what I wanted, why all this fuss and feathers would have been spared."

"I hope you'll forgive me, sir," began Braithe, penitently. "But I could not have consented with any propriety——"

"Couldn't consent, you young scamp," roared the uncle. "There, that's just the way you started off last time, never waiting to hear what I had to say, or—— Why you blockhead!" and the stout, little uncle raised himself on tip-toe to whisper in the tall nephew's ear,

"That's the girl herself!"

"What! You don't—you're not deceiving me?" gasped Braithe, while the Lorimers, senior and junior, joined in the laugh with which his uncle replied to him.

Edith did not laugh, for she did not know the jest, and Braithe did not laugh, being too much bewildered and delighted, nor Priscilla, who was too full of curiosity.

But after dinner the two old gentlemen had Braithe into the library, to which room Edith was presently summoned, and thus addressed by the elder Braithe,

"You see, my dear, I was thinking what a capital idea it would be for my boy here to marry you—but he wouldn't; that is, the minute I told him I had selected a wife for him, he flew out, said he could select one for himself; and so we went from bad to worse, until I turned him out of my house, neck and heels, without his even hearing you name spoken. Then I wrote to your father, who was in it, and we agreed to let him run awhile, and see if he didn't come to his senses. But the deuce of it was that I lost sight of him, and try as I would, couldn't hear a word about him till about a month ago your father wrote, and told me that he was here, and—— Well, he thought I'd better let it alone for awhile, which I did as long as I could stand it to be out of the sport, and then I came on; and here I am, and here he is; and, Lorimer, you and I am better out of the way than in it."

With which wise conclusion the two old fellows bundled out of the room, and Edith would have followed, but Braithe detained her.

"You told your uncle you had already chosen for yourself," said she, turning away her face.

"I thought I loved a woman, who forsook me as soon as she found that I had lost all but her: but, Edith, I was not then half so poor as when you took me in, and so generously gave me the confidence and courtesy which were more to me than food, starving though I was."

It was not hard to convince her, and the rest is what we can all imagine, or remember, or hope for.

"The cord of silk and gold led to your Fate-book, darling. I have been hoping so from the very first," said Braithe, sometime afterward.

"What do you mean, child?" asked his betrothed. So he told her the story of the Fate Library, to which she listened with wondering eyes, and at the close nestled nearer to his side.

"You make me shiver with such stories. Was it a dream?"

"No, love, no dream, but sweetest fact," said Braithe, kissing her upturned face

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MISS WOOLEY'S LOVERS.

BY FRANCES LEE.

MISS PATIENCE WOOLEY was the homeliest woman that was ever seen, and as queer as she was homely.

She took care of the village church, and lived in a little, high house in one corner of the church-yard, with a wide-topped chimney, and "lean-to" at one end, where she kept her cooking-stove, her jugs and kettles, her strings of dried pumpkin and peppers, and her kindling-wood.

She had her monument already set in the grave-yard, behind the church, with her name upon it; and in the third drawer of her best pine bureau was a white grave-robe that was done up afresh every June, and sprinkled over with thyme and bergamot-leaves.

One summer's day, Miss Wooley was looking for hens' eggs among the tall grass of the grave-yard. She had a Leghorn hat upon her head, banded about with a strip of red calico, with a broad brim that flapped at every step; and she wore a gown made of bright-green chintz, flowered over with great red poppies and yellow tulips.

"The black hen has hid away her nest somewheres," said she, talking to herself, for she was a very social person, as she groped with an old umbrella-staff in the plot of clover behind her own monument. "And if I can't find it no how else, I must tie one end of a ball of twine to her leg and follow her up by that."

Meanwhile, the black hen was composedly laying her morning egg in Mr. Vincent's lumber-yard across the railroad track; and Mr. Vincent's duck was snapping off Miss Wooley's peas, as though they had been planted, and shone, and rained upon for this sole end.

Presently a sharp click of the gate-latch caused her to look up.

"Ah, Mr. Lanesley!" said she, with her primmest bow and her politest pucker, "you gave me quite a start coming upon me unaware," said she.

Miss Wooley's recourse of hard words was rather greater than the dictionary; and she pelted her acquaintances with them with as little mercy as the old man showed the rude boy on his apple-tree.

"Butiful weather! And such an embracing atmosphere this morning," she continued, from behind the bulwark of her tomb-stone.

"Quite so," returned Mr. Lanesley, timidly. He was a little man, with a rusty weed on his hat, and a general look of forlornness hanging over him; and he had come on the harmless errand of planting a rose-tree by the grave of his late wife.

"She was a great hand for roses," said he. "Red, or white, or yellow, I don't care what kind; anything that was a rose. Now, for my own part, I never know one blow from another."

"There is no flower like the rose," remarked Miss Wooley, reverently; "their flagrance is so ineffable."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the widower, nothing else occurring to him to say.

So he proceeded with his transplanting, and Miss Wooley went decorously home.

Later in the day, as she sat with her mitts on, reading Fox's "Book of the Martyrs," there came a tap at her half-open door, and a young girl entered with a covered basket on her arm.

"Is it nobody but you, Tilly Bryan? Bless me! If I am not thankful though!" exclaimed Miss Wooley, with a sigh that savored rather of resignation. "I thought much as anything it was that ridiculous Mr. Lanesley after me again. It is wonderful that men can't have more sense of what is becoming, and his poor wife hardly cold in her grave."

"So Mr. Lanesley has been offering himself to you already," said the new comer, who was a very lively young lady. "I must confess, Miss Wooley, I did not expect it so soon. How did you manage to decline him without hurting his feelings? I know you are always so tender about that."

Miss Wooley shook her homely head with a heavy air of responsibility as she replied,

"I didn't say, did I, Tilly, that Mr. Lanesley actually came to the point of offering himself outright? I understand how to give a man his answer before it comes quite to that; I have had so much experience! But it was really ludickerous to see the rouge the poor man employed to get an interview with me this very morning. I suppose you would scurcely believe me if I should tell you he actually, seeing me in the cemet'ry about my affairs, made an excuse to bring along a root he designated to implant by the monument of his deceased partner, if he could make sure it was the root of a

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rose of any sort. He owned he couldn't tell that from a dandelion—I suppose his mind was in some bewilderment. Of course, I set him all right on the matter of its being a bonny filty rose, and so he went on and implanted it. It was really touching to observe how ready he was to hear to me in every little suggestion I happened to drop; and I felt sorry for the poor man, I did so. But I could never undertake the care of his six children, and I come off at once to give him to understand as much."

"How did he seem to take it, Miss Wooley?" cried Tilly, her eyes sparkling with wicked delight.

"Well, hard, Tilly; but not so hard as some does. I let him see at once there was no use thinking of an alienation between us for a moment. And, too, I was a good deal pestered at his audacity in following me to the cemet'ry, as though he had had an assignment to meet me there."

"Then you have really made up your mind you shan't have Mr. Lanesley? How hard-hearted you are, Miss Wooley!"

"Oh, yes! I can't have everybody," replied Miss Wooley, with more truth than she usually had on her side; "and I scurcely know how it is I am in such a demand. But it has always been just the way wherever I am. Somehow, here or there, my luck has seemed to follow me. There is never a widower anywheres about but ariginally me and him has words."

Miss Wooley meant to say eventually, but one word was as good as the other.

"What a nuisance it must be!" returned Tilly. "But I mustn't stay here listening to your love stories; I have got to practice awhile before dinner. And, oh! by-the-way, mother has been boiling some crullers this morning, and she wondered if you wouldn't like to try them."

"Oh! thank your dear mother for me! She is very thoughtful. Will you just please put them on a plate you will find in the hither side of my cupboard in the lean-to? Tell your mother I am ineffably obliged to her. It hardly pays to make up a mess of crullers for one, they dry so soon. And there is not a person in Hazleton whose cooking tastes so correspondingly like my own does as your dear mother's."

Miss Wooley was supported in great part by her neighbors; but some friendly guise must be wrapped about every gift, like apple-sauce around a pill, for she would have resented as unpardonable impertinence a bare-faced charity.

"My mother will be very proud to hear what you say," replied Tilly, gravely, as she took from her basket biscuit, cold meat and eggs, as well as the crullers. "And there, if I didn't come near forgetting! With all you had to tell me, no wonder it was put out of my head! But I called at Dr. Greenough's on the way here, and you must be sure and go up there to-morrow and spend the day; right off, soon as ever you have swallowed your breakfast. Mrs. Greenough is so dreadfully busy to-day she can't get away to bring you the invitation herself; but, of course, you will excuse the informality. And don't you say a word that I told you, Miss Wooley, but they are expecting the doctor's brother there to-morrow. He is quite a young man, not very much older than yourself; but in need of a wife, and I suspect from a hint or two that he has heard of you."

Miss Wooley's mouth gathered itself up till it was no bigger than a bead.

"He needn't think of me," said she, "not for one instant. But I will go. Nobody shall have an opportunity to accuse me of cowardish. No, I have nerves enough to walk up to the mouth of a cannon, if duty called me, or to any other mouth."

"I believe you, Miss Wooley. Well, you be sure you go. Now I must run. Good-by."

And with that, Tilly disappeared behind the lindens that lined the village street, laughing as she went with mischievous mirth.

There was not half a chance that Miss Wooley would slight the invitation for the next day. Tale-telling and dining out were far too dear to her heart.

So she was astir early as the thriftiest robin, and appeared in Dr. Greenough's yard just as Mrs. Greenough had come to the door to shake the table-cloth.

"Dear! Dear! What can have brought Miss Wooley at this hour," thought she, as innocent of sending, or desiring to send, an invitation to her as the clouds in the sky. "Come to spend the day, too, as sure as I am born, by the way she is tricked out! What shall I do?"

Meanwhile, Miss Wooley was coming serenely up the graveled walk that led around from the front to the back door. She had on her Sunday pucker and her Sunday gown, which was made of ultra-marine blue paper-cambric, the glazed side out.

"I have arrove!" said she. "Ma'be you wasn't looking for me so early?"

"Oh! the time makes no difference," said Mrs. Greenough, trying to throw a veil of cordiality over her face. "I shall have to be in the kitchen this morning awhile, for I never trust Ann to do my baking, but I know you will excuse that."

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"Certaingly! Certaingly! Don't let me be any put out to your work. I know what it is to be a family woman, and I will take my chair and come right in the kitchen with you," replied Miss Wooley, cheerfully.

Which accordingly she did; and while Mrs. Greenough and her girl, Ann, brought as many odors from the pantry and stove-oven as though they had been priests before a pagan altar, Miss Wooley knit contentedly on a blue stocking-foot and talked.

"It is my custom to knit up a lot of feet; tops always outwears feet; so I have an extra pair to sew right on when the feet gives out," said she, with a capable nod. "I have done for myself long enough to learn how to manage equinomically, and that naturally makes me notice waste in others. For example, Mrs. Greenough, I see you break your eggs into your pan, and then give the shells a fling. Now you should always stop and dreen your egg-shells—my mother instructed me in that—and you can save in this way as good as one whole egg in a dozen."

"I want to know if that is so, Miss Wooley? Such an idea never crossed my mind before," replied Mrs. Greenough, pinching the edge of her custard-pie with her thumb and finger.

"So they all say. I've let a great many people know it first and last," returned the spinster, complacently. "I have told other things, too. It was me that first let Mr. Applegate know Bell Stroud was engaged to Chester Lynn; and in a month he married to her himself."

"How you talk, Miss Wooley!" remarked Mrs. Greenough, with a great show of interest in her tone; for by far the easiest and most acceptable entertainment for the visitor was in allowing her to "fight her battles o'er again."

"Why, yes! I couldn't be persuaded to think of such a thing as going on to that gre't farm myself, and I felt sorry for the poor man. I can never help having my sympathies drawn out; so I just turned him off by saying, 'There is Bell Stroud,' said I. 'She would make the excellentest of wives, and she is not bespoke.' 'Are you sure of what you say?' said Mr. Applegate to me, said he, looking like a drownded man clutching at a straw. 'Are you sure?' said he. 'I have thought all along she was keeping company with Chester Lynn,' said he. 'Oh, no!' said I, 'that is all done and through with. She didn't fancy him out and out; it may be her heart was otherwise fixed,' said I, looking meaningly at him. He took the hint without any more ado, and married to her in a month."

"So you will feel responsible for the happiness of that marriage?" suggested Mrs. Greenough, by way of keeping the ball rolling of itself, as she wanted to fix her mind on a new receipt for sousing salted salmon, that she was trying for the first time.

"Well, perhaps I ought to in two ways. Both for the recommend of his wife to Mr. Applegate, and also for declining to fill the place myself," returned Miss Wooley, with a great deal of meaning in her tone.

"I don't blame you a bit, Miss Wooley, for refusing to undertake Mr. Applegate's twelve cows; and then those old people, and the crazy aunt—they must be a world of care," remarked Mrs. Greenough, absently, with her eyes on a receipt-book.

"So I thought, and that was why I didn't invite him in. I knew he would understand the reason, so I just let him do his talking through the window. It was upon a May morning, and my lilac-tree was in full blow right above his head. He looked quite romantic out there. I felt as though it was almost too bad, when he had come all the way from Imlaystown, not to so much as give him an invite into the house; but I know how it is with these men. If you give them a thread of encouragement, it is twice as hard getting rid of them."

Thus the morning passed, and at dinner-time Dr. Greenough's brother came. Quite a youth, with his hair parted in the middle, and a dimple in his chin.

"Younger than I expected, though Tilly Bryan did say he wasn't much older than I, and he looks susceptible. I am about sorry I wore my blue gown, for I expect it becomes my style better than any of my other dresses; and I wouldn't do anything to draw him on, no more than nothing. I wouldn't hurt the feelings of a musquito, not if I could help it," mused the perplexed maiden, as she toed-off her stocking-foot.

However, she did not let this regret come between her and her dinner—for roast-turkey and cranberries were not an everyday affair. And while she devoted herself to her plate, young Greenough, unwarned, and unsuspicious of the danger lurking about, thought only of two laughing black eyes, that looked up at him from his goblet, from the vase of roses in the center of the table, and even from the folds of his napkin.

"How did you like Dr. Greenough's brother, Miss Wooley?" asked the owner of these very same black eyes, upon the next day, as she looked in at the window where Mr Applegate, and his disappointed heart had looked in before, under the blossoming lilac.

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"Why, Tilly Bryan, you child! Your voice come 'pon me so unexpected-like, that it fairly sent the cold chills over me," cried Miss Wooley, who was doing up her hair in papers, with her back toward the window.

"Well, Miss Wooley, that must be so much better than hot chills this sultry day," returned Tilly.

"But I have those, too, when I get a little started at anything. First a cold chill, then a hot one flashing over me with a kind of crawling sensation. It is the nerves, I expect. And that is one reason why I would have nothing to say to that brother of Dr. Greenough. I always contented, a nervous person isn't suitable to marry no ways; and I've often said I didn't meant to do it, not while I have the use of my reason. So I just looked purposely the other way whenever his eye fell on me—and I could soon see he understood what that meant."

The laughing black eyes under the lilac-tree fairly danced with delight, and at that very instant—"talk of angels and one hears the rustling of their wings"—behold young Mr. Greenough came up to the window with quite the air of having a right to stand there. Then, after bowing politely to Miss Wooley, he took from his pocket a sparkling ring, and put it on Tilly's willing first finger.

"I have had it made smaller, and engraved with the date and initials all right. It is just a good fit now, isn't it, Tilly?" said he, holding the hand that wore the ring as though it belonged to him.

Miss Wooley, with her rolled-up hair bobbing about her face in consumptive wisps, looked out upon this little scene with a practiced eye, and with an expression of pity mingled with gratitude on her mature countenance.

"Oh, yes! well; and so this is the way he is consoling himself," said she, as, forgetting to nod even a good-morning to her, they presently moved down the village street together. "Oh, well! they will make a very pretty pair, and I am glad I put it in his head. It came over me like an inspiration to mention the name of Matilda Bryan at the dinner-table, yesterday, and direct off his attention that way. I perceived he looked interested the self-same moment I spoke it; and I felt a pang of gratitude that I could help him to any consolation for his disappointment about me."

Then she put on her mitts and her glasses, and sat down to the reading of Fox's "Book of the Martyrs" again, while the lovers went on their way with rings on their fingers, and an unformed impression that all the crows in the world had suddenly turned into turtle-doves.

MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

BY F. V. HITCHCOCK.

On a sunset cloud, of rosy glow,
  Once stood a castle grand;
Its gates were white as a drift of snow,
They opened and shut at my command,
And I left the world and its cares below,
  And stood in fairy-land.

Ah! the day was golden there, and long,
  For no sunset-hour drew nigh;
And the beautiful notes of the feathered throng
Were ringing above in the azure sky,
As I entered the fairy-land of song,
  And joined in the melody.

My heart was light as the fountain's spray,
  That fell among the flowers;
For I cast all gloom from my heart away
When I bade farewell to this world of ours;
So I joined in the merry roundelay,
  And gayly spent the hours.

But my beautiful dream too quickly sped—
  "Oh! what a fall was there!"
For I found myself back in my humble shed
As if I had aye and forever been there!
The music was hushed, and vanished and fled,
  My castle in the air.

ON THE WATER.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

I gaze upon the waste of waters,
  A drearier waste my life must be;
Sunlight may brighten o'er the ocean,
  But what good days shall shine for me?

The friends I loved are calmly sleeping,
  In graves the Spring-time keepeth green;
And some are dead and cold to friendship,
  I count them as they ne'er had been.

Hopes and ambitions blooming proudly,
  Like dream of Summer passed ye by;
I only know that once ye flourished,
  But faint, now, e'en your memory.

And naught is left me; yes, there's something,
  While there is grief I can assuage;
Or nobly stem temptation's torrent,
  Or hold the grand truths of the age.

No life is base when these are given;
  No life can fail when these are done;
Pleasure and honor are but fleeting,
  But faith and worth outlast the sun.

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MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 222.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALL night long Marguerite Gosner lay by her mother's side, with that precious paper folded close to her heart. She did not sleep, though the last two days had been full of excitement and fatigue; but her wild, bright eyes were wide open, looking through the darkness, and picturing there a scene of exceeding joy that would come to them upon the morrow. How often during that night did she steal her hand under the pillow, and draw forth the ivory crucifix hidden there, that her lips, all quivering with thankfulness, might kiss it in blessing of the Holy Mother for the great happiness that filled her heart. Yet all this was done so quietly that the woman by her side thought the girl asleep, and scarcely dared to draw an irregular breath lest she might disturb her. Thus the morning found them so restless with happiness, that it amounted almost to pain.

"What if they would not give him up," thought the poor woman, who had been so often thrust back from her hope, that nothing good ever seemed quite sure to her; "or he might be taken suddenly ill and be unable to move. The king might be persuaded to retract his mercy—she had heard of such things." Thus the poor woman, who had been so long inured to suffering that she did not know how to be happy, tormented herself through that long, long night; but when the day broke and Marguerite's eyes looked into hers all this changed. Her heart leaped toward the hope held out to it. She reached forth her arms, and drawing the young girl to her bosom with an intensity of affection never known to her before, cried out,

"To-day, this very day we shall see your father, so good, so learned, so wonderfully beautiful! Ah, Marguerite, my child! I almost feel his last kiss on my lips, my forehead, and my hair. You were clinging to me, one arm about my neck, the other reaching forth to him. 'Only a few days,' he said, 'and I may come back covered with honors. The King of France has sent for me—Louis has learned that Gosner is wise, that he has a knowledge of wonderful things in his brain. Perhaps my wife, we may yet lay up honors and riches for our little one.' Then in this beautiful hope he has come back and embraced us again. I was weeping, for a strange, black presentiment of evil crept over me; but you sent kisses after him, fluttering that little hand in the air like a butterfly. He waved his hand in adieu; I saw him blinded by tears; I watched him depart. His voice sounded like a knell through my whole being; the sorrows of an eternal parting fell upon me. Then I felt your arms around my neck, and the soft pressure of your lips on my face; your tiny hands, soft and white as rose-leaves, brushed away my tears. Oh! how I loved you, how I do love you—*his* child, his child and mine."

She threw her arms around the girl in a passion of love; then she pushed the young creature away, and looked down in her face with a wild consciousness of the great change that had fallen upon her. Beautiful as the face was, it seemed to fill her with infinite regret.

"But the child is gone," she cried out; "this is a woman who holds up her arms and tries to comfort me. Gosner will not know her; he will not know me. This child is the creature I was then, young, beautiful, delicate. In her he may recognize the woman he loved; but in me what will he find, lines of sorrow where he left dimples, golden hair turned to ashes, which long years of suffering strews upon the head. Alas, alas! this is not all joy; these cruel people have dug a gulf between us since I was like you, my child. When we meet on the other side, the young man and that girlish wife will have disappeared forever. A man and a woman will clasp hands, broken down with sorrow, each carrying a weight of years that cruelty has rendered a dead blank. The king has pardoned him, the queen has smiled on you; but is there in all their royalty power enough to take back the awful wrong that has been done to us?"

Marguerite trembled and grew pale in her mother's arms. Never, since her first remembrance, had she seen that look of wild excitement on her face, or heard that thrill of agony in her voice. And this was the morning which should have been so resplendent in their lives.

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What did it mean? Had the woman who had suffered so long and struggled so bravely lost all sense of enjoyment? Had sorrow absolutely killed hope in her bosom?

"But, mamma, you would both have grown older, even if this great calamity had not fallen upon you," said the young girl, striving to reassure her mother.

"Yes; but not here, not here," cried Madame Gosner, pressing a hand upon her heart. "Ah! this is terrible—we shall meet and not know each other. We shall look into each other's eyes and see nothing there but wondering sorrow."

"But there will be love also," murmured the young girl.

"Love? Yes, but never again the old love; regret, compassion, that infinite tenderness which springs out of infinite sorrow will be ours; but the darkness we leave behind will forever cast its shadows upon us."

"Not so, mamma. We will leave this terrible country; back in your own home, you and my poor father will yet find that life has its sunshine."

"But this is my own native land."

"I know it, mamma; but it has only given you sorrow."

"And what have I given it? Nothing but my sorrows."

"What else had you to give? Alas! what else?"

"My life, my energies, every thought of my brain, every pulse of my heart; but I was selfish—one idea filled my existence. In my love for him all other duties, all other wrongs merged themselves. I was a wife, and could not be a patriot."

"God be thanked that it is so!" said Marguerite. "The woman who loves her husband and her home best is a patriot in spite of herself, for she gives strength and power to the man whose duty it is to govern."

Madame Gosner kissed the lips that uttered this noble truth, and lay back upon her pillow silent and thoughtful. Then she murmured to herself, "He will know, he will decide."

Marguerite was also silent, the words uttered so passionately by her mother troubled her. Did she, indeed, think with so much regret of the country they were in? Could that overbalance the gratitude for the royal clemency? Could she accept this noble act of pardon with a feeling of revolt in her mind?

"Henceforth," said Marguerite, with gentle firmness, "it will be our duty to pray for the King and Queen of France, to live for them, die for them, if need be."

The mother was silent, to her this obligation of eternal gratitude was a question of sacrifice. In her heart she loved France; but her life in Paris had gradually uprooted all love of royalty there. To have saved her own life she would not have asked mercy at the hands of a Bourbon king; to save her husband she had done more, sunk upon her knees at the roadside, only to be covered with mud from the royal cavalcade as it swept by her. She remembered, though her daughter did not, that the pardon had been granted as a reward for services rendered to the queen, not from an absolute sense of justice. With all the passions and prejudices of a Jacobin strong in her bosom, it was hard for this woman to accept simple obligations of gratitude from a king she had learned to hate, and a queen slander and misrepresentation had taught her to despise.

All this passed while the gray dawn was breaking, and after a night of utter sleeplessness; but when the sunshine came, warm and golden, into the windows, the woman arose in her bed, held out her arms to the light, and thanked God for the blessed day which was to give back her husband from his living tomb! Then a feeling of intense gratitude possessed her. She flung aside the dark feelings that had haunted her soul in the night, and was once more pure, womanly. All that she asked was, that *he* might share her life in any peaceful place that promised safety and shelter for the coming age which would soon be upon them.

Marguerite saw the change, and it completed her happiness. To her gratitude had been prompt and natural as rain is to the earth. Heart and soul she was devoted to the royal couple of France next to her mother, and the father she expected to see, for the first time, that day; her thoughts were given to the two persons who had been so good and kind to her.

The sun was scarcely up when these two persons were ready for the summons which they expected from Monsieur Jaque. The remnants of a poor wardrobe was brought forth and arranged by Marguerite so deftly that an air of youth and refinement was imparted to the mother, which gave back something of her lost loveliness. Never had that young face looked so bright; never had the eyes danced with such living joy; those slender fingers absolutely seemed to be doing fairy-work with the ravages of time.

It was a great relief to the girl that there was something for her to accomplish; but for that the suspense would have been terrible. As it was, Monsieur Jaque called an hour before

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there was any hope of being admitted into the prison. "They would walk slowly," he said, "and be there at the moment. It would not be the first time he had wandered around that old moat, and watched the green towers as they blackened the sky. Now, thank God! he would look upon them with a hope."

Marguerite lifted her blue eyes to his face as he said this. They were bright as stars, and for the first time this strong man felt a thrill of something like hope in his bosom. But for him Marguerite knew well enough that her father's freedom would never have been wrought out, and she longed to throw herself at his feet, and bless him for all the joy that made the morning as heaven to her.

They set forth more than an hour before the time—Marguerite still carrying the precious pardon in her bosom; the mother, pale as death, for to her the next hour was momentous beyond anything a human life can experience but once; and Jaque, so strong, so hilarious in his rejoicing, that his very steps seemed regulated to martial music, and his face was almost handsome in its exceeding brightness.

"Another hour," he said, as he came in sight of the Bastile, "another hour, and the sun will shine on him."

All at once a new idea struck him. He had been to the Bastile in disguise more than once, through that means many of its secrets had become known, among the most important that of Dr. Gosner's identity. If he presented the king's pardon, the keeper might recognize him, and thus destroy all chance of further information.

This fear made Monsieur Jaque hesitate. Madame Gosner saw this, and the color left her face; at every step she had feared some delay, for nothing but disappointment and trouble seemed absolutely real to her.

"What is it?" she said, in breathless terror. "Why do you hesitate?"

Monsieur Jaque explained the cause of his uneasiness. But directly the cloud left his face. "It proves nothing," he argued, "except that I am connected with those who have power with the king. Let them recognize my face, the paper itself is our indorsement of loyalty."

Madame Gosner drew a deep breath, and the light came back to Marguerite's frightened eyes.

"I feared you were about to forsake us," she said.

"Did you, indeed, fear it?" he asked, kindling with gratitude.

The intensity of his voice surprised her; she looked up wonderingly. To her Monsieur Jaque was like a brother on whom her weakness could lean with a certainty of support. Could she have seen the smothered passion that lay crouching like a lion in his heart, ready to leap forth at a word or smile from her, the truth would have frightened her. As it was, she gave him a pathetic smile; for, with her whole being so preoccupied, she could do no more than that, but it touched him to the heart.

By this time they were in sight of the Bastile, which was approached through a tangle of narrow streets, and surrounded, so far as the moat would permit, by low and squalid buildings, for the very atmosphere of the prison drove thrift and cheerfulness away. Nothing but misery itself could be forced into propinquity with the fetid waters of that moat, or the sounds that come across it sometimes, when the night was still.

Those three persons stood upon the brink of the moat, and looked across it with eager, wistful glances. The gaunt towers, blackened with age, into which the light crept sluggishly through narrow loop-holes that gashed them like wounds; the flat, dead walls, thick almost as the quarries from which they were dug, pierced in like manner with deep slits, which drank up all the light before it penetrated to the dungeons, flung their terrible shadows across the greenness of the moat, and enveloped them in unwholesome gloom. Before them was the draw-bridge, with its ponderous timbers uplifted and held in place by bars of iron that seemed to have rusted in their staples, against which it strained and creaked like a monster bolted to the wall. At their feet crept a sluggish mass of waters, slimed over with unhealthy greenness, torpid, thick, dead, yet teeming with reptile life, and licking the stones that held them in with a faint gurgle inexpressibly repulsive.

Not a sound of life was heard in all that vast fortress; not a movement, save of the ponderous rope-ladder that coiled down one of the towers and swayed heavily to the morning wind, as it fell from the sunshine playing around the top of the towers into the darkness forever sleeping below. This ladder, with the great, rusty chains swinging from the draw-bridge, moved against the wall like vast serpents writhing there, and took an appearance of sluggish vitality more horrible than the deathly stillness.

Madame Gosner was deadly pale. She was looking upon the tomb of her living husband. Would it ever be opened? Was there force enough in that little slip of paper to loosen the hinges of that massive draw-bridge, and unlock the iron-clad door that frowned behind it?

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Time wore on. They saw the golden sunshine creep slowly down the towers, bathing the top, but leaving the base in eternal shadows. Then there was a movement at the draw-bridge, the chains began to rattle, the timbers groaned, swayed downward, and settled heavily across the moat. Guards were being placed for the day.

Monsieur Jaque advanced and presented his order. The guards passed him and his companions without a word—the king's signature was enough. In the guard-room they found Christopher. A grim smile quivered across his mouth as he read the paper. Madame Gosner shuddered. She could not mistake that smile for one of pleasure that a prisoner was to be released. Still nothing could be more urbane than this man. "He would call the governor; when an order of release came directly from his majesty, it was usually honored by that high functionary in his own person. Would monsieur and the ladies walk this way?"

There was something forced and hollow in all this politeness, that made the heart in that poor woman's bosom sink like lead as she followed Christopher into the presence of his master.

The governor, like his subordinate, was eloquent in expressions of pleasure that the good king had at last extended mercy to a prisoner whose fate had so much in it to deplore. "But he had a doubt, a fear, that the prisoner might be unable to leave the prison for a day or two. There had been a report that he was not quite well; indeed, that was not wonderful. Dr. Gosner was almost the oldest prisoner now in the Bastile, that is, counting from the date of his entrance into the fortress. But the goodness of the king might give him new life. The ladies and their friend should judge for themselves; they had no concealments in the Bastile. When the relatives of a prisoner come with an order from the king, all doors were flung open. Would madame please to descend?"

Christopher appeared with the keys, and taking upon himself the air of a commander, led the way into the heart of the prison. There was something unnatural in this man's demeanor, an air of bravado, which they all noticed without comprehending.

"I think," he said, loitering by the side of Jaque, "that I have had the pleasure of meeting monsieur before, but where, that I cannot remember."

Jaque had dressed himself that morning with unusual care. A suit of clothes, discarded during the last year, had been brought forth for the occasion; and though Jaque was deficient in the high breeding which so strongly distinguished the man of birth at that period, he possessed the air and look of a man who had thought much, and would act his part bravely, whatever it might be. The wild masses of hair that usually half-concealed his eyes, was now parted, perfumed, and curled in waves that revealed the white breadth of his forehead, and the keen power of those deep-set eyes. With his coarse clothes he had flung off the slouching gait and heavy tread of the workman, and it was with the air of a person who considers the familiarity of strangers an impertinence that he turned full upon the head keeper.

"If you have been much in Paris when gentlemen happen to stir abroad, it is possible," he said, "though I have no recollection of the honor."

He looked earnestly at Christopher as he spoke, and moved on with an appearance of so much tranquillity, that the man was baffled, and muttering an excuse, walked on swinging his keys.

That little group moved forward in silence, the governor was restless and preoccupied, the two females, pale with expectation, and faint from the nauseous atmosphere into which they were descending, along dark, damp passages, down slippery stairs, in and out of vaulted corridors, where they could hear that sluggish water lapping against the stones, and feel the scared reptiles scampering away from the light, they made progress toward that dungeon two of the party had visited only the previous night. The door was heavy, and so sodden with damp that the iron-headed spikes rattled in their sockets as it was swung open, and they could see water-drops glistening thickly on the walls as the light was held into the dungeon a moment before Christopher entered.

At last he stepped in, and advancing to some mouldy straw that lay in a corner, spoke to the man who lay upon it, motionless, and apparently asleep.

"Wake up, number five!" exclaimed the keeper, swaying his lantern to and fro over the prostrate man. Dr. Gosner! Dr. Gosner! Look up, if you have not outlived the name; here is your wife and daughter come to take you home!"

The man did not move, his face was turned to the wall, a mass of iron-gray hair swept back and mingled itself with the straw, in which there was the stir and sound of something creeping away from sight.

Madame Gosner pushed the keeper aside, and

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falling upon her knees, took the gray head between her trembling hands. The moment she touched it, an awful whiteness came to her face. Seized with trembling, she turned upon the governor, her eyes full of horrible questioning, her lips apart, her teeth gleaming. She spoke no word, uttered no sound, but fell down by the dead body, lifeless, and still as it was.

Marguerite saw it all, and recognized the calamity that had fallen upon them; but the disappointment was too mighty for words, far too awful for tears; the light reeled before her eyes, the dungeon seemed to contract itself into a grave. She felt herself falling, but Monsieur Jaque caught her in his arms, and carried her from the dungeon. With the speed and strength of a wild animal he threaded that labyrinth of horrors, mounted the broken stairs, and carried her out into an open guard-room, through which the morning air swept. Here he bathed her face with water, rubbed her hands, dashed into the governor's apartments and came forth with brandy, which he forced through those white lips—but all was in vain; the dead man he had just left upon the straw did not seem more lifeless than this young girl.

Jaque had left three living persons in the cell with that dead man, but they were more like ghosts than human beings. The governor was terror-stricken; the lantern shook in Christopher's strong hand.

"Is she, too, gone?" faltered the governor, looking down at the pale form lying by the dead upon the straw. "God help us! This is fearful!"

"I do not know, she does not seem to breathe," answered Christopher, holding the light on a level with the deathly face. "If it were so, a world of trouble might be spared us."

"I almost wish we had not meddled with this. I fear me his death will bring us greater evil than if we had turned him free into the street."

"Hush!" said Christopher. "She moves, her eyes open. Heavens, how they look!"

The woman arose upon her hands and knees painfully and with evident dizziness. Then she stooped over the dead man, and turned his face to the light. The whole body moved in the straw as she did this; but wonderful strength seemed given to her, and though it was like moving a statue of marble, she did it tenderly. She put the scattering locks back from the worn face, and pored over it with yearning fondness, as if they had parted but yesterday, and she hoped yet to arouse him.

"Changed! Oh, my love! how changed! and it seems such a little time, now that we are together. Wake him for me—you can; it is the chill and the damp of this awful place. No wonder he is cold! I, too, am shivering. Wake him, I say—you should know how."

"My poor lady, he is dead! I have no power over him now," answered the governor, shrinking from her outstretched arms.

Madame Gosner arose and stood upright, regarding the two scared faces with a fixed look.

"It was you that killed him," she said; "but who gave the order? Was it the king?"

"The king! Madame, this is treason!"

"And this is death!" cried the woman, pointing downward with her finger, "death! for which there shall be a terrible atonement. Where is my child? Is she afraid of this poor clay, which was her father—her father? Oh, my God! and he was alive but yesterday. Only one day too late. Where is my child, I say? There is something for her to do."

"She has gone away with your friend; doubtless they are in the guard-room. Shall I show you the way, madame?"

"No. Bring them to me here—my daughter and my friend."

The governor went out, glad to leave Christopher with the woman whose very presence terrified him. He found Marguerite just coming out of her fainting fit, and besought her to go down and persuade her mother to leave the dungeon.

Marguerite arose, shuddering at the thought of going down those horrible passages again; but she gathered up her strength, and half-supported, half-carried by Monsieur Jaque, moved away into the darkness.

"Come hither! Come hither, my child! it is your father who speaks. It is he who asks us with those mute lips to avenge his murder. Kneel down, my child—kneel down, my friend. It is he who commands it. It is the dead who speaks."

Awed by her words, and the deep solemnity of her manner, Marguerite sunk upon her knees and touched the cold hand of her mother, which lay upon the dead man's forehead. Marguerite felt the cold chill strike through to her fingers, but she was brave, and did not once attempt to draw back. Madame Gosner turned her eyes upon Jaque; he, too, knelt and bent over the dead.

Madame Gosner lifted her right hand.

"Listen, oh, my God! here, in this awful place, and in the presence of my dead, I swear, that I will neither rest, or take thought of any other thing, until the place in which my husband met his slow murder is razed to the ground, and

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those who slew him are brought to justice. This child in her innocence, this man in his strength, shall bear witness of my oath."

The woman arose slowly to her feet as she spoke, her hand still uplifted, her finger pointed heavenward, the fire of a terrible resolve burned in her eyes; her lips were set, her form dilated. She turned to the governor, commanding him like a sybel,

"Bring men hither who shall carry forth my dead. The people of Paris must know how innocent men can be tortured out of their lives. Send two of your guards. I will not leave the dungeon save with him."

"It cannot be, madame. The king's order demands the living body of Dr. Gosner. It is not here. The man who died was a prisoner, and as such he must be buried. This is the law."

"But I, his wife, having the king's order, command you."

"Hardly, if the king himself commanded, could I obey him, for even he must bow to the law."

"Even he and his myrmidons shall bow to that stronger and grander power than kings—the people!" she exclaimed; and turning to the dead man, she took off her muslin scarf and laid it reverently over his face. "Stronger now than in his life," she said, passing out of the dungeon with a firm step. "The last stone of this fortress shall be his monument, and the people of France shall build it for him."

She moved through the door saying this, leading Marguerite by the hand. The governor followed her; but Monsieur Jaque remained behind, though Christopher stood waiting for him to depart, holding the door with his hand. He had set down the lantern in the passage that those who went out might have more light.

All at once Jaque took up the lantern, passed through the door, and lifting Madame Gosner's scarf from the dead man's face, held down the light and closely examined the features. A quick intelligence came to his eyes. He glanced at Christopher, and saw that he watched these proceedings uneasily.

"Monsieur forgets that the governor and his own friends are standing in the dark," said the guard, impatiently.

"No," answered Jaque; "monsieur forgets nothing."

Saying this, he set down the lantern, drew a knife from his pocket, and stooping down, cut a lock of hair from the dead man's temple. All this was done with his back to the guard, who sprang forward and snatched up the light at the moment, and thus was unconscious of the act.

A moment after the two men passed into the passage, the dungeon-door fell to with a crash, and Christopher turned his key in the ponderous lock with a smothered exclamation of thankfulness.

In an upper corridor Madame Gosner turned and addressed a sentence to the governor, who was walking fast, as if anxious to escape from the gloom of the place. She paused a moment while speaking, and stood close by the oaken door which marked the position of some cell which her voice had penetrated. From that cell came a cry so wild, so plaintive and thrilling, that the whole group stopped, awe-stricken.

"Move on," said the governor, addressing Christopher, who had paused with the rest. "It is only some prisoner who has heard our voices. No wonder he cries out; few strangers are ever admitted here, and conversation in these vaults is an unknown thing."

Marguerite went close to her mother, who stood immovable, listening keenly. It seemed to her that she had heard her own name pronounced.

"Did any one speak to me?"

The words left her lips unconsciously, but with a loud, ringing sound. Instantly a tumult of words seemed forcing themselves through the oaken door, against which some heavy weight flung itself with a violence that made all the rusty iron holding it together rattle in staples and sockets.

"Move on! Move on!" cried the governor, stamping his foot with vehement impatience. "Move on, madame! The prison has laws, and you are in the act of breaking them."

Christopher, who carried the light, obeyed this mandate promptly, and the rest were forced to move forward. When Madame Gosner came into the light of the guard-room her eyes gleamed like stars, and the deadly pallor of her face was terrible to look upon. It seemed as if she had been walking through burning ploughshares, and was ready to go still further along the fiery path. The disappointment, which would have taken away all strength from another woman, had given to her almost superhuman power.

The governor had recovered all his silky equanimity. With urbane politeness he invited madame and her friends into his own apartments, offered them wine and confections, as if people so disturbed could partake of such dainties; and with elaborate hypocrisy regretted the event which had made their visit to the prison so severe a disappointment.

Madame Gosner listened to all this dumbly,

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and like one in a trance. Had the man been a statue of granite, she could not have looked in his face with less consciousness of the life that was in him. Some new idea had taken possession of her faculties and locked up her whole being.

Glances of unrest passed between the governor and his subordinate; the marble stillness of this woman seemed to threaten them with danger; her appearance puzzled them. In her dress, and somewhat in her air, she might have belonged to the people; but her language was pure, her manner commanding. If she really was of the lower order, she must be one of those who wield a powerful influence among her compeers, for when she spoke, her words were impressive; when passion swayed her, as it had done in the dungeon, they swelled into powerful eloquence that would have stirred crowds with enthusiasm. She was the very woman to sway ignorant masses; and such women were even now kindling up terrible discontent among the people of Paris.

It was for this reason the governor strove to conciliate the woman before she left the Bastile.

But Madame Gosner would neither eat or drink in his presence. Once she crossed the room suddenly, as he was speaking, and laid her hand on his arm, as if about to question him. But a change evidently came over her purpose, and she drew back without having utterd a word.

Then, in dread silence, the party left the prison, pale, haggard, and so depressed by bitter disappointment, that they seemed more like prisoners worn out with suffering than human beings moving about of their own free will.

Madame Gosner entered her room, and bade her two companions enter also. Up to this time she had not spoken, but walked rapidly through the streets of Paris, looking straight ahead and pressing her lips firmly together, as if some sharp cry were attempting to break forth which she would not permit to escape her.

When the door was closed and bolted, she turned upon Monsieur Jaque, and looked him steadily in the face.

"Monsieur, you visited the prisoners not many months ago. Was the man we saw lying dead in a dungeon of the Bastile my husband?"

"Madame, you ask me a hard question. I had my doubts, I have them still. This man was of the same size, thin, emaciated, tall, with masses of gray hair—all these belonged to your husband; but his eyes were closed, all the sweet expression which made his face beautiful, even in that prison, had disappeared. It may have been the work of death, but my mind rejects the identity."

"My God, help us! How are we to know? In what way can the truth be discovered?" exclaimed the woman, passionately.

Monsieur Jaque drew a lock of hair from his bosom, which he held toward her.

"I cut this from his head. The suspicion was strong upon me, and I thought it might aid us in discovering the truth. Look! You should know the color of his hair, for this is not all gray."

Madame Gosner reached forth her hand, but drew it back again, shrinking from a touch of the hair. She dreaded the conviction it might bring, for wild as the hope was that had sprung up in her heart, she felt that all strength would go from her if it was utterly lost. But she took the hair at last, something in the color reassured her.

"It is darker, less sickly, coarser!" she exclaimed. "His hair was like an infant's, almost flaxen, with glosses of gold in it."

"But time changes the hair more than anything else," said Monsieur Jaque. "I was wrong to think it a sure test. We must have some more certain proof"

"For another this may be insufficient, but I ask nothing more. My husband's hair never could become so dark or coarse as this."

"Still opinion is no proof. Why should an imposition be practiced upon us? How did the governor know that a pardon was coming?"

"Only through one channel. The king who signed the pardon may have taken this method of evading it."

"No, no! he never did that," cried Marguerite.

"No one else had the power," answered Madame Gosner. If my husband is yet alive, as I solemnly believe he is, and that I have heard his voice this day, the fraud practiced upon us was known to the king, and done under his sanction."

"I would give my life to know the truth," murmured Marguerite. "Oh! if they would have taken my liberty in exchange for his!"

Monsieur Jaque drew close to the girl and bent over her.

"Would you give the man who searched out the truth, and afterward saved your father, something dearer than liberty, your love?" he said.

She looked up earnestly.

"As God witnesseth the promise, I will!"

Monsieur Jaque fell upon his knees, pressed a burning kiss upon her hand, dropped it, and left the room. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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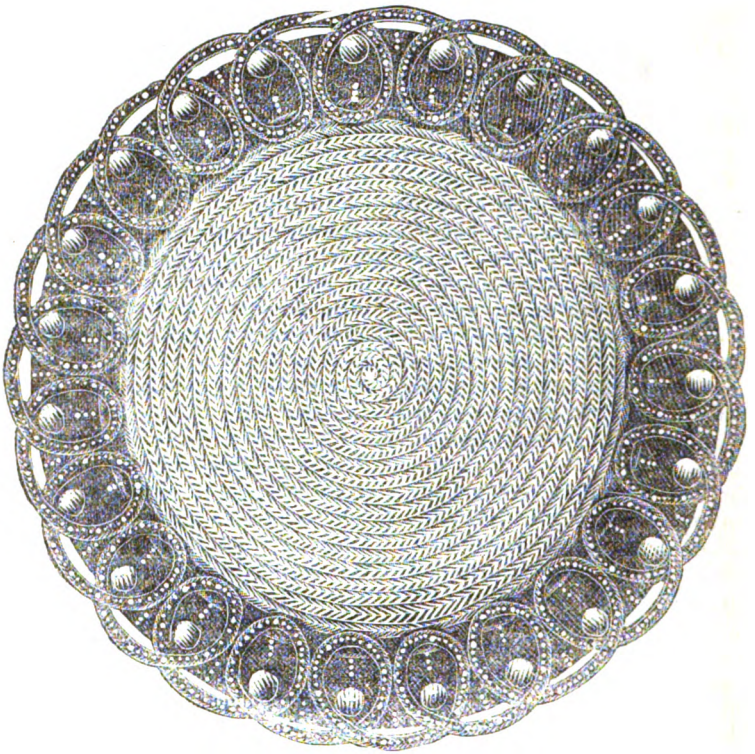
LAMP-MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Pasteboard, black velvet one inch broad, scarlet cord or braid, pearl beads, chalk-white beads, steel beads, and sewing-silk.

The illustration is considerably reduced in size; it represents a mat ten inches in diameter. Cut a thin pasteboard the required size. It must not be too stiff for a needle to pass through. Fasten round the outer edge a black velvet ribbon about an inch broad, and turn it over upon the inside in little folds, as flat as possible, as represented in the design. The foundation consists of thick cord wound round and round, commencing at the middle and fastened together on the wrong side with stitches of red silk. When about half the foundation is finished, place it upon the covered pasteboard, putting the middle to the middle as smoothly and evenly as possible, joining it underneath and to the pasteoard with almost invisible stitches as far as the velvet edge. When all the cord is wound round, place a looping of cord, as shown in the design, and fasten it at the places where the cord crosses, and at the upper middle. Ornament it with a trimming of beads, according to design.

CROCHET CURTAIN-BAND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

WORK with fine cotton piping-cord. Our model represents stripes of a double kind of shell pattern. Commence with a line of fifty-three shells placed at great and small distances.

Work alternately one shell, beginning with eleven chain, and, as in tricot, sticking always in one stitch; collect ten stitch-loops loosely upon the needle, draw them all through together

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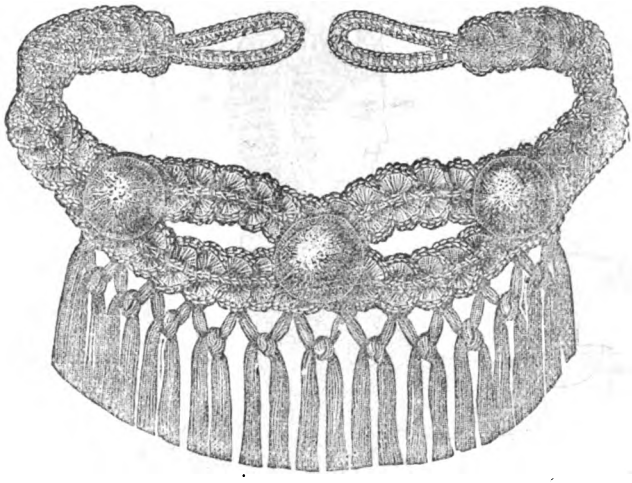
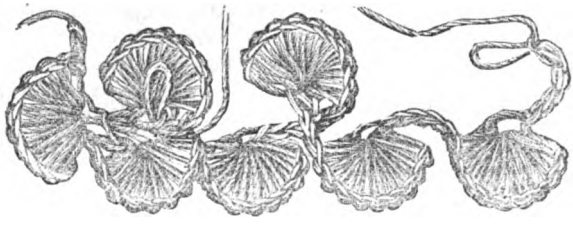
with one thread loop, and afterward by one chain. Inclose them all closely together, (see No. 2. Then, for the next pattern, commence with fourteen stitches; the three additional stitches are for the chain between the shells. through these two stitches at the same time. The back of the crochet is the right side of the work. The patterns are further joined by an interrupted treble row, eighteen inches long, upon a chain-stitch chain, which is sewn on



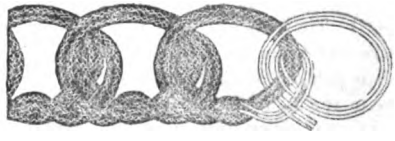
When the line is completely finished, the patterns are always placed with their right side upward. They are made to form a double line by separate single. For this carry the needle, according to No. 2, first through the chain which incloses the bunch of stitches, and then returning through the middle-stitch of the three chain —the joining chain—so that the shell lies over the joining chain, and the stitch-loop is drawn underneath along the middle, and the ends extending beyond form a loop for hanging the curtain-band on.

Join the two stripes in a serpentine form, as shown in No. 1, and ornament them with little balls of twist and fringe of the same material. The fringe is three inches long, and is tied into the row lying at the back of the shells.



BRAID TRIMMINGS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These braid trimmings are very easily made, as will be seen in the designs. They serve to ornament children's dresses and ladies' morning costumes.

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AUTUMN JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, above, an engraving of a very desirable jacket for fall wear. The pattern consists of five pieces. Half of front and half of back, side-piece, half of *panier*, and upper part of sleeve, (the under part being marked on the paper.) There is a notch on the front to mark where the seam of the sleeves is placed. A plait is pricked on the front, so that the *casaque* falls to the figure. The *panier* is gathered at the top and sewn on to the back of the waist; the line where the pricked marks are should also be gathered. The sides of the *panier* are fulled in to the front at the upper part, both being caught or bunched up with bow and ends.

The sash is made of the same material as the rest of the mantle. Our model is of black silk, and trimmed with frills and satin rouleaux.

This jacket takes two yards and a quarter of a material that measures twenty-seven inches in width.

On the next page we give a diagram of the five pieces of which this jacket is composed.

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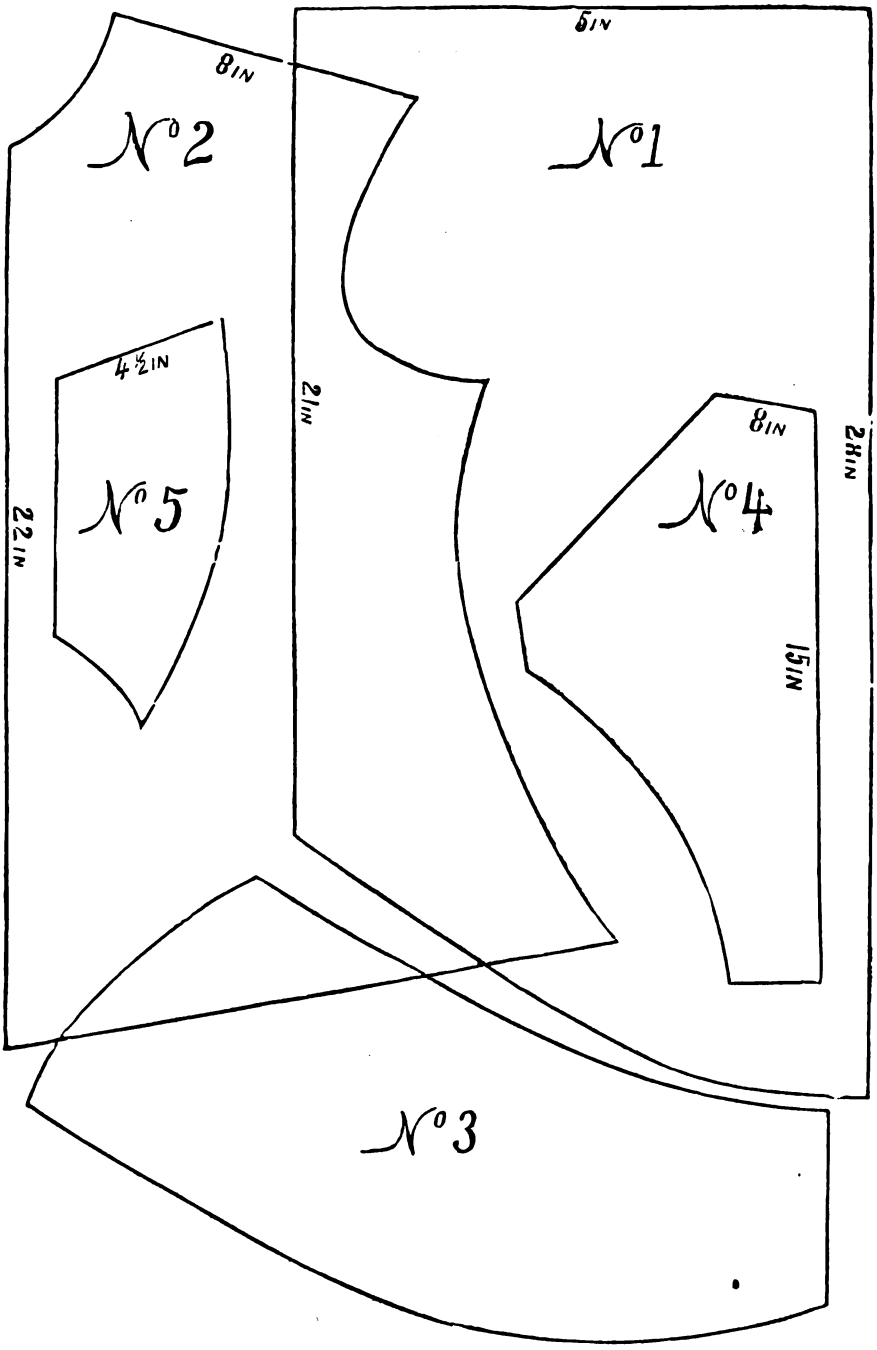

BORDER IN POINT RUSSE. CROCHET EDGE.

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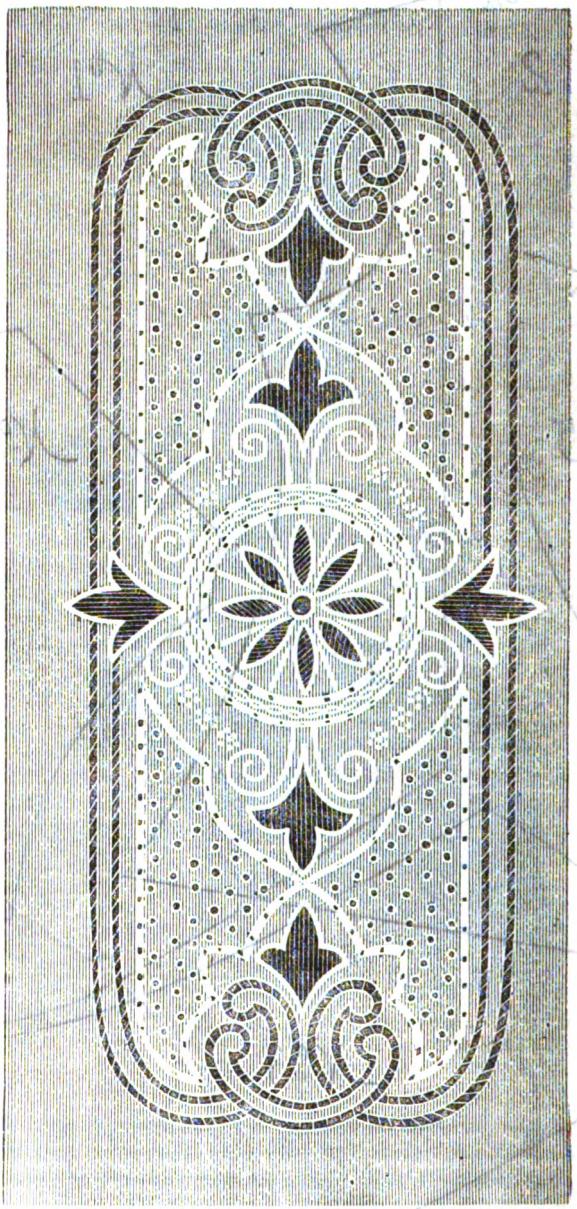
SEGAR-CASE IN LEATHER EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE foundation of the Segar-Case is of a light gray kid or Chamoise leather, the outer lines of black silk braid, sewed over with gold thread. All the solid black trefoils and the middle star cut out of black velvet, and gum them on carefully, sewing them down with white or maize-colored silk. Fill out the other parts of the design with chain-stitch in fine white sewing-silk, ornamented with fine jet beads. For this single color we give for the thread-like parts of the design; a variety of colored silks may be introduced, and give it quite an Oriental appearance. Make the case up over cardboard, or send it to the pocket-book manufactory to be made up.

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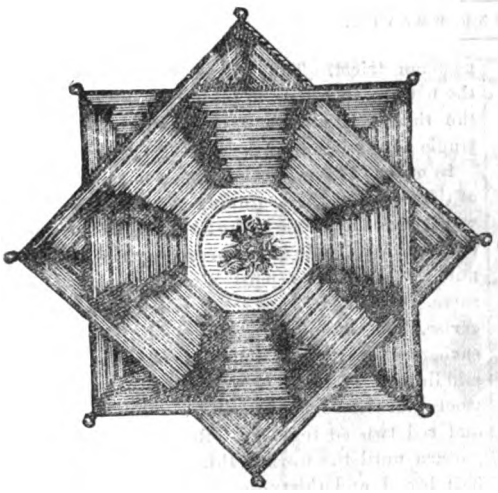
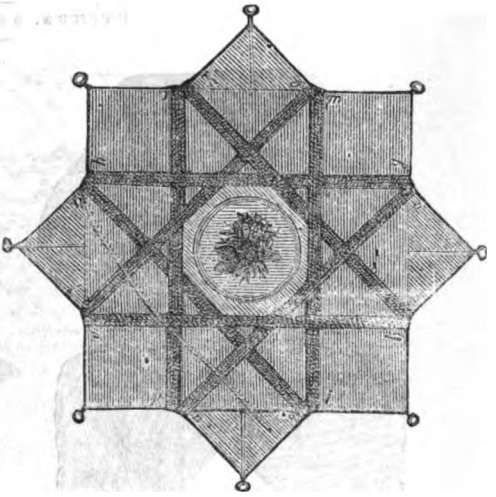
SILK-WINDER IN THE SHAPE OF A STAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





THESE winders are meant to show how to wind cotton or silk in the shape of a star. Take two pieces of cardboard one inch and three-quarters square, pasted one over the other in such a manner as to form a star pattern with eight branches, as can be seen in No. 1. Insert into these eight pins, (see No. 2;) these pins are meant to fasten the windings of the cotton, and ornament the star in the center with a colored wafer, or point Russe embroidery pattern. Begin to wind the cotton at the place marked *a;* continue to wind it from No. 2, always four times double; follow the order of the letters—that is, wind four times from *a* to *b*, carry the thread on the wrong side from *b* to *c*, wind four times from *c* to *d*, then four times from *e* to *f*, and so on. When you have come back again to *a*, repeat as before till the cardboard is covered, as can be seen in No. 1. The cotton is then fastened on the wrong side.

These winders make exceedingly pretty frames for small photograph pictures, done in brown cotton; the imitation of Walnut is quite good.

WORK-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—A basket, red and white cloth, black velvet, black, white, gold and red purse-silk, maroon ribbon, No. 4. (The pattern is the colored one in the front of the number.) To make this original-looking receptacle for either work or keys, first procure a basket of the required form, line it with quilted, red silk, and proceed to decorate it outside with four lambrequins, as illustrated in colored engraving. The lambrequin is cut out of maroon or red cloth, and a medallion of white cloth is pasted in the center. A griffin is cut out of black velvet, and pasted in the center of the white medallion, the edges being sewn down with neat, invisible stitches taken in fine black sewing-silk. The white medallion is sewn down with button-hole stitches taken in black silk at prolonged intervals. A line of gold silk in back stitches follows the contour of the medallion. The arabesques are produced by chain-stitches taken with black silk, and the dots are French knots in white silk. These four decorated pieces of cloth are arranged on the outside of the basket in their respective places, and a quilling of maroon colored ribbon is added at the top; bows decorate the ends of the handle, and some of the ribbon is wrapped around it. This may be made in a variety of colors—a combination of blue and black, red and gray, yellow and black; any of these combinations will be found pretty.

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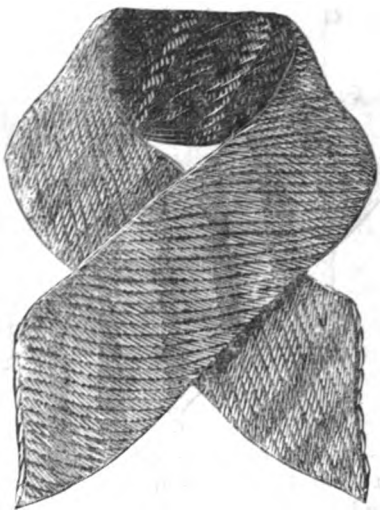
CROCHET SHAWL FOR GENTLEMEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—White, dark-red, lilac, dark-green, cerise, blue, and fawn-colored Berlin wool, lilac, blue, green, maize, and dark-red Shetland wool, a suitable hook for tricot.

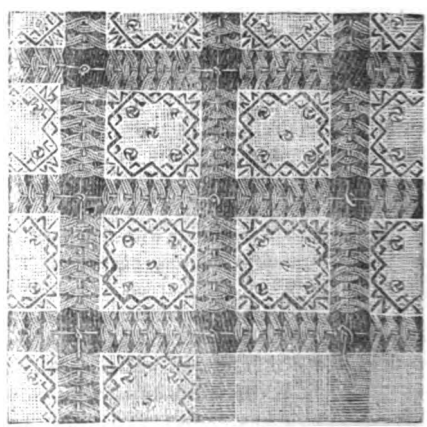
This shawl is worked in stripes of interrupted tricot. Commence with seventy stitches with the white wool, and crochet the first row in common tricot. The second row commences the pattern, in which, in taking up the stitches, the thread is always drawn under the firm, single edge stitches of the preceding row.

In order to preserve the proper slanting form of the shawl, at the beginning of every row forward, stick the needle in the first hole, and at the end in the last hole of the preceding row. The number of stitches must always remain the same. Our model consists of red, lilac, green, cerise, blue, and brown stripes of three rows each, and separated by four rows of white. The middle row of these is worked with Shetland wool four times double, lilac, green, yellow, and red twisted together. Repeat this striped pattern until the work is thirteen inches and a half broad, and thirty-four inches long, finishing with a white stripe. Fold the work, which will form the sloped ends of the shawl. The corners must be filled in afterward. Chain off only half of the stitches, and work out the corners with the remainder; for this, at the beginning of each row on the open side of the work, decrease regularly, and join the other side of the work, which is to be worked straight at each row to the chained-off stitches. Sew the outer edges of the finished shawl together with white wool.

OPEN PATTERN ON LINEN, FOR INSERTIONS FOR DRAWERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE cotton must be coarser or finer, according to the material. Draw out fifteen threads lengthwise and crosswise, and leave in eighteen threads; from one of these draw out stripes to the other. Then draw a thread a little coarser than the linen, through the part where the threads are drawn out, (see design,) and cross four and four threads with it. A thread is drawn through the empty squares: the cross stitches extend over eight threads in breadth and height. The plain, thick squares may be filled up with little knots or stars in point Russe, with white or colored thread. This pattern is extremely pretty in Java canvas for anti-macassars, etc.



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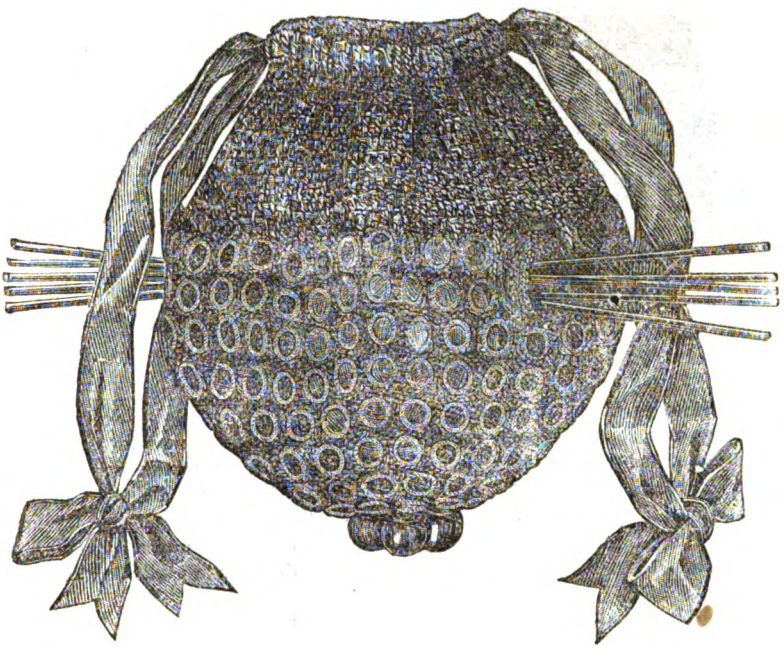
BASKET FOR KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Five skeins of green silk cordon, one yard and a half of green sarcenet ribbon an inch broad, little pieces of white sarcenet, one hundred and fifty brass rings measuring half an inch, two larger rings, four raised buttons, a little powdered violet-root.

The under part, consisting of rings covered with crochet, is made with the help of a large India-rubber ball, to form the round. Begin with the middle ring at the bottom, which, like the rest, is worked over with crochet, but separately. Join the other rings all together in a round; for this, crochet over only half of each ring first, and then lay on another ring close to it; then, in order to keep the rings at the proper distance, work two single on to the ring of the preceding row. In working over the second half of the ring, loop round the second ring with two single. The first row contains six rings, the second eleven rings; then follow rows with sixteen, twenty-one, twenty-five: and the sixth row contains twenty-eight rings. For each fresh row it is advisable to place the round over the ball to try the shape. As shown in the design, a ring of double the diameter divides the seventh and eighth rows in two halves after each thirteenth ring: this is to pass the pins through. Twelve interrupted treble rows and one row of double-treble form the upper part of the basket. In working the former there must be two trebles upon each ring, always one double-treble over the joining of the two rings. At the bottom, inside the basket, a round cushion is placed, two inches in diameter, of white sarcenet, and filled with violet powder. The upper part is crochet, worked round in double-stitch, beginning in the middle and properly widened. Four round buttons with eyes—one fastened in the middle ring of the bottom of the basket, the three others in the first row of rings—are placed so as to form a triangle; these serve for the foot. A ribbon is drawn through at the top, and tied in a bow at the sides to complete the whole.

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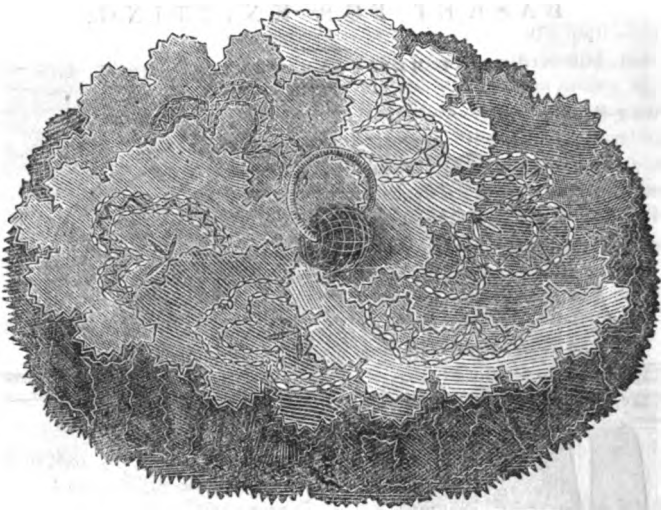
PEN-WIPER.

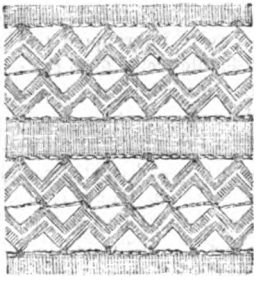
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

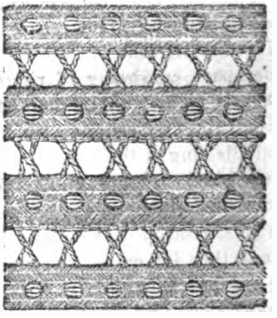


Upon a round of cardboard, measuring two inches and a quarter, fasten a double round of dark-colored cloth, scalloped at the edge, measuring four inches in diameter. Upon this fasten a scalloped strip, thickly pleated. Above this are six oval-scalloped pieces, measuring two inches by one inch and a half, and alternating in color. The patterns shown in the engraving are worked upon them with cordon of a contrasting color. A button, covered with silk or crochet, and ring for a handle, hide the place where the separate parts are fastened to the double round underneath. They are fastened firmly at the back to each other and to the folds.

INSERTION IN STRIPES, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





We give here two new and pretty designs. The first is an insertion in stripes of braid and muslin. The two braid scallops are fastened at the points on the wrong side. The thread, which is always carried on, must be twisted several times in returning to give firmness to the work. The stripes of muslin are double, and must be sewn on.

The other is a striped pattern of braid and crochet. The braid is joined by cross trebles, and ornamented with raised embroidery dots.

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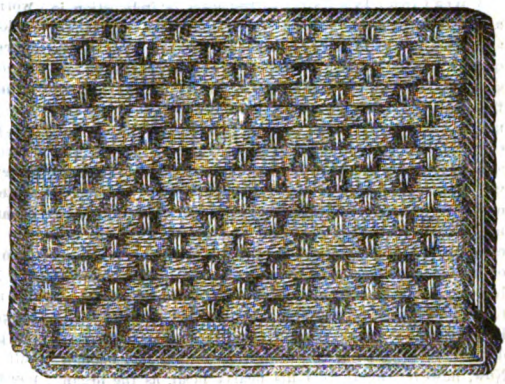
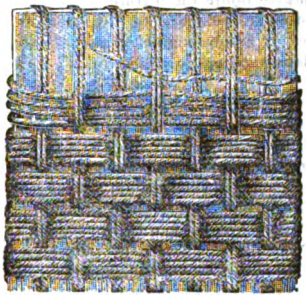
WRITING-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



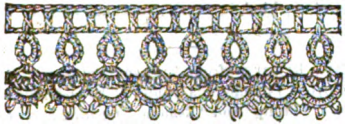
MATERIALS.—Blue silk, coarse gray crochet cotton, blue silk cord, cardboard, blue filoselle.

This Writing-Case is very pretty and easily made. It is covered with gray cotton plaiting, varnished with copal varnish, so as to imitate carved wood. The back and pockets of the case are of blue glace silk, ornamented round the edge with blue silk braid. Cut first the covers of thick cardboard, each twelve inches long, nine inches wide, and cover them with plaiting from No. 2, which shows that the cotton is not cut off at the edges of the cardboard. Both covers are joined together on one side



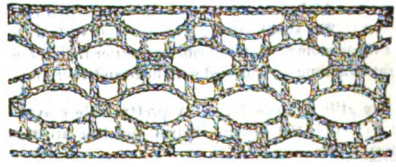
with a strip of blue silk one inch and a fifth wide, which forms the back; the same material lines the wrong side of the covers. A piece of coarse tape must be sewn in at the back. For the pockets, which are fastened inside the covers, cut two pieces of blue silk, lined with thin cardboard. The pockets must be much longer than the covers, so as to make a deep pleat at the sides, which is to take the place of gores. Then sew the cardboard lining into the pockets with button-hole stitches of blue silk, and fasten the pockets on three sides of the cover. Lastly, edge the case with blue silk braid, and fasten some fly-leaves of blotting-paper by means of a piece of blue silk ribbon.

TATTED AND CROCHET EDGE.



WITH coarse cotton work first the Josephine knots containing six of the concluding stitches of a double knot. They are joined on one side by the outer scallops, worked with the helping-thread, and on the other by the closed eyes, worked with fine cotton. The scallops contain three double knots, three picots separated by two double knots, and three double knots; the closed eyes contain twelve double knots. The footing consists of an interrupted row of treble in the joining thread of the closed eyes.

INITIALS. CROCHET.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A WORD ABOUT INDIGESTION.—Dyspepsia, or indigestion, is a common American disease. We eat too much, as a people, and take too little invigorating exercise, and as a consequence pay the penalty of dyspepsia, as may be seen in our comparatively sallow complexions, and is felt by tens of thousands of us in headaches, nervousness, and other ailments. Every physician knows that indigestion is the cause of half the minor diseases to which he is called to administer. It results from various causes besides those we have mentioned. Grief, anxiety, hard study, indolence, excessive drinking, and smoking, improper food, imperfect mastication from loss of teeth, and over-feeding are the causes which usually occasion dyspepsia; the most common of all being the use of spirituous liquors, and the habit of bolting the food. When mastication is imperfectly performed the appetite is not so soon satisfied, and the result is, the patient continues eating, and the stomach becomes distended before he is conscious that he has had enough. Now, however, he regrets his hearty meal, as the organ, from its loaded condition, gravitates downward; or, as it presses upward, preventing the descent of the diaphragm, and thereby obstructing his breathing, he feels considerable discomfort, and expresses himself at a loss to understand why it is he should feel such a sinking sensation, such a fluttering at his chest, after taking food. "At one time," he will exclaim, "I could eat anything; but now the slightest thing seems to disagree with me." A dilated stomach, in consequence of over-feeding, is the secret of his discomfiture, and accompanying this he may have actual pain at the pit of the stomach; he may suffer from water-brash, or flatulence, with a torpid condition of bowels, and palpitation. Or, in addition to all this, he may be afflicted with great depression of spirits amounting to melancholy, may have the fear of sudden death, or even be disposed to suicide.

Now what is the cure? In the treatment of dyspepsia medicines can be of but little avail if the patient cannot be induced, in the first place, to depart from the habits which have been the cause of his illness. If mental emotion, anxiety, or close application to study or business be the cause, change of air, fresh scenery, and agreeable society will do much for the patient; but if his symptoms be attributable to late hours, the luxurious table, the vitiated atmosphere of the theatre and the ball-room, he must forsake these baneful associations, at least in part, ere he can hope to derive any benefit. In a word, he must live according to the laws of nature. So must a woman, too, if she would escape dyspepsia. We say women also, for in this country the sex, perhaps, suffers more from this evil than man.

BLACK VELVET ORNAMENTS are very fashionable, this fall, on dresses of every description. They came in, first, as trimmings on white *piques*. They are now used on white woolen toilets, such as those made of thick, white serge, when the petticoat is trimmed with flounces separated by black velvet bands. At the extreme edge of the tunic a row of Thibet fringe is sewn, which fringe is likewise headed with a line of black velvet. The small paletot corresponds in style with the rest of the costume. Nothing can be prettier than these black velvet trimmings, when used with taste and discretion.

SASHES are still fashionable. Very pretty little cravats are made to match the sashes. Velvet and lace are the trimmings in vogue.

A NEW STYLE OF TUNIC has been introduced that can be worn indiscriminately, no matter whether the dress be high or low. The material of the tunic is China *crepe*; the front describes a round *tablier*, and at the back it forms a double *panier*, the whole being bordered with black velvet, and either fringe or guipure; a bodice is sewn to the tunic; it is low and square, and a wide band of black velvet replaces the *berthe*; short sleeves, edged with black velvet; black velvet sash, with a bow at the side, and a large velvet bow fastening up the *panier*. The same style is also made in white China *crepe*, with cross-cut bands of white *gros grain*, ornamented with gimp.

TO MAKE LINEN WHITE.—The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing-powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax-powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; and they save in soap nearly half. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; it softens the hardest water, and, therefore, it should be kept on every toilet-table. It is advantageously used for cleansing the hair, and is an excellent dentifrice.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE.—The Manistee (Mich.) Times says of this Magazine:—"It has steadily adhered to its original price, while all others have advanced." This is true. While most of the other magazines advanced, during the war, from three to four dollars, "Peterson" maintained its old price of two dollars. That it has not declined in merit, but on the contrary, improved, anybody can see by comparing the numbers for 1869 with those before the war. That it is better, at two dollars, than others at a higher price, can be verified by placing it side by side with those others.

OUR COLORED PLATES OF THE FASHIONS, remember! are engraved on steel, and not on wood, as are the fashion-plates of most other magazines. Compare our plates with these elsewhere and you will see their immense superiority. If we gave colored wood-cuts, instead of these costly steel plates, we could save thousands of dollars annually. But we are determined to make and keep "Peterson" the best Magazine of its kind, in every particular, no matter what the cost.

WE HAVE RECEIVED from Turner Brothers & Co., 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, copies of "Pendennis," "The Virginians," "Philip" and "Esmond," forming part of a new edition of Thackeray's works, published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston. The style is similar to that of "Charles Reade's novels," issued by the same house. The price is $1.25 a volume.

YOU CANNOT BEGIN TOO EARLY to get up clubs for 1870. In our next number we shall print our new Prospectus. Meantime, rely on this, we shall give more for the money, and of a better quality, than any other lady's magazine. "Peterson" has never disappointed its patrons, and is not going to begin now.

"NO BETTER PUBLICATION."—The Alexandria (Minn.) Post says of this Magazine:—"It is astonishing what an amount of information of importance to the family is conveyed to thousands of homes each month by this Magazine. There is no better publication in the country for the family."

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A New Premium Engraving.—For next year we shall have another new premium engraving, "Our Father Who Art in Heaven." The subject is one that will appeal to every true woman's heart. The picture is large-sized for framing, (20 inches by 16;) is executed in the best manner; and will, we think, be more generally liked than even "The Star of Bethlehem." Every person getting up a club for "Peterson" will be entitled to a copy of this really exquisite work of art. A very little exertion will enable you to procure three subscribers and earn this beautiful picture. With a little more exertion you can get five subscribers, which secures for you an extra copy of the Magazine in addition to the engraving. Or, a larger club, at lower rates per copy, and, therefore, easier got, will be remunerated in the same way. Be early in the field, before canvassers for other periodicals get around. The picture will be sent, carefully wrapped on a roller, postage paid.

If, however, you prefer it, we will send either of our old premium engravings, instead of the new one, viz., "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Bunyan in Jail," or "Bunyan on Trial." This is a choice which no other magazine offers. If you get clubs enough you can earn all the engravings.

Bonnets are worn higher than ever. The newest way of fastening the veil is with a beetle, or insect of some kind, attached to a pin, and put in the center of the chignon at the back, where the ends meet.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Horse in the Stable and the Field; his Management in Health and Disease. By J. H. Welsh, F. R. C. S. From the last London edition. With copious Notes and Additions, by Robert M'Clure, M. D., V. S. And an Essay on the American Trotting Horse, and Suggestions on the Breeding and Training of Trotters. By Ellwood Harvey, M. D. Illustrated with over eighty engravings. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: Porter & Coates.*—This is the best treatise of the kind which has ever come under our observation. It was written originally in London, by the celebrated "Stonehenge," author of "British Rural Sports," etc., etc. Prior to its republication here, Dr. M'Clure, a veterinary surgeon of eminent reputation, was employed to write notes to it, in order to adapt it to the American market. The result is a thoroughly comprehensive work, in which the diseases of the horse, and the remedies for such diseases are discussed, so that, with its aid, a veterinary surgeon may, in almost every case, be dispensed with. The remarks on the management of a horse are also excellent. Dr. Harvey's essay on the American Trotter is very able. It compresses, into a comparatively short compass, all that can be said on the subject, and is itself worth the price of the volume to any one about to buy a horse, or already owning one. The engravings, illustrating the text, are all good.

Famous London Merchants. By H. R. Fox Bourne. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This book will be the delight of boys. Beginning with Whittington, in the fourteenth century, it tells the story of the most famous London Merchants, Crosby, Gresham, Middleton, Coutts, and others, down to our own time, ending with George Peabody, in some respects the best and most famous of them all. The illustrations are numerous and excellent. We have said it is a book that will delight boys, but we know at least one person of mature age, who has been as pleased with its chatty, anecdotical pages, as if he had still been in his teens.

Rhetoric: A Text-Book. By Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., LL. D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A very excellent text-book for use in schools. Its author is President of the University of Michigan.

Papers from Over the Water. By Sinclair Tousey. 1 *vol.* 12 *mo. New York: The American News Company.*—This is a collection of letters from Europe, in which the practical sagacity, which has made Mr. Tousey so successful in business, comes prominently to the front. Hence it is that the book is different from, and in one sense fresher than, most works of foreign travel. We would recommend to persons about going abroad, and wishing not only to economize time and travel as much as possible, but to do their work thoroughly as far as circumstances allow, to buy this and one other book, "Latrobe's Six Months in Europe," and study them well before setting out. Mr. Tousey, as well as Mr. Latrobe, have been almost the first persons to realize that travelers, now-a-days, do not so much want descriptions of foreign sights, as they do intelligent hints how to see them for themselves in the best way, and with the least waste of time and strength. Having been over most of the ground which Mr. Tousey traversed, and followed nearly the same route as Mr. Latrobe, we know experimentally of what we speak.

Credo. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—"This volume," says the author, "is devoted to those inquiries which now agitate the thinking world. It is committed to the care of the Christian Church. Its truths are God's, and will live forever; its errors are the author's, and will be over-ruled, forgotten, and, he trusts, forgiven." We can add nothing to this, except to say that the work is a defence, and an able one, of the Christian revelation.

Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets. By Edwin P. Hood. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: M. W. Dodd.*—Under this somewhat fanciful title we have a series of lectures on the vocation of the preacher, illustrated by anecdotes, biographical, historical, etc., the result being a rather quaint, but, on the whole, interesting book.

Married Against Reason. By Mrs. A. Shelton Mackenzie. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Boston: Loring.*—A charmingly told story, the scene of which is laid in Germany. Mrs. Mackenzie, if we are not mistaken, is a native of that country, and her novel is full of local color. We commend the tale to all who wish to while away an hour pleasantly and yet advantageously.

The Hollands. By Virginia F. Townsend. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—This popular writer has given us here her best work. Her novels are always true to life. But in this one, the scenery, the characters, the customs of the people, come out, even more distinctly and boldly than usual.

Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers. By Jane Jay Fuller. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: M. W. Dodd.*—An agreeably written book, conveying much information on flowers, their structure, habits, etc., told in the guise of a story for children.

Love and Liberty. By Alexander Dumas. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a new novel, by one of the most popular of the French novelists. It is a story of the Revolution of 1792, and very powerfully written.

Countess Gisela. From the German of E. Marlitt. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. Part I. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A very charming story, and admirably translated. The second and concluding part will follow speedily.

An American Woman in Europe. By Mrs. S. R. Urbino. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is a journal of two years and a half spent in Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy. It is rather above the average of such books.

Philip Brantley's Life Work, and How He Found It. By M. E. W. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: M. W. Dodd.*—A religious story, very well told. We think it may do much good.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NOVELS.—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, publish a new and uniform edition of all the celebrated novels written by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. The following are their names:

The Changed Brides.
The Bride's Fate. A Sequel to "The Changed Brides."
Fair Play; or, Britomarte, the Man Hater.
How He Won Her. A Sequel to "Fair Play."
Fallen Pride; or, The Mountain Girl's Love.
The Prince of Darkness.
The Widow's Son; or, Left Alone.
The Bride of Llewellyn; a Sequel to "The Widow's Son."
The Fortune Seeker; or, Astrea, the Bridal Day.
Allworth Abbey; or, Eudora.
The Bridal Eve; or, Rose Elmer.
The Fatal Marriage; or, Orville Deville.
Love's Labor Won.
The Gipsy's Prophecy; or, The Bride of an Evening.
Vivia; or, The Secret of Power.
India; or, The Pearl of Pearl River.
The Mother-in-Law; or, Married in Haste.
The Discarded Daughter.
The Two Sisters; or, Virginia and Magdalene.
The Three Beauties; or, Shannondale.
The Haunted Homestead.
The Wife's Victory.
The Lost Heiress.
Retribution: A Tale of Passion.
The Deserted Wife.
The Lady of the Isle; or, The Island Princess.
The Missing Bride; or Miriam, the Avenger.
The Curse of Clifton.

Copies of either or all of the above books will be sent by mail, post-paid, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., in paper covers, for $1.50, or in cloth, for $1.75 each; or they may be had of all Booksellers.

CABINET ORGANS AT LOW PRICES.—Some feeling has been excited among manufacturers of Reed Organs, by the low prices at which the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company are now offering their well-known instruments.

It is claimed that instruments of such quality cannot be afforded at such prices, and that the Company are, therefore, by their course, ruining the business of other manufacturers without benefiting themselves. The ground taken by the Mason & Hamlin Company is, that this course is only in accordance with their fixed policy to sell always the best instruments at the lowest remunerative price. With the rapid growth of their business, which has now assumed very large proportions, they have been enabled to avail themselves of new facilities, such as improved machinery, so that, notwithstanding they are now producing the best Organs they have ever made, the cost is at the same time reduced, so that they can afford what seemed to makers having less facilities to be ruinously low prices for work of such fine quality.

It is admitted that no instruments can surpass these; and the ambition of most manufacturers is satisfied when they believe they are turning out Organs "equal to the Mason & Hamlin."

MRS. A. F. STRICKLAND, Dress and Cloak-Maker, Ware, Mass., says:—"I have used a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine in my shop for eight years, on an average of eight hours a day, making garments from the heaviest beaver to the finest cambric. I have taught at least twenty different persons to run it, and you know beginners do not improve a machine. It has never been out of repair, and is good for ten years more, if used properly."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—The Waterford (N. Y.) Sentinel says:—"Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine gives more for the money than any other monthly." The Herkimer (N. Y.) Democrat says:—"It gives a larger amount of reading matter and fashions than any other ladies' book." The Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer says:—"It is as full of attractions for the ladies as any of its competitors, and is the cheapest of the ladies' magazines published." "Every lady should take it," says the Painesville (O.) Advertiser. "In the fore-front of the fashion journals: no lady should be without it," says the St. Joseph (Mo.) Union. "A superb number," says the Vinton (Iowa) Eagle: "the most popular and cheapest of the ladies' magazines." The Bellefonte (Pa.) Watchman says:—"The most entertaining and valuable Magazine in the country, yet furnished at a less price than any other." Says the Cape Ann (Mass.) Advertiser, "Abounds in fine embellishments and interesting matter." The Rhineback (N. Y.) Tribune says:—"The literary contents are of the first order, while the fashion-plates are quite equal to those in more costly publications." The Saratoga Springs (N. Y.) Sentinel Says:—Like wine, it improves by age." The Kent (O.) Bulletin says:—"The fashion-plates, illustrations, patterns, etc., are equal to the higher-priced publications. *The ladies will find attractions in its pages that no other magazine can supply.*"

MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ has always been one of the most popular of American novelists. Among her writings are such popular books as

Courtship and Marriage,	Rena; or, the Snow-Bird.
Ernest Linwood.	Marcus Warland.
The Lost Daughter.	Love After Marriage.
Planter's Northern Bride,	Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale.
Linda; or, the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole.	Planter's Daughter.
	Forsaken Daughter.
Robert Graham; a sequel to "Linda, the Young Pilot."	Helen and Arthur.
	The Banished Son.

Above books are published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Price of each one, in paper cover, is $1.50: or in cloth, $1.75. Copies of either or all will be mailed to any address on receipt of price; or they will be found for sale by all Booksellers.

CORRECTION.—In the June number of "Peterson," Tremaine & Brothers' Cabinet Organs were advertised at Five Dollars; the price should be Forty-Five Dollars, as corrected in the July number.

"ONE OF THE PRETTIEST steel engravings we have ever seen," says the Searcy (Ark.) Record, "is in Peterson. This Magazine is hard to beat."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

DESSERTS.

Rich Bread-and-Butter Pudding.—Give a good flavor of lemon-rind and bitter almonds, or of cinnamon, if preferred, to a pint of new milk; and, when it has simmered a sufficient time for this, strain and mix it with a quarter of a pint of rich cream. Sweeten it with four ounces of sugar in lumps, and, while still hot, stir in five well-beaten eggs. Throw in a few grains of salt, and move the mixture briskly with a spoon, as a glass of brandy is added to it. Have ready, in a thickly-buttered dish, three layers of thin bread-and-butter, cut from a half-quartern loaf, with four ounces of currants, and one ounce and a half of finely-shred candied peel, strewed between and over them. Pour the eggs and milk on them by degrees, letting the bread absorb one portion before another is added; it should soak for a couple of

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hours before the pudding is taken to the oven, which should be a moderate one. Half an hour will bake it. It is very good when made with new milk only; and some persons use no more than a pint of liquid in all, but part of the whites of the eggs may then be omitted. Cream may be substituted for the entire quantity of milk at pleasure.

Junior United Pudding.—Cut into slices a quarter of an inch thick, half a pound of sponge-cake two days old; spread one side with fresh butter, (three ounces the whole,) and the other with marmalade (half a pound for the pudding.) Boil two ounces of loaf-sugar in half a pint of new milk; beat four fresh eggs; add the milk to the eggs while hot, but not boiling. Butter a plain tin pint-and-a-half mould; lay in the cake (buttered side next the tin) and custard alternately till full. Let it stand half an hour to soak; then bake in a well-heated oven for an hour and ten minutes. Turn out carefully, and serve with or without sauce.

Milanese Cream.—A pint of new milk and five ounces of loaf-sugar, boiled, three-quarters of an ounce of isinglass, dissolved in a gill of water, the yolks of eight fresh eggs, well beaten; add the milk to the eggs while hot, but not boiling; stir over a gentle fire till at boiling heat; strain into a basin; stir in the isinglass and a gill of thick cream; flavor with twenty-five drops of any kind of essence, or with three tablespoonfuls of Maraschino, Curaco, or rum. Pour the mixture into a mould slightly rubbed with oil of sweet almonds, and let it stand in a cool place till firmly set.

Lemon-Jelly.—Rub ten ounces of loaf-sugar on the rind of eight lemons, to extract the essence; express and strain the juice; put the juice and the sugar into a pint of water, and boil (skimming carefully) till it becomes quite bright; add a few drops of burnt sugar to color it. Dissolve an ounce and a quarter of isinglass in a gill of water; mix this with the rest; add a wineglassful of whisky or gin, and strain through a jelly-bag. Put the jelly into a mould, and let it stand in a cool place till set, or on ice for an hour.

Jam-Pudding, with Bread.—Butter a basin, and line it with bread-and-butter, then fill up with slices of bread, spread with jam or marmalade; make a custard, (two eggs to three-quarters of a pint of milk, flavored and sweetened,) and pour over, letting it stand a little while to soak; tie over with a cloth, and boil about an hour and a half. This is a nice pudding without the jam, all bread-and-butter. The basin should then be ornamented with raisins before putting in the bread, and a little candied peel added.

Custard-Fritters.—Beat the yolks of four eggs with a dessertspoonful of flour, a little nutmeg, salt, and brandy; add half a pint of cream; sweeten it to taste, and bake it in a small dish for a quarter of an hour. When cold, cut it into quarters, and dip them into batter made with a quarter of a pint of each of milk and cream, the whites of four eggs, a little flour, and a good bit of grated-ginger; fry them of a nice brown; grate sugar over them, and serve them as hot as possible.

Spongy Cream.—Mix overnight half an ounce of isinglass, one wineglassful of sherry, and two wineglassfuls of water; let these stand till morning, then boil them till the isinglass is dissolved, and strain through a piece of muslin into a pint of good thick cream, to which two ounces of sifted-sugar have been added; stir gently for a few minutes, and pour all into the mould, until set sufficiently to turn out. Flavor to taste

Egg Cheese-Cakes—Twelve eggs, boiled hard and rubbed through a sieve while hot, with half a pound of butter; then add half a pound of pounded loaf-sugar, half a pound of currants, and a little nutmeg. Brandy may be added, which flavors them nicely; or, if preferred, a few drops of essence of lemon or almonds.

Bibaroe.—One pint of cream, whipped until stiff, one ounce of isinglass, boiled and strained in about one pint of water until reduced to half a pint, four ounces of sugar, one vanilla bean; stir in the cream when the isinglass gets blood heat. Then mould and eat with whipped cream.

Buttered Orange-Juice—A Cold Dish.—Mix the juice of seven Seville oranges with four spoonfuls of rose-water, and add the whole to the yolks of eight, and whites of four eggs, well beaten; then strain the liquor, and add half a pound of sugar, pounded; stir it over a gentle fire, and when it begins to thicken, put in butter, about the size of a small walnut, keep it over the fire a few minutes longer, then pour it into a flat dish, and serve to eat cold. It may be done in a china basin, in a sauce-pan of boiling water, the top of which will just receive the basin.

Cakes for Dessert.—Four eggs, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of flour. Mix the butter, sugar, and yolks of the eggs thoroughly, then add the flour and mix again, then the whites of the eggs, beaten to a thick froth. Grate in a little lemon-rind. Put in little tins, filling each about one-third full, and bake till done.

CAKES.

Savoy Cakes—Cold Mixture.—Separate the yolks from the whites when you break the eggs. Put the yolks into a clean pan with the sugar, and the whites in another by themselves. Let the pans be quite free from grease. If they are rubbed round with a little flour, it will take off any which may be left about them. Wipe them out with a clean cloth. Beat up the yolks and sugar by themselves, with a wooden spoon, and afterward whip up the whites to a very strong froth. If they should happen to be rather weak, a bit of powdered alum may be added. When the whites are whisked up firm, stir in the yolks and sugar. Sift the flour and mix it lightly with the spatula, adding a little essence of lemon to flavor it. Fill the moulds and bake as before. When cakes are made in this way, the eggs should be quite fresh and good, otherwise the whites cannot be whipped up. When weak, pickled eggs are used. A good method is to heat the eggs first by themselves, over a fire, until they are warm; then add the sugar, and whip it over the fire until it is again warm, or make as for hot mixtures, and heat it twice.

Flaky and Short Crusts.—In making a flaky crust a part of the butter or lard should be worked with the hand to a cream, and then the whole of the flour well rubbed into it before any water or milk is added. The remainder must be stuck on the paste and be rolled out. For crisp crust, by far the most wholesome, the whole of the shortening should be rubbed in and thoroughly incorporated with the flour. Water or milk must be added when this is done, and the dough, or rather paste, made up. The pie-board and rolling-pin should be well dusted with flour, and the dough should be well beaten with the pin to thoroughly mix it and render it light. In rolling out the paste, do not drive the pin backward and forward, but always keep rolling from you. In making flaky crusts the paste must be rolled out thin, and the butter laid all over it; then roll it up and beat it till it puffs up in little bladders; it should be then finally rolled out and put in the oven as quickly as possible.

Irish Cake.—Take about two pounds of flour, warm it in a pan before the fire, stirring it with the hand to lighten it; then add four or six potatoes, boiled previously, and rubbed through a sieve. This done, add a good pinch of salt, not quite half a pound of currants, a piece of salt butter, about the size of a large walnut, and twice that quantity of lard or pork-dripping, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, two ounces of sugar. The whole being well mixed, wet with buttermilk or new milk; roll it into large, flat cakes, and place them on a girdle, turning them over when one side is partly done, and then back again to prevent burning; or cut in smaller shapes and bake on tins. They may be eaten at an early tea, and are sometimes slit and buttered hot when brought to table, which is the favorite way of eating them; but if small and cold, they may be eaten at any time, but require quite a quarter of a pound of sugar instead of two ounces.

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Luncheon Cake.—Two excellent luncheon cakes can be made by following these directions. One pound of flour, four ounces of butter, six ounces of moist sugar, a quarter of a pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of stoned raisins, spices and candied peel to the taste; a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda mixed in half a pint of cold milk; all to be mixed together and beaten into a paste, then put into the oven without being set to rise; it will take an hour and a half to bake. Another: Five eggs, leaving out two of the whites, the yolks and whites to be beaten separately, the latter to a froth like snow; five ounces of lump-sugar, dissolved in a wineglass of water; put it into a sauce-pan to boil, pour the dissolved sugar boiling to the eggs, stirring it well at the time, beat it, and when nearly cold, mix in a quarter of a pound of flour by degrees; three-quarters of an hour will bake it.

French Biscuits.—Three new-laid eggs, the weight of these in dried flour, the same weight of finely-powdered sugar. Beat up the whites of the eggs with a whisk till they are of a fine froth, then whip in half an ounce of candied lemon-peel, cut very thin and fine; by degrees whip in the flour and sugar; then put in the yolks of the eggs, and with a spoon mix them well together, drop your biscuits on fine, white paper, and throw powdered sugar over them. Bake them in a moderate oven, not too hot, to give them a good color. When they are baked, cut them off the paper with a knife. They must be kept dry.

Derby Short-Cake.—Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, and mix one egg, a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, and as much milk as will make a paste. Roll this out thin, and cut out the cakes with any fancy shapes, or the top of a wineglass. Place on tin plates, strew over with sugar, or cover the top of each with icing, and bake for ten minutes.

Rice Pound-Cake.—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, twelve ounces of flour, half a pound of ground rice, and twelve eggs. Mix as Italian bread, and bake it in a papered hoop. If it is required with fruit, put two pounds of currants, three-quarters of a pound of peel, one nutmeg, grated, and a little pounded mace.

Spanish Buns.—Take one pound of fine flour, rub into it half a pound of butter; add half a pound of sugar, the same of currants, a little nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon; mix it with five eggs, well beaten. Make this up into small buns, and bake them on tins twenty minutes; when half done, brush them over with a little hot milk.

Half Pound-Cake.—Take a quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, five eggs, and half a pound of flour. Proceed in the same manner as for pound-cakes. If currants are required, add about six ounces with the flour. This furnishes a very superior cake.

WARDROBE.

Grease-Spots.—Mix powdered French chalk with lavender-water to the thickness of mustard. Put it on the stain, and rub it gently with the finger or palm of the hand. Put a sheet of clean blotting-paper and brown paper over it, and smooth it with a warm iron. When dry, the chalk must be removed, and the silk gently dusted with a white handkerchief. If a faint mark still remains, a second application of French chalk and lavender-water will generally remove it If wax has fallen thickly on the silk, it will be better to remove it first very carefully with a penknife.

To Clean Amber Beads.—Rinse them well in cold water, put them on a cloth to drain, and when half dry, rub them with wash-leather to brighten them: leather instead of cloth, because the amber, possessing highly-electrical properties, would, when rubbed, attract all the loose fibrous particles of the cloth or towel, which would stick to the beads, and make them more troublesome to dry and brighten. If the polish should be entirely gone, the beads can be repolished by a jweler or lapidist.

To Clean Feathers.—Dissolve four ounces of white soap, cut small, in four pounds of water, moderately hot, in a basin, and make the solution into a lather by beating it with a small rod; then introduce the feathers, and rub them well with the hands for five minutes. They are next to be washed in clean water, as hot as the hand can bear it.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The skirt is long, but quite plain; the body is cut low in front, but is worn with a square lace chemisette, made with alternate stripes of Valenciennes insertion and green ribbon; it is edged with a wide Valenciennes lace. Half-long silk sleeves, finished with lace sleeves to the elbow. Wide, green sash with several loops.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF LIGHT-YELLOW TARLETAN.—The lower-skirt is made with a deep flounce pleated on and pinked at the edge, and headed by a full ruche of tarletan, pinked at both edges. The upper-skirt opens at the sides, is longer in front than behind, is trimmed to correspond with the lower-skirt, and is confined at the sides by bows of yellow satin. The low corsage is trimmed by a full ruche of tarletan; yellow satin sash at the back.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK POPLIN.—*The sacque* of maroon-colored velvet, is partially loose, and has a cape cut out in front to correspond with the style of the lower part of the garment. It is trimmed with deep chenille fringe. Black velvet hat, with maroon feathers.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is not very long, and is trimmed with a wide flounce, headed by a bias band of silk. Shawl-mantle of blue silk, drawn in at the waist, and trimmed with a puffing and flounce of blue, edged with narrow black lace. White tulle bonnet, trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF CAFFEE AU LAIT-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is moderately long, and trimmed with two ruffles, each headed by a puffing and narrower ruffle. The upper-skirt is looped at the sides and trimmed with black lace. The body is high at the back, open low in front, and worn over a white lace chemisette. Long, tight sleeves, with full puffs at the top.

FIG. VI.—EVENING-DRESS OF PINK SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with four flounces, one being of white lace. The overdress is a Watteau of white gauze, trimmed with white lace, and looped with pink ribbon bows.

FIG. VII.—EVENING-DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED SATIN.—The skirt is long and plain; the opera sacque is of fine white cashmere, trimmed with a heavy gold embroidery just above the gold and white fringe.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF HAVANA BROWN POPLIN.—The under-skirt is trimmed with four ruffles. The upper-dress is short, and trimmed with two shades of brown fringe; the part which forms the *panier* at the back is not trimmed, but it falls quite low on the under-skirt.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED POPLIN.—The under-skirt is trimmed with three ruffles edged with narrow, black guipure, and each ruffle is headed by a row of narrow velvet. The upper-skirt has one ruffle, and is caught up on the hips by a bow of black velvet; the sleeves are of violet silk, with bands of black velvet running around them. Black lace guipure cape, with square tabs back and front.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give this month a Jaconet Camisole. The upper part is of pleated muslin disposed as a square pelerine. The whole is ornamented with printed strips, edged with scallops in thick button-hole strips. Large sailor's collar. Coat-sleeves, with facings at the wrists. Also a night-dress of fine longcloth, with narrow tucks, trimmed with strips of insertion, edged with button-hole stitch. This trimming, which forms a round pelerine at the back, is tucked like the front part. Long coat-sleeves, with cuffs to match.

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We also give various styles of collars, such as are now most worn; also a white waist, trimmed with bows without ends of green satin ribbon; the bodice is cut rather low in front, and the sleeves reach to the elbow, where they are finished by a fall of lace. Also four hats of various styles; for no one can be said to be more fashionable than another, as now people have the good sense, *sometimes*, to wear what is the most becoming to the individual face.

Long Dresses are in great favor for the house, whilst the short ones retain an undiminished popularity for the street. The former are usually trimmed with ruffles, or one deep flounce, whilst the latter are also ruffled, ruched, and puffed up as at the back, as has been the fashion for some time. The gored dresses, which were so much worn two or three years ago, now look very antiquated in the present full, flowing style of costume; but they can be utilized by wearing them as under-skirts, for the upper-skirts, even when no bouffant or puff is made at the back, are very fully gathered all round, except in front, and a scant dress cannot by any means be made to look fashionable. But any silk skirt can be worn as under-skirt with a short, black silk dress, and the material taken off in the upper part to shorten it can be used to trim it with a flounce or fluting round the bottom.

An old silk dress can be freshened up very nicely by putting ruffles, plaitings, or flounces of clear white organdy, or Swiss muslin on it. If the wearer is very slim, this can be extended to the waist, or a thin, white muslin dress can be looped up over an old silk, if it is of a pretty bright color, to look very stylish.

Some new-fashioned Garibaldi bodices are made of white alpaca, with blue satin trimmings laid on to simulate a sailor's shirt. A wide piece of blue satin is put on at the neck, which is very open, just as sailors' shirts are; wide cuffs of blue satin, and three bands of blue in front, to imitate three folds, complete the trimming.

Since sashes are now considered the indispensable adjunct of a mantle, of whatever style, shawls and loose paletots are altogether discarded, with one exception, however.

Ladies who possess handsome Chantilly, or even llama lace shawls, are not willing to part with, or even give up wearing them. Nor need they; with a little ingenuity it is easy to adapt them, like mantelets, to the present fashion. The following are various ways of modernizing lace shawls:

First, at the back of the shawl, in the middle, form a Watteau pleat, beginning at the neck, and becoming gradually larger toward the lower part, where it disappears. Upon the whole length of this large double pleat place at regular distances small bows of black satin ribbon, composed merely of two loops and a cross-piece. At the waist place several wide loops of similar ribbon; under these sew on a round waistband, which is fastened in front, either over or under the front points of the shawl, according to taste. Besides this, the shawl must be taken in a little on either side, just over the shoulders, and also gathered up at the back of the arms, lengthwise from the waist to the lower edges.

Secondly, instead of the Watteau pleat, one can make from the neck down to the waist a slanting seam, so as to make the shawl fit to the figure, and to form a sort of narrow-pointed hood, as in a lace burnous. This hood is trimmed with satin bows; the loops of ribbon at the waist, the seams on the shoulders, and the gathers near the arms, are made as in the first arrangement of the shawl. The waistband may be omitted; but should it be put on, and especially should it be fastened over the front points of the shawl, these points must be gathered just in front of the arms, from the waist downward, so as to leave the liberty of movement to the arms, and by decreasing the length of the shawl to give it the fullness required by modern fashions.

Of black embroidered cashmere shawls, trimmed with lace or fringe, it is also easy to form fashionable mantles by forming a full pleat in the middle of the back, and fitting them to the figure with a waistband fastened either over or under the front points. Elderly ladies can wear either the circular or loose mantelet, with or without the ornamental bow at the back, according to taste.

Bonnets still retain the high, diadem front, and the thought of frame back of it; whilst the hair is worn so high it will be impossible to make the bonnets larger, though the milliners are constantly predicting an increase of size. If the cost of a bonnet increases with the size of it, it will soon be beyond the fortunes of most persons to purchase them. Elderly ladies usually wear Fanchons, with a fall of lace at the back. One of the prettiest of this kind which we have seen is of black lace; the shape, a rounded Fanchon, with a sort of tulle crown at the back, concealed by a deep fall of lace. In front the lace forms a ruched border with a bow of black satin ribbon on one side, on the other a bunch of beautifully-shaded pansies.

Muslin Aprons are still very popular. Some of the new ones have bibs; others are square, with a goffered frill of muslin edged with lace all round; above the frill at the bottom, and not at the sides, there is a fulling of muslin, with bright-colored ribbon underneath it; a similar fulling goes round the top where the apron is gathered into the band. The pockets are put on very full, like watch-pockets, and gathered in at the top with a runner of ribbon with a bow in the center.

There is certainly a shade more simplicity this year in the style of Head-Dresses.—True, in front, the hair is still much raised and elaborately puffed out, but at the back, instead of the enormous chignons which we have so often spoken against, we now see thick plaits of hair, or long curls, simply arranged.

A new kind of shoe is of a very peculiar shape. Instead of the front part of it coming on to the instep, it is open very nearly to the toe, and finished off there with a rosette. Of course, it must be very easy to the feet. Rosettes on shoes are worn longer and narrower; the broad ones were a mistake—they are most unbecoming to the foot.

Stockings are made expressly for shoes with the top of the instep and the front of the leg to about six inches above the ankle of an inch wide, with lace on both sides, closely ruched in double plaits. Sometimes they are made of bright-colored silk, with lace run on.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Dress of White Pique, for a Very Small Boy.—It is cut square in the neck, and opens over a white plaited bosom; very short sleeves; two skirts, which, with the body, are trimmed with ruffles of English embroidery.

Fig. II.—Dress for a Young Girl.—The under-skirt is of blue and white striped poplin. The upper-skirt is of plain blue poplin, looped up with loops of blue ribbon. The body is made with a square basque and cape. Long, tight, blue sleeves. Straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbons.

Fig. III.—Boy's Dress of Violet-Colored Cashmere.—The trousers are of the Knickerbocker style. The blouse is braided in black, and belted in at the waist. Straw hat, bound with violet velvet, and a violet-colored wing at one side.

Fig. IV.—A Little Girl's Dress of Tan-Colored Cashmere.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with one flounce, put on under a plain bias band; the body is low; the upper-skirt and body are made in one, and trimmed with a ruffle. This body is high and cut open in front, and the skirt is looped up with a rosette.

Fig. V.—A Little Girl's Dress of Pearl-Colored Foulard.—The under-skirt is quite plain, with the exception of five cherry-colored bows down the front. The upper-skirt and body are cut in one; the body is square. The open skirt is turned back from the front, and looped up behind with a wide sash. The trimmings are of cherry-colored ribbon.

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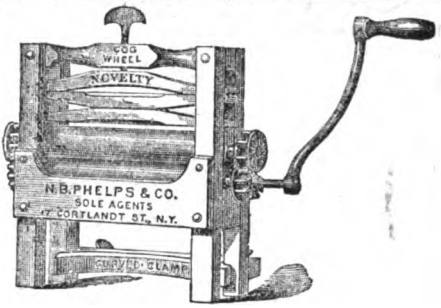

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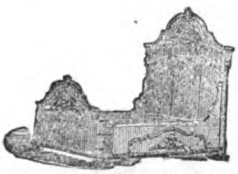

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WALKING-DRESS. COLLAR. QUILTED CAPE.

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WALKING-DRESS. SQUARE NECKED CAPE. WHITE PUFFED BODY FOR YOUNG GIRL.

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HAT. COLLAR. BLACK LACE OVERDRESS FOR EVENING. WALKING-DRESS.

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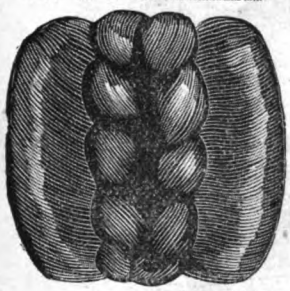

HATS. CHIGNONS FOR LADIES. CRIMPED BRAID FOR YOUNG GIRL.

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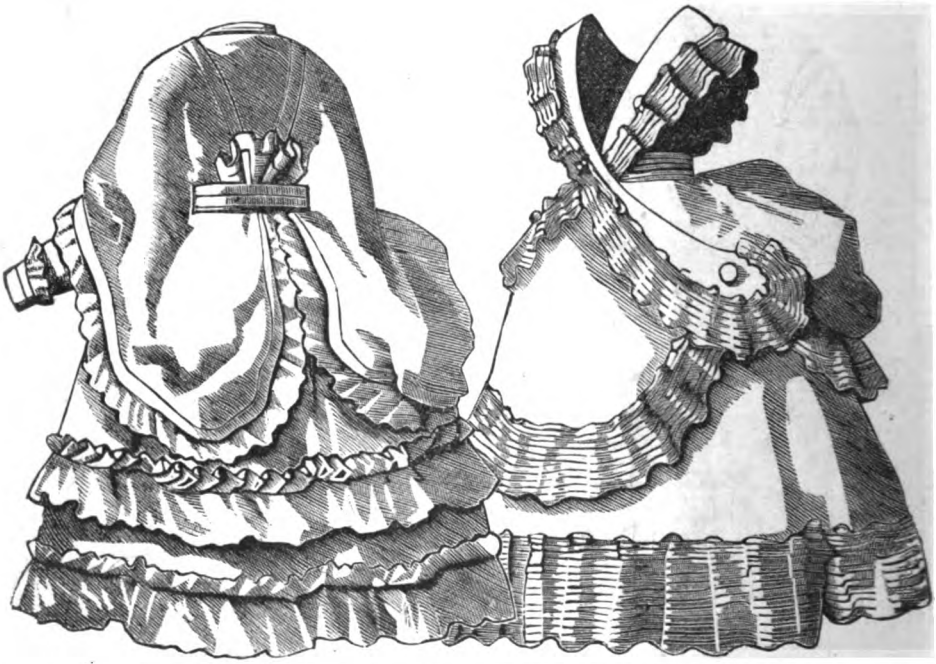

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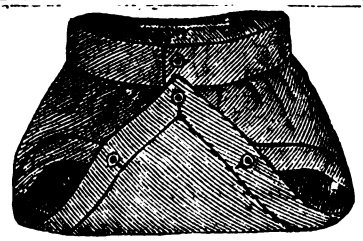

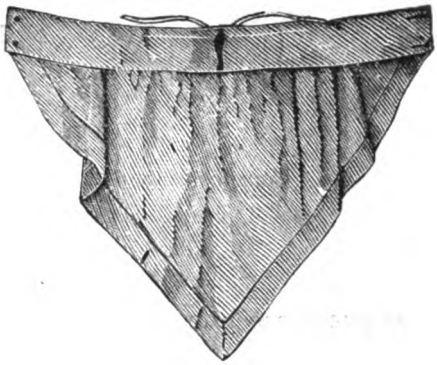

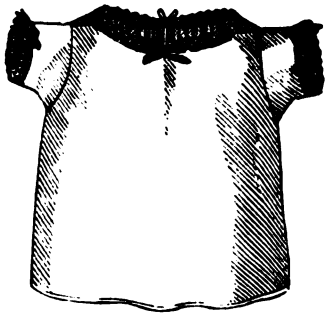

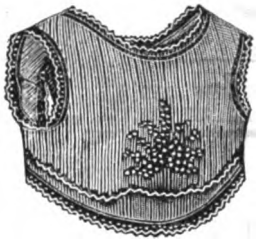

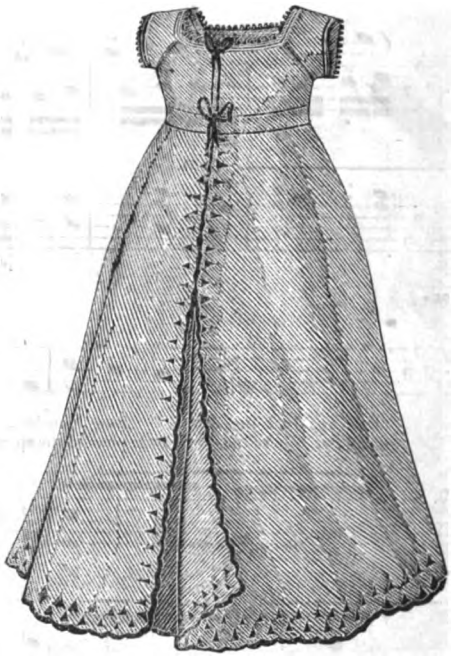

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ALLEGRETTO.

PIANO.

brillante. *Ped.*

1. 'Twas a pleasant summer's
2. Off I start-ed through the

p

dim.

morning, Just the day I like t' en-joy, When I woke and look'd out ear - ly, Puz-zled
meadows, Where the dew-beads pearl'd the spray, And re-spon-sive to the song-birds, I kept

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how my time t' employ; In such fine and splendid weather, I don't care for work, do
singing all the way; Quite surpris'd she was to see me Come so ear - ly there to

you? So I went to see my sweetheart, As I'd nothing else to
woo, Till I said I'd just walk'd o - ver, 'Cause I'd nothing else to

ad lib.

do, So I went to see my sweetheart, As I'd nothing else to
do, Till I said I'd just walk o - ver, 'Cause I'd nothing else to

colla voce.

do.

f *dim.*

3 Then we rambled forth together,
Down the lane beneath the trees,
While gently stirr'd the shadows
Of their branches in the breeze;
And whene'er our conversation
Languish'd for a word or two,
Why, of course, I kindly kiss'd her,
As I'd nothing else to do,

But before the day was over,
I'd somehow made up my mind,
That I'd pop the question to her,
If to me her heart inclined;
So I whisper'd, "Sweet, my darling,
Will you have me, Yes, or No?"
"Well," said she, "perhaps I may, my dear,
When I've nothing else to do."

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVI. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1869. No. 5.

THE MESSENGER OF LOVE.

BY MARGARET MEERT.

"COME, Madge, sit beside me on this grassy rock for just five minutes, I have something to tell you that you will like to hear."

"Oh! but I don't wish to, Gerald!" I replied, leaning against the beech-tree which overshadowed the broad rock upon which sat my affianced lover, Gerald Livingstone.

"You abuse my friend Cecile, when you know how very disagreeable it is to me to hear one single word against her, and then expect me to treat you with the utmost good-humor. You torment me so, Gerald," I added, pettishly, pushing a fallen beech-nut with my foot until it rolled over the steep bank, and fell far through the depths below into the blue Hudson.

"Torment you!" repeated Gerald, slowly, looking up to me with his deep gray eyes. "Oh, Madge! who is it, during all this afternoon, that has perversely misinterpreted every word I have said, listened to me with profound indifference, and been more interested in the letter received from that confounded cousin of yours, than in anything I could do or say?"

"But you should not call Cecile Bassigny a crazy Frenchwoman," said I, ignoring the charges brought against me, and intent upon sending another beech-nut to destruction. "I believe you have fallen in love with Cecile yourself, and only want to persuade me that you hate her."

"Love Cecile Bassigny! Madge, how can you even make such a jest? You know too well that with all your caprice there is but one love for me."

"Look, look, Gerald!" I cried, interrupting him, and peeping over the bank. "I do believe that beech-nut has struck that fisherman on the head."

Gerald sprung to his feet; but instead of contemplating the phenomenon so absorbing to me, he drew my arm in his with an imperative action, and seated me on the rock by his side.

I never liked Gerald half so well as when he chose the imperative mood; but on this especial afternoon I felt unusually lawless, and absolutely disinclined to a hasty surrender.

"Well," I said, crossing my arms and leaning forward, looking into his face with dancing eyes, "now that I am here, what have you to say to me?"

Gerald regarded me for a moment with an earnest look, which changed to one of displeasure, and said coldly,

"Nothing, whilst you are in so frivolous a temper. Perhaps we had better start homeward. Your father and mother go to New York this evening, do they not?"

Without giving me time to reply he rose, assisting me courteously as he spoke, but with no more softness in voice or touch.

I was much astonished, this was so unlike the termination of similar scenes, which usually ended in mutual confessions of tenderness, secretly dear to my proud spirit.

But with an indifferent air I sauntered along the river road by his side. As we entered the lodge-gates and passed up the broad avenue of Gresham, my beautiful home, a little lad came running toward us, carrying in his arms a pigeon white as a snow-wreath.

"Here's the pigeon, Mr. Livingstone; I've been waiting for you an hour, sir," he said, and was about to give the gentle little thing to Gerald, but the latter said, "For Miss Gresham," and the white bird was carefully laid in my hands; and then the boy ran off.

"Oh! what a dear little pigeon!" I exclaimed. "Is it for me, and a carrier, Gerald?"

Gerald's face softened at my evident pleasure.

"Yes, I have trained it for you—I have kept it in my room at Beechwold, so that now, if you let it fly, it will come straight to my window and tap until I admit it. You have only to keep it in some apartment an equal time, and it will return to you with the same readiness."

I was touched beyond measure at the thought

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of Gerald's perpetual care for my pleasure and amusement, and at the idea of this little white messenger flying between us; but pride at the recollection of Gerald's abrupt departure at the beech-tree closed my lips. I said a few unsatisfactory words of thanks and bent over my new treasure, pressing my lips repeatedly to its glossy head.

"Madge," said my lover, "cross over with me to clematis-gate. Your mother has, probably, many charges to give you before she goes, so I will not further occupy your attention."

"Oh, no!" I began; but checked myself to remember that never before had Gerald parted from me so soon. I surely could not stoop to intreat.

The clematis-gate was at the further end of a winding path, which led through a thicket of evergreens to a fanciful rustic gate which formed one of the exits from my father's estate. The hemlocks, young cedars, and larches, which bordered the path were overgrown with a tangled web of clinging roses and white clematis, which in the soft summer air of that afternoon poured out all their golden perfume, never too rich or too heavy for me.

Gerald and I walked silently and soberly along. The sweet scent of the jasmines, the little bird resting so quietly in my arms—a thousand dear recollections brought to me by every turn of that path, all conspired to soften my bitter and resentful feelings. I was just about to make a timid little overture for peace when Gerald spoke,

"Madge," he said, "you have chosen, why I do not know, to show me such lightness of manner, and such entire disregard to my feelings, that I have come to the conclusion that I have, perhaps, made myself unwelcome by my frequent presence, and that it will, therefore, be more agreeable to you if I stay away until next week, in which interval you may discover that I am not as agreeable to you as you would wish your future husband to be."

At this speech my hesitating repentance fled away; grief and anger struggled so in my heart that I could not trust my voice for a moment. When I spoke, it was proudly.

"Stay as long as you think proper, Mr. Livingstone, I will never be the one to recall you."

We stopped at the rustic gate. I leaned upon it, heedlessly crushing the clustering clematis flowers, stroking and smoothing my pigeon diligently. Gerald looked at me steadily for a few minutes, then, bending over me, he whispered passionately,

"Madge, my own Madge, you know that I love you deeply. Madge, tell me that you love me, do not part from me so coldly. With that averted head and those proud lips, give me one kiss, my darling Madge."

I made no reply. Gerald, with flashing eyes, vaulted over the low gate, and was out of sight directly. The spirit of evil had regained complete possession of me, and as I leaned, like Sir Launcelot,

"Half in disgust at life, love, all things,"

I heard the rustling of a silk dress, and there stood by my side a slight, little woman. The white cap drawn closely around the pale face, heavy mourning garments draping her form, told the tale of widowhood but too plainly. Her eyes were rather remarkable, black, and the whites strongly tinged with blue—eyes which were always raised to you imploringly, though their owner did not speak to give words to their petition; but there was a certain look in those beseeching eyes not altogether pleasant to see, which came across them from time to time, a look of despair, which changed to one of brooding purpose; but if you did not like the eyes, you could not help being interested in the air of deep, unconquerable sadness which pervaded her whole demeanor. This was Madame Bassigny, who had been a school-mate of mine for many years. She was a Creole, and whilst a mere school-girl, had been passionately attached to a French gentleman, whom she had known at her home in New Orleans. He was much her senior, and from all I could hear, of a most cold, forbidding temper, but this seemed to attract all the more strongly the ardent, impulsive nature of the Southern girl. Cecile Herron was very wealthy, and I strongly suspected that pleasure-loving, selfish Monsieur Bassigny was willing, for the sake of her tempting thousands, to accept the heart of Cecile, and feign a preference which he never felt. However it was, Cecile's married life had been anything but well-ordered; and she awoke from her happy dream to find herself wretched beyond measure, in being united to a man who not only treated her with absolute neglect, but stooped to render her still more unhappy by a system of petty persecutions. Added to this, her unfortunate love still clung to her despite all. When Monsieur Bassigny was suddenly killed in an affair of honor, Cecile fell into a settled melancholy. I was in New Orleans at the time, and insisted upon bringing my poor friend home with me, hoping that entire change of scene would make Cecile what my dear school companion had been. Her habits had not endeared her in the least to my family. She would wander alone for

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hours in the shrubbery and groves at Gresham; and she took no pains to conceal that I was the only one of the whole household with whom she cared to exchange a word. To me she clung with a fondness which touched me to the heart, and I was always ready to defend her against the depreciating comments of my mother and father, which irritated me beyond measure, though I could not but acknowledge to myself that they were sometimes too well merited.

"Madge," said Cecile, in her sad voice, "has your lover gone?"

"Yes," I answered, very decidedly; "and I must return to the house immediately to say farewell to papa and mamma."

Cecile gazed at me, and said,

"Yes, yes, you must, by all means, bid them adieu this evening."

"Won't you go with me, Cecile?"

She shook her head, and knowing her habits, I did not urge her, but returned slowly home.

My first act was to run up stairs to my own room, and place my carrier pigeon in a pretty canary cage, tenantless since the death of Christy, a former favorite. My spirits had returned. I thought that Gerald would certainly relent, return in the morning as usual, and all would be well. I had no warning of the fearful ordeal which was to bring me to bitter repentance of my incessant trifling with Gerald's devoted love. I laid my cheek caressingly against the bars of the cage and talked to my bird.

"What name shall I call you, pretty creature? What word will tell your pure whiteness and gentle loveliness! Shall I call you Cloud? Shall I call you Flight? I will give you the Norwegian name for snow-flake—Sneeflocken."

Suddenly mindful of my mother's approaching departure, I hurried down stairs.

"Madge," said my mother, "I have been looking over the lawn for you. Come into the library for a few moments, I wish to speak to you alone."

I followed her.

"My dear child," she said, with an anxious face, "I do not like the idea of going off in this hurried manner, and leaving you alone so unprotected; your father thinks you had better put a few things together and come with us. Your grandmother's sudden indisposition and desire for our presence will scarcely keep us more than two days."

"Oh! not for the world, mamma! I am not in the least afraid; there is Cecile, you know, for company."

"Cecilia, indeed," muttered my father, who had come in after mamma. "A crazy Frenchwoman—much good she will do you. I have given Thomas very particular directions; I dare say you will get along very well. But come, Eliza, my dear, the carriage waits. Good-by, Madge, God bless you, my daughter! take good care of yourself."

My mother kissed me with her anxiety somewhat lightened by my cheerfulness and fearlessness, and the carriage drove off in the gathering dusk. I stood on the steps and nodded gayly to my mother, who, after the manner of mammas, looked through the back window of the carriage to see the last of her only child. As they disappeared behind the trees of the avenue, over which the veil of twilight was fast falling, a recollection of all the thousand tender and thoughtful deeds that my dear mother had done for me came swiftly to my mind. I seemed to see, as in a mirror, all her unfailing kindnesses, and the ungrateful, unthankful returns I had made. Tears filled my eyes; the dreary thought suggested itself that, perhaps, it was too late to make them up to her in the future by studied thoughtfulness for her comfort. Perhaps I never would see my mother again. Why had she looked so anxiously at me as we parted? I turned and entered the house, endeavoring to shake off the depression which hung over me.

"Thomas," I said to our gray-haired domestic, "I wish you to shut up all the house carefully now before it gets late."

"Mrs. Bassigny is in, Miss, I suppose?"

"Yes, I imagine she must be."

He went on his errand, whilst I walked into the library, where a bright fire was burning, the evening having turned suddenly cool, as is too often the case in our northern climate. The banging and bolting of shutters and doors struck a chill to my spirit as old Thomas went through the lower rooms.

Scarcely had he finished the last bolt, and the echo of his footsteps died away, when I was startled by a violent knocking at the hall-door. I sprang to my feet and listened. Bang, bang, bang—who on earth could it be?

Recovering my composure, I walked to the door and unbarred it. There stood Cecile, her thin, black dress clinging to her figure with the heavy dew, her black eyes shining in the dim light.

"Why, Cecile!" I exclaimed, almost angrily, "what are you doing out so late in the evening, and why didn't you ring, instead of making that abominable noise?"

Without paying me the smallest attention

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she passed by me, and went rapidly up the stair-case.

My friend's conduct surprised me. I had hitherto been incredulous of those exhibitions of temper, which made Cecile so obnoxious to all.

I returned to the library, and drawing up an arm-chair to the fire, I strove to drive out unpleasant thoughts with sweet imaginations of my next meeting with Gerald; but the bright visions would not come as their wont was. Thomas entered, and I had every gas jet turned up to its brightest, to give to the room a faint semblance of its customary cheerfulness. The tea equipage was brought in. A maid was sent to Madame Bassigny's apartment to let her know that tea was served. The maid came back to say that madame did not care to come down.

"Did you ask her if she would have the tea in her room?" I asked.

"Yes, Miss; and she said she did not wish any tea at all."

"What was she doing, Ellen?"

"Why, Miss, she was acting quite queer. She had a lot of pictures and papers lying all over the floor, and she was walking up and down right over them."

I ran up stairs myself, and rapped at Cecile's door. There was no reply.

"Cecile, let me in, won't you?"

No sound save a series of deep sighs. I knocked and called loudly,

"Cecile, let me in, your friend Madge. Are you ill, Cecile?"

At length there was a slight movement within, and a constrained voice said,

"Leave me. I am quite well."

Still unsatisfied, I waited a few minutes at the door; but hearing no more, I went down. The varied events of the afternoon, and Cecile's strange conduct, had utterly deprived me of appetite; so, merely swallowing a cup of strong tea, I ordered the rest to be taken away.

Thomas stood irresolutely for a moment after the tea arrangements had been removed.

"If you please, Miss Madge," (I looked up,) "if you would not think it strange of me, Miss. I don't want to do it; but it's a hard thing for a man to get 'round, Miss——"

"What?" I said, impatiently.

"Why, Miss Madge, there's a messenger come from over the river to Mr. Pleasants, where my wife lives, to say that my wife is taken very sick, indeed, and nothing will do the poor woman but that I must come over to see her; the man is waiting with the boat, Miss."

I instantly felt that it would be no pleasant thing to be left in that large house without a man to protect me in case of danger. I am not especially timid by nature; but Gresham was well-known as an elegantly appointed establishment, only too tempting to evil-doers. But a second thought showed me the poor, sick wife, to whom the wooden-featured Thomas was, probably, as dear as my handsome Gerald to me, (this last argument prevailed over my nervousness;) so, with a mighty effort, I gave the old man-servant the permission he waited for. Thomas thanked me gratefully, and for a few moments the glow of my self-denial, the consciousness of generosity, made me quite jubilant; but suddenly the whole sense of my utter loneliness struck upon me. The maid-servants all slept in a remote wing of the house; Cecile's room was quite distant from mine. I was completely isolated.

I would have given worlds to recall that hasty permission to Thomas. I ran through the hall, hoping he was not yet gone, calling his name repeatedly; but my loud heart-beats were my only answer. I returned to the library, and summoned all my common sense and fortitude. Trying to laugh at my childish and nameless fears, I sat down with a novel, resolved to forget everything but the heroines and heroes of fiction. But my choice of a love-story was unfortunate—it was the sad story of Rupert and Cyrilla von Adlerkron. In the excited state of my nerves, I felt as if the parting between myself and Gerald might be followed by some awful tragedy to part us forever, like those two young lovers. I threw the book down with a shudder, and extinguishing the lights, retired to my own room. Once within that familiar precinct, my fears gradually faded away. I threw a few additional lumps of coal on the fire, drew up to it my wide arm-chair, and sunk, with a feeling of relief, into its soft embrace. I thought of Gerald, pictured to myself the years of happiness that would yet be ours. I seemed to feel his loving eyes bent on me; my hand in the firm, warm clasp of his, until my waking dreams glided gently into the vivid phantoms of sleep. I was suddenly awakened by a long-drawn sigh.

Kneeling on the hearth-rug, the fire-light flickering over her strongly-marked features, was Cecile. The long, black hair of the Creole hung in heavy masses to the floor; her face, always pale, was now unutterably ghastly; broad, black rings encircled her eyes, which glowed with a restless light.

"Good heavens, Cecile! what is the matter?" I cried, springing to my feet.

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"Sit down," she said, forcibly pushing me back into my chair, "I want to speak to you."

Turning those burning eyes full upon me, she said, "Madge, my poor Madge, do you love that young man to whom you are betrothed?"

"Yes," I replied, under my breath, subdued by those gazing eyes.

"And are you so blind and deluded as to believe that he loves you?"

"I trust him with all my heart."

"Then," said she, in a low voice, "it is even as I thought. And you do not believe that his truth will turn to treachery, his fond words and smiles to sneers and taunts?"

"No, surely not, Cecile."

"No; and it shall not be," she cried, with a sudden flash, "I will save you from that destroying fate. I will liberate your soul while it is yet young with hope. The anguish which has corroded my life shall not be yours."

"What do you mean, Cecile?" I asked, filled with a vague alarm.

"I will cut the thread of your life—see," said she, drawing from the folds of her dress a long carving-knife, stolen, I suppose, from the butler's pantry. "I will pass this across your throat once, only once, and you will be safe, Madge, and free."

For the first time the fearful truth flashed upon me—Cecile was mad.

I turned icy cold; but steadying my nerves, replied calmly,

"Cecile, I do not wish to die. I do not dread the fate that you think is in store for me; you do not know Gerald."

"I know best what is for your good. You must die!"

"But I am not ready to die yet. Give me a few days to prepare for death."

"No!" she cried, with gathering excitement, "you shall not have another day. I have waited for this hour."

I tried to think. Should I call? Thomas was the only one who could have heard me, and he was far away.

"Cecile, you do not feel well, I will bring you a glass of wine." With a quick movement, as I spoke, I rose from my chair and moved toward the door. But the Frenchwoman was quicker. She seized me by the shoulders. I tried to release myself; but she shook me violently, as you would a small child, and forcing me back into the chair, said with a look of wicked cunning,

"Oh! your strength is nothing when measured with mine. Why, little fool, I could crush you with one embrace to-night."

I leaned my face upon my hands, shuddering to contemplate that swollen visage. A confused recollection of the last words of the doctor in New Orleans, "If Madame Bassigny cannot be diverted from that profound melancholy, there are grave fears that her mind may sink under so heavy a pressure;" the careless comments of all upon her strange ways surged over my mind. Cecile had loved me, dreamed, poor wretch, that she loved me still; but could I argue with a maniac? It was no longer my well-known friend—it was a creature utterly bereft of all that distinguishes mankind from the brutes that perish. I was beyond the hearing of any human being. Despair, sudden and sharp, clutched at my heart.

Cecile had been walking hurriedly up and down the room, muttering and whispering to herself. At a slight movement from me she paused, flashed once more before my eyes that deadly knife, and said, in the constrained voice I remembered so well, "I have spoken to them; at twelve o'clock your happy spirit will leave this blighted earth. Do not fear, you shall not go alone."

Like lightning she drew the key from the door and turned it from the outside; with a sudden peal of loud laughter she sped down the passage. My first thought was, would her darkened mind hold the design which rioted in its empty chambers? Would she return, as she said, at twelve o'clock, to give me to a violent death? It could not be. She would forget, and vent her frenzy in impotent ravings. But, no! her sole mania was to spare me, by an early death, the miseries of her own blighted life; there was no hope that her object would be forgotten. I had often said, that to die seemed no terror to me; but at this sudden view of death so near, so dreadful, my strong, young life rose up in fixed resistance to a fate so cruel. I sprung to the door and tried the lock—of course it resisted me. I put my hand to my forehead, I tried to remember how it was that a lock was forced. I thought of the scissors—with the thought they were in my hand inserting them carefully into the lock. I tried to turn it, the faithless steel snapped. A fender of thick wire stood in one corner of the room; with hands lacerated by their ragged edges, I tore the wires apart, twisted off a scrap of the thickest, and bent it, as nearly as I could remember, into the shape of the little tool used by locksmiths. Alas! the broken fragments of scissors left in the lock rendered that effort useless. A strong, iron poker was lying on the hearth. I inserted it into the ward, and exerted my utmost strength

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to pry back the hasp—it would not move. I dashed myself against the door—the firm, oaken panels did not shake. The courage which until now upheld me, gave way before these repeated failures. I burst into a passion of tears.

"I will be murdered here, all alone. Mamma! Papa! Where are you? Why are you away from you poor, poor daughter? Gerald! Oh, Gerald! save me! dear, dear Gerald!"

I sunk on the floor. As in a kaleidoscope I saw all my happy past, all my bright hopes of a brilliant future—my woeful present. Gerald's last words rang in my ear. "Give me one kiss, my darling Madge." A bitter thought was that last cold parting. A ray of moonlight shot athwart the floor; it revealed to me a new chance of life. I ran to the window, it was far from the ground; but I had not forgotten the skill which, in my school-girl days, awarded me the topmost boughs of the cherry-trees; with a rope of shawls and blankets I might reach the earth. Once in the shrubbery the way would be clear. The lonely road presented no terrors to me—anything, everything, rather than Cecile with the gleaming knife. My one blanket was not long enough. I looked around for a shawl, a folded camel's hair lay upon a chair. To tie the long shawl and the blanket together was the work of a moment. I fastened one end securely to a table which stood near the window, and with a prayer was about to trust myself fearlessly to the uncertain ladder, when, for prudence sake, I looked first out of the window. Oh, horror! there stood Cecile, waving her hands over her head, and brandishing the knife with every wild gesticulation. Escape was impossible while she roamed the lawn.

Utterly overcome at this last obstacle, I prostrated myself upon the floor, and prayed in agony of spirit, for succor where no succor seemed possible. As I lay exhausted from the violence of my petitions, a thought, heaven sent, came to me—the carrier pigeon! With trembling hands I snatched up a slip of paper and wrote, "Gerald, my own darling! Gerald, come, oh! come to me quickly—Cecile is mad!" I approached the corner where hung the pigeon's cage; I put my hand within the door and drew out the little thing. With a ribbon torn from my hair I attached the paper to its wing: I opened the window and loosed my hands. The bird flew out; but instead of striking straight in the direction of Beechwold, the bewildered little creature alighted gently on the nearest bough. I could not call to it, for fear of attracting the attention of Cecile, who was still on the lawn. With clasped hands I prayed that this last venture might not perish. Suddenly the bird rose in the air, and flew steadily across the Gresham woods toward Beechwold.

I watched it until it faded from sight. I looked at my watch—it was eleven o'clock; just one hour in which Gerald must welcome my frail messenger, or just one hour for me to spend in prayer and preparation for departure, by a terrible means, from all that was dear to me in the world.

I cannot tell how that dreadful hour was passed. I only know that I was prone upon the floor when the noise of footsteps approaching along the passage struck my ear. My heart seemed to stand still. I listened, breathless; they grew more distinct. As a last instinct of self-defence, I sprung behind the head-board of my low bedstead. With strained eyes and parted lips I gazed upon the door; the latch turned, the door opened; but instead of the distorted features of Cecile, it was the face of my lover that I looked upon.

"Gerald!" and I was senseless in his arms.

When I recovered consciousness, I was lying on my little lounge, with my head resting on the dear arm that had saved me, Gerald holding to my lips a teaspoonful of Cologne and water, which was the nearest restorative. For a moment Gerald caressed me silently, the thought of what might have been was still too near.

"Did the pigeon wake you, Gerald?" I said, at length.

"Why, hardly. I scarcely think I would have heeded the gentle tapping, had not my sleep been light and disturbed by my perplexed and troubled thoughts of you. I was lying awake, thinking of what had happened during the afternoon, when I heard the sound at the window."

"What has been done with Cecile?" I cried, interrupting him.

"We found her on the north side of the house. With the gardener's help, my father and I overpowered her, though she struggled fearfully. I contrived to get the knife from her, receiving but a slight scratch." He touched his left wrist as he spoke: it was bleeding from a deep gash. "Madame Bassigny has been secured in her own room, under the care of the gardener. Here is my father to say that the carriage is ready to take you to Beechwold, if you feel now sufficiently restored."

I was sufficiently restored, not only to go to Beechwold, but first to tie up with my finest, softest handkerchief, the poor, wounded wrist, which Gerald laughed at, and then go to Cecile's

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room, to see that everything that was possible had been done for her comfort.

Mrs. Livingstone's kind offices, and Mrs. Livingstone's luxurious bedchamber, completed Gerald's gentle ministrations; and I awoke the next morning, inclined to believe that the events of the night had been only a dream. Alas! they would have been a tragic dream, if it had not been for Gerald's gift—that MESSENGER OF LOVE.

PLANCHETTE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

WHAT are you, what are you,
My little Planchette?
None of the wiseacres
Enlighten us yet.

Are you spirit or fairy,
Jack-o'lantern or quick?
I hardly dare whisper—
Some say the Old Nick.

The thoughts we but breathe
In our innermost heart,
You answer so pat,
That you quite make us start.

And again, when we question you
In solemn tone,
On business important,
You only write fun.

I have an idea
Of how you were made;
A lovely coquette
Saw her beauty must fade,

So petitioned of Jove
A new form to get;
And that was the way
They fashioned Planchette.

SPRING.

BY A. F. ADAMS.

Now smiling Spring returns again
To deck the land with flowers;
And songsters wake a rich refrain
Among the woodland bowers.

The murmuring streams, with sparkling glee,
Dance lightly o'er the plain;
Rejoicing now, unfettered, free
From Winter's icy chain.

And mossy moor and mountain crest
At every morn are seen,
By vernal showers newly drest,
In Summer robes of green.

While evening zephyrs gently breathe
At twilight's pensive hour;
And fairy hands fresh garlands weave,
To crown each sylvan bower.

But fairer still the scene will break
On our enraptured vision,
When in that blissful world we wake,
Which holds the fields Elysian.

Upon those bright and shining plains,
By angel fingers strung,
The tuneful harps wake sweeter strains
Than mortals ever sung.

"GOOD-BY!"

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWN.

KNOWEST thou aught of the world you are seeking?
Deemest no ill of the fortune you try?
Flushed with the hope of success, you are speaking,
Clear and distinctly, the solemn "good-by!"
Youth has her aims you are panting to follow,
Mantled with charms that you cannot defy;
Prove they as free from the false and the hollow,
Fadeless as now, when you bid me "good-by!"

Go! as the future spreads smiling before thee,
Brilliant and flush with her promises; why
Shadow one thought of discouragement o'er thee,
Gather one doubt as you bid me "good-by!"

Go! there are ties to which earth will unite thee,
Friendships and friends that you cannot deny;
Joys will arise in their midst to delight thee—
Why should you fear as you whisper, "good-by!"

Hope for the best, there is pleasure in knowing
Sunshine and shade both have birth in the sky;
Dreary thy lot if forever bestowing
Ill-omened thoughts on the future "good-by!"
Go! though the hearth will be lonely without thee,
Why should our parting be sorrowful, why?
Love spreads a halo of blessing about thee;
Peace be thy motto forever—"Good-by!"

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KATE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 268.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. RAWSON had nothing to offer but a vacant smile and a "very happy," as far as she ever got in the art of being agreeable; though she was perfectly satisfied with her own attempts, being always engrossed in serene contemplation of her grandeur.

"You must go with us," persisted Circe; then she added in a whisper, "Please to go, Harry. I don't ask favors of you often enough now-a-days for you to refuse me so slight a one."

And Harry, being in a mood to do anything desperate or outrageous, got into the carriage; and Mrs. Rawson being a little deaf, (though she would have died rather than acknowledge it,) Circe had it all her own way. She managed to keep up two distinct conversations, and for all Harry understood her so well, and hated her so cordially, he could not help yielding a little to her fascinations.

So they drove out to Georgetown, and lo and behold, one of Mrs. Rawson's cubs was ill—and Mrs. Rawson was a devoted mother. So go back she could not, and would not. Mrs. Marsden must return with Mr. Everett; they must send a message to the Hon. Rawson, to the effect that he was to come down the instant the House adjourned.

"But Mrs. Hanson's party!" exclaimed Circe.

"As if I could go," said the mother, reproachfully.

"Of course not! Oh, dear Mrs. Rawson! I almost envy you your anxiety. If I only had children to love," moaned Circe. "But I can't leave you; I shall let Mr. Everett go back alone —my place is here by you."

Of course, Mrs. Rawson would not hear of that; so, after doing self-abnegation to a proper extent, Circe allowed herself to be persuaded to return; and once in the carriage she made the best use of her time, and took as long a drive as she dared.

And out of his anger and desperation Harry flashed into brilliant, factitious spirits, and flirted with Circe to her heart's content, perfectly conscious that he was doing an insane thing, and helping Kate to destroy any hope of mutual peace, but unable to check himself, perhaps not caring to—you know how evil gets possession of all of us at times.

Just at the turn by the great, staring new Treasury Department, which Washingtonians force one to admire, they met Marsden's trap making for the avenue likewise.

Kate looked, bowed, and smiled, but she was angry. Everett had told her that he had a business engagement, and could not put it off, when, in a pause of their morning's quarrel, she had asked him to go out with her. Here he was driving with Lily, after all he had said about her, too, his hints, his professions of dislike.

Kate was angry, and glancing at Marsden, she saw on his face a sorrowful expression, that he often assumed for her benefit.

"I thought you told me Mr. Everett was up at the State Department," he said.

"He told me that he had business there."

Marsden sighed.

"I wish—I wish——"

He paused abruptly, and naturally Kate was dying to have him finish the broken sentence uttered in the most pathetic tone.

"You wish?"

"I beg your pardon! I came near thinking aloud—such an absurd habit for a man of the world, only I am afraid I shall always be impulsive as a boy. It is ridiculous!"

"It is just what makes you so different from other men," Kate said, warmly.

"After that, I will never regret it," Marsden answered, laughing, but with a long glance from his beautiful eyes, which made the words earnest.

"Then tell me what you were wishing."

"You will not think I mean more than the bare words express?"

"Certainly not."

"I was wishing that Lily would be more careful. I know she will flirt, but I should be sorry to see anything of that sort with Everett."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Because—don't be angry—I have supposed you were engaged to him; and few things could pain me so much as to have your friendship for my wife in any way disturbed; you are such a

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help to Lily—your influence over her is so exactly what she needs."

"It will not be disturbed, Mr. Marsden. I have no cause to be vexed—am sure I shall have none; but no matter what Mr. Everett might be to me, I am not quite one of those silly women who vent their rage on another woman and excuse the man."

"I might have known that! Then Lily's idea is true?"

"What is that?"

"Don't think me impertinent! You know I have learned to feel as if you were a dear, younger sister; anything that concerns you, interests me. You are engaged to Harry Everett?"

"Conditionally, yes."

"I am sorry! Don't think I mean anything against him; he is a fine fellow, as far as he goes. But I should hate to see you marry any young chap; with your talents you ought to become the wife of a man of established position, one with the hope of a great future before him."

Then he went on as if he believed her a happy combination between Joan of Arc and Corinne, with a large portion of the angelic element thrown in; and it was so beautifully done, that any woman would have taken it for earnest.

Then they were at Kate's home, and it was getting late, so she had only time to dress for dinner, and after that to dress for the party; and all the while her brain was in a whirl between hosts of contending thoughts. Marsden's praise, her anger at Everett, her doubts as to what she ought to do; and into the bargain, some wonderful part she was to play in some scheme of Philip's, which was to do so much good in some direction; and to further which, she was to essay her powers of persuasion upon her uncle, and several of his intimates among his senatorial brethren.

It was very late when she and Mrs. Fairfield reached the Hansons; and the first sight she saw, as she entered the parlors, was Everett holding Lily Marsden in his arms, and flying about in the very swiftest of *deux temps* measures.

Most women glory in being inconsistent themselves; but it is a privilege they are not willing to accord the male portion of humanity—and Kate was more angry than ever.

When Everett came up to her, at the close of the dance, she snubbed him beautifully and unmercifully; kept the best men in the room about her; got her spirits up to fever-heat, and before supper-time was just excited and crazy enough to enjoy and believe in all the stilted nonsense, beautiful sophistries, and devil-born theories, to which Philip Marsden found an opportunity of treating her.

Mrs. Lily had no mind to relinquish her prey, and Everett yielded like a mad man; and the pair rather astonished even a Washington ball-room. I don't know that I could say more.

It was just as they were going into supper that Lily got close to Kate, and whispered,

"Are you vexed with me? Phil is furious."

"Not a bit," said Kate.

"You're a duck! My dear, I only wanted to prove to you what that man is made of! I am as sure as I am of being alive that he has abused me to you like a pickpocket, and yet you see."

Then Philip, with his mournful voice, and his great eyes, that ought to have belonged to a poet, said,

"It is not for myself, Kate—I am not jealous; but I can't bear to see Lily seem to do a heartless thing by you."

"I understand Lily's motive perfectly," she replied. "I am not in the least vexed with her—rather obliged than otherwise."

"Please let me take you into supper. I have scarcely been able to get near you all the evening."

"Of course you shall."

"And I want you to be civil to Jo Vance. He can do so much in that matter."

And Jo Vance—always called that in spite of his being a Senator—had a reputation for infamous vices of all sorts, that ought to have made him shunned as a moral pestilence. To-night he was rather more sober than usual; and there Kate stood and talked with him, and smiled at him, and imagined she was doing political strategy, and by her conduct that evening fully established the fact of her being "fast;" and when a girl has once done that, she may do penance in sackcloth and ashes, the name will cling to her, and the most trivial act be judged accordingly.

Everett saw and heard it all—the whispers, the glances exchanged among the women; and he realized fully the harm Kate was doing herself, and understood that it was precisely what Circe and her husband had intended to bring about.

"For God's sake stop! let me speak to you," he whispered, as Marsden was leading her out of the supper-room.

"Excuse me one moment," she said to Marsden. "The next waltz is yours—I shan't forget."

She turned to Everett, and allowed him to draw her a little out of the crowd.

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"What is it?" she asked, and her voice and her angry eyes cut his heart like a knife. "I should have listened just as quickly without your swearing."

"Don't speak in that way, Kate!" he exclaimed, in a tone that trembled with suppressed feeling; but it sounded so abrupt and quick that Kate mistook the emotion for anger.

"If you wish to hold any conversation with me, I should advise you to adopt a different manner," she said, with the same forced calmness. "I do not choose to be insulted or made ridiculous."

"Oh, Kate! is it really you speaking?" he faltered.

"Really myself, Mr. Everett; and I am rapidly discovering which is the real you—a very different man from the person I thought I knew."

He could not trust his voice for a moment; besides, he remembered that they could not stand so near the crowd and do private theatricals. He led her away through the dancing-room into a little boudoir which chanced to be empty, and Circe and her fiend, standing side by side, saw them go.

Phil Marsden muttered a naughty word, and Circe laughed outright.

"Afraid of a reconciliation?" sneered she.

"You know very well it would upset all our plans," he answered, in a low tone.

"And I understand all your private ones, too," she answered, with a gracious smile, meant for any lookers-on, and a gleam in her eyes intended for Phil's special benefit.

"Don't talk melodrama," said he, impatiently.

"Nonsense, as if I didn't see! You have gone crazy over the creature's golden hair and white shoulders."

"Now come up with your jealousy and spoil everything," he muttered. "I can tell you one thing, if we fail in this plan, and don't make anything out of old Wallingford, you will have to shift for yourself, for I shall be done up."

"Jealous of you! Run away with the girl, if you please, and she is fool enough to go."

"Yes, you would like playing the part of the injured wife, wouldn't you, Mrs. Lily?"

"Very much; I dare say I could make it pay."

"Don't let's quarrel," returned he, quietly. "We always ruin things if we both get angry at once."

"Well said, Philip, my king—to hear is to obey! Speak your commands."

"Don't give that fellow a chance to talk her over, that's all."

"No danger. Your white dove—was that what you named her? has a fine temper of her own. But I'll manage to be in at the death. You go and dance—it's no time for you to meddle."

Kate and Everett stood in the dimly-lighted chamber, with the gay music and the laughing murmurs of the crowd surging in from the ball-room, and Everett was saying,

"What did you mean, Kate? How have you found me so different from the man you believed me?"

"Every way!" she exclaimed, passionately. "You have taught me to doubt your word; to see that you are deceitful, imperious, exacting, determined that I shall be a slave to your whims, while you enjoy the largest liberty——"

"Go on," he said, when she paused in her insane tirade, "you can't have exhausted all your powers of invective yet."

"Let this end," cried she, stung into fresh anger. "No two people were ever so utterly unsuited to each other. You haven't an ambition in the world; to flirt, dance, be a mere man of society is enough for you. I want more than that."

"What more?"

"So much more than you could offer that it is idle to talk of it."

"You are serious? You wish to part forever?"

"Is it any good to keep up this farce of an engagement? You say that I make you wretched; I know I am so—let it end. We will each go on alone."

"And this is a woman's faith, a woman's truth!" he exclaimed. "So be it—let it end! Go your own way—I warn you where it will lead! Trust those people—as sure as you and I live they will bring you into trouble and disgrace."

"Do you dare to use a word like that in connection with my name?" she cried. "You have reminded me that I am a woman, as if no other word could express your contempt. At least, remember that because I am one, I am powerless to avenge an insult."

"You know that I had no intention of insulting you, Kate! You have tried me beyond the possibility of forbearance——"

"And you have repaid me in return—we are quits every way."

"At least, remember my last words—beware of those people! If possible, the woman is worse than——"

"Stop! Don't come from whispering compliments in her ear to hissing slanders into mine."

"Remember, I warned you—I can do nothing more. You are wild, mad! When this insanity

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for excitement has worn off, you will see where you stand."

"I shall not ask your aid, at least."

"Oh! you never loved me!" he groaned, in mingled anger and despair. "You were false from the first—you have no heart."

"If I had, you would have broken it," she answered. "Now go; I will not speak again."

More insane words were on his lips; they died suddenly, for Circe's laughing voice sounded from the door-way, where she stood as pretty as a flower-crowned sylph, calling out,

"Babes in the woods, please to come back to the ordinary world—you are both wanted."

Everett dashed past her out of the room without a word, and hurried from the house.

"Bless me, what a tragic exit!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden. "Such a combination of King Lear and Hamlet I never saw in all my life."

Then, as if she, for the first time, perceived Kate's strange look and statue-like attitude, she hurried toward her, saying, in her tenderest voice,

"My darling, what has happened? Are you ill?"

"No, no!" cried Kate.

"What has he said or done? Oh, Kate! that man will kill you yet."

"That man will not trouble me any more, Lily."

"What, is it all ended?"

"Yes! There, don't ask me questions! I must go and dance. Where is your husband? this waltz is his. Where is Mr. Marsden?"

"Here—always at your service," said Phil Marsden's silky voice.

"And he had always better be, if he expects me to tolerate him," laughed Circe. "Remember that, Kate."

Kate laughed in return; and as Marsden whirled her away among the dancers, it seemed to her as if the whole world were sweeping into chaos before her eyes.

CHAPTER VI.

DATING from that night, Kate's willfulness and craving for excitement seemed daily to increase.

It was the gayest winter Washington had known for years; a new Administration was coming in, so that, beside the unusual festivities, party plots, and political machinations of all sorts and sizes were more rife than usual.

Everett was gone, he firmly believed forever; though the fact that he could not bring himself to start on his southern trip, and the eagerness with which he devoured every scrap of Washington intelligence, where its social life was concerned, might have made him doubt the stability of many of his stately resolutions, if it had been another's case, and he able, with all the facts before him, to give a more unbiased opinion than he could do in this personal matter.

For a time his anger kept him strong, as that unchristian passion generally does; but not being blessed or cursed with quite so much obstinacy as many, when the separation from Kate dulled the edge of his rage, such hosts of painful thoughts made his heart ache, that he was forced to confess he had by no means succeeded in uprooting her empire over that very necessary but exceedingly uncomfortable organ.

Showing him to you only as a man in love, I dare say you have gained no high opinion of Harry Everett's abilities. That is your mistake, owing to my stupidity; but he was a man really possessed of an unusual amount of brains. That, in a certain way, some of the best talents he owned had been slower in development than is customary with most of our precocious youths, (who graduate from college at eighteen with such *eclat* that, if they lived to the age of the patriarchs, they would never get a step beyond the promise of their early successes,) was the very best augury for his future.

While Harry endured his heartaches, his remorse for whatever he felt had been his fault, struggled along under the dreadful feeling that the world had come to an end, and that all coming time could hold no hope of peace or happiness for him, Kate was rushing on in her career, and piling up troubles enough to dash her youth out when the final crush should come.

As far as an unmarried girl could be, she was at the head and front of all social triumphs—and you can imagine how women hated her. It was not enough for her to have the ordinary successes of young ladyhood, she must needs rush into the married women's province—make her uncle's parties and dinners the notable feature of the season, flirt with married men, and do petticoated politics. Her triumph was complete, and neither she or her uncle had the slightest suspicion of all the harsh things that were whispered about her.

Her intimacy with the Marsdens increased daily, and though there were those who could have warned her—of course, nobody did it; probably she would not have listened if anybody had. Did you ever profit by another person's experience?

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She gave herself no time to think where Harry Everett was concerned. At first she told herself fiercely that she was glad—glad! But it is not so easy to tear out and erase the affection of a whole life. Those passionate loves, kindled by a glance, a first meeting, show for much more, in the way of strength and intensity, than a love such as Kate's had been, but they are not so hard to kill—absence and anger together will usually do it.

I said she took no time to think; she was furious with herself when she found that she dared not; but calling herself hard names, and administering mental self-flagellation, did not alter the fact. So she rushed about from the time she got out of bed till she got into it, so tired physically by the incessant round that she would have slept if she had been going to execution the next morning.

But, no matter how great the excitement, how pleasant the ball or concert, how complete her triumph, that dull ache haunted her heart, followed her into her dreams, and, worst of all, in sleep, her will was powerless, and she would see and hear him as he had been when he was most loving and tender, and most noble in her eyes; and she would be conscious that she loved him, and have to wake and rage against herself for being mean-spirited enough to have such visions.

Phil Marsden haunted her like her shadow. His constant attentions were beginning to be freely commented on; but Kate did not dream of that.

"It is so much better for a young girl, left so much alone as you are, to have a married man like Philip ready to attend you," Circe said. "If you let any unmarried fellow hang about you too much, they will say you are engaged—and you don't want that."

"Indeed, I don't," cried Kate, with a shudder.

"And you know Philip and I are always glad, either of us, to be of the least service to you. Phil says you seem just like a younger sister. I don't know how I should live without you, so patient with all my whims and follies."

Kate no longer contradicted her when she uttered such self-reproaches. She loved Lily as well as ever, but she had learned to consider her both capricious and imprudent.

If everybody could have shown her that she was allowing a married man to make her the confidant of his heart and home disappointments, she would have been shocked and horrified at herself. But Marsden had managed so artfully, gone his way so cautiously, and it had all come about so gradually, that she did not in the least realize the position that their friendship had assumed.

She had learned to let him appeal openly to her for sympathy in his lonely life, as well as for interest in his hopes and aims. He told her that her talent was so immense, her intuitions so unerring, that he would rather take her advice than that of the shrewdest diplomatist living; and she believed that she understood him thoroughly, and thought all his plans so noble.

Circe omitted no opportunity of throwing them together. She would make appointments to take Kate out and send Phil instead, ask her to her house, and be gone, and leave word that she was to let Phil entertain her during that unavoidable absence.

And Phil Marsden could hardly have failed to make himself agreeable to any woman. His skill in reading character was something almost supernatural; and Kate was too impulsive not to be transparent, so that he understood her much more thoroughly than she did herself.

He was too astute not to do her full justice; too clever a villain to disbelieve in truth, honor, and purity, just because he did not possess them. And he knew that no woodland lake, in the sunshine, was ever more unstained than the girl's soul. Theoretically, she had a great many ideas that she would have been better without—that is true of all girls with any brains at all. The course of education, the books they are allowed to read, the state society is in, all combine to make that true. I am inclined to believe that Innocence disappeared from earth a great while ago. Theoretically, everybody knows everything; but purity, after all, is a great deal better, since, nine times out of ten, Innocence used to go over the bay when temptation came, just because she did not recognize it until too late.

With all their efforts, and notwithstanding their intimacy with Kate, the Marsdens found themselves proceeding very slowly in their attempts to reach Mr. Wallingford.

He was not fond of society, and never went out when he could help it; and when Circe did meet him, she was so much puzzled by his quiet reserve that she was afraid of making a wrong move, and Phil succeeded even more poorly.

When Mr. Wallingford thought about these people, he had a vague feeling of distrust in his mind; but he was so much occupied that he seldom did remember their existence any more than that of the other butterflies whom he saw flitting about his niece.

And just now the Marsdens were passing

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through troubled waters. They had been all winter promising a man their help in some measure in which he was interested, had assured him of success, proved to him that they possessed ways and means, and had already persuaded him into advancing a good deal of money.

Now he began to grow impatient, and allowed them plainly to see that he had no intention of being trifled with; and that if they did not do something soon to make good their pledges, he would break with them and expose both, leaving them in a position very little more enviable than that of common swindlers.

It was only through Mr. Wallingford and his compeer, old Mr. Fenton, that they had any hopes; and Kate had been unable, in spite of the wonderful talent Phil assured her that she had for politics, to lend them the least aid. In many other cases they had used her; she had been persuaded into teasing men for their votes or support, and in quarters where, if the fact came to her uncle's knowledge, would anger him greatly, which, if known outside, would make her more gossiped about than she was at present.

So now Kate was to persuade her uncle into giving a little supper—no strangers—just the men they wanted to reach, and the Marsdens.

That part Kate could do easily enough; her uncle had an evening to give to euchre—his one amusement—and was soon persuaded that he owed a little civility to the men she mentioned. But the Marsdens, when Kate came to throwing their names in as carelessly and naturally as she could, Mr. Wallingford looked up from his paper, and, for the first time, remembered to say something that had been on his mind for several days.

"It seems to me those Marsdens are always of our parties, whoever may be coming."

"It is so much pleasanter for me to have some young married lady to give me countenance," Kate said, trying to speak laughingly, though she was a little startled.

"I should think Mrs. Fairfield and I could give you countenance enough, as you call it, in your own house."

"Yes, of course; I was only talking nonsense. But Mrs. Marsden is so handsome and full of spirits, and such a favorite with gentlemen."

"Indeed! Are you very intimate with them?"

"I see a good deal of them," Kate answered; then her conscience pricked her, for she was not given to prevarication, and she added, courageously, "I like them both exceedingly—she is the most charming woman I know."

"Very well, let them come; but I don't quite——"

Then he caught sight of something in the paper that interested him; besides, he was not exactly certain what he had meant to say; there was a vague idea in his mind that he had heard or seen something which prejudiced him against the pair; but he lost it all in reading the comments on his last speech.

Kate waited for him to pursue the subject, but he had evidently forgotten all about it, and she was afraid to renew it.

CHAPTER VII.

When he had left the house, she wrote at once to Circe to tell her to be in readiness for the evening. The message arrived at a fortunate moment for the Marsdens; their Texas man was there, and making a little scene, and Kate's note restored a temporary serenity.

Kate was alone that morning, and as she sat pretending to herself that she was busy with a wonderful piece of embroidery she held in her hands, there were a good many uncomfortable thoughts in her mind.

It was not only that recollections of her girlish dream would come back, bringing Harry Everett's image to torment her, but her uncle's broken remarks in regard to the Marsdens had set her to thinking. There was a great deal in Circe's conduct that she could not approve of; and reflecting upon that, made her, for the first time, dimly see the ground upon which she stood with Philip—and she was a little startled.

Once or twice of late there had been a change in his manner, something so undefinable that she could not have put it in words; but as she sat there, recalling the events of the past weeks, she wished that she had not allowed him to confide in her so wholly; she wondered at several imprudent little things she had done where he was concerned.

In the midst of her meditations the bell rang, and Mr. Marsden was shown in. It struck her, for the first time, how entirely even the servants understood that she was always visible to him, from the fact that he was at once ushered into her presence without even being called on to go through the ceremony of sending up his card.

"I am very glad to have found you," he said, as he bowed over her hand with that charming courtesy which made him so unlike most men. "Lily had an enjoyment with her old man of the sea—Mrs. Rawson; and she wished me to

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come this way and express our mutual thanks for your kindness."

"You both know there are none needed," Kate answered, frankly; and as she met the honest glance of his eyes, and felt the subtile magnetic influence of the man's presence, she forgot the half-doubts which had intruded into her mind as she sat there alone.

"That doesn't prevent our feeling grateful. Our old Texan friend has this matter so much at heart that we can't bear to think of his being disappointed."

"I hope he will not be," Kate said; "but, to tell you the truth, my uncle is a very unapproachable man."

"But this is so clearly a matter of right, if I can only have an opportunity to set it fairly before him, or Lily, either, for she understands it quite as well as I do."

"Well," returned Kate, smiling a little anxiously, "I have done my part."

"Perfectly—as you always do."

He took a seat near her, and sat with his head slightly bowed, looking up in her face with those changeful eyes, that would have been a fortune to an actor.

"How is Lily this morning?" Kate asked.

"Quite well, overflowing with gayety, as usual."

He sighed, started a little, as if annoyed with himself for having given that evidence that his bosom's lord did not sit so lightly on his throne as he had announced that his wife's did, and said, in his most artfully modulated tone,

"I do not think you are quite in your usual spirits this morning."

"A little tired, I fancy; that German lasted so long last night."

"I looked at you and envied you that faculty of enjoyment which belongs to your age," Marsden said, sadly.

"One would think you Methuselah to hear you talk," Kate said.

"Two or three years past thirty, to a man whose life has been as varied and full of trouble as mine, make him feel rather like one of the patriarchs," Phil answered, with a playfulness which he was careful to make appear feigned.

"And yet he has still his whole life before him," Kate said, sententiously.

"If he has anything to make life worth possessing," returned Marsden, gloomily; "I have not."

"Mr. Marsden!" exclaimed Kate, growing a little uncomfortable.

"I have nothing," Phil repeated. "No children; a wife who does not love me; the one great ambition of my youth thwarted and crushed by the treachery of a pretended friend—there is nothing left."

With her new vague fears in her mind, Kate knew that she ought not to listen to such conversation, yet she could not help sympathizing with him.

"It pains me to hear you speak so sadly," she said.

"And I have no right to do that—no right," he replied, in that studied monotone, which on the stage is supposed to signify suppressed emotion. "I know, too, that it is weak, unmanly to complain and appeal to your sympathy; but it is very sweet to me, and you are the first human being of whom I have ever asked it."

And Kate, being eighteen instead of thirty, believed it, and felt flattered.

"I think this winter I should have broken down utterly without your friendship," he went on. "I have tried to be a better man just to be worthy of it."

"And for Lily's sake," Kate said, and felt the color come into her cheeks, though she could not exactly have told why.

"For Lily's sake?" he repeated, tragically. "It is useless to keep up any shadow of pretence longer where Lily is concerned—with you, at least. I should not have the world know I am nothing to Lily, except as my money and my exertions surround her with the luxury that she craves. I believe there are times when she actually hates me; yet I have tried—I have tried."

"And will," Kate said, softly.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, starting up, then sinking back in his chair; really, the voice and attitude would have "brought the house down," both were so admirable. "I will do my duty; she shall have amusement, liberty, dress—all that she desires; but I will no longer try to make myself believe that it is my duty to attempt to care for a woman who has treated me so heartlessly."

"Don't teach me to dislike her," Kate said.

"Not for the world; if anything can help her it will be your influence. I do not often allow myself to have these bitter feelings; but sometimes, when I think how different my life might have been, if I had waited until my heart really spoke—had kept myself free——"

He broke off abruptly, and covered his face with his hand.

Kate did not know how to speak; she was confused and troubled, but there was no fear in her mind. She believed in him so entirely that

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she could not dream he would insult her by any protestation of love; though, for the first time, she began vaguely to understand that it was in connection with her that these sorrowful fancies had first assailed him.

"It is never worth while to lament what is irrevocable," she said, more coldly.

He gave her a pained, patient smile.

"You are quite right to remind me that I am talking like an idiot," he answered. "Why should you be bored with my lamentations?"

"You know I did not mean that," she said, quickly. "You know that I am your friend; I like and respect you."

"Liking and respect," he said, as if thinking aloud; "and in this world that is the nearest approach to happiness I can hope to have."

Kate looked up at him with a quick, startled expression. There was a step without; the door-knob turned with an aggravating click.

"At least, it is something that it is you I have to thank for them," he said, hurriedly.

Kate had no time to speak if she had known what to say, for Mrs. Fairfield entered, having just returned from her shopping expedition.

So Marsden took his departure, and Kate would have gladly got away to her own room. She was a little frightened, and wanted to be alone to think; there had been that in Philip's eyes and words which startled her into new reflections. But there was no opportunity; it was somebody's reception day, and Mrs. Fairfield had just remembered it, and returned in hot haste to drag Kate off to do her duty.

That evening the supper-party came off as had been agreed upon, and Lily Marsden floated into the room on her husband's arm after the other guests were assembled, so gay and bewitching that any masculine heart must have been triple armed to resist her fascinations.

Unfortunately for her, Mr. Wallingford had no heart at all, except as it was displayed in a fatherly affection for Kate. Anything approaching flirtation in a married woman was simply detestable to him; but poor Lily had to employ such weapons as she had—and how could she suppose that he was so much more rigid in his ideas than the generality of men?

So she set herself to the work of fascinating Mr. Wallingford—and she did her part splendidly; the only trouble was, that it was all as much wasted as it would have been on one of the marble tables; and he saw through her as easily as if she had been a pane of glass. To make matters worse, she began to have an uncomfortable perception that such was the case; and then she grew angry, but recollected herself in time, and attempted the frank and heedless style.

"I have not asked a single favor of you this winter," said she; "my conscience reproaches me! What's the good of knowing great men, if one doesn't tease them for something?"

He laughed pleasantly enough.

"What will you have—an order for unlimited flowers, or boxes of quill pens?"

"No quill pens, they make such a horrid scratching! As many flowers as you please; but don't think to get off that way—I want more than that."

"One would suppose Mrs. Marsden had about all this world could give worth having."

"Now don't take refuge in pretty speeches! I have my business-cap on to-night."

"It is very becoming—like everything you wear."

"Don't be aggravating, or I shall have my nerves excited and make a scene! It always makes me ill if I don't have my own way."

"Certainly; then you can't often be ill."

"Oh! that's a doubtful compliment! Now will you do what I want?"

"At least, I promise to hear what it is, if you choose to tell."

"Oh, this insensible man!" cried Circe, laughing gayly. "But now listen—I am sure I shall never make myself understood. I never can explain things with this feather-head of mine."

She did herself injustice there, for she made her case remarkably clear, and was so plausible, that if Mr. Wallingford had not chanced to know a good deal about the Texan and his scheme in advance, he might, probably, have been as much deceived as I have occasionally seen more than one of our stately law-makers deluded and wheedled by an artful woman.

To make it worse for Circe, that very day more things concerning the Marsdens had come to his knowledge than he had ever before known about them; hints of certain matters in which they had mixed Kate up, and he was angry with them, and annoyed with his niece, though he had as yet found no opportunity of speaking with her.

The consequence was, that he heard Circe through, and then snubbed her. He did it very cautiously—but he snubbed her; and proceeded, after the fashion of elderly men, to offer a little unasked advice.

He told her, with the same old-fashioned courtesy, but very firmly, that he disapproved of women meddling with such matters in any way, and wound up with,

"You will excuse my requesting that my niece may in no manner be led into having anything

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to do with such transactions—it would be a thing I could not forgive."

Circe felt as if she had just fallen out of a balloon.

At that moment Mr. Henton got away from Philip, who had been flattering himself that he was making an easy prey of the old gentleman, and came toward the sofa, saying aloud,

"Mr. Marsden has been talking about that Matthews affair, Wallingford, you remember?"

"I do," said he; "the man need have no hope of succeeding, I can give him my word. In the first place, there is neither justice or reason in the matter; in the next, it is quite enough for me to know that he has been making bets on his success, and saying that he has friends who will bring over at least three of the committee."

Circe stole a glance at Philip and felt herself tremble, but he spoke at once.

"That I don't believe; I know Mr. Matthews very well."

Circe recovered herself and began to laugh.

"What a barbarous speech, Mr. Wallingford," said she. "Good gracious! you are thinking all sorts of dreadful things about me because I spoke in favor of my Texan bear."

"I should never dream of insulting any guest of mine by a supposition that he or she could be actuated by other than motives of kindness or friendship," he said, gravely.

He looked full at Philip, and Philip felt the ground sound hollow under his feet.

Supper was over before this matter came up; the euchre had been a failure so far since; but now Mr. Wallingford proposed resuming the game, and the Marsdens knew that they had struck their grand *coup*, and failed signally.

It was very nearly ruin to them; but they had passed through too many dangerous crises to show any signs of discomfiture or failure. Lily's laugh never rang out more gayly, Philip was never more witty or brilliant; but every time they met Mr. Wallingford's eye they knew that it was a failure every way.

Kate was anxious and alarmed, and she knew by a score of little symptoms, not perceptible to the others, that her uncle was displeased.

Philip Marsden played his game of euchre, and reflected what his next move should be, occasionally casting earnest glances at Kate, smiling, placid, and all the while thinking that through this girl he should still be able to manage the impracticable old man.

They were all going away at last.

"I am so, so sorry," Kate found an opportunity to whisper to Philip.

"Don't think of it—you have done your best."

"Come and see me to-morrow," said Circe, obeying a private hint from her lord. "Be sure and come, I have something important to say; your uncle seems to have heard something you have been doing—I'll explain."

She added that by way of having a little revenge—it was some satisfaction to sting poor Kate. Then she kissed Kate affectionately, made her adieus to the rest, and floated off on Philip's arm.

Kate was not by any means comfortable when she found herself alone with her uncle, but he only said,

"You had better go to your room at once, Kate, you look pale and tired."

Small wonder if she did! All her imprudences of the past weeks rushed in review before her as Circe spoke—the look in Philip's eyes this night; then she was brought back to the exigencies of the moment by her uncle speaking again.

"And Kate——"

"Yes, uncle."

"I want you to see less of your new friends—you are somewhat mistaken in them."

Kate was too much subdued, for the moment, to flame up in their defence. She said good-night very meekly, and went away to her room, and a very stormy night she had of it; and through her fears, her trouble, came that dull ache at her heart, with a new and sharper pang, and sent sleep still further aloof.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE SILVER SEA.

BY MRS. A. E. WOODBURY.

When twilight spreads her dusky wing,
I wander by a silver sea;
So wondrous are the waters clear,
I stop and gaze with ecstasy.

But, though its mirror bring such joy,
I may not tell what there I see;
The birds which sing upon its shore,
Would hush their sweet-toned minstrelsy.

While day her care around me throws,
I cannot walk beside that sea;
The world's rude noise would well-nigh drown
The "still, small voice" so dear to me.

In childhood's hours my spirit asked,
"What is thy name, oh, silver sea?"
And came the answer, murmuring soft,
"My name, oh, child! is Memory!"

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CAPTAIN JEAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH."

I CANNOT claim that any patriotism led me into the war—I had formed no opinion about it. I was more familiar with the deeds of Arthur's knights than the squabbles of Congress; the authorship of Junius was a question which interested me more than that of State Rights; the flag to me was only so much bunting.

No. But I had lived for twenty-two years in the world, long enough to discover that the mighty fate which rules it had set his face irrevocably against me. Nature meant me to dwell in the dimness and repose of a quiet, affluent life, to feed my soul on the rarest fruits gathered by the great gleaners for truth gone before me, until it reached its full development. Destiny drew me, half-educated, behind a counter, to earn my bread and meat—the bread and meat of a cheap boarding-house; my liver was inactive; the woman I loved—— But no more. My pain may seem contemptible to others, yet it was real to me.

If I had been a woman I would have cried out that I was aweary of the world, or have written out my diseased heart in a book. Being a man, I resolved to throw away the life which was a burden to me. The tide of civil war was rising around me. I suffered myself to drift into it, too apathetic to go forward with energy to meet even welcome death.

Through the influence of some friends I received a lieutenancy in a Pennsylvania regiment, and went down to the county town to meet my company. Whatever glamour my imagination had thrown over the deadly struggle disappeared before the reality. A vacant carpenter's-shop was used as an enlisting-office; and when Judge Croft and I walked up to it on a bright summer's morning, we found it filled with a crowd of young farmers, clerks, and mechanics, all in a sort of half-uniform, smoking, chattering, joking together.

"A vulgar mood in which to go out to face death," I said.

"It is the captain, Deffon," said the judge. "He is the very prince of good fellows. But vulgar? I differ with you there, Ames."

I stopped with a vague sense of disgust on the outskirts of the crowd. Hilarity always appeared degrading and unmanly to me.

"Deffon has life enough to inspire a whole regiment," continued the judge, smiling as he caught a voice within. "He has raised this company unaided."

I have a morbidly keen sense about voices. They are usually mere mechanical vehicles for words—they rasp, cackle, hiss, or chirp, with no more meaning in themselves than the sounds we make in eating. There was life of its own in this voice—magnetic, infectious life. Besides, it was a high-bred voice, the inflections clear and pure. I could not hear the words, but the tones had in them a light-heartedness, a genial ring, that brought an unwilling smile to my lips.

"The captain is a gentleman," I said.

"I believe you! There's no such blood in Pennsylvania as that of the Du Fonds, Deffon, we call them. Well, whoever is lost in the bloody war yonder, I hope that jolly devil will come out of it again. He has kept this town alive for many a year."

I waited to see my captain, I had fancied a gallant, heroic figure to match the voice. A homely, slight little man came out, with a face deeply pitted by small-pox, lighted by laughing blue eyes. He greeted me with as hearty zest as though we were comrades for a pleasure-party.

We made slow progress down the street. Every man we met had business with Du Fond, to which he lent himself in the same gay, eager fashion; the very children ran up to him to be tossed up in the air, or carried on his shoulders for a square. Before we had reached the foot of the hilly village street, I felt as though the whole man lay open and known to me; and when the judge left us, I disclosed to him my disappointment and chagrin. People always spoke to Du Fond candidly, as I found afterward.

"You enter on this work with different feelings from mine."

He was serious in a moment. "Ah! how's that?"

"The quarrel which brings brother to war against brother, father against son, is no joke."

"That's true! God knows that's true!" pulling at his peaked, black beard thoughtfully.

"Besides, in all probability we will never come back. *I* cannot go to meet death with jests."

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"Of course not. Now, that you speak of it, it's the part of a fool to trifle on the brink of a precipice—it's blasphemous. But the truth is, lieutenant," with a cheery, ashamed little laugh, "this is a very pleasant, genial town. One cannot help but be jolly in it. I was born here, and I've never had time yet to look at the serious side of life. But I'll begin! I'll begin! Now that you mention it."

He was serious for ten minutes. Too long; the odd charm about him vanished when he was grave. In deadly earnest though I was, I yet preferred Philip drunk to Philip sober.

Before we reached the place where the grassy street lapsed gradually into a lonely road, he was his gay, frothy self again. I would come out to La Chaumiere, to see his home and his mother? There was the most exquisite bit of landscape at La Chaumiere in the world. It reminded his mother of her native Burgundy. He would promise me grapes that had the real Amontillado flavor; there was a rosery—birds. Ah! here we were! Swinging open a little gate.

My visions of a modern chateau vanished—La Chaumiere was literally a cottage, little better than a hut. The grape of Amontillado flavor was an ordinary vine of Catawbas; the rosery consisted of a half-dozen common bushes in the border. Birds there were none, unless he reckoned the swallows that swarmed about the barn. The Du Fonds were wretchedly poor, judged by the rude plenty of the Pennsylvania farms to which I had been used. The little wooden house, however, was stained the exact color of the earth in which the vines and roses grew, and being covered with vines itself, had an odd air of harmony, of belonging to the soil which I had never seen in any house before. There was a curious content and brightness in the very air; there was also an inexplicable feeling on my part that my admission into this house was an event in my life. Never had I been welcomed before with such cordial, gracious courtesy as that with which Du Fond ushered me up the rickety plank steps; he might have been a prince of the blood at his ancestral gates. The little nut-shell of a house, with its rag-carpets, and pretty chintz hangings, was so royal a dwelling in his eyes that it actually began to have a palatial air in mine. Afterward, there came Madame Du Fond, his mother, and her niece, Amy Ford. They made me at home, yet without a word of welcome. It was as if they said, our house is kept locked against strangers, but here is the private key for you. The manner was indescribable; it was the very flower and crown of hospitality.

But when the evening was over, and I was back in my inn room, I began to sum it all up. There had been a poor house, a plain supper, a little, vivacious old lady, with white hair puffed airily about her wrinkled face; a faintly colored and outlined girl, who looked as if she had been tired of the world before she began it, and who listened to Du Fond and his mother as though they first had found the fabled elixir of life for her. What was there in this that should have bewildered me as though I had fallen among a new order of beings? Why should I have forgotten for three whole hours my lost Ada, and my coming search for death?

The old Frenchwoman and her son had no elixir of life for me. What boyish fancy was it that made them seem to me as people who had found a sunny height above me, and who were calling to me to come up to their level?

Judge Croft came in at the moment. "You've been with the Deffons, eh?" eagerly. "Well! Well! You did not expect to find such people in this out-of-the-way village? The best men in the country make pilgrimages here to see the old lady and her son."

"They are French!"

"By that you mean——"

"By that I mean that they are frivolous and insincere," critically knocking the ash from my segar. "Madame Du Fond's welcome was ready for me, as cordial and warm as though she had known of my coming by second-sight. No doubt it is the same for any stranger."

"Certainly. Why not?"

Now I did not know why not, and, therefore, continued with increasing disappointment and ill-temper. Our talk was not only cheerful, but gay. It ran, too, on the most commonplace topics. "Is this a time to be chattering about bee-raising," I said, at last, "or telling stories of our childish days? Only foreigners could be so callous to the horrors of war around them."

"But you were interested, Ames? And you told of your own pranks when you were a boy, I'll wager? And it did you good to tell them."

"What did these people know of me?" I said, evading the question. "Why should they take me in as one of themselves? They kept nothing back which the current of conversation suggested. Their little home-jests; the amount of their income; the robin's-nest in the well-roof—I saw it all! Bah! They are refined and delicate, I confess; but how could they know I had the refinement and delicacy to comprehend them? A man has no right to open his life in that way, like water bubbling in the sun. Du Fond has not a secret in the world from anybody, I fancy."

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Croft was silent. He may have thought my criticisms coarse return for the hospitality I had shared; but my griefs had taught me to regard with contempt the minor virtues of courtesy.

The delicious introduction of the evening's pleasure was passing away, and left me more sourly in love with melancholy than ever. "'It is altogether a serious thing to be alive,'" I said, quoting Carlyle.

"It has been serious enough to Jean Deffon," he replied, rising to go. "The reason the village is so proud of the boy is that he has made so good a fight among us for his and his mother's *soup maigre*. Bread and meat they rarely taste, I fear. She educated him. Yes, she was capable," in reply to my look of surprise. "There was no more brilliant woman, I have heard, in Paris, in Louis the Eighteenth's reign, than Madame Du Fond. Her husband was one of the ministry *doctrinaire* under Decazes, and lost place with him. He died soon after, leaving her childless."

"And the captain?"

"Is a nephew—an adopted son. Her estates were swept away in the Revolution; but she had intrusted a large sum to an English house some years before. If she could recover it, she could return to her native land and old estate; but there is some difficulty. The suit goes on—but English law is slow."

"Why, this is a tragedy that you hint at, Croft," I cried, with energy. "Think what a galling yoke poverty must be upon the soul of such a woman. Upon my word, I supposed the swarming of her bees had been one of the chief interests of her life! Why, she told me the story of her dog with a humor and pathos which brought tears to my eyes. If it had been her own story——"

"She would have passed it over, most probably, with a jest and flutter of her fingers You saw Amy? Poor little rabbit of a woman, eh? Had rough usage, I fancy, till madame and Jean took her in hand. Jean was to marry her this month. He had just begun to practice as a physician when the war broke out, and he gave up all—home, and business, and wife."

We waited marching orders, knowing that they would arrive within a week. Now I had intended to spend it in a sort of knightly vigil, remembering Deodato. I would pass in review all this miserable life before casting it from me forever. Capt. Du Fond came to me, however, early the next morning. "Madame was desirous of giving me pleasure; she had devised a little *fete* that day—tea *al fresco*, peaches, music; a dance under the trees, a row upon the river by moonlight. There were some charming young girls in the village. I would consent?"

I assented coldly. "But we may be summoned at any moment. You would go to the battle from a dance?"

Capt. Du Fond looked at me steadily, his blue eyes filled with astonishment. "And why not?" he said, mildly.

I went to the *fete*. I had by this time pondered on the story of this exiled noble till I had filled the bare outline with sombre and varied coloring. I found in it a melancholy likeness to my own. I could comprehend the extent of her loss. The bare vacuity of her life in this village, the long hunger of brain and soul.

She met me with sparkling eyes. How daintily appointed was her coarse dress! How exquisite the poise of her withered old body! The fresh young girls flocking about her were awkward by contrast. How could an immortal being, so near the grave, care for the fit of a gown, or the color of a glove?

"Monsieur would observe the color of this peach? Ah! the labor which she had given to that tree! Monsieur had tasted this delicious cream? It was Lucy's work. *La petite chat!* There was no such useful little girl in the village as Lucy." Sitting on a heap of cornstalks as though it had been a royal throne, sipping her cream delightedly, and smiling down at the little country-girl at her feet with the earnest enjoyment of a child.

"Is this acting? Does she feign happiness for her son's sake?" I said, to Croft.

"No. To-morrow it will be winter apples instead of peaches, or Sophy in place of Lucy; and she will be surprised and delighted all over again."

Just before the sun set, the captain came to me, his thin face on fire. "The order has come! We march in an hour," he whispered.

"To death!" I muttered, gloomily.

"To victory! Come! What time is this for tears? Did you ever hope that this hour could come to us dull American boys, when we used to be trading, dealing out drugs? The chance to win renown! To prove ourselves worthy of woman's love? I will have one last waltz to remember when I am gone!" He took his betrothed in his arms.

The music was soft and sweet; the setting-sun threw a warm glow over the grassy slope; the crimson fruit shone in the dusky orchard-trees overhead: the river glanced by, as the two figures swept in a slow, dreamy motion past me. The motion quickened passionately; the music throbbed into airy, vehement ecstasies. The

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eyes of this man and woman, who loved each other, met; and out of that sweet delirium, I fancied, looked into the life or death waiting for them with gay and daring faith.

When the music died, he drew her away into a shadowy garden-walk As he talked to her the girl leaned weakly on him.

"My son goes! He bids Amy farewell!" Madame Du Fond rose, the blood leaving her withered face; but in a moment it glowed bright as youth itself. "He will return! *Le bon Dieu* is always good to me! He will return full of glory—honor!"

In the confusion I turned off suddenly into the woods. The sound of the outcry followed me—sudden, enthusiastic cheers, snatches of martial songs, even shouts of laughter. I had no patience with this willful folly. Jean Du Fond, at least, left all that was good in life behind—the home he had earned through years of work, mother and wife; and it was a grinning, ghastly skeleton he went to meet, let him grasp it by the hand as he would, or give to it good-morning.

When I returned, there was silence; the men were drawn up in marching order at the foot of the little sunny slope, the girls in a group in the background, frightened and pale. Madame Du Fond came slowly down the hill toward her son; the sun shone on her gray head, and on a sword which she carried. She placed it in his hand. "Go, Jean!" she said, passionately, in her own tongue; "but thou wilt come to us again; and thou shalt find the home and the old mother always happy and ready for thee."

But Amy sat apart on the grass, her hands clasped about her knees. She was an American girl, and could not comprehend this effervescence of the French blood. When Du Fond went to her and lifted her hand, she looked dully up into his eyes. "If you do not come back to me, I shall die, Jean," she said. "You are all that I ever had."

By some means I was transferred, before reaching the seat of war, to another regiment, and lost sight of Du Fond for a year. At the end of that time I heard of him through a brother officer who had messed with him at Washington. "Know Jean Deffon? Deffon the joker? Who don't know him?"

"A gallant fellow, was he not?" I ventured.

"There's been no chance to prove his gallantry. He has been detailed to guard prisoners at Fort Delaware, on Johnson's Island, ever since the war began. But a merrier little devil is not in the service. You'll hear his jokes wherever a Federal soldier goes. They've grown into army-words. I knew him by reputation long before I saw him; then I had the luck to bivouac with him one night in a swamp, full of gallinippers and rebels. By George! it was an experience to remember all your life!" chuckling. "The fellow was full of spirit and fun: it needed but a touch to bubble and sparkle like a flask of champagne. It was very heartening, I tell you! We had had but a cracker a day for three days' march; and by the time the night was over I felt as though I had been supping on turtle and bear's meat.

"Deffon the joker!" The idyllic picture which had lingered so long in my memory, of a low sunset gleaming through orchard-trees, of a shining river, of low, rapturous music, and two faces full of youth and love, and the sweet pain of parting began to fade. What right had this fellow to jokes and laughter, with the old mother at home deprived of her inheritance, and the woman who loved him, toiling for their daily bread? And yet he had won neither honor nor glory to recompense them for his loss. I was disgusted with the very name of Du Fond, and put it, with a vague sense of disappointment, out of my mind.

A year afterward I was in Missouri—a prisoner. It would be better that no record was kept of the manner in which the war was pursued in the border States by either side. Under cover of its fire and smoke the worst passions of the lowest class found vent; private wrongs were revenged, and atrocities were perpetrated for which neither Federal nor Confederate leaders ought to be held answerable.

With two fellow-officers I was arrested by a gang of bushwackers, headed by the half-breed, Swantee, and confined near the little village of Benton City.

A party of ten leading Secessionists in the next county had been seized a week before by the Federal officer commanding at the nearest station, who threatened to hang them for some outrages perpetrated on his troops. I and my companions were taken as hostages. The system of reprisal was actively carried on at that time in Missouri. The Missourians found it spicy, exhilarating; it gave a personal zest to the general conflict—made romance instead of history out of it.

Night found us closely guarded in a cabin—the drenching rain dropping through the cracks in the roof. It was, apparently, old camping-ground with the half-breeds; they swarmed in at nightfall to the number of twenty or thirty—greasy, dull-eyed; their black hair hanging ragged over their eyes; their only clothing, in many cases, a dirty blanket; but all of them

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armed with revolvers, often costly in make, stuck in their belts. Swantee, himself, was a burly, gross-looking savage, whose thick lips hinted a mixture of black blood.

Corson and Houston, my fellow-prisoners, sat before the fire, which puffed down a volume of soot in our faces now and then. We had all been disarmed and hand-cuffed on our capture.

About nine o'clock the door was pushed open, and a young white man entered, a thin, scholarly-faced fellow, wearing spectacles, and having more the appearance of a Methodist clergyman than a coadjutor of Swantee's. He sat down beside him, however, and began to talk to him in the jargon in use among the Delawares; then he turned to us, the tones were curiously shrill and womanish.

"Pleydell holds ten men that he means to hang to-morrow—you know that?"

Said Corson, "We know nothing about Pleydell. We belong to the army. He is head of a gang of guerillas, like your own."

The Indian grunted; the white man lifted his spectacles from his lightish eyes, and looked under them steadily at Corson for a moment. There was a scuffle at the door, and two or three men were brought in. The air was so dingy that I could only see they were white, and bound like ourselves.

Swantee's conferrer replaced his spectacles, and took out a pencil and the blank half of a letter from his pocket, handing them to Corson. "You can write to Pleydell," he said, quietly; "give him your names and rank. Tell him that you are in the hands of Miss Billy, and that if the men he holds are not set free by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, you will be hung on this black-jack outside by eleven. Loose his hands," nodding to an Indian.

Corson stretched his freed arms, then began to write with such energy as to drive the stump of a pencil through the paper at every word. He was a stout, young fellow, with crisp, yellow hair, and English side-whiskers about his red face; the sort of man one sees in the scum of every society, thrown there by the love of drink. He gabbled incessantly of the opera, of stunning women, or horses, of his last bout with the tiger; but smothered somewhere under this was keen shrewdness and a warm heart. Houston, a dyspeptic boy, who used to whine about his sick stomach at mess every morning, *ad nauseam*, was grave and silent now at the near approach of death, met it with a certain manly dignity; while Corson's surface jocularity had disappeared, and left him morose, sullen, desperate.

"Tell Pleydell," said Miss Billy, leisurely, filling a pipe, "that a scouting-party of five have just been brought in, who will swing with you. There is a Federal captain among them, I don't know his name."

"Then you ought to know it, Billy," called out one of the prisoners. "You're not the man to turn your back on an old friend out of luck." The voice rang out so clear, hearty, and cheery, that it sent a sort of thrill through the room, which the moment before had seemed heavy with darkness and death. "Let me come to the stove," said the man, pushing his way up. "There's Swantee—forgotten me, too! Heh! Birchbreeches? Try another race with you to-morrow morning, and give you odds."

"Umph!" grunted the Indian; but he made room for the new-comer beside him. Miss Billy (whose real name was James Strother, one of the most savage of the white men who leagued with the Indians in Missouri) laughed. "It is you, Deffon? You've a race before you to-morrow, which Swantee will be willing you should beat."

"So they tell me," was the cool reply.

"Come up, man, and dry yourself," said the other, kicking one of the Indians to make room.

The stranger's clothes were dripping wet; but there was something indescribably gay and gallant in the little figure that stepped boldly forward among us at this invitation. It breathed life. It was Du Fond. There was the black, peaked beard, the pock-marked face, the laughing blue eyes. In the keen glance which he shot at us, I doubted whether he recognized me. At all events, he made no sign, but began talking to Billy and Swantee in the jabbering dialect which they used, bantering the Indian, apparently, by the shouts of laughter provoked from the whites.

Swantee left him alone speedily on the bench to dry his steaming legs, and proceeded to dismiss the crowd of red skins, retaining but five, well armed, to serve as a guard with himself and Miss Billy. Du Fond, meantime, took from his breast carefully a small bird of brilliant scarlet plumage, whose wing appeared to be broken. He began to bind it up anxiously, holding it to the fire.

"I found it nigh drowned in the road yonder. An odd specimen, eh? Beaked like a tanager. Hold this cord, Billy."

To my surprise, Strother assisted, watching the operation with interest. When it was done, he went to the back of the cabin with Swantee, inspecting the hand-cuffs on the prisoners. Du Fond, stroking his bird, spoke to me in French.

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"How came you in this devil's clutches, *cher ami?*" he said.

"What does that matter now? He is your friend. Can you do anything with him?"

"With Miss Billy?" laughing. "Why he'll joke with me while he puts the noose around my neck, to-morrow. So, little one? Tut! tut!" turning the hurt bird softly on his palm.

"You see no chance of escape?"

"No. Pleydell has Joe Stern in his clutches, and he would not give him up for a regiment of Yankee captains. No, there's no chance; but we'll not die. Something will turn up. Jean Du Fond and death have nothing to do with each other yet awhile." He began to whistle.

Strother came back; the firelight from the stove flashed upon his effeminate figure, fair hair, and cold, shallow eyes; upon the black-lined, *insouciant* air of the Frenchman, bent over his scarlet bird, and on the scowling Indians that filled the shadowy background. Outside of the cabin the rain dripped, dripped, and the wind soughed heavily through the trees without.

Corson held up the paper. Miss Billy took it, glanced over it, and handed it back.

"You have not given Deffon's name. Pleydell knows him. It will count for more than all the others."

Du Fond looked up. "It will count for nothing. I weigh light against Joe Stern in Pleydell's eyes; but you can put it down." His hand paused an instant in stroking the bird. "Tell Pleydell to get us out of this den by daybreak. We will be here like the wise and foolish virgins together."

"That is a pointless jest," growled Corson.

"A man can't choose his best arrows where death has him by the throat—put it down."

For the first time I noticed his voice testy and sharp.

Corson scrawled the message, which was given to an Indian, who set off with it at full speed. Pleydell's camp was distant but ten miles.

"It is Stern you want to keep him from going under, Billy?" said Deffon, glancing up.

"Joe Stern and I have been comrades this two years. If he's shot, I'll pay for it with the life of every white I get into my clutches," said Strother, in the quiet, womanish tone, which, more than any I had ever heard, gave the impression of cool and merciless cruelty.

There was a moment's silence. Then Du Fond put his bird away. "There's no need of the night's being dry, if it is the last, Billy. Where's your liquor? We'll take it hot, if you like."

Strother assented with an oath, saying, "There's no better punch-maker west of the Mississip, gentlemen, than Deffon." The whisky was brought out, the whole cabin wakening up with sudden interest. Whatever materials for punch were wanting, there was, at least, a variety of liquor; and Du Fond, with a broken pitcher and iron kettle, compounded one mixture after another, joking incessantly to the manifest comfort of the whole party, who appreciated the drinks, if not the jokes.

For the first time I noticed that his left coat-sleeve was pinned to his breast. "Gone, Du Fond?" I asked.

"At Lawrence. One of Billy's conferrers chopped it off—as a souvenir. What do you think of this rum, Ames?"

I pushed back the tin cup; the shallowness of the man disgusted and wearied me. Death could matter but little to a creature like this; he would flutter out of life careless as a moth. I drew back into the corner, and covered my head. Corson, I saw, was drinking heavily; Houston sat pale and quiet. The Indians soaked in the liquor with Billy as fast as Deffon prepared it. It had no more effect on them than if it had been poured into leather casks.

The night passed in this orgie; I did not look up again. Two years ago I had hoped for death. I was a man now, not a querulous boy, and knew what life was worth to me. Through the noise of the drunken men and the storm I listened for the steps of the returning Indian, who was to bring the answer from Pleydell; yet I noted, with my habit for analyzing voices, that while those of the other men were changed by the liquor, Du Fond's was unaltered: clear and ringing, and as full as a boy's of sudden intonations.

About three o'clock the door opened, and the half-breed appeared; I had not heard a footfall on the wet grass. He gave a scrap of paper to Miss Billy, who stooped down to the stove to read it.

There was a sudden silence; Du Fond broke it. "*Bien*, Strother, let us hear the worst."

"Curse you! You'll know it to-morrow morning."

Du Fond did not speak for a moment. "He will not give them up? Come on then, another drink."

"You're a jolly dog, Deffon," with a gruff laugh.

"There's one stew I can make which is fit to bid good-by to life with; but I must have spice. What have you in that plunder of yours, Birch-breeches? Cayenne will suit your palate. Come, gentlemen!" glancing at us, "to-day is ours; there is philosophy for a life! Tra-la-la,"

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humming a tune as he bent low over the steaming pitcher.

"*Viola la nuit, puis vient—vient le jeur!*" he sang.

"Now your spice, Swantee, '*vient le jeur—r!*' It is ready, Billy!" I fancied that his face was pale, and the glitter in his eye bore other meaning than that of drunken jollity. Billy pronounced the dram unequaled, and drank heavily; Du Fond passed it around, giving me a quick warning glance. I feigned to drink, as did Corson and the other prisoners.

When they had done, Du Fond put the pitcher to his own lips. He set it down, and lay back on the bench, trolling out some drunken French chorus. Strother swore at him, and presently he dropped asleep, and there was silence, but for the storm outside.

The fire burned down; the rain fell through the leaking roof on the faces of the men without wakening them. Crouched on the floor, I kept a close watch on Du Fond. He lay motionless as a log.

An hour passed. The storm without grew heavier instead of abating, the darkness more intense; yet it must be near dawn. By the low, yellow flashes of the fire, I saw Du Fond drag himself slowly up, steal to Billy, who sat bolt upright against the wall, and shake him gently. Corson, Houston, and the two white men at the back of the cabin were on their feet; they had kept watch like me. Du Fond stooped eagerly and began with his one hand to loosen the ropes about our ankles.

"The hand-cuffs must stay," he said.

"What was it?" whispered Corson.

"Opium."

"Dead?" repeated Corson, glancing at the motionless forms about him.

"No. I couldn't bring my mind to that; besides, I hadn't enough." With a knife, which he pulled recklessly from an Indian's belt, he cut the ropes.

"The effect will not last an hour," he said, when we were outside; "and the rest of the gang may arrive at any moment. We will go toward the river; our only chance is in meeting Pleydell."

"There's no chance there."

"I think there is; I sent him a message. Pleydell knows me; he is sharp at nosing out a hint."

Our way lay through a thick forest of blackjacks and oak shrubs underneath; the ground split into deep ravines and gullies, not to be discerned in the darkness until we fell into them.

When we reached the river, however, we were able to keep along the smooth, pebbly bank, which stretched before us like a white belt on the edge of the black, rolling flood. Du Fond was in advance—constantly in advance; but he stopped every few moments to lean back and whisper his delight at having outwitted Strother. "I owed Miss Billy a turn!" he said. "I wrote a *billet-doux* on the floor with a bit of chalk! But the pity of it is that I won't see him read it."

"It would be better to defer your boasting till we are safe," growled Corson, savagely.

Du Fond patted him on the back good-humoredly. "Why not be comfortable as we go?" He hurried on, talking now and then in an undertone; I found afterward it was to his bird, which he had buttoned in his breast.

"Curse that Frenchman! Will nothing stop his chatter?" cried Corson.

"He saved us, Corson," said Houston, speaking for the first time. "I've heard of him before—let him alone. There is no more daring little devil in the western army."

The rain lightened. Day began to break in sombre gray streaks through the edge of the solid, black roof overhead. We were huddled on the river bank under an overhanging rock, wet to the skin, the icy wind sending a chill to the heart with every gust.

"I cannot go further," said Houston, quietly. "Leave me here—save yourselves."

"Courage, my lad!" said Du Fond, and with his one hand he stroked the boy's back as though he were a woman. That one hand, by-the-way, had reduplicated itself, had done the work of Briareus on the road, dragged its owner up impassable heights, pulled all sorts of difficulties out of the way of the hand-cuffed men, been ready at every turn, and on every side to help, and push, and urge them along.

But now he stood silent, anxiously looking in our faces. "Half a mile down the river are Swantee's wigwams," he said. "To turn back is to meet Strother. Pleydell is on the other side of the river."

We turned to the wide flood in front of us, muddy and seething, with blocks of ice rushing by in the swift, central current.

"If I were not a cripple I could swim and carry you over!" cried the little fellow, his eyes on fire. He looked down on his legs as though they were those of Hercules.

"Did you expect to find a boat in the woods? We are here like rats in a trap," sneered Corson, and turned off alone.

"I came here for the best," said Du Fond. "Our only chance was that Pleydell should send a detachment to our rescue. This was the point where he would cross the river. Hark!"

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He looked up to the beetling hill over our head. But at the instant a sharp "ping!" broke from the thick undergrowth, and a bullet whizzed past my head. There was a shrill yell of triumph. Strother's face was thrust out from above, and then disappeared.

"They have gone round the bluff!"

"They're closing in on both sides!"

These were simultaneous exclamations. There was no chance of deliverance. The trap, as Corson called it, had closed on us. Before us the river, behind us the rock; we were manacled, unarmed. By one impulse we crowded behind an advanced block of gray limestone, which made a sort of cave. They must drag us out of it one by one.

They made no effort at concealment now, came swarming down the bluff after Strother, between us and the river, a dozen well-armed savages. No sooner were we behind the rock, than Du Fond scrambled up and popped his head over the top of it.

"Did you receive my adieu, Billy?" he shouted, laughing, dodging as two or three bullets were fired at him.

A moment after he looked over the top again. There was a sudden change of countenance. "Pleydell! Pleydell! The boat!" he cried.

His hand gave way, and he dropped among us. "Gentlemen! it is the boat," he said, with an hysteric sort of sob.

But this emotion lasted only for a moment. We hoisted him on our shoulders to report, frantic with delight and triumph. "He nears the bank; there are eighteen, twenty men. Ah! ha!" as the firing began rapidly on the shore. "The Indians are on the bank! They have killed the man at the rudder! They will not let them land! Give me a gun. *Mon Dieu!* let me out—out!"

We could not hold him back. With the knife he had brought in his hand he dashed us aside, and was among them with the spring and ferocity of a tiger. We followed him, but stood apart, helpless. He leaped up on the back of a burly savage between him and the river, and hurled him with the sudden impetus into the water, then grappled the boat and dragged it to shore.

In the dim light, for a few moments, we could discern nothing but a mass of desperate, clutching figures, and the flash and smoke, the glitter of knives. Then the strength of the larger number began to tell. A few stealthy, dark figures darted past us into the forest; others lay motionless in the swashing, muddy ripple.

The white men crowded about us, and began to take off our handcuffs.

"Did I not tell you, courage, my lad?" shouted Du Fond, who stood stiffly leaning against a tree. "Your knowledge of Scripture stood us in stead, old fellow," clapping Pleydell on the back.

"Yes," turning his tobacco in his mouth. "Says I, them wise and foolish virgins slumbered and slept together. That's all they did—together. And 'at daybreak,' that Deffon's up to one of his tricks, boys, I says. We'll risk it, and go."

"It's well you did."

"What ails you? Shot?"

"Here," putting his finger to a hole in his leg. "It's nothing."

Pleydell laid him down on the sand, stripped, and examined him. "You'll go to the surgeon to wonst," he said. "You'll lose that leg, Deffon."

"Then I'll not be lop-sided any longer. Left arm, right leg. It wasn't Billy gave that shot—I've paid him off. '*Vient le jour—r!*'" But his head dropped with the last syllable, and as the first clear light of sunrise struck down over the hill, he lay like one dead on the bank; the redbird, which had fluttered itself free, perched on his breast.

Western warfare broke life into a thing of shreds and patches; you gave up all hope of any continuous tie of love or hatred. The brother of your soul shared your ration to-day, and to-morrow you heard of him lying dead, with a hundred other Jones or Walkers, and munched your hard-bake composedly to the last crumb. His turn had come before yours, that was all. When Du Fond was taken to the hospital, therefore, and I was ordered back to my regiment, it followed, as a matter of course, that I never knew afterward whether he was dead or living.

The war was over at last. I had not found in the fierce task-work which it set for soul and body, the death I sought, but a new life. I came back a thoroughly wakened man, with hearty friendships, which would endure through life; with a kindly, rational respect for the men I had fought, and with—must I say it?—the dream of a home and a wife very active in my brain. A little girl in Winchester had driven my lost Ada into that bourne of old loves whence no ghosts return.

On my way home I went to the village where I had first seen Du Fond. I had made up my mind that he not only had lived, but had returned home to find the family estates restored.

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Nature was poetic in justice at times; and I resolved that this was one of the rare cases, and that I would arrive in season to see the triumphant curtain descend upon the final scene of love and happiness.

I arrived late in the afternoon. I needed to make no inquiries. Opposite the quiet inn where the stage-coach stopped was a brick office, set back in a cool, shady yard, and on the door, Jean Du Fond, Prothonotary. I crossed the street, and paused at the half-open door. Du Fond was stretched back in a wooden arm-chair, smoking. He shouted out my name, and sprung up, giving me a soldier's welcome, a trifle less courteous than his old one, but just as gay.

"They brought you through, then, Du Fond?" when we were seated. "But with the loss——" glancing down at his leg, cut off just below the knee. "I'm sorry, old fellow!"

"Sorry for me! Tut, tut! Why, they gave me this office before I'd been at home a week! I have my right hand to write with; and as for this stick," touching his club leg, "when it is tucked under the desk it seems as well as the old one did. With my office and the pension, I'm a rich man. And then—I'm married! Mother lives with us. She is as strong and happy as when you knew her. 'Pon my soul, Ames, I don't know a fellow whose lines have always been cast in as pleasant places as mine!" His eyes grew dim.

After a pause, I said, "Madame Du Fond did not receive her estate, then?"

"No. You heard that lawsuit was over? That was a great stroke of luck. It had become a perfect incubus, I assure you—an old man of the sea in our household. The uncertainty, you understand? We had a little *fete* when it was decided. By the way, we must celebrate your return. To-morrow—a dance in the orchard, as we did before."

And so we did. There was a glowing sunset, and music, and the glancing river, and the village-girls, as before. But Jean and his wife danced no longer. They sat beside each other on the heap of hay at the old lady's feet; and they and she were merrier and lighter-hearted than ever before, as though life brought better wine to their lips every day. Yet Madame Du Fond had lost her birth-right of affluence and cultured life forever, and Jean would be a cripple, in a village office, to the end of his life.

One wonders, sometimes, what would have been the fate of the babes in the wood, if, after all, the wicked uncle's scheme had miscarried, and they had gained their lost inheritance? When they grew old, would he not have carried a stained sword by his lean side, and ruffled it with the gray old rues of the court? Would not she have taken snuff, and shaken her palsied head over *e'carte?*

Better, perhaps, that they lay down in their happy faith to sleep on the rough ground, and eat the wood-berries to keep themselves from the hunger-smart. Nature, or the Lord of Nature, never forgets to give compensation, and to such as these makes life more than pleasant, and death alluring, though the food be bitter berries, and only the birds of heaven come to cover them with leaves.

THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD!

BY MRS. LIZZIE BIRCH.

I HAVE dreamed bright dreams of a future life,
Of a world all bright and fair;
Where we'd rest in the sunshine of joy and love,
But never a cloud of care;

Of glistening rivers, like threads of light,
Winding through valleys green;
All round us flowers, pure, dazzling and bright,
The loveliest ever were seen;

Of sparkling fountains, that fall in light,
Each drop a glittering gem,
As bright as if gathered by fairy hands
From a royal diadem;

Of shady bowers and spicy groves,
Where balmiest breezes blow;
Laden with fragrance, fresh and sweet,
Like billows of incense flow.

And where sweet melody, rich and rare,
Bursts forth from a choral throng,
Swelling around us, and filling the air
With the rapturous, gladsome song.

And there we'd walk with a joyous band
Of the loved ones gone before;
Who would come to welcome us to that land
Which lies on the "other shore."

But this is only a beautiful dream,
Which Fancy has painted for me;
The half of its beauties we'll never know
Till we pass o'er death's dreamless sea;

Till its deep, dark waters we venture in,
And its cold waves o'er us flow;
Then we'll land with joy in that beautiful world,
And its full fruition know.

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MY LAST YEAR'S MAGAZINE.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

DEAR MR. PETERSON—

JOSIAH had been to Jonvesville to the post office and got my last number of Peterson, and I was jest lookin at the pictures which are always as pretty as a pink, when happenin to cast my eyes out of the window, I saw Miss Gowdey and her little boy comin up the road.

Now some children I am atached to, and some I haint, and when I haint, I dont want to touch em with a 40 foot pole, or I dont know, sometimes I would like to touch em with it. I have seen childern that was so sweet lookin and innocent, that it seemed as if they wouldn't want much fixen over to make angels of em—but Johnny Gowdey would want an awful sight done to him to make an angel of him. Thomas Jefferson says he had as lives have a young tornado let loose on the farm as to have him come here a visitin—and his mother always brings him.

Wall as I said I see em comin up the road, and jest as I expected they came up to the door and knocked, I got up, and opened the door, and set em some chairs, and sez I—"Lay off your things wont you."

Sez she "I cant set but a little while, Johnny has been teazin me all day to come up here, he thinks so much of you, and finaly I told him if he would be a good boy we would come up a little while—, but I've got to get home to get supper for workfolks."

"I've been a good boy, haint I ma?"

"Yes" sez she lookin fondly down on the little white head, as he sot balancin on the very edge of the chair ready to fall out into any mischief that come along. Well she sot about ½ an hour, and jest before she went she took up the magazine that lay on the stand, and sez she—"I should be dreadful glad to borrer this fer a day or 2."

"I haint read a word in it" sez I, "fer I jest got it."

"Should you be likely to read any in it to night," sez she, I told her I didnt know as I should—"Wall" sez she "If you'l let me take it, ill send it home by to morrow noon at the outside, and Ill try not to let you come after it as you have your other ones."

"I suppose you can take it," sez I in a cold tone, "but I wish you would be careful of it fer I want to get em bound."

She said she would lay it right on to the parlor table, and when she read in it, she would hold a paper round it. Sez I "you neednt do that!" and I must confess from that very minute I had my mind. I always mistrust folks that are 2 good, there is a megium course that I rather see folks pursue, I always love to see folks begin as they can hold out, and folks that are 2 good hardly ever hold out. When I see such folks I always think of the poor sick woman that lay sufferin in total darkness, fer a week, vainly urgin her husband to buy some candles, till finaly he went one night when she was asleep, and bought 12 candles, and lit em all and sot em in a row in front of her bed, she dreamin of conflegrations, wildly started up. See what was the matter, and sunk back, sayin in low and faint accents "Daddy when you are good, you are 2 good."

When Miss Gowdey said she would keep it on the parlor table, I had my doubts, and when she said she would hold a paper round it when she read it, I thought more'n as likely as not the book was lost, but I didn't say nothin, I kep in, and done up the book and handed it to her. She took a large clean handkerchef out of her pocket, and folded it round it and started up to go, when she exclaimed all of a sudden, "Where is that boy, he will take the advantage of me, if he sees me busy a talkin," We hunted round and called him, and finaly we found him crawlin out from under the barn with his cap full of eggs, and sez he "I've found a whole lot ov em, Aunt Allen, won't you gim'me some of em?"

"The hen has sot on em 2 weeks and a ½" sez I in constrained accents.

"You carry em right back, you bad boy you" sez his mother, "I never did see such a child, haint you ashamed, to get the advantage of your ma, in this way?" She made him carry em back but the hen forsook her nest, and there was the end of them chickens.

if you will believe it, it run along as much as 2 or 3 weeks, and no book sent home, and one night when Josiah and I was a settin there alone, the childern was out to one of the neighbors, I jest broke out—and sez I

"It is a shameful piece of business, and I wont stand it."

"What is the matter" sez Josiah, layin down his newspaper.

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"Miss Gowdey is the matter! My magazine is the matter," sez I, "there she has kept it most 3 weeks, and she knew I hadn't read a word in it," sez I "it is a burnin shame."

"Wall what made you let it go," sez he. "Deacon Gowdey is worth 3 times as much as I be, why dont they take their own magazines—what made you let em have it?"

"Yes," sez I "what made me let em have it. What made you let your horse rake go? It is easy enough to talk, who thought she'd keep it ferever."

"Wall why don't you send fer it" sez he.

"Because I haint a goin to," sez I "theyve borrowed my magazines every month this year, and I have had to send fer every identical one of em, and I wont send fer this if they keep it ferever."

"Wall go your own way—and dont complain to me," sez he.

"You complained to me enough, about that rake you let old Peedick have" sez I.

"I wish you wouldn't be so agravatin," sez he throwin down his boots in the corner.

"Id like to know if *you* wasnt agravatin," and sez I "I wish Josiah Allen you'd either put on your boots agin, or go to bed, you haint never contented when you get on a whole pair of socks, till you get holes in em and see me a mendin em."

"Wall! wall! I am goin to bed haint I?" and he wound up the clock and started fer the bedroom. But long enough after he was asleep, I sot there a knittin, and it came to me all to once, that I would make an errant in to Gowdeys in the mornin, I wouldnt say any thing about the book, fer the old Smith blood was up, but i'd jest see if they'd mention it, they had tore my books, every one of em more or less, and kep em till I sent fer em, but they never took em befer till I had read em, that was what agrevated me so now.

The next day after I done up my mornins work, I happened in there, there wasn't any body in the settin room, where I went in but Johnny, he was settin on the floor, playin with some pictures. Sez I "where is your ma Johnny?"

Sez he "She's in the kitchen, huskin some beans fer dinner, but see what i've got Aunt Allen" and he come up in front of me, with the picture of a woman cut out of a book; as he come up close to me, and held it up in front of me by the head, I knew it in a minute, it come out of my magazine, it was the very handsomest figger in the fashion plate. For a minute I was speechless, but these thoughts raged tumultously through my brane, "if the child is father to the man, as I heerd Thomas Jefferson readin about, here is a parent that I would like to have the care of, fer a short time,"—at this crisis in my thoughts he spoke up agin—

"I am goin to cut her petticoats down into pantaloons, and paint some whiskers on her face, and make a pirate of her."

Then the feelins I had long curbed, broke forth, and I said to him in awful tones, "you will be a pirate yourself, young man if you keep on, a bloody pirate, on the high seas," sez I "What do you mean by tearin folks'es books to pieces in this way?"

Jest at this minute Miss Gowdey come in, and heerd my last words, she jest said "How de do" to me, and then she went at Johnny—

"You awful child you, how dare you touch that book? how dare you unlock the parlor door, and climb up on the best table, and take the clean paper off of it, ore handle it? how dare you John Wesley?"

"You give it to me yourself ma, you know you did last night when the minister wus here, you said if I wouldn't tease fer any more honey, you'd lem'me take it, and cant I have some honey now? say ma, cant you gim'me some?"

"I'll give you honey that you wont like," sez she, "takin the advantage of your ma and tearin folks'es books to pieces, in this way, books that you knew your ma is so careful of" and she took him by the collar of his little grey roundabout, and led him into the kitchen, and by the screamin that I heerd from there shortly, I thought he didnt like his honey. She come back into the room in a few minutes, and sez she, "I am so mortified I dont know what to do, I never did see such a child, he see me settin down shellin beans, and he took the advantage of me, and got the book, thats jest the way with him, if I dont keep my eyes on him every minute, he'l get the advantage of me, I am mortified most to death," sez she gatherin up the pieces and puttin em into the book, as she handed it to me the leaves kinder fell apart, and I see on one of the patterns, a grease spot as big as one of my hands. she see it, and broke out agin "I declare I am so mortified, I was goin to take that all out, with some powder I have got. My Sophrenie wanted to take a pattern off the night before she went away, and she hadn't any thin paper, and so she greased a piece of writin paper and laid onto it and took it off. but I was goin to take it all out every spec of it, I will give you some of the powder to take home with you."

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"I dont care about any powder" sez I calmly, and I jest held on to my tongue, with all the strength I had, fer when my tongue once gets to goin on ocasions like these, you cant stop it no more than you can stop a runaway horse, by floppin an umberell in front of him. but if I can only hold on to it, and keep it from runnin in the first place it is all right, so I jest drawd the reins tight, and kep still.

"Sophrenie thinks every thing of Petersons magazine," she continude, "she likes it better than any of the others, and so do I, and so does father."

"Tirzah is going to get up a club fer it," sez I in the same calm tone "if you all like it so well I suppose you will sign fer it."

"Wall I don't know, I dont believe we can next year, there are so many ways fer what little money we have got—I promised Sophrenie a pair of earrings, and I have *got* to have a new head dress, there are so many things to get, that I feel as if I must get along with the necessary's, and a magazine is something we can get along without."

Thinks I to myself, "my virtuous and equimomical woman, if you dont take one another year, rich as you are, you will get along without one, for all of borrowin mine, and tearin it all to flitters." But I kep in, and only sed in a cool colected manner—"I must be goin"—and started homewards—I never got over the ground and sense'd it any less than I did then. When I am mad I tell you I always step pretty lively. Josiah was jest startin for Jonesville when I got home I jest walked right through the kitchen, and went straight to the buro draw in my bedroom, and took out 2 shillins, and sez I, "Go to the book store and get me the last number of Peterson."

"Why where is yourn," sez he.

"There is where it is!" sez I showin him the danglin leaves, "there is where it is!" sez I displayin the mutylated picture, "there is where it is!" sez I pintin out the grease spot.

"Wall," sez he "I wish you would button up my shirt sleeves."

"You take it pretty cool" sez I, as I threw off my shawl and complied with his request.

"I knew jest how it would be when you let her have it, you might ha' known better than to let it go."

"Wall you might have known better than to let old Peedick have your horse rake, and tear it all to bits."

"Throw that old rake in my face agin, will you?"

"How do you expect Josiah Allen, that I am goin to button your shirt sleeves, if you dont stand still."

"Wall then, dont be so agravatin, you keep bringin up that old rake, every time I say anything."

Josiah is a pretty even tempered man, but he had a dreadful habit when we was first married, if any of my plans come out unfortunit, of sayin "I told you so," "I knew jest how it would be" "you might ha' known better." I am breakin him of it, fer I will not stand it. but before I had time to pursue my remarks any further, there come a knock at the door. I went and opened it, and there stood Betsey Bobbet. I see in a minute somethin was the matter of her she looked as if she had been cryin, but I didnt say anything about it till Josiah had started off.

Now I always notice, Mr. Editer, that when one thing happens, most always something more like it happens right away, good luck generaly comes in batches and swarms, like wise sorrers; when company gets to coming, they will come in droves, and when I break a dish I am pretty certain to break more. Havin noticed this fer years, what follers didn't surprise me so much. Betsey looked so cast down, that to kinder take her mind off, I told her what a tower I had had with Miss Gowdey about my magazine.

"Truely this is a koinsidance," sez she "That is jest my trouble," and she took out of her pocket a magazine which was worse off than mine, fer whereas mine was cut clean with shears, hers seemed to be chawed up.

"See the Genteel Lady's Companion" sez she—"see it! It looks Genteel now, dont it, look at that cover, only a few days ago there was a lady on it, with a harp in her hand, who could make out a lady now, with her head cut off, and her hands chawed to bits, and as fer the harp, where is it," sez she wildly, "where is it?"

"It aint there," sez I in a tone of sympathy, fer her story struck a vibratin cord in my own sole.

"And look there" sez she turnin over the mangled leaves and holdin up the tattered remains of the most danglin one. "Look there! if it was any other leaf but the one my poetry was on, I wouldn't care so much: but there it is tore right into in the middle, and the baby has chawed up half the page. I hope it will lay on its stomach like a flatiron," sez she vindicktivly.

"The baby haint to blame, it is his mother," sez I.

"I hope she'l have to walk the house, with him every night fer a week, barefoot, on the cold floor, I should be glad of it, mebby she'd

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feed him on borrowed magazenes again. It does seem to me" sez she, relapsin into her usial manner, "That fate is cruel to me, it seems to me that I am marked out, fer one of her victims, that she aims her fatal arrers at, in the novels of the poet—

'I never tamed a dear gazelle
But 'twas the first to run away.'

"This is the first piece of poetry I ever had printed in a magazine. I thought I was happy when I had my first poetry printed in the Gemlet. but my feelins wasn't any more to be compared to what they was now—than a small sized cook stove is to a roarin volcano, to have a piece of poetry printed in a magazine, was a pinakel I always thought would make me happy to set on, and when I got up there I was happy—I was too happy," sez she claspin her hands together. "Fate loves a shinin mark, he aimed another arrer at me, and it has struck me here," sez she, layin her bony hand upon the left breast of her brown alpacka baskeen.

"I was just as careful of this book as if it was so much gold," she continude I have refused to lend it to as much as 2 dozon persons, but Miss Briggs, she that was Celestine Peedick wanted to take it, she said a cousin of hers, a young man was comin there a visitin, and she wanted him to read it, he was a great case fer poetry, and was real romantick, and wanted to get a romantick wife. and she urged me so to let her have it, I konsented. And now look at it," sez she, "and he didnt come, and Celestine had a letter from him, that he was married and couldn't come." She looked as if she would bust out a cryin agin—and so to kinder get her mind off of her trouble, not that I care a straw for poetry, I spoke up and sez I

"What is the poetry—I suppose you can read it out of the fragments."

"Yes" sez she in a plaintive accent, I could rehearse it without any thing to look at." When any body has had considerable trouble, they dont mind so much havin a little more.

Sez I, "Rehearse it," and she rehearsed, as follers.

STANZAS ON DUTY.

BY BETSEY BOBBET.

UNLESS they do thier duty see,
Oh! who would spread thier sail,
On matrimoney's cruel sea,
And face its angry gale;
Oh! Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

Shall horses calmly brook a holter,
Who over fenceless pastures stray?
Shall females be dragged to the alter,
And down their freedom lay?
No! No! B. Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

Beware! Beware! oh, rabid lover
Who pines for intelect and beauty;
My heart is ice to all your overtures, unless I see my duty.
For Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

Come not with keys of rank and splendor,
My hearts cold portals to unlock;
'Tis vain to search fer feelins tender,
Too late! you'l find you're struck a rock;
For Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

'Tis vain fer you to pine and languish,
I cannot soothe your bosoms pain;
In vain are all your groans, your blandishments I warn you are in vain;
For Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

I cannot staunch your bosom's bleedin,
Sometimes I am a yieldin one;
Sometimes I'm turned by tears and pleadin,
But here you'l find that I am stun.
Ah, yes! B. Bobbit I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

You needn't lay no underhanded
Plots to ketch me—men, dezist;
Or in the dust you will be landed,
For to the last I will rezist;
For Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

Fond men there haint no use in kickin
Against the pricks, you'l only tear
Your feet, for I am bound on stickin
To what I've said. Beware! Beware!
For Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

"You saw I have come out in my righ name," sez she, as she koncluded, "When person gets famous, there haint no use in konceolin their name any longer, it looks foolish and affected, and I always want to be natural."

"You be, natural," says I to myself, "a natural fool," but I didn't speak it audible, outwardly I was kalm; fer there was still a gloomy shodder broodin over her eyebrow, and I didnt want to bruse her lacerated feelins any further. Pretty soon she spoke up agin, and sez she

"What do you think of the poetry?"

Then Mr Editer was a tryin time for me, as a General thing I dont mince matters, I wont, but now for reasons named, I didn't come right out as I should on more festive ocasions, I kinder turned it off by sayin in a mild yet impressive tone, "Betsey I believe you want to do your duty; and I believe you will, if it is ever made known to you by anybodys askin you."

Sez she "Josiah Allens wife, duty has always been my aim."

Any further remarks was cut short by old Mr Bobbet's going past, and Betseys hollerin to him to ride home with him.

When Josiah come home which was most night, he threw the book into my lap, as I sot knittin by the fire, and sez he, "I'll bet 45 cents aginst nothin that you'l lend that book to some women in less than a fortnit." I looked at him with my most kolected and stiddy gaze, and sez I "Josiah Allen do you konsider me any of a lunytick?" he didnt say nothin, and agin I

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inquired firmly, with my eyes bent on his, "Josiah Allen do you see any marks of luny in my glance?"

Sez he "You are in your right mind, no trouble about that."

"Wal then," sez I "know all men" there wasn't any other man or women round but Josiah, but I began jest as solemn as if I was writin my will. "know all men; that I, Josiah Allens wife, have stood it jest as long as I will; and as for havin my next years books ravaged to pieces, as they've been this year, I wont, I who set such a store by my magazines, and was jest as careful to keep em whole and clean, as I wuz of my Sunday bonnet, now after all my pains, have got a lot of books on my hands so dirty that to discern the readin, the strongest spectacles are powerless in spots, and I have had to traipse all over the neighborhood to get their mangled remains together, to mourn over, rememberin what they wuz. Thank fortune when I borrow anything, I know enough to take care of it, but my books!" sez I extendin my hand, as the memory of my rongs flooded my sole—"My books! Old men have burnt em, by holdin of em 2 near the light. Old women have peppered em with skotch snuff. Young men have sowed em with tobacko and watered em with tobacko juice. Young women have greased em for patterns. Children have stuck the leaves together with molasses, and pried em open with their tongues. They have been cut with shears—Gnawed by babys—and worried by pup's. They have been blackened with candle snuff, and whitened with taller. And I have had to spend money for new ones, to pay fer their ravagin my other ones to pieces. And now" sez I layin my hand on the magazine in as impressive a manner as if I was takin my oath on it, "*Now*, any body that gets my magazeens this year will get em over my prostrate form."

"Wall" sez Josiah who was standin with his back to the fire, warmin him, "I wish you'd get me a little somethin to eat; I should think it was about supper time."

I rose and walked with an even and magestick step into my bedroom—put the magazeen into the under buro draw—locked the draw and hung the key over my bed. and then with a firm and resolute face I calmly turned away, and hung on the teakettle. Yours truly

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

BY ADDIE A. SEARLE.

When, freed from earth, I roam the fields Elysian;
When from my eyes the dimming tears are dried;
I know not what may greet my new-won vision—
I only know I shall be satisfied.

When the worn glass, through which I now see darkly,
Has fallen, dimmed and shattered, at my side;
I shall see face to face, the unveiled glory;
I know I shall—I shall be satisfied.

When the glad tones that died to ears earthly,
Shall welcome o'er the welling of the tide;
I know not with what forms my loved shall greet me:
I only know I shall be satisfied.

I know Heaven hath not quenched the love, God-given
In that blest home, bought by the Crucified,
Safe in His arms, the bonds of sin all riven,
I shall be satisfied—be satisfied.

To be forever with the Lord arisen,
In His eternal rest I shall abide;
With sorrow chained in its unending prison—
I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.

ON THE RIVER.

BY IDA WHIPPLE.

Under a soft September sky,
Hung like a bridal-veil on high;
Over the waves of silver and blue,
We sailed in the sunlight—just we two.

There was much of joy and little of care,
And the flying hours, and the sweet, cool air
That brought from the shore the scent of leaves,
Of Autumn flowers, and of harvest sheaves.

We watched the banks as they hurried past,
And the ships, with their sunlit sails and masts;
And we saw the stream in its vain unrest,
Clasp all, and mirror them in her breast.

Few were the words we spoke that day;
But love can interpret love alway;
So little was said when much was meant,
And silence, to us, was eloquent.

Many a day has passed since then,
And our barque is out on the waves again
For a voyage that endeth when life is through;
And we sail in the sunlight—just we two!

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CASSIE'S PROPOSAL.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"He is abominably satirical."

"I could forgive him everything except his airs of calm superiority." "Simply insufferable!" and here the chorus came to a sudden pause, as the three girls looked in each other's faces, and burst into a merry peal of laughter.

It was about eleven o'clock at night, and they were in a small bedroom of the Tremont House, having a nice little chat before retiring. Coming that day to Boston with quite a large party, on their way home from a trip, late in the season, to the White Mountains, they found the hotel crowded, and consequently the three friends were bestowed in one room, and provided with a double bed and cot to sleep in. The girls took their close quarters amiably, however, and were (at the moment of their vehement canvass of some unlucky individual) perched on the bed, each engaged in taking down the mixture of rats and hair that is familiarly known as a *chignon*.

"Girls, I am perfectly astonished," said the last speaker, "I thought that I certainly had the monopoly of detestation for Mr. Roland Ainslie. What reason have you for disliking him, Josie?"

"It would be extremely difficult to define, except that he always makes me feel like a suppressed female!" and Josie Stuart twisted her very pretty features into a comical expression of dismay.

"And you, Mollie?"

"I've been fighting with him all day, dear, and, as I haven't your faculty for a return hit, I feel remarkably sore. Oh, Cassie Granger! I'd give my prettiest curl to see him taken down from his pedestal just once, and brought to a level with us poor, ordinary mortals. The trouble is that no one can catch him unawares, or surprise him out of his cool self-possession."

Cassie did not answer for a moment, and when she did, her remark sounded extremely irrelevant.

"Did you ever go to a Leap-Year party, girls?"

"No," said Josie, answering for both; "but I've wanted to, often."

"The opportunity doesn't occur too frequently," said Cassie, laughing. "Well, I mean to have one."

"Oh! how charming. When, Cassie?"

"As soon as I can after we get home. Let me see; this is the first of October, is it not? Almost every one will be in town by the twentieth—I'll fix that date for it. And I assure you that I am going to have a real Leap-Year affair, and no sham about it, so you must be ready to play your parts with the requisite spirit."

"Do you mean to let people know beforehand what sort of a party it is?" asked Mollie Jerome, curiously.

"Certainly, that's half the fun; because, some of the men (the quiet, stupid ones) will be so afraid they will not be belles on the occasion, that they'll stay away from prudential motives. And, what's more, I'll shock Mr. Roland Ainslie's proprieties by asking him to help me draw up rules——"

"Cassie, you'll never dare to!"

"Won't I?" coolly. "You were very anxious, a little while ago, to have our fine gentleman taken off his pedestal. Now, if you can keep a secret, I'll tell you what I mean to do with a view to that downfall. I will bet you each a package of gloves against a pound of Arnaud's candy, that, on the night of my Leap-Year party, I'll make Mr. Ainslie more disconcerted than he ever has been in his life!"

"Done!" cried both the laughing girls. "Fair-play, Cassie—you must do it before us, you know."

"I should like to know what plan you have in your brain," said Mollie.

"I am perfectly willing to tell you, my dear; I only intend to propose to him!" And, having thrown this startling bomb-shell in their midst, Miss Cassie Granger, like Brutus, paused for a reply. Mollie, the most timid and cautious of the three, looked horrified at the bare suggestion; but Josie, being something of a kindred spirit, burst forth,

"Your courage will never stand proof against those eye-glasses, Cassie; you'll lose, to a certainty, and Mollie and I will have gloves enough for the season."

"Not I," disdainfully. "You can be your own judges. You remember my little parlor up stairs? There is a small, dark closet, which connects with the next room, and you and Mollie can post yourselves there for observation, as I mean to offer my hand, in due form, in that apartment.

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It will be a special Providence if I can keep my face straight. I would not play such a trick on the man if he were not always persecuting me, and looking solemn over my fun. He is as hard-hearted as a stone, or else he is totally blind, and likes to worry my life out. I verily believe that half the fast things I did on our trip were prompted by my intense dislike of Mr. Ainslie. But I'll be even with him yet, or my name's not Cassie Granger!"

I do not know what particular imp of mischief presided over the fate of Roland Ainslie; but he certainly must have aided the chambermaid, who arranged the room for those mad-cap girls that day, and no doubt prompted the locating of the bed against a door of communication between that and the adjoining apartment, which was a small one, and one of a suite of four. It also happened that Mr. Ainslie smoked his last segar with Clement Ives; and that when they applied at the office for their respective keys, the clerk handed Ives the one intended for Ainslie, and, of course, that gentleman fell heir to the room destined for his friend, as he presently discovered by looking at the number. Ainslie was thoroughly tired, and having mounted four flights of stairs, felt in no humor to go down and rectify the mistake; so he took possession of No. 312 very composedly, and undressing in haste, put out the gas, and was stepping into bed, when he distinctly heard the sound of his own name! Rather startled, he looked up, and saw the light coming through a crack of the door of communication; and then, recognizing Cassie Granger's voice, he became the unwilling auditor of the delectable conversation just related. How that mischievous imp must have chuckled at the expression of Roland Ainslie's face as he listened. At first he thought he would knock softly on the door, but reflected that, if he did so, the girls would be frightened, think of robbers, and alarm the entire hotel, so he despairingly gave it up. And as Miss Cassie concluded her vehement philippic, a smile shot over Ainslie's face, and he said to himself, "Forewarned!" But the smile, strangely enough, was followed by a deep sigh; and long after the gas was out, and the lively tongues silent, he lay wide awake, thinking.

Cassie Granger was the youngest of five sisters, four of whom had married very early. So she was spoiled, not only by her parents, who doted on her fair face, but by all of her sisters in turn. She was a gay, bright, warm-hearted little creature, and, I am sorry to say, occasionally given to fast things. But she had no idea of being unwomanly, and, as she said, she did love to shock Roland Ainslie's proprieties. One thing that he had openly taken upon himself to disapprove of, was the costume in which Cassie had elected to go up and down the mountains. It consisted of a regular Bloomer dress, made of dark-blue cloth, tied with a scarlet sash at the waist; a low, sailor's hat, with a band of blue, and her brown hair braided, gipsy fashion, down her back, and tied with scarlet ribbons. She looked excessively pretty and picturesque, it must be confessed; and she had marvelous feet and ankles, which she displayed in the drollest imitation of the cavalier's boots, laced at the top, and finished off with scarlet tassels; but the whole attire shocked his fastidious taste terribly. He had made her so thoroughly out of humor by his biting sarcasms and persistent attentions, that, when she saw his face of disapproval the first time she appeared in her startling dress, she was secretly enchanted to have shocked him, and hoped it would have the effect of keeping him at arm's length. But it did not. They traveled with a party of twenty, matronized by one of Cassie's sisters, Mrs. Clive; and no matter whether one man or three were talking to Cassie, Ainslie was sure to be at her side, making constant war with her. Cassie's two friends, Josie Stuart, and Mollie Jerome, joined in her dislike of Ainslie, but they stood in some awe of his satire, and dared not show it as plainly.

The trio were late at breakfast the next morning, Cassie, last and laziest of all, only had time to swallow a cup of hot coffee, which nearly choked her, before their departure. And she had been comfortably chatting with Clement Ives for an hour or more before Ainslie lounged along in his peculiarly deliberate fashion. The pair were monopolizing a small compartment of two seats, and Ainslie bestowed himself opposite them in the coolest manner possible.

"Miss Cassie, I am burdened with the keeping of a piece of your property," said he; "and you might be amiable enough to thank me for preserving that precious autograph fan—but you won't! You left it on the table last night."

"Blessed are they who expect nothing; on the contrary, I am very much indebted to you, indeed," said she, with a smile of merry malice. "You could only add to the obligation by writing something on it, which I should preserve as a tender souvenir of Mr. Ainslie!"

"Behold the similarity of ideas," gravely. "I knew you were pining for something to cherish. So I took the liberty to do it in rhyme; it's of a very high order, Miss Cassie."

"Where is it?" asked she, curiously. But when she saw it, she was furious enough to

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have slapped him, if it hadn't been unlady-like. The epigram was—well, just like Roland Ainslie, and consisted of two lines,

"Where fools have scribbled, fools will scribble more,
As goose behind will follow goose before!"

Beneath them an absurd picture of three geese, with wings flapping and necks outstretched, the last one bearing a particularly good caricature of Ainslie's own face, eye-glasses and all. Registering another item to be "paid" in their long account, Cassie laughed outright as she passed the fan to Mr. Ives.

"The cleverness of the sketch forces me to surrender at discretion," said she, very sweetly; "what a venerable mentor you are!" Ainslie's look of surprise at her amiability was absurdly comical, and he put out his hand for the fan.

"I beg your pardon," he said, sincerely, to Cassie's utter amazement; he had never done her such grace before. "It is only executed in pencil, and I can erase it in a few moments. Miss Cassie, what is the matter with you this morning? Yesterday I should have said you would not be at all afraid to reward me by a box on the ear." She gave him an odd smile, which he interpreted more correctly than she had any idea of.

"No, you shall not erase a line of it; it's such a characteristic rebuke for my foolishness, that I mean to keep it always before me. And now, what do you think I am meditating?"

"Some new piece of mischief."

"Or a new sensation," said Ives, with a laugh.

"Very possibly both. I mean to give a Leap-Year party!"

"Miss Cassie," with a curious twinkle of his eyes behind his eye-glasses, "I have been expecting that you would be the brave person to undertake that herculean task. Do you wish to engage me for the German?"

"No," said she, considerably vexed by his quiet reception of the affair. If he had called it "fast," or "loud," she would have been entirely satisfied. "I'm so glad you are pleased with the idea; perhaps you will be so kind as to help me make out the rules. I mean to have them very strict, you know; they are to be printed, of course."

Out came Ainslie's pencil, and he looked as amiable and gentlemanly as possible; not at all disapproving.

"Ladies, or gentlemen, Miss Cassie? Ladies first, of course."

"On the contrary; the rules for gentlemen first, please. Thank you; number one—'Gentlemen are requested to conduct themselves with the most lady-like propriety.'" Down went number one without comment.

"Won't you suggest the first rule for the ladies?" said Cassie, maliciously.

"Certainly. 'Ladies will endeavor to be general in their attentions.' You see, Miss Cassie, your sex are so much more careful of the feelings of others than we men are, that the caution is a necessary one. Besides, it prevents those abominable corner flirtations." Cassie bit her lips, and Clement Ives entered a protest, which Ainslie coolly vetoed.

"Number two," said Cassie, recovering herself. "'Therefore, it is expected that no gentleman will promenade alone, or leave his seat, unless escorted by a lady!'"

"Have mercy," in pretended dismay; "don't doom me to a seat near the wall for the entire evening."

"I see that your conscience is a guilty one. Number two for the ladies, Mr. Ainslie."

"Now, will this do? 'All uninteresting conversations may quietly be put an end to by resorting to the common artifice of, Excuse me me for a moment!'"

"Don't you call that a reflection upon your sex?" said she, gleefully. "Well, now for mine. Number three. 'Gentlemen will please be kindly considerate, remembering the natural diffidence of their admirers!'" To her surprise he changed color, as he scribbled it rapidly off; but her momentary wish to know where she had accidentally hit him passed angrily away, as he finished his offences for that morning by saying,

"Here is my third rule; 'Ladies must keep their engagements promptly, so that gentlemen may not be left standing awkwardly alone in the center of the room.'" Down went Cassie's little foot with an energetic stamp.

"Mr. Ainslie, how dare you! I did not think that even you could be so ungenerous." Her eyes filled with tears, and she pettishly turned away from him, which was far from pleasant for Clement Ives, who did not know the story, and had not the least idea why Cassie should be offended.

Now, the truth was, that the only time in her life when pretty Miss Granger had ever experienced what is familiarly known as a "snub," happened in this way. At the Profile House they met a distinguished author, and Cassie had laid herself out to charm him, and succeeded, too, for several days. At the end of that time, lo! a plain, quiet girl made her appearance in the parlor, and Cassie, standing flirting with the "lion" in the very most conspicuous place in the room, was stopped in the middle of a sentence with—— "Another time! I beg your pardon, Miss Granger—I have another engage-

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ment;" and off went the gentleman, post haste, to the new-comer's side, leaving Cassie standing by herself, in the center of a crowd of strangers, who were eyeing her lovely face, and *outre* costume. For a second she stood motionless; then Roland Ainslie, at her elbow, said, in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice,

"Take my arm; I have been wondering where you were." It was both kind and graceful in him, considering the dislike with which she treated him; but Cassie, oddly enough, was sufficiently ungrateful to be angry because he had witnessed her discomfiture. And now, to have him recall her mortification—he was ungentlemanly this time; and Cassie bit her swelling lip, as she stepped abruptly out into the aisle of the car. Ainslie followed her instantly.

"Miss Cassie, for the second time this morning I feel myself a brute. Forgive me for speaking when I should have been silent."

"Why do you always treat me so disagreeably?" she asked, with a half sob: feeling, strange to say, more hurt and wounded than angry. His cynical smile came back.

"You have too much sugar, Miss Cassie; take me as a dose of anything disagreeable—a sort of counter-irritant." Cassie felt piqued. Back into her mind flashed the recollection of her wager; she must not let this opportunity slip of trying to get matters on a different footing between them.

"You have made yourself appear in that guise pretty generally, Mr. Ainslie. We have fought almost constantly for two months; how would you like to be more peaceable in future? You don't know what a good friend I can be."

He took the pretty, pink palm in his; but Cassie wondered why his eyes grew so sad and grave; and she did not know—how could she—that he was saying over to himself, half sorrowfully, "I'll be even with him yet, or my name's not Cassie Granger!"

The rest of the journey was not particularly eventful, for others of the party left their several compartments, and joined the pair in the aisle, effectually preventing further *tete-a-tetes*.

During the next fortnight Cassie's preparations for her Leap-Year party progressed rapidly. Mrs. Granger, after mild protestations, (which had no more effect upon her spoiled daughter than the breeze that rustled past the window,) finally yielded to Cassie's whim, and all her sisters entered spiritedly into the novel idea. Partly from wishing to torment him, partly because she considered them really bright and clever, Cassie kept the rules that Ainslie had assisted her to draw up; and, after adding several others to them, had them printed on the same card with her dancing list. Rather to her astonishment, (and, it must be confessed, to her secret satisfaction,) she found that Ainslie meant to keep the compact they had made. He came very frequently to the house; nearly every afternoon he joined her on the Avenue; and every once in the while she caught glimpses of traits of character that she had no idea belonged to "that disagreeable Roland Ainslie!" And between her desire to be avenged for past slights, and her growing pleasure in his society, poor Cassie was getting intensely bewildered and uncomfortable. The day before the party she drove down to Josie's, and implored her to go on an expedition to Maiden Lane.

"What in the world do you want down there, Cassie?" questioned Joe.

"Fans, my dear; fans of all sorts and descriptions. Those up town are quite too fine and modern for my purposes. I want a large number of all kinds; paper ones, with large pictures in the florid style of coloring; feather ones, that carry us back to the days of our grandmothers; and a few palm-leaves. Why, Joe, they are to be left in the dressing-room, for the gentlemen to take, don't you see?"

Josie clapped her hands.

"Cassie, you're a genius! And do you suppose those men will actually carry them?"

"Why not? And the more grotesque they are, the funniest it will be. Just fancy Mr. Ainslie's eye-glasses behind a huge feather fan?"

It was a very stormy day, and Broadway was in its customary state of black mud, which is a little blacker and more tenacious than any other mud in the country. The slippery pavements made the journey a long one, and the girls were more than an hour going from Thirty-Sixth street to Maiden Lane. Once there, they flashed in and out of the queer, low shops, secure from any recognition, wrapped closely in thick veils, and overflowing with fun and high spirits. They were very successful, too; but Cassie could not find any very enormous feather fan, upon which she had set her heart, to annoy Roland Ainslie with.

"This seems to be our last resort, Cassie; there isn't another toy-shop or fancy-store in the street. It's on the ground-floor, too; stay in the carriage, and I'll look for you, as I know you are tired."

"Rather," said Cassie, "bring out all that you find, and I'll take them. And hurry, Josie, it's late now."

It had grown pretty dark, and Cassie shivered a little as she curled herself up in her carriage, cautiously getting out of the range of passers-by.

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"What an atom of humanity I am in this great, busy city," she thought. "Every one rushing along through the mud looks so business-like and important; I wish I was a man! What kind of a man?" Here something said, "Roland Ainslie;" but Cassie shook her head mentally at the intruding name. "Nonsense! I wish—yes, I do wish that I had not undertaken that ridiculous wager; he isn't half as cynical and horrid as I used to think he was; and, somehow, it's a harder matter to be revengeful. Perhaps," reluctantly, "perhaps I——" But here Cassie glanced out on the pavement, and saw a poor, hungry-looking child in the act of being roughly jostled between two men. She was a forlorn object; one of the ordinary sights of New York, alas! but Cassie's quick sympathies were excited in this instance, because the child lost her balance and fell heavily against a lamp-post. She gave a cry of either fright or pain as she struck, and Cassie's hand was on the door of her carriage, getting ready to spring out, when a sudden apparition made her shrink back into her corner; and through the open window she heard Ainslie's quiet voice,

"What is the matter? Are you hurt?" said he, picking her up. The little beggar stared blankly at him for a moment, and then began to cry. Ainslie saw in an instant that the cause of her affliction was her broken pail, and the small quantity of milk which ran trickling down into the mud.

"Don't cry." The tone was very gentle and kind, and Cassie's heart thrilled with a feeling she did not pause to analyze, as she saw that he spoke as politely and deferentially as to a lady; far more so than he ever did to her! "How much milk was there?"

"Please, sir, a two-penny worth." The child actually forgot to beg in her surprise at the spontaneous notice. "There, take that, and get a new pail, and enough to fill it, and be more careful next time." He crumpled the money in the thin, clammy hand, and with a very sweet smile, which certainly had no trace of cynicism in it, Roland Ainslie strode on up to Broadway.

"My eye! he be a real 'un; from the country, I bet," soliloquized precocious misery, looking after him with a tear in her eyes.

"Little girl!" This time it was Cassie's sweet face at the carriage-window, and she dropped some money hurriedly into the extended hand as Josie came running to the door, her arms full of parcels.

"Look, Cassie, just the very article," said she, triumphantly, displaying a fan fully a foot-and-a-half in length. "You should bestow this upon 'the belle of the evening;' and I'm afraid Mr. Ainslie will never be that!"

"No matter, Joe. Home, Williams," as she pulled the check-string. And all through the ride, going up the gas-lit streets with Josie's merry chatter in her ears, Cassie was looking at Ainslie's grave face and kindly eyes, saying over and over to herself, "How shall I ever do it!"

But the vexed question must have been settled in Cassie's mind at last, for she never looked prettier, saucier, or more fully mistress of herself, than as she stood receiving her guests the next evening. Down the stair-case floated sounds of unmistakable merriment from the gentlemen's dressing-rooms as they read over the Leap-Year rules; and many a bright-eyed girl enjoyed the temporary embarrassment of some dashing beau making his *entree* upon the arm of a lady usher, and laden with bouquet, handkerchief, and burlesqued fan. Cassie was here and there "general" enough in her attentions; but she was compelled to own that, of all the crowd, Roland Ainslie was acting his part the most cleverly, as he lay back in his chair, and caricatured a languishing fair lady, while two girls were imploring.

"Just one turn in this waltz." It was a grand success as a party; but just before supper, Josie Stuart came up to Cassie.

"Flairplay," whispered she, her dark eyes dancing with fun. "When shall Mollie and I take up positions in the dark closet?"

"After supper, when you see me leave the room, run up the back stairs before me. I'll give you plenty of time," said Cassie, with a nod.

"And now, Mr. Ainslie, what can I get you for supper?" said Cassie, after she had handed him a chair, and bending down very devotedly over his elbow.

"A few, a very few oysters," fanning himself languidly, "and a sandwich. Mamma doesn't allow me to eat heavy suppers."

Off flew Cassie, and returned presently with what she thought quite a good allowance. It lasted the gentleman about two minutes.

"Would it be too much trouble?" with absurd anxiety, that made her laugh outright; "but Mrs. Granger's oysters are so very fine—I——"

"Certainly; fried, this time, Mr. Ainslie?"

When Cassie returned from her second pilgrimage, she found him rubbing his left trouser with a dismayed face.

"A careless waiter," said he, plaintively. "Just see, Miss Cassie, the front breadth of my new *moire* ruined!"

But when she had finished her mischievous regrets, he coolly dispatched her to the table

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again, and his bill of fare included terrapin, quail, oysters, grapes, ices, and mottoes, winding up with a sly, *sotto voce* request to "please bring a bottle of champagne!"

"I am shocked! Is that what you call behaving with lady-like propriety?" said Cassie. "You have had too much supper, and I shall take you for a promenade before the German."

"Oh, don't!" sighed he. "I'd rather sit on the stairs."

"Would you? But I am principled against that practice. No, I know a much nicer place for a quiet chat, my own little boudoir." So they sauntered up the stairs, Cassie feeling as if she was going to her execution, every drop of blood in her body tingling with fright and excitement. What would he say? Oh! why did she ever consent to do anything so fast? Fortune (or, perhaps, Ainslie himself) inspired her. They were sitting on a little sofa conveniently near the closet-door, and at last Ainslie laid his bouquet down on Cassie's white dress.

"What a remarkably pretty hand you have, Ainslie," she said, glancing down at it, as he toyed with the flowers in an absent sort of a way, "quite too shapely for a man."

"Do you think so?" rather indifferently, with a grave face. Cassie thought her task did not grow easy; but she persevered, and drew the flowers gently away from him. "Ridiculously like a third-rate novel—but I can't help it," she thought. Then, with a desperate plunge,

"Give them to me," said she, "and also give me the shapely hand that held them. Mr. Ainslie, will you marry me?"

Too terrified to be saucy and absurd, as she had intended, she could only raise her blue eyes and look him in the face, expecting to see bewilderment or incredulity. What she did get in return was a quiet,

"Cassie, do you really mean what you say?"

"Yes," she faltered out, turning very pale. She had never felt so utterly ashamed of herself before. How had she dared to make that dignified gentleman the subject of a wager! Well, if he tried to snub her and be hateful, she would turn it off in some way; the girls should not laugh at her defeat. "I am waiting," she said, at last, turning toward him with a smile on her lovely face that was absolutely enchanting.

"Cassie!" his hand closed on hers, "I will not trifle with you. I accept your offer!"

The room whirled around her, and she became as crimson as she was pale before. There was a moment's pause,

"Well," said he, lightly, it's over! Aren't you going to seal and sign the bond?" He bent a little forward as if waiting for her kiss. Cassie heard a stifled laugh from the closet, and she made one last attempt to carry it off with a bold hand. Lower and lower sank her head, until she felt his curls brush her hair; and then a torrent of pride and outraged feeling rushed over her, she sprung up, wrung her hands convulsively, and darted from the room. As for Ainslie, without as much as a glance toward the now frightened listeners in the closet, he calmly walked down the stair-case, took his hat, and left the house.

My poor Cassie! Do not condemn her hastily for scandalizing the proprieties, for the suffering of her next twenty-four hours was intense. When she left Ainslie, she flew up to her own room, panting with fright, and threw herself down on the sofa, crying bitterly. Yes, her blinded eyes were rudely opened; she realized that she loved him just as she had made herself odious in his eyes. She had carried her joke to the verge of indelicacy; she had disgusted his fastidious taste; and she could not even explain the matter by saying that she had made a wager to place him in a mortifying position. Was ever unhappy girl in such a dilemma! How should they ever meet again! How much was he in earnest? And how could she endure his scorn? And Josie, Mollie—would they keep quiet about it?

At last, hearing the first strains of the waltz for the German, she rose, poured Cologne over her face and neck, and after fanning herself, and holding ice-water on her eyes, found that the traces of tears were almost imperceptible. She gave a furtive look about the parlors as she entered, but, to her relief, she saw that Ainslie had vanished. That German was one long torture to her, although she led it, and did it so gracefully, that the gentlemen were full of admiration for her pretty "take off" of masculine airs and ways. Nor was she much comforted by Josie's whisper as she said good-night,

"My dear! I think you've lost your gloves!"

A sleepless night, and more tears than she had ever shed in her life, did not tend to compose poor little Cassie's shattered nerves. It was another rainy morning, and she came down very late, with heavy eyes and pale face, feeling that the weather was in tune with her heart. Her appearance created quite an outcry at the breakfast-table; and she had to plead a headache, and tell numerous fibs to cover the real reason. After awhile she went into the library and sat down by the table. She had made up her mind that seeing Mr. Ainslie was an impossibility, and she must make him some sort

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of apology for last night's scene. But how to make it! She couldn't say she had taken too much champagne, or offer to go and see his papa! Even Leap-Year would not be sufficient excuse for such a masculine proceeding. Despairing as she was, she couldn't help laughing at it. So Cassie blotted her fourth sheet of note-paper, and dropped her pen in bitter disgust. Then there was a ring of the front-door bell, a murmur of voices in the hall, and before Cassie could collect her scattered senses enough to send a "not at home," Mr. Ainslie was announced.

"You are looking dreadfully ill," he said, in a low, shocked voice, as he walked up to the motionless figure, and took her hand. "Miss Cassie, do not be so afraid of me—I have come to make you an explanation."

"I was about writing you one," she said, huskily.

He glanced at the unfinished notes.

"I hope you are not fretting over my behavior last night," he said, so very kindly that she felt a ray of encouragement; "it was a sly bit of revenge on my part. Miss Cassie, when next you make wagers about an unlucky man who has fallen under the ban of your displeasure, be careful to know who occupies the adjoining room."

Cassie's hands clasped themselves in mute astonishment.

"Yes," he went on, "I overheard your entire conversation at the Tremont, and I now fear that I have taken very ungenerous revenge—will you forgive me? Under the circumstances, you must give me permission to send the gloves to your friends, as I should certainly have been as much discomfited as you could possibly desire had I not been forewarned."

But Cassie was tongue-tied, and could only falter, incoherently,

"Oh! I beg your pardon, I am——"

"Do not," he said, looking much pained. Then, after a pause, with such growing agitation that she could hardly credit her senses, "It is not right that you should ever reproach yourself with falling in my estimation. You could not, Cassie, for I have loved you devotedly for months. I know that you dislike me bitterly, and I am thoroughly unhappy about it; half the disagreeable things I said to you on that unlucky trip, were because I knew I could not hope for even a fair field to your favor. But, believe me, I never once have thought you fast, or unwomanly, as you have imagined; never looked at you, save with tender, loving eyes. I should not dare to make this avowal except that I owe you something for all I made you suffer last night. You are well avenged, for I am a proud man, and I am offering affection where I know it will be scorned. And now, farewell, and try to think more kindly and gently, in the future, of my faults of temper and manner."

Was this the cold, cynical Roland Ainslie? This tender, passionate lover, who so nobly tried to save her the passing pang of her own folly? For a moment Cassie was too deeply touched to speak; and taking her silence for dismissal, he turned toward the door.

"Roland!" She was too timid to say it above a whisper, but he caught the word. A lovely blush dyed her downcast face, but with it came her old, arch smile;

"Must I say it over again? or do you not see that the worst pain of my mad frolic last night was, because I thought I had given my love unsought!"

You may depend upon it that the imp of mischief, who presided over Roland Ainslie's destiny, had a violent fit of the sulks, when he saw the sunshine that filled Mrs. Granger's library that morning. Cassie found herself obliged to tell Joe and Mollie the whole story; but Ainslie sent the gloves, notwithstanding; and she did not much mind the girls' teasing, as long as she was so happy. But although Roland Ainslie is a very devoted lover, and sees no imperfection in his little *fiancee's* winning ways; yet, notwithstanding all this, I would advise any other fair, mischief-loving girl, to beware how she takes advantage of Leap-Year to imitate anything so dangerous as CASSIE'S PROPOSAL.

ALONE.

BY FLORENCE BRENTANO.

I AM so sad and lone to-night,
Sad with a nameless pain;
Good God! to be so desolate,
So filled with aching pain!

In longing deeper than any words,
My heavy soul is steeped;
Oh, love! sweet love! come warm my life
With snow so coldly heaped!

The snow, the snow that fell therein,
And froze me like a stone;
Will never love's Spring come to me?
Must I remain alone?

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MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 297.

CHAPTER XVII.

DAME TILLERY called her household together, maids, stable-men, and helpers, and standing at a long table in one end of the most public room in her house, proclaimed to them the high honor that day conferred on her by the queen.

"Not altogther to myself has her majesty done this honor," she said, lifting her closed fan on high, and looking around benignly on her retainers; "but as the sun sheds light on the weeds and the grass, as well as the flowers, my glory shall, in some sort, fall on the humblest of my servants; from this hour you may look upon yourselves as next in service to the retainers of the high nobility of France. I have not decided yet upon a livery or a badge, all that will be left to more cool deliberation; but you can go forth with a feeling of high preferment; and as such honors can no longer be kept secret, you have my free permission to promulgate this good news throughout the town as occasion may offer. Now, my humble friends, you may disperse for a holiday. In the taproom a cask of wine has been broached, free to every man and woman in my employ. All that I ask is, that you drink the health of their majestics, and your liege lady, The Dame of the Dairy."

Dame Tillery opened her fan with the slow spread of a peacock's tail, waved it once or twice with superb dignity, closed it into a baton again, and retired amid the bewildered shouts of her household. On her way from the room she met the strange page, who came in hurriedly and flushed with excitement. He was about to pass the landlady, but she stood smiling in his way, and rendered that impossible.

"You had an audience, and such an one as no other person outside the court could have obtained for you," she said, in high good-humor. "Did her majesty speak of the high honor conferred on your humble servant? Did she say that, in her serene goodness, she had lifted Dame Tillery, who stands here before you, into the nobility of France? Did she tell you that this day a new order has been created, and Dame Tillery, of the Swan, stands at its head?"

The page listened impatiently, and did not seem to comprehend what the woman was talking about; but, with a sudden start of memory, he drew a rouleau of gold from his pocket and handed it to the dame.

"What is this? For whom is it intended?" she inquired, drawing her portly figure up with a swell of importance.

"It is the gold I promised for the service you have rendered me, with enough added to cover the cost of my lodging here," answered the page. I give it now, because in a few minutes I shall take the road again."

"Nay," replied the dame, waving the gold aside with her fan, "that was all well enough yesterday, when I was only mistress of the Swan; but I have my doubts about it now. Can a person of my rank receive money in her own person? I—I am in doubt—I think not."

"I crave pardon," said the page, and a laughing imp came dancing into his eyes. "If there is any person in your household who can act as treasurer, I will give the money to him."

Dame Tillery, who had been all the while eyeing the rouleau of gold askance, broke into an approving smile, and called aloud for one of the men she had left in the public room, whom she ordered to take charge of the money, and see that it was properly bestowed in her strong coffer; then she turned to address the page again, but he was gone.

"Zamara."

The dwarf started up and opened the door, through which the page came in haste.

"Zamara, I have failed; the ring is on her finger, but I cannot get it off. Oh, Zamara! how often I have wished that wretched man had never crossed my path!"

"It was a great misfortune, my lady. Nothing seems to have gone well with us since that terrible ring was taken from his finger."

"If we could only get it back again—if we could devise some way. Zamara, can you think of nothing? The poor queen has given us nothing but kindness, and to her we have brought perpetual disappointment—perhaps undreamed of trouble. Try, marmosette. In the old times

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you were never at a loss for invention—help me in this strait. I cannot go away and leave that accursed serpent clinging to her hand."

Tears stood in this hard woman's eyes, she was passionately in earnest. Zamara started up, and seizing her hand, kissed it with heathenish devotion.

"Madame has spoken; Zamara has seen her tears, and will give his soul to the task she appoints him."

"My good Zamara, my kind, kind friend! I know that you will wrest this talisman from her hand, if human ingenuity can do it. If I have trust in mortal being, it is in you, my poor marmosette. But to help me in this you must stay at Versailles, while I go up to Paris. Ah! this task of uprooting the wrongs one has perpetrated is a hard one. Something baffles me even when I strive to do good, while it was so easy to be wicked. Why is this I wonder! Oh, me! how different it might have proved had I been born among the great, rather than forced upon them."

"Madame, I hear some one at your chamber-door."

"Go, go. It is, doubtless, that tiresome woman."

The next moment Zamara stood by Dame Tillery, who was knocking loudly at the door of Madame Du Barry's chamber.

"Ah!" he said, "let me congratulate you, dame; all the house is in commotion—such joy, such unheard-of good fortune. Why, it is like being made a princess. They wanted me to come down into the public room and drink to this new dignity—but I said no. When madame herself appears, I will drink to her health, but not with servants, only in her own august presence. This was what I said, madame."

Zamara pressed a tiny hand upon his heart, and bent low as he finished speaking.

"That was the thought of a person endowed with most gentle breeding," said the dame, wheeling from the door full of hospitable thoughts. "Come with me to my own room, where you will find something better than the people down yonder would know how to relish. You shall taste of Burgundy from the best bin in my cellar, the more readily because I wish to send a flask to your mistress. It was this that took me to her door but now."

Zamara stood by bowing and smiling, while the dame filled a goblet with wine from a bottle that seemed to have rested years in her cellar, and, though compelled to hold it between both hands, he drained it to the bottom.

"Now," said the dame, giving him a salver to carry, on which she had placed a second bottle and glasses. "Follow me to madame's room; she must not be neglected when the lowest scullion in the kitchen rejoices."

There was no difficulty of access now. Madame Du Barry was still in bed, but resting in a recumbent position on her pillows in a demi-toilet, but with her hair less elaborately arranged than usual. She received Dame Tillery with a smile, congratulated her warmly when she heard the good news, tossed off a goblet of the sparkling Burgundy, and declared that the news had made her well—so well that she would start for Paris within the hour, leaving Zamara behind to arrange the baggage, and follow her when she should send for him.

Dame Tillery expostulated a little; but finding her guest positive, allowed her to depart, but not till the bottle of Burgundy had been drained in honor of her new dignity. What Du Barry refused to drink, the jovial dame insisted on dividing with Zamara, whose eyes twinkled with infinite mischief when she sat down with the bottle on her knee, and insisted that he should drain glass for glass with her.

So confused became the happy landlady of the Swan before the hour was gone, that she only remembered that the page had left rather abruptly, and had no definite idea of the period when Madame Du Barry took her departure.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Madame Gosner was absent from her apartments. The terrible disappointment which had fallen upon her was praying so heavily upon her mind that repose was impossible to her. For the time she was at war with life itself. The doubt that her husband was still living haunted her like a cry of destiny. She said little, and scarcely tasted food. The never-ending pain of her existence renewed itself, and threatened destruction to her life or reason.

Marguerite felt the change in her manner, and was so wounded by it that her young life was doubly embittered. She did not share in her mother's doubts of the king and queen; but honestly believed that her father had perished in prison, as thousands of others had in that terrible place.

All these thoughts weighed down the heart of that young girl, for now she felt more lonely than ever. She was crying bitterly in her solitude when Monsieur Jaque came in. The man was greatly changed, both in person and manner, since she first saw him. He had gradually thrown off the rude dress and seeming of a

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plebeian, and assumed the garments and habits of a gentleman of the second class. His hair no longer concealed a noble forehead under its tangled masses; his hands were no longer grimmed with dust from the work-shop; his features, having thrown off their heavy expression, were grand rather than harsh. Marguerite did not know that so far herself had won this man out of his extreme radicalism, and lured him back to his old nature, but it produced a kind and winning impression on her, which deepened the gratitude already in her heart, and made love a possibility.

"Why is it that you weep?" he inquired, seating himself by the girl, and taking her hand tenderly in his, as if it had been a lost bird he feared to frighten.

"You ask me this, as if I had not double cause for tears," she said, lifting her eyes to his face with a look of pathetic desolation. "My poor father is dead, I can no longer have a hope for him; my mother is silent, stern, self-absorbed—she leaves me alone. Still you ask me not to weep."

"Marguerite!"

She looked up quickly; then her eyelids drooped, and the slow color came to her cheeks. "You were about to say something, monsieur," she said, very softly.

"Is there nothing else that makes you unhappy? Has repentance for the words you spoke the other day nothing to do with it? Is it that you think it a promise, and so weep?"

"I think it a promise, but do not weep for that," she answered, lifting her mournful eyes to his face. "But, oh, monsieur! it will never be—my poor father is dead."

Monsieur Jaque dropped her hand. Was it the certainty of her father's death that had made Marguerite so willing to give that promise?

"Marguerite!"

It was the second time he had called her by that name, in a voice so sweet and low that it thrilled her to the heart. She attempted to answer, but could not.

"Marguerite, I love you! How much no human being can ever know, and I dare not attempt to tell you lest you think me mad; but I do love you, and hoped to win some little return. You did promise to *love* the man who brought your father alive from the Bastile. Or was that one of my wild dreams?"

"It was a promise," said Marguerite, earnestly—"a promise before God!"

"And if I give freedom to your father?"

The color left the face on which his pleading eyes were fastened. It seemed to him that a look of affright broke into her eyes; but after a moment she held out her hand.

"It was a promise and an oath before God!" she said, simply.

Monsieur Jaque flung himself on his knees before that young girl. He grasped her hands and covered them with kisses; and then she felt great, warm tears falling over them, as if in penitence to wash the kisses away.

"If it is in the power of mortal man to break through those walls to find and liberate your father, it shall be done," he said, rising from his knees and pacing the room as he spoke.

Marguerite followed him with her eyes, which slowly filled with tears.

"It will be all in vain," she murmured, "my poor father must be dead. It was no fraud that the beautiful queen and that good king committed. How can my mother, how can you, Monsieur Jaque, believe them guilty of this cruel deception?"

"Wait! Do not let us judge yet! By-and-by we shall know; for as there is a just God in heaven, not a stone shall be left upon another of that hideous building!"

As Monsieur Jaque spoke, a clear, ringing knock sounded at the door of the room, and as Marguerite arose, it was flung open, and a man, dressed as a page, and with the audacious air of a superior, entered the room.

"I was ordered," he said, looking around, "to find a lady, the wife or widow of one Dr. Gosner, who died last week in the Bastile Is this her apartment, or have I been directed amiss?"

"Madame Gosner has gone out," answered Monsieur Jaque, for Marguerite was so taken by surprise that she could find no voice.

"Then I must wait," said the page, seating himself; "it is my orders."

"Fortunately, that is madame's step on the stairs," answered Monsieur Jaque; and that moment Madame Gosner entered the room, her noble presence, the air of refinement and authority with which she presented herself, brought the page to his feet, and prompted a low bow, while madame turned a calm and questioning look on his face.

"Madame will forgive what may seem like an intrusion," said the page; "but I am ordered by a personage that I dare not venture to disobey, and must do my errand. This personage has heard with profound regret that the husband of madame has perished in the Bastile just as the royal clemency had ordered that he should be set at liberty. There is no power in France that can bring back life, but all that

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justice and sympathy can offer to his widow and child I am empowered to give. In this portfolio, lady, are twenty thousand francs, which I am ordered to present to your daughter as a marriage portion, should she ever choose to leave her mother's protection. For yourself there is an annuity already secured, which will make your future life free from care."

The page paused, and held out a small portfolio; but Madame Gosner put it gently back.

"Did this come from the king?" she inquired.

"Madame, I am forbidden to answer."

"Or the queen?"

"Here also I must be silent."

"If it comes from either King or Queen of France, take it back, with this message: say that the wife of Dr. Gosner accepts no bribes, and has no price for her husband's liberty. Say that she knows——"

Here Monsieur Jaque laid his hand on her arm, and checked the imprudent words that trembled on her lips—words that had left the cheek of the page suddenly colorless.

"The lady simply means to say that she can accept no bounty from the King or Queen of France," he interposed with dignity; "therefore your errand is so far accomplished."

The page put away the portfolio in the folds of his tunic, and moved toward the door, but a sudden thought struck him, and he turned back, drawing it forth again.

"Madame, this money does not come from their majesties, who are at this moment, for aught I know, ignorant of Dr. Gosner's death; nor is it a gratuity. In his early life that learned man did a service to the person who sent me here—a service which has never been repaid, and which, at this time, nothing but money can repay. Hearing of his hard fate, that person was conscience-stricken that a debt so justly due should have been left unpaid to his widow or his heirs; though there was some excuse for this, as it was unknown in France that the unfortunate gentleman had either a wife or child. You will not wrong a person who wishes to redeem a neglect that may have caused much trouble by refusing the privilege of restitution."

"But what was the nature of this debt? In what way was it created?" demanded Madame Gosner.

"Without danger to the person in question I cannot explain," answered the page; "but of this be assured, it is justly due, and this money will never be used for any other person. Indeed, a portion of it is invested in your name beyond recall. The rest I will not carry from this room—it is my orders."

The page waited for no answer, but laid the portfolio on a table, and went swiftly out of the room, leaving its inmates gazing on each other in blank amazement.

"Follow that man, Monsieur Jaque," exclaimed madame; "I will receive none of his money. Who has dared to force a charity on me in this way?"

Monsieur Jaque took the portfolio and hurried with it down stairs. He reached the door just in time to see the page spring upon his horse, and fling the portfolio at the animal's feet. The page dismounted, took up the portfolio, and rode away with a dejected air.

Monsieur Jaque entered Madame Gosner's room again.

"Have you done right to reject this money?" he said. "Perhaps this story is true. With all his knowledge and power, it would be strange if your husband might not have performed some act which would entitle him to a sum like this."

"But I will not take it! Who in all France, save the royal pair at Versailles, knew that my husband was supposed to have died so lately? No one but the governor of the Bastile; and he is not likely to have appeased his conscience in this way."

"But even from the king it might have been accepted in behalf of France. It would help to feed many a famished mouth."

"The people of France! Oh! I had forgot them!" cried Madame Gosner, with enthusiasm. "But, no, no! I could not have taken it even for them. Gold coming from the man and woman of Versailles would blister my palm. Let us think no more of it; while they have hands to work, neither Gosner's wife or child will ever accept alms."

"God grant that the good man still lives!" said Monsieur Jaque.

"God grant it!" answered the woman, sadly; "but sometimes it seems such a forlorn hope. If he is alive? How the words torture me! Oh! of all torments, uncertainty is the greatest!"

"Trust me it shall not long be an uncertainty."

"What do you mean—is this a promise?"

"Upon which more than my poor life depends. Within three days we will know of a certainty that Dr. Gosner is alive and still a prisoner in the Bastile, or dead—whether it is our duty to save or avenge him."

"But in either case?" questioned the woman, wistfully.

"In either case that monstrous pile is doomed. It shall no longer crouch like a monster on the

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heart of France. Will you not breathe one prayer for me?"

These gentle words were spoken to the young girl, who lifted her beautiful eyes and met his gaze with a heavenly smile.

"I shall not cease to pray till we meet again," she said.

Madame Gosner heard this conversation, and was struck by the thrilling tenderness of each voice as it answered the other.

"What is the meaning of this?" she inquired, sharply. "I do not understand."

"It means," answered Monsieur Jaque, "that I love her better than my own soul. When I have rescued her father from his dungeon, the reward I shall dare to claim will be this dear hand."

The strong man fell upon his knees as he spoke, and pressed Marguerite's hand to his lips. Then he arose, saying aloud, "God and our Lady prosper this day's work—the reward is so great that it makes a coward of me."

CHAPTER XIX.

Monsieur Jaque went to his room and prepared, with more trepidation than he had ever felt in his life, for the enterprise which would give him the only thing he asked for on earth, or throw him back into utter disappointment. Once more he flung off all the appearances of a gentleman, and put himself on a level with the rudest workmen of the city. The thick masses of his hair were dulled with powdered dust, his brows and lashes were darkened, and with a few touches of the pencil, dark circles under the eyes deepened them almost to blackness. Directly a stout, high-shouldered mechanic, in coarse workman's clothes, and carrying a box of tools in his hand, came out of the room; a cap of faded cloth was on his head, and his hair fell in unkept locks over his forehead, half concealing his eyes. Marguerite saw him pass the door, and a faint smile stirred her lip. It was in that guise she had first seen him, and the memory of all his kindness since that day made the heart swell in her bosom. Monsieur Jaque cast one glance through the door and went on his way, nerved by the look with which those beautiful eyes had followed him. He passed through several streets, nodding now and then to a fellow workman whom he chanced to encounter, and at last entered the shop of a gunsmith and general worker in iron, where he seemed to be well known.

"Is the master no better?" he inquired of an apprentice, who was working at a vice near one of the windows.

The boy looked up, blew some iron-filings from his fingers, and answered carelessly,

"No better, and cross-grained as a file. Step in yonder, you will find him there, I suppose."

Monsieur Jaque went into the inner room to which the lad pointed, and found his friend in a great easy-chair, and with his night-cap on, nursing an unfortunate leg, which was cruelly tortured with the rheumatism.

"Ah! you have come at last; that young reprobate out yonder protested that he did not know where to find you. Can anything be more aggravating? Here is the governor wanting me at the Bastile. Some prisoner has nearly battered down one of the crazy doors, and so wrenched the lock that they can neither get in or out of his cell. So there is a chance that the fellow may starve to death for his pains, for I could not walk a step to save my life."

The locksmith gave a dash at his aching leg, as if violence could help the matter, and, settling back in his chair, waited for his visitor to speak.

"I heard that you were ill, and happened to remember that this was your usual day for service at the prison. Having represented you before, I suppose they will accept me again. If there are keys to be fitted, let me have them; and if you will write a line to the governor, saying that I am sent as the most trusty of your workmen, it will save all trouble about the admission."

"You are kind, my friend. So good a craftsman is not often found ready to take a sick man's place. Give me pen and paper, I will write a line to my friend Christopher—it is not necessary to trouble the governor; but you must put forth all your strength here, for they are getting terribly anxious about the safety of their prisoners; and no wonder, the damp of those vaults are enough to corrode the best lock ever forged in a single month, and after that there is no key that will turn against the rust. Still I ought not to complain, it rolls up my bill handsomely at the end of the year; and there is no lack of good wine at the Bastile after the work is done."

"I remember it," said Jaque, with a relishing movement of the lip; "one does not readily forget such wine. I hope they will be as liberal to the man as they are to the master. Oh! you have finished the paper, and I have no time to lose."

Monsieur Jaque took up his case of tools, put the paper in his pocket, and went out, smiling cheerfully. In half an hour he stood before the draw-bridge of the Bastile, presented his note to the guard, and was admitted to the interior

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of the prison. He found Christopher in a guard-room, where he was giving some extra orders to half a dozen of the prison-guards, who had done something to displease him. He looked around as Jaque entered, recognized him as a person who had done duty there before, and went on with his lecture, not considering a humble blacksmith worthy of his immediate attention.

Jaque sat down his tool-case, and seemed to be absorbed in the pompous reprimand Christopher was dealing out to the poor fellows who had been so unfortunate as to offend him. This attention touched the keeper'a vanity, and he launched out into more fervid eloquence for his especial benefit. At last he sent the delinquents away with a lofty wave of the hand, and bestowed his entire attention on the locksmith.

"So," he said, reaching forth his hand for the paper which Jaque gave him, "the old locksmith is down again, chained by the leg fast as any prisoner in the Bastile. It is no time for strange hands to be let into the fortress; but if he is so ill, there is no help for it. Wait a moment; if I remember rightly you have been here before?"

Monsieur Jaque would have betrayed himself by a sudden flush or pallor but, for the brown hue which had been imparted to his complexion in the room that morning. As it was, a flickering light in the eye alone revealed the panic that seized upon him. It was needless. Christopher only alluded to the workman whom he remembered to have come on the same errand once before. He had not the remotest idea that he had so lately seen the man in another capacity; nor did he recognize the voice, which was peculiarly rich and deep, for Jaque had put a leaden bullet under his tongue, which confused all the tones and vulgarized his speech.

"Shall I go to work now?" he asked, in an awkward, deprecating way. "It will need a light, I suppose."

Christoper took a lantern from the wall and lighted the candle within.

"I will go with you myself," he said. "In these times we trust but few of the keepers where you are going."

Monsieur Jaque's heart fell. He had hoped that a common guard would be sent with him, one whom it would be possible to evade for a moment; but Christopher took some keys from the drawer of a desk, and moved toward the interior of the prison.

Perhaps in his whole life that brave man had never felt such keen anxiety as stirred every nerve in his body during his descent into those gloomy corridors. How was he to prosecute the investigation he had come purposely to make? By what means was he to reach the particular cell, from which that cry came, with Christopher standing by? There was not one chance in a hundred that it was the lock that poor prisoner had shaken, with so much violence, that wanted mending; yet a wild hope had possessed him that he might be led there. No, he was conducted down a damp corridor that branched off in another direction, and shown into an empty cell, from whose wall the staples had been wrenched out by some desperate man, to whom suffering had given a giant's strength.

The disappointment was terrible; but still, actuated by a despairing thought that God, in his mercy, would open some way to the truth, he went vigorously to work with a heavy sledge, and drove the staples back into the granite wall with a force that echoed through those vaulted passages like the roar of a wild beast. When this ponderous work was done, he turned upon his companion, and, with a faltering voice, asked if that was enough.

Christopher hesitated, and only answered,

"Follow me, and remember, not a word must be spoken to any prisoner. The man who breaks this rule will stand a fair chance of occupying a cell himself. Am I understood?"

Monsieur Jaque took up his tools, muttering that he had nothing to say, and had no wish regarding any prisoner, but to get out of that unwholesome place as soon as possible.

While he was speaking, Christopher turned into a passage he recognized, and the strong man scarcely drew his breath till they came opposite the very door which had so painfully fastened itself on his memory. There the keeper paused, and set down his lantern.

"It is seldom we permit any workman to enter a cell in which prisoners are—but this door cannot be opened. It is some days since we have been able to get food or water through, and we must reach him now, or he will starve to death."

Jaque sat down his tools and tried the lock with his hands, but they shook violently, and fell away red with wet rust.

"The bolt has got twisted, no doubt," said Christopher. "The whole lock must be taken apart, and the hinges fastened. Pah! that was a lizard creeping across my ankle, and here drops a spider into my very hair. It makes the flesh creep on my bones. Come, come, my friend, have done sorting your tools, this is not a pleasant place to linger in. The light is

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burning blue already. Oh! there it goes; that was a powerful wrench! Pry away! pry away! force the staple! Hercules! what powerful arms! How the door trembles—open at last. Ah! our friend has fainted, so much the better."

Christopher entered the cell first, and stooping, lifted a truss of straw, which he flung over the deathly face of a man who lay in the furthest corner. Then he placed himself directly between the prostrate man and Jaque, who was examining the door. Without appearing to observe these movements, he went on with his work, and seemed to be laboring with great zeal, but made so little progress that Christopher became impatient.

"Why, man, at this rate we shall not get away from here in an hour," he said, casting impatient glances around the dungeon.

"Ah hour! Why if I get through all that is to be done here in three hours, it will be better than I expect."

"Three hours! Then, by our Lady! you will not spend them here! Come out into the passage, and mend the lock there. There is little chance that this poor fellow will be disturbed by the noise; but, in common charity, be quick, or he may die on our hands."

Monsieur Jaque had hoped to weary the man out by naming so many hours; but failing in this, he answered that it was impossible to remain all the time outside the door, he must go in and out while repairing it; but, for the prisoner's sake, he would lose no time.

"Well, see that you don't," answered Christopher, setting his lantern on the floor. I wouldn't spend three hours in this place to save the Bastile from destruction."

The seeming locksmith muttered that it was equally disagreeable to him, and went on with his work; but his eyes were now and then turned upon the lantern, and Christopher might have seen that the hand which was turning a screw in one of the hinges worked unsteadily. After an interval of some ten minutes, he swung the door back, as if to try the hinge; it struck the lantern, overturned it, and the next instant they were in profound darkness.

An oath broke from the keeper, and he began to grope for the lantern; but Jaque had been before him, the lantern was in his hand, the door open, and he was about to grasp the candle, when a sudden jerk sent it flying into the darkness.

"What is to be done?" questioned Jaque, rising from his knees. "How are we to get a light?"

"Confound your awkwardness!" answered the keeper, fumbling about for the lantern. "The door is broken open and the candle gone. This is an awful fix. You may thank your stars that the only man in the Bastile who can thread its passages by night, is in this infernal place with you."

"Thank heaven it is only an inconvenience!" said the locksmith.

"If to sit here from fifteen minutes to half an hour in the dark, breathing this pestilential air is only an inconvenience, you may, perhaps, be grateful; for my part, I have no fancy for groping my way through the black labyrinth of passages that lie between us and the guard-rooms; and you can tell your master from me, that when we want work done again in the Bastile, he must come himself, or resign his position. We want no more bunglers."

"I beg ten thousand pardons—it was an accident!"

"We do not permit of accidents here!" answered the keeper, by no means appeased by the humility by which the workman strove to atone for his fault. "For ten thousand francs I would not grope my way through the places that lead to this, with those slimy things creeping around one. Pah! It is bad enough when a light is there to frighten them away; but now, curses on your blundering! if I come back without a battle with the rats, it is more than I expect."

Monsieur Jaque knew by the keeper's voice that he was outside of the cell. He could hear the lantern rattling against the stones of the wall as he staggered forward in the dark; but he did not hear the muttered words which followed.

"Confound the fool! he is safe enough from any chance of mischief. The prisoner hasn't got the strength to speak; and as for seeing his face, let him try. One might as well look through sheet-lead as that darkness. Steady! Steady! How close the walls are together! How plainly you can hear the waters of the moat licking the stones, and trickling through, drop by drop. Heaven have mercy! Help! Help!"

His foot had slipped on the wet slabs of the floor; he caught at the wall, but his hand had no power to clutch the dripping stones, and he went down with a crash, which reached the locksmith, who sat in the darkness, listening keenly. After a little Jaque heard a volley of muttered curses, and slow footsteps, picking their way through the distance. Then all was still, save the horrible lapping of waters against the walls, and the hard breathing of his fellow-prisoner, who seemed to stir faintly in the

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straw. For a half minute the man held his breath, and listened for those footsteps, or that voice to renew themselves. Then he reached cautiously forward and began to feel for something in his tool-case. A moment of stillness followed, then the sharp click of steel striking flint, and a few sparks of fire ignited on the dungeon-floor. Quick as thought the man sprung to his feet, snatched a wisp of straw, and held it close to the sparks, blowing them with all the slow strength of his lungs into a tiny flame.

The sparks flashed upward, the straw blazed, and for one instant the whole dungeon was illuminated. Jaque caught one glance at a deadly white face, with the eyes wide open, looking at him. He had no time for recognition, but was searching for the candle. It lay at his feet, and had been trodden upon. What of that? A wick was there, and tallow enough to last a minute—he asked no more. He began to tremble, for the wick had gathered moisture from the floor, and refused to ignite.

"Great God! stand by me this one minute!" he exclaimed, passionately, forcing his hand to hold the burning straw with steadiness. He had given the straw a twist, and it kept fire. The spluttering wick broke into an uncertain flame, trembled, half went out, and rose to a clear light. "Thank God!"

Jaque went close to the prisoner with these words on his lips. He held the light down to that white face. The wild glitter of those eyes frightened him.

"Speak to me! If you remember a name, tell it before any one comes. Speak! For God's sake, speak! Are you Dr. Gosner?"

The prisoner began to tremble violently; his thin hands clasped themselves; every feature in his face quivered, and from his white lips dropped these faltering words:

"That was my name when I had one."

Jaque blew out the candle, and flung it into the darkness.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

"MINE ALONE."

BY U. D. THOMAS.

KISSES I'll press on his pallid brow,
Again, again, again!
Those who say he is not mine now,
Utter false words and vain.

Think, oh, think! of my wasted life!
My sorrowing day by day;
Long has my heart with my soul had strife;
Now will my heart have way.

Turn aside with your tears unshed!
Stifle that piteous moan,
And leave me awhile with the sinless dead—
Now he is mine alone!

I did your nuptial rites allow,
Palsied with grief and fear;
I had respect for his latest vow—
Vows do not bind him here!

Oh! if those colorless lips could speak,
Those long-loved eyes could see;
If the voice of my love could this slumber break,
Would he not smile on me?

Would he not plead that I long might stay,
Where I am kneeling now;
Folding his clustering curls away—
Kissing his icy brow?

Leave me! I'll murmur above my dead,
Words to your heart unknown;
Living, you pillowed his precious head—
Dead, he is mine alone!

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY MISS BELLA PARROTT.

WHY beats this heart so sadly?
Why throbs this aching brow?
My song, once blithe and merry,
Is clothed in sadness now.
An icy coldness mantles me,
And sorrow's fount is dry;
Oh! tell me true, is this the dream
Of mortals soon to die?
Oh! cruel fate! that killed the hope
That dwelt within this breast;
Come take this life, since thou hast taken
The one I loved the best.

My love sleeps 'neath no friendly sod;
No kind friend drops a tear
Upon his low grave in the wood,
So desolate and drear;
His comrades gather home again,
And fame has wreathed each brow;
But he comes not with the gallant band,
And my heart is broken now.
I'm fading fast, my sight grows dim,
I go to join my love;
For no cruel hand can sever those
Who meet in Heaven above.

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A STORY OF A ROSE-BUD.

BY A. M. MITCHELL.

MARGARET RADNOR stood before the mirror, drawing a scarlet ribbon round her collar and fastening it with a bow in front. You would have thought she was wasting precious time over a very small thing, but she was really paying not the slightest attention to the manner in which her hands were employed, but was intent upon a conversation going on near her between her mother and a visitor.

"What has become of your aunt, Mrs. Radnor; that handsome old lady, who used to live here in so much style? I have not seen her now in two or three years."

"My aunt? Oh! you mean aunt Elenor," replied Margaret's mother. "She lost nearly all her property about a year ago, and having nothing left but a place called Linnwood, about ten miles out, she went there with her brother to live. The estate is a very fine one, and the house furnished luxuriously; but now those two old people live there with no society whatever. I sometimes wonder how aunt Elenor manages to live so, for she is very fond of society; but I imagine," with a laugh, "she is not able to do anything else."

"Do you never go there?"

"No, not now; I did at first, but it was very lonely; and after Margaret came home from school, I had the excuse that we saw a great deal of additional company, and so I could not leave home."

"I remember her as a very lovely old lady."

"Oh! she is, very; so stylish, and all that sort of thing. She sends us most tempting fruit sometimes, which is quite good, as we never go there."

The conversation branched off upon other subjects after this, and Margaret, excusing herself, left the room. "She was going out to a party this evening," she said, "and there were various preparations to be made."

All the rest of the day, turning over muslin, and lace, and silk, she thought of the conversation she had heard, and as the hours flew by she laid her plans.

When she came down, by-and-by, in the evening, in her full dress, with her white cloak over over arm, she said to her mother,

"I am going, to-morrow, to see my aunt Elenor."

"Margaret, you are wild," said her mother, in despair. "Why need you go just now, when you have engagements every evening this week and next? Wait a few weeks."

"Now or never, mamma," replied Margaret, shaking her head.

"What will Mr. Thornton say, Maggie?" asked her mother, urging her last and strongest plea.

"There he is now," replied Margaret, evading the question, and rising with a brighter bloom upon her cheek to welcome her escort, who came forward as if the sight of her was a most welcome one.

The mother, meantime, thinking the evening's pleasure, with the prospects of others in the same company, might dispel Margaret's visions of Linnwood, said nothing further; but, in a very motherly way, wrapped Margaret's cloak about her, and bade Mr. Thornton "take good care of her."

His "I will try," in answer, said enough, even for the mother's pleasure.

"I hope I shall see you at our house on Thursday," said Mr. Thornton, as they drove home, after the party.

"You received cards, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Margaret, hesitating, "but I must decline. Tell your mother I very much regret it, for I am going out of town on a visit to my aunt."

"Not to remain long, I hope," he said.

"I do not know. Probably not more than three or four weeks."

He looked as if he would have said something more, but he did not; and his "good-night and good-by" at the door was spoken very gravely.

"You are not offended that I must decline your mother's invitation for Thursday?" asked Margaret, with a little tremor at her heart.

"Do not think so for a moment," he returned, earnestly, taking her hand again; "I was only very sorry that you were going away."

Margaret went up stairs, feeling very sorry likewise, but a night's sleep did her good, and she arose very well pleased to think that the evening would find her at Linnwood. She busied herself all the morning with her packing; and then, just before she was ready, she found her way down town, and bought two or three new

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books, and some delicate laces for her aunt, articles which she knew were longed for, but beyond the means of the dwellers at Linnwood.

The stage set her down at the gate just before dark, and she could see the light of her aunt Elenor's lamp gleaming brightly down through the ice-laden trees of the lawn, and over the snowy ground. It gave her a cheery welcome. There had been but few tracks upon the snow from the gate to the house, but Elenor stepped carefully, and succeeded in reaching the steps without getting wet.

Her ring brought a woman-servant to the door, who, in answer to her inquiry, led her to the room from which she had seen the light, and ushered her in. Her aunt, a dignified, noble-looking old lady of sixty, with soft, gray curls drooping about her face, sat under the lamp reading, while her brother smoked in his easy-chair and listened.

Margaret advanced as her aunt rose.

"Auntie," she said, "I've come to see you. Are you glad to have me?"

"I think," said her aunt, in reply, seizing her, and kissing her between the words, "I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life!"

"Maggie, you come like flowers in spring-time," said her uncle, taking her as her aunt released her.

Margaret felt the welcome from the bottom of her heart, and as she took her seat between the two, and looked from one admiring face to the other, she felt as though she had come to a haven of rest. She said something to the same effect the next morning, when aunt Elenor had drawn her from the library into the conservatory, and was putting leaves and roses into her hands. Something about the perfume of the heliotrope reminded her of her last evening at home.

"Auntie," she said, "you cannot think what a delightful quiet this is after the turmoil of the past three months. I have been going constantly, and had engagements steadily, but I thought I would come here——"

The sentence ended abruptly, for this noble-minded, unselfish girl had no mind to tell her aunt that the vision her mother had drawn of her lonesome life, had led to her standing just where she did at that moment.

"I hope you will not find it too quiet, love. You may rest assured it is very delightful to have you here."

I cannot tell you what she was to that old couple in the weeks that followed. She sang for them, and read to them in the evening. She played chess with her uncle, and knit warm riding-gloves for her aunt. She arranged dainty dishes of flowers for the table, and made nice little bits of French sweetness in the kitchen.

Maggie was everywhere, and made joy out of everything. It was she who found chestnuts down in the village, and having bought them brought them home, sat down before a great, roaring fire to roast them for her aunt, laughing and springing up as they snapped out from under the ashes. Somehow the evening paper always made its appearance now when the stage came in, and it was Maggie who discovered something new and curious to read aloud.

Fastidious and dainty as Madam De Vere was, Margaret's dress always suited her. She blended colors in a way that rested the lady's eyes when they looked at her. Dress was not thrown aside because she saw no one but the two to whom she was a daily delight. There was no difference between her appearance now and at home, and she most often wore a warm, glowing dress, with glistening trimmings, in which she had been wont to receive Mr. Thornton the evenings when he called. Margaret was very happy. She busied herself for aunt Elenor all day long. Sometimes she thought she would have liked to spend a day in the library, but there never was time.

One evening, just before tea, she was standing between the heavily-curtained windows, looking out at the trees rocking and swinging in the wind, and listening to the sound of the heavy breeze sweeping round the corners of the house. The stage had just gone by, and she was waiting for aunt Elenor to come in with the evening paper. She was pressing between her fingers the odorous leaves she had just gathered, and thinking of other flowers which had been given her one night early in the winter, when her aunt's voice roused her,

"My love," she said, "I am even more glad for you than I am for myself."

"For what, auntie?"

"Because, Maggie, the only other person beside yourself who sometimes comes here to make us bright, is the son of an old friend of mine, and he writes me to-night that he is about to pop in upon one of his unexpected visits. You will like him, I know, for he is one in a thousand, and for goodness and kindliness of heart I know not a man who is his equal."

"Who is he, auntie?" asked Margaret, who was on her knees before the fire, trying to persuade it to burn brighter.

"His name is Percy Thornton. He is——"

Margaret was on her feet in an instant. "Auntie," she said, hurriedly, "I know him!"

"Do you, my dear? Then you know what to

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expect. How very pleasant that is. Was not my description correct?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Margaret, very quietly; but the hot blood mounted into her face, under the smiling, intent eyes of her aunt, and when she was fain to run away, Madam De Vere kissed her, and let her go.

Mr. Thornton did not know what day he should arrive, and so the two who were watching looked every night when the stage came up. Margaret from the window of her room, where she would be out of sight, and Madam De Vere from the library.

But it so happened that on the evening when he did come, Margaret had gone down into the village with her uncle, and Madam De Vere was the only one to welcome him.

"I have my niece stopping with me," said that lady, after she and her guest had been some time chatting by the library fire; "and she has been like sunshine in the house for the last three weeks. I am only wondering what I shall do without her, when she comes to go."

"I was not aware you had a niece," said Percy.

"Yes, Margaret Radnor is my niece—and a choice blessing she is."

Mr. Thornton started, and then said quietly, "I know a Miss Radnor of Swamley—is it she?"

"Yes, the same one," replied Madam De Vere, with a little amused glance at her guest.

Just then the library-door was thrown open, and Maggie, fresh from her walk, with her cheeks all aglow, and her little plumed hat in her hand, ran in toward the fire.

"Auntie, it's cold," she said, and then stopped short, for her hand was taken, and a voice she immediately recognized, said,

"Miss Radnor, this is a very pleasant, unexpected meeting."

Margaret summoned all her wits to the rescue, and then replied, very sedately and demurely,

"I did not know you had come, sir. I am very glad to see you here."

"Now come and get warm," said her aunt; but Margaret had recovered from her chill, and ran away without waiting for anything further.

When she returned presently, she was the very essence of what Mr. Thornton had known at Swamley, with an added freshness and sweetness, which he was quick to notice. She had on a soft, dark dress, with no ornament but a little cluster of pearls. But she had been into the conservatory, and there had gathered and fastened in her hair a most superb damask rose with drooping buds. She made a lovely picture, at least to those two who watched her entrance.

"And this was she who had left the gayety of the city to be sunshine for these two old friends of his." Mr. Thornton thought he could understand what sort of sunshine it must have been.

He had free opportunity to judge; and his admiration did not lessen as the days went on, and he saw how she had wound herself around aunt Elenor's heart, with her thousand delicate acts of affection. She might give him her society, and she did, continually; but if, in any way, her aunt's comfort interfered, she would dismiss him with a word and a smile, which were almost worth her short-time absence to obtain.

"And you came away for this?" he said, one day, as he stood beside her, listening and watching her hands, as they busied themselves with some flowers she was arranging. She had been telling him of some piece of work she and aunt Elenor had accomplished together.

She understood his meaning, and replied, simply, "Yes, that is the reason, and it has been a great pleasure."

"I wonder what sort of a little bird told me you were here," he said, after a few moments, watching her again as she had risen, and stood toying with a tiny bud she had chosen from the dish of flowers.

"I don't think it was any little bird," she said, smiling, "for you did not know I was here."

"And yet I left the city because I could not stay in it while you were away."

She glanced up quickly at him then, with flushed cheeks. He came toward her suddenly, and taking her hand in which was the rose-bud, said, shortly and abruptly, half under his breath, "I want to put this in your hair, because it is so like you; but I cannot, unless with the understanding that both the rose-buds belong to me."

Maggie stood a moment, with a confusion of thought in her face, and then stepped nearer, and he fastened in the rose-bud.

"You were very foolish to leave the city," she said, after a moment.

"Why, Maggie?"

"Because you might have known, that present or absent, my thoughts were often with you."

He carried the two rose-buds off together then, and showed them to aunt Elenor.

"Well," said Madam De Vere, smiling, with her eyes full of tears, "I only hope, Percy, that she will be to you, for your joint lives, what she has been to me for these few weeks."

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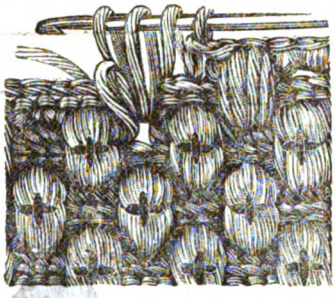
GAITER FOR LITTLE GIRL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—One ounce and a quarter of white Berlin wool, one skein of rose-colored filoselle, crochet-hook, No. 13, bell gauge.

Work in rows forward and backward. The upper part is ornamented with little shells, increasing in number toward the front of the gaiter.

Commence with fifty stitches. The chain should be loose. Work the first row plain in double stitch, increasing one stitch in the last, sticking always in the back thread. The first pattern is worked at the end of the second row. For this lay the thread round the needle, stick over the first row into the last stitch but three—the forty-sixth stitch of the first row—and draw a loop through. When there are four of these double loops formed by sticking in the same stitch upon the needle, take them from the needle all together with one chain, then crochet another chain and conclude the row with three plain stitches. No. 2 shows the pattern in full



size, with the mode of working it, sticking the needle over into the last row but one as before mentioned. The upper-edge is in straight lines. At the under edge, as far as the middle, increase one stitch at the conclusion of each row.

At the end of the fourth row work two shell patterns in reversed order, and afterward the remainder in the same manner. The first of these two patterns commences in the sixth stitch, reckoning backward from the edge; the latter must meet the last edge stitch but one.

6th row contains three shell patterns separated by three double.

8th row: Work six double to form the beginning of the gore; work back upon these six stitches, and at the end make thirteen chain to begin the front of the foot; upon this chain work thirteen double, then six double upon the six stitches of the gore, and six stitches further on to lengthen it. Work back again to the end of the foot.

From here work as far as the front middle of the gaiter three entire rows forward and two back. In the first of these three rows forward work five shell patterns, six in the second, and eight in the third; then continue the work in the same manner in the opposite direction until you have reached the row with one shell.

The back of the gaiter requires twenty-two rows with the patterns arranged in two little scallops. Each scallop begins like the front with one shell. The longest pattern row contains five patterns. All the rows are worked in straight lines except the eleventh and twelfth.

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In order to widen the upper part turn the work in the eleventh row after thirty-eight stitches; and in working back upon these crochet a shell pattern in the last stitch but one.

When these rows are finished, sew the gaiter up lengthwise on the wrong side. Then work one row of double round the upper and under edge. For the under conclusion crochet picots containing five chain, with one double in the first chain. At the upper edge work an interrupted treble row. Make a chain with two little tassels at the ends to run into this row. Above the interrupted treble work a line of picots as before described. Then crochet two narrow straps consisting of four rows of double, and fasten them under the foot. Each shell pattern has a cross stitch of filoselle in the middle, and a line of cross stitch round the edge of the foot (see design.)

LITTLE GIRL'S TUNIC AND CAPE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, an engraving (front and back) of a little girl's tunic and cape. On the next page we give diagrams by which to cut them out.

No. 1, 2 and 3 make one-half of the skirt of the tunic. No. 1 is half of the back. No. 2 is the side. No. 3 is half of the front. C D and C D half of the pieces composing the bodice. By the letters it may be readily seen how to put it together. The right hand C is the front. O O half of the two pieces composing the cape, which is gathered at the back, as seen in the engraving, where the design is given with and without the cape.

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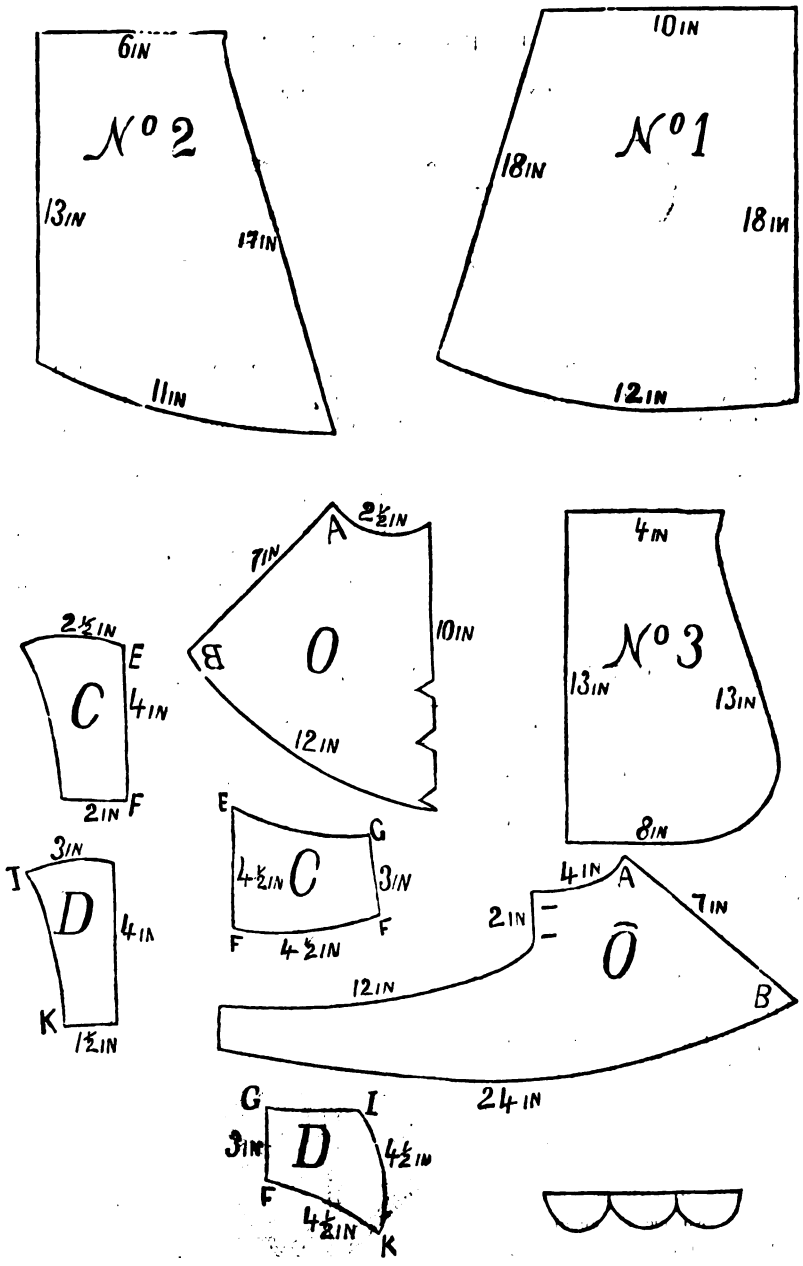

NAME FOR MARKING. CROCHET EDGE.

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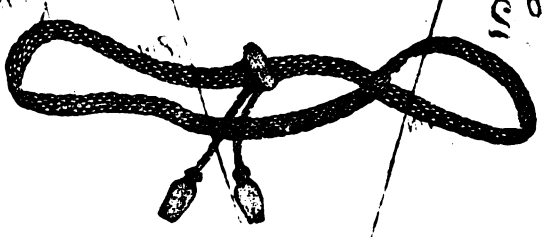
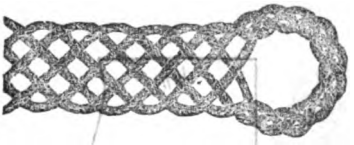
DRESS STRAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



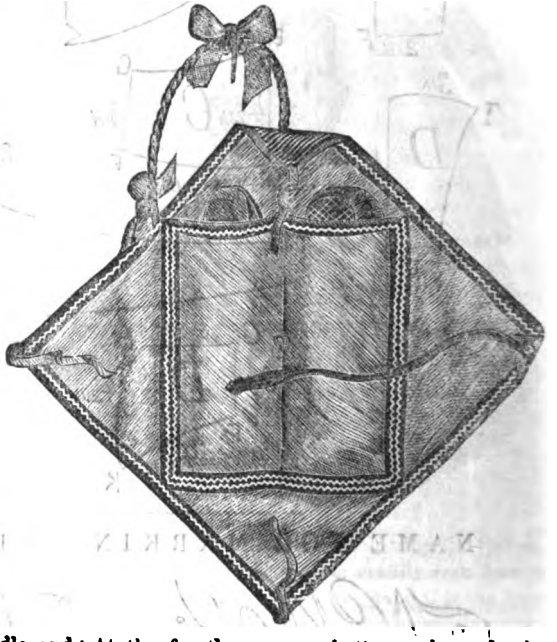
THIS strap consists of a plait of six lengths of round, black silk elastic. No. 2 shows an end and portion of the plait in a rather reduced size. The round end is worked with three pieces only of the elastic. This round loop when worked measures one inch and a quarter long; then a plait twenty-eight or thirty inches long, with the six cords of elastic, is continued from this. Each length requires two yards and a half of elastic. An oval button also is needed to fasten through the loop; and two little tassels attached to the cord ornament the fastening.



POCKET FOR GOLOSHES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Brown American leather, brown Llama, four yards of brown, flat braid, half an inch broad, one yard of brown sarcenet ribbon, one inch broad, four yards of the narrowest red scallop braid, brown and yellow sewing silk, three-quarters of a yard of thick, black woolen cord, ten inches of black elastic, one belt-hook, two brass rings, and one brass button.



For this pocket cut a square of the leather cloth measuring half a yard; line it with the Llama or thin flannel, and bind it all round with the brown, flat braid. Stitch the braid with brown silk. Inside place narrow, red scallop braid, and fasten it with yellow silk stitches. Place two pockets according to No. 1 upon the Llama lining; these consisting of a straight piece of Llama, twelve inches long, and twelve inches and a half broad, lined with the leather cloth, and bound with braid ornamented with yellow silk. For fastening the bag securely an eye is placed in the middle, and a ribbon at the three corners, in order to be able to fasten the corners together in the middle. At the fourth corner a button and an elastic band with an eye are placed.

The handle is eighteen inches long, and con-

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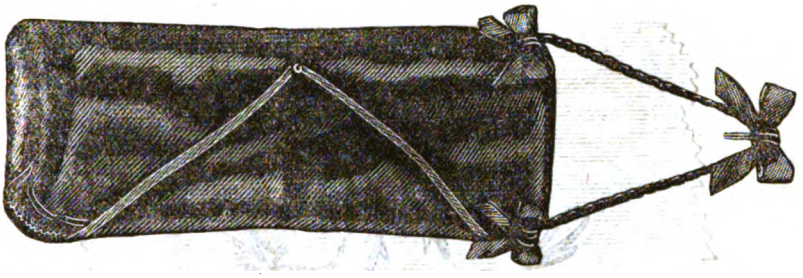
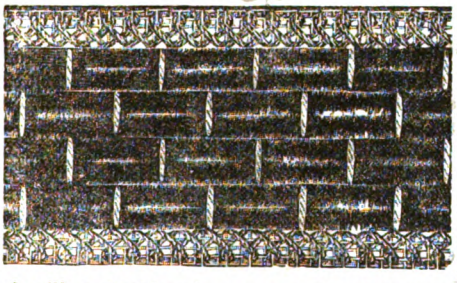
sists of a strip of leather cloth, half an inch broad, twisted with black cord fastened on the outside with two brass rings, according to No. 2, where the inner pocket part is placed. This handle has three bows, and in the middle, under the bow, is placed a long hook to fasten it to the belt.



KEY-BASKET—CHENILLE EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Coarse canvas, black, blue, green and red chenille, straw-colored silk cordon, blue satin ribbon, one inch broad. The



chenille embroidery is represented in the proper size in No. 2.

The strip of canvas, which is twelve stitches high, must first be worked at the outer edge in a double cross stitch of yellow silk cordon, leaving a space in the middle, eight stitches high, for the chenille embroidery, for which commence with black, and then work alternately with blue, red, and green chenille, arranging the stitches two in each other as in brickwork. For the shading, see No. 2. A chenille stitch is stitched across crosswise after four cross stitches; a yellow silk cordon stitch marks the pattern.

When the embroidery is finished, it must be lined with gauze and trimmed on both sides with a blue satin ruche, for which the inch-broad ribbon must be cut in two lengthwise. The ruche must be arranged upon the yellow, oval, plaited cane-basket, as shown in the design, and fastened with invisible stitches. Satin bows are placed at the handle.

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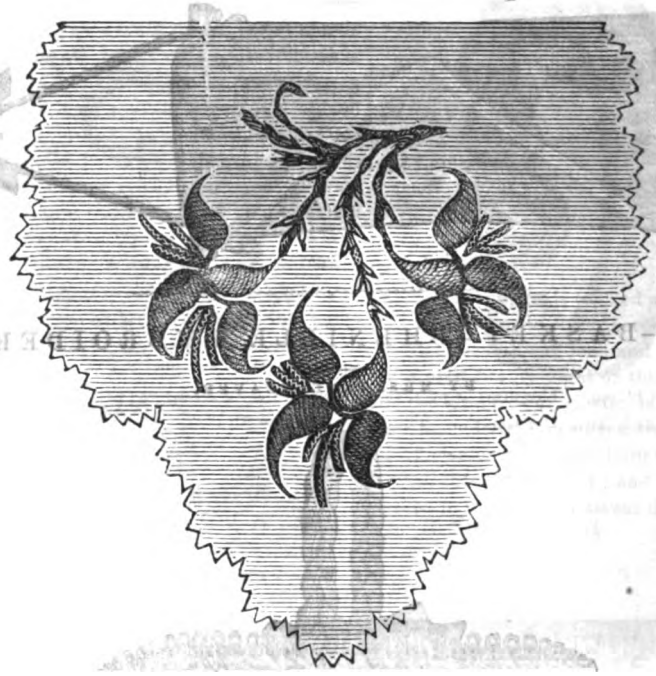
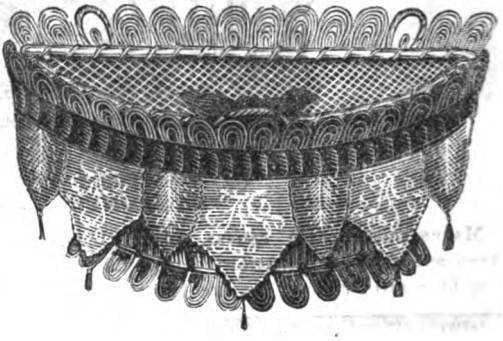
DUSTER-BASKET, WITH VARIEGATED EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





MATERIALS.—White and fawn-colored cloth, gold, dark-red, blue, and blue-green silk cordon, gold cord, brown sarcenet ribbon, one inch broad, brown floss silk.

The basket must be purchased. The ornaments consist of scallops of different form and size placed alternately.

No. 2 represents the largest in full size. The Chinese flower patterns are worked in flat stitch upon white cloth, and have always a gold-colored calyx, with one blue, one bright-red, and one blue-green petal. The flowers are joined with stalk and herring-bone stitch, and ornamented with gold cord. The oval joining scallops of fawn cloth are five inches and a quarter long and one inch and three-quarters broad. At the upper-part they are ornamented with large button-hole stitches in gold-colored silk to represent ears of barley; along the middle are three blue-green silk stitches, held together by one cross stitch. The point of each scallop is ornamented with a tassel of brown sewing-silk. The bows upon the cover, and the ruche, which covers the joining on of the ornaments, must correspond with this.

CROCHET GARTER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Red and white Berlin wool. For the outside work first rows forward and backward with two colors in Russian crochet, which is like double, only that you take the

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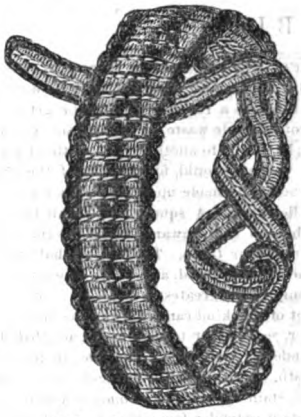
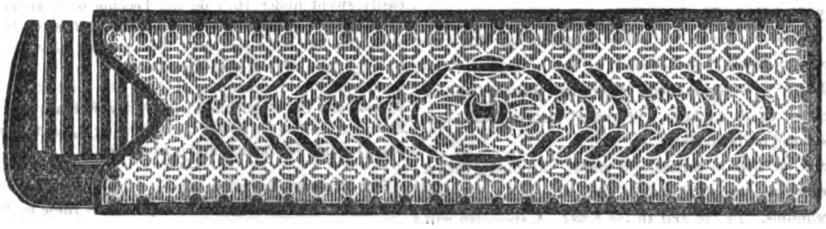
stitch lying at the back of the row each time. Form a stripe about eight or ten inches long



and eleven stitches broad. The simple pattern may be easily worked from the design. Then work round the stripe with wool corresponding with the pattern one row of double from the back, and finish with a picot edge of the same color; each picot consists of five chain with one double in the first. Then for the lining, which must correspond with the foundation of the garter, work in one long side in the row of double one row of double, then three rows of close treble, and another row of double. Join the side edges with a row of single in such a manner that the working thread, always lying inside, is carried on, and the chain-stitch chain advances under the firmly worked lining. For fastening the garter, work first in one of the cross sides a close treble row thirty-one inches and a half long, lay it double, and crochet this double line all round with double. Work in the same manner an eye two inches in length to draw the long band through. This is a neat and tasty article.

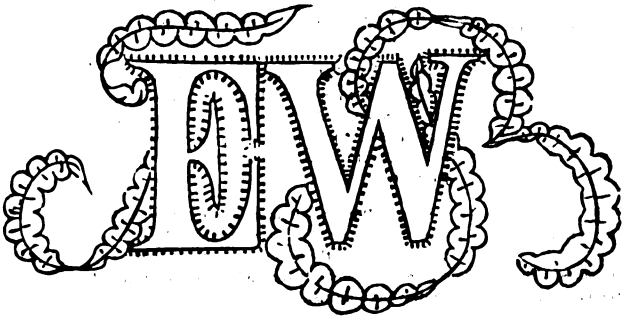
LEATHER COMB-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



TAKE two pieces of silver-colored leather canvas four inches long, and one inch and a quarter broad. Round them at one end, according to design, and embroider them with black wool and red silk cordon. Then place some white cardboard under each part, bind them with narrow black ribbon, and ornament this binding at regular distances with little knots of red silk cordon. After this both parts may be sewn together.

INITIALS FOR MARKING MONOGRAM.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1870!—We call attention to our Prospectus, for next year, to be found on the last page of the cover. It is now admitted, everywhere, that "Peterson" is *cheaper and better* than any periodical of its kind. Our enormous edition, surpassing that of any monthly in the world, enables us to distance all competitors.

Our fashion department, particularly, excels that of any cotemporary. Most of the other monthlies give only colored wood-cuts, or lithographs, for their principal plate; we, on the contrary, give elegant and costly steel engravings. Our styles, moreover, are the very latest, and are *received in advance* from Paris. Our correspondents abroad have access to all the freshest novelties, so that our fair subscribers are never misled by false intelligence. The magnificent colored fashion-plates in "Peterson," in short, are not only the most tasteful and beautiful issued in the United States, but also the most reliable.

Our original stories, tales and novelets, have been acknowledged, for years, *to excel those of any cotemporary.* In 1870 the literary department will be more brilliant than ever, as a glance at the Prospectus will show. We never had such a series of novelets before: and the shorter stories will be equally attractive. The best of our contributors, moreover, write exclusively for us: no other magazine has Mrs. Ann Stephens, or Frank Lee Benedict, or the author of "The Second Life," or several others. Every new writer of ability is engaged, so as to keep "Peterson" always fresh, and always ahead of its rivals.

Now is the time to canvass for clubs! Anybody, with a little exertion, can get up a club, and so become entitled to the premiums. *Be the first in the field!* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

AT A BALL given lately, in Paris, two dresses were especially noticeable. One was a white tarlatan dress made with a plaited flounce, headed by a *rouleau* of claret-colored satin; over this fell a deep tunic of tarlatan, which at the back formed a pannier in the shape of a large butterfly bow, caught down and intermingled with wide bias folds of the claret-colored satin. Another was a rich light-blue silk, almost covered with gold point; in the hair was a diamond tiara, intermixed with point lace and primroses.

LONG PLAID SHAWLS will be worn, this fall and winter, so as to imitate a coat or mantle. This is effected by laying a few folds, fastening them at the back of the neck, and then bringing them down to the belt, from which the shawl is left to fall loosely. The shawl is folded in front also, and in doing this, as well as the other, great room is left for the exercise of taste. It is a very graceful way of wearing the shawl.

WE WILL SEND three subscribers for $4 50, during 1870, as we did this year, if no premium engraving is asked.

DRESSES ARE TO BE worn, this winter, in suits. They will be wadded, or have a warm vest under the basque.

THE USUAL WAY of carpeting a room in this country is neither the handsomest nor the most economical. If a carpet is fitted to a room, as is now the general practice, there is considerable waste in cutting, nor can the carpet, afterward, be moved to another room, without great trouble and loss. Carpets should, for the sake of the style, as well as for economy, be made up either in the form of a square or a parallelogram. A square carpet can be turned four times with each side upward, making eight times, and a parallelogram four times. The length that these will last beyond one which is fitted, and which consequently exposes one part only to the greatest wear, is, of course, very great. As a carpet of this kind cannot always be made to cover the whole floor, some other mode must be adopted of covering the remainder of the space. The margin may be covered with oilcloth, or with baize or drugget; but by far the best mode is to stain the uncovered margin a walnut color, letting the stain extend a few inches under the carpet. This method gives a pleasing finish to the room, producing a very good effect, and saves much labor in cleaning.

The pattern of carpets for small rooms should be small, for a large pattern in such places is in bad taste, and in cutting to match there is great waste. The colors should harmonize with those of the room and the curtains, if you have curtains; for example, a carpet, the greater part of which is green, would suit red or white curtains, but would produce a very unpleasant effect with blue ones. When dirty, loose carpets are easily removed and shaken, and, as they are easily swept under, they do not become so dirty as when fitted; when soiled, they may be cleansed, after beating, with the following mixture: Two gallons of water, with half a pound of soft-soap dissolved in it, to which add four ounces of liquid ammonia; this may be rubbed on with a flannel, and the carpet then rubbed dry with a coarse cloth. Staining the floor is better than painting it, for the stain is more lasting, is prettier, and is as cheap.

OUR COLORED PATTERNS are a feature peculiar to this Magazine. No other periodical publishes these useful and elegant illustrations, for they are too costly. In the present number we give a double-size one, an Anti-Macassar, or Tidy, to be worked on Java canvas, and we print it in the appropriate colors, so as to show its true effect. The Java canvas is yellow, or straw-color, and the black, worked on it, is very effective.

IT IS THE FASHION to come back to ancient materials. We see every day some reviving, the memory of which dwelt only in the minds of our grandmothers. To-day it is the plain crape de Chine, of which dresses are made, and especially tunics upon under-skirts of silk. Crape de Chine is a beautiful and lovely material in white or plain gray, mauve, or light green. It is trimmed with black velvet and fringe with balls.

DRESSES ARE MORE varied, more extraordinary and more extravagant than ever. Panniers, especially, are bigger and more pronounced. Instead of a bow being worn on the sash at the back of the waist, it now seems invariably to be placed about a quarter of a yard below in the center of the pannier.

SAVE A DOLLAR.—Remember that the price of this Magazine is but two dollars a year, while all other first-class monthlies are three, or even four, dollars. Single subscribers can get "Peterson" for less than the club prices of similar periodicals.

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A New Premium Engraving.—For next year we shall have another new premium engraving, "Our Father Who Art in Heaven." The subject is one that will appeal to every true woman's heart. The picture is large-sized for framing, (20 inches by 16;) is executed in the best manner; and will, we think, be more generally liked than even "The Star of Bethlehem." Every person getting up a club for "Peterson" will be entitled to a copy of this really exquisite work of art. A very little exertion will enable you to procure three subscribers and earn this beautiful picture. With a little more exertion you can get five subscribers, which secures for you an extra copy of the Magazine in addition to the engraving. Or, a larger club, at lower rates per copy, and, therefore, easier got, will be remunerated in the same way. Be early in the field, before canvassers for other periodicals get around. The picture will be sent, carefully wrapped on a roller, postage paid.

If, however, you prefer it, we will send either of our old premium engravings, instead of the new one, viz., "Washington Parting from his Generals," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Bunyan in Jail," or "Bunyan on Trial." This is a choice which no other magazine offers. If you get clubs enough you can earn all the engravings.

For Two Dollars and a Half we will send a copy of "Peterson" for 1870, and also a copy of either of our superb premium engravings. We make this offer in answer to numerous inquiries.

For Fall and Winter Wraps gray plaids will be much worn. The plaid will be draped on the back as a *bournous*, and one corner thrown over the left shoulder.

Primroses and primrose color are much worn, this fall, both in evening and morning toilets.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812. *By Benson J. Lossing.* 1 *vol., large* 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This work is similar in plan to the "Field-Book of the War of Independence," which was published by the Harpers several years ago, and was so popular. It abounds with engravings and maps of the principal scenes of battle, and with portraits of the chief actors in the war of 1812, and with illustrations of scenery, relics, etc., etc.; and is accompanied by full letter-press descriptions. The engravings, which are on wood, are several hundred in number, and are by Lossing & Barritt, chiefly from original sketches by the author. It is the most exhaustive work, and also the most popular in character, which has yet appeared on the subject. The foot-notes alone embody an amount of information of the greatest value. Mr. Lossing deserves the national gratitude for having collected and preserved, by pen and pencil, numerous traditional and other facts, which, but for him, would soon have passed into oblivion. The volume is very handsomely printed.

The American Woman's Home. By Catharine E. Beecher & Harriet Beecher Stowe. 1 *vol., small* 8 *vo. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.*—This is the work of two ladies, both known to the American public. It is intended "for a guide to the formation and maintenance," as the advertisement says, "of economical, healthful, beautiful and Christian homes;" and it fulfills its design completely, so far as we can judge from a careful reading of it. The book is one that every woman, if possible, ought to have. It treats practically of all the subjects relating to domestic life, the useful as well as the ornamental, and treats of them from woman's standpoint. Numerous engravings illustrate the text.

Meta's Faith. By the author of St. Olaves." 1 *vol.,* 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Somewhat too diffusely written, but nevertheless very agreeable reading.

Ruby Gray's Strategy. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 *vol.,* 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Our readers are so familiar with the writings of Mrs. Stephens, that we need not stop to eulogize this stirring story. We do not exaggerate when we say that this writer, in her peculiar line, stands alone among American authors. For nearly thirty years she has been constantly before the public, and during that long period, while so many others have won fame, and afterward lost it, she has continued a popular favorite. The causes are not far to seek. To a thorough familiarity with history, she adds the imagination of a poet, so that her romances are always vivid with life and breathe the very spirit of their times. At home in American society, whether rural or metropolitan, her novels are free, bold pictures, full of stir and color. In both her novels and romances, therefore, she depends on permanent elements for success. Personally, we like her romances best; but her novels, of which this is one, will always be popular.

Aspasia. By C. Holland. 1 *vol.,* 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A very excellent story, and with a useful moral. The volume is beautifully printed. By the mechanical excellence of his publications, Mr. Lippincott is steadily raising the standard of book-printing in the United States, and so doing more than almost any other man to work out a needful reform.

Walter Ogilby. By the authoress of "Wau-Bun." 1 *vol.,* 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is very much in the manner of "The Wide, Wide World," though by no means an imitation of it. The scene is laid in one of the river counties of New York. The story is pure in its aims, and full of interest.

Claude Gueux. The Last Day of a Condemned Man. By Victor Hugo. 1 *vol.,* 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—A plea for the abolition of capital punishment, put forth in the guise of a powerfully-written story. It is one of Victor Hugo's earlier efforts, having been first published as far back as 1829.

Love Me Little, Love Me Long. By Charles Reade. 1 *vol.,* 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—One of the liveliest of Reade's novels. This is a cheap edition, in paper covers. Harper & Brothers are publishing all of Reade's works, in this style, at the low price of thirty-five cents each.

The American Joe Miller, or Punch for the Million. 1 *vol.,* 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a volume of some hundred and fifty pages, illustrated by more than a hundred wood-cuts. Cruikshank, Leech, Phiz, Doyle, and Kenny Meadows are among the designers.

The Seven Curses of London. By James Greenwood. 1 *vol.,* 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The neglected children of London, the professional thieves and beggars, the gamblers, and others of the outcast, or half-outcast population of that great city, are discussed in this volume.

False Colors. By Annie Thomas. 1 *vol.,* 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—An unusually well-written novel, by the author of "Dennis Donne," etc., etc. Cecil, the heroine, is a very fine delineation.

The Teacher, the Pupil, the School. By Nathaniel Sands, 1 *vol.,* 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A very superior little work on the philosophy of teaching. It is printed with unusual neatness and taste.

A Parser and Analyzer for Beginners. By F. A. March, 1 *vol.,* 16 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A handy little work, with diagrams and suggestive pictures, written by Professor March, of Lafayette College.

Hetty. By Henry Kingsley. 1 *vol.,* 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.* A new novel by the author of "Ravenshoe." A cheap edition.

Hospital Sketches. By Louisa M. Alcott. 1 *vol.,* 16 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—A record of real experiences, which we can heartily recommend to the reading public.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE BEST OF THE LADY'S BOOKS.—Says the Mansfield (Ohio) Herald, speaking of this periodical:—"What we have said, formerly, latterly, and at all times, we say again: it is emphatically that 'Peterson's' is the Magazine for the times." Says the Madison (Wis.) Democrat:—"When we see the immense amount of fashion cuts in 'Peterson,' we are not surprised that it is so popular with the ladies." The Tom's River (N. J.) Courier says:—"This sprightly Magazine contains the best that is found in other publications, while it is afforded at a lower price." The Charleston (Mo.) Advertiser says:—"Its literature stands in the van of magazines of its class." Says the Coburg (C. W.) Sentinel:—"The literary contributions are the best to be found in any of the magazines." The Franklin (N. Y.) Register says:—"Should be in every house in the land." The Coshocton (O.) Democrat says:—"None are so popular and useful as 'Peterson's.'" Says the Dodgeville (Wis.) Chronicle:—"The engravings in 'Peterson's' one never wearies with seeing, and the fashions are the latest and prettiest." The Cumberland (Md.) Alleghanian says:—"As an arbiter of fashion, the Magazine stands first." Says the Wilmington (Ind.) Commercial:—"'Peterson' keeps up, in quantity and quality, with its higher-priced cotemporaries." The Mt. Clement (Mich.) Press says:—"The steel engraving in the number before us is in itself worth the price of the Magazine." Says the Dexter (Mich.) Leader:—"Its fashion-plates are the most superb, and its stories the most attractive." The Hillsdale (Mich.) Democrat says:—"Always ahead of its cotemporaries, both in point of time and excellence." The Lapeer (Mich.) Clarion says:—"Up to the times, and cheaper than the cheapest." The Dayton (O.) Ledger says:—"The best and cheapest of the lady's books." Hundreds of similar unsolicited notices appear every month. If you are getting up a club for "Peterson," read some of these opinions of the press to the ladies you ask to subscribe.

CABINET ORGANS.—The Boston Journal says:—"The export business of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company is growing to be of considerable importance, their well-known Organs having the highest reputation in Europe as well as in America. In their packing-rooms, the other day, were instruments for Japan and China, as well as a large shipment (ordered by cable) for England, where the demand is rapidly increasing. These are all sent in answer to orders—no instruments being consigned by them. This Company received orders for more than two hundred Organs last week. Attempts have been made to imitate the Mason & Hamlin Organs in England and Canada, but thus far without success. In this country the patents controlled by this Company prevent imitation."

MRS. T. EDMONDSON, of Jersey City, says:—"I purchased my Wheeler & Wilson machine July 10th, 1857, and for the first six years used it constantly from morning until late in the evening on heavy cloth and Marseilles work, and the remainder of the time I have used it for family sewing, without repairs, and the machine is in so good condition that I would not exchange it for your latest number. It will wear a dozen years more without repairing. I have used one needle nearly three years, and have some of the dozen needles that I received with the machine."

THE NEWSPAPERS universally admit that this is the cheapest and best of the lady's magazines. But compare "Peterson," for yourselves, with any other of its price and kind. A specimen will be sent, gratis, to any one wishing to get up a club. Be early in the field, before others with inferior magazines.

THE CHRISTIAN SUN says:—"Young man, if you already have a Bible, buy Webster's Unabridged Dictionary next."

HOUSEKEEPER'S HINTS.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WASHING.—The linen for a Monday's wash should be collected on Saturday evening, and sorted and put to soak in cold water, according to various kinds. The body linen should be put into one tub, the bed and table linen in another, and the fine things separately. Plain collars, cuffs, and wristbands, should be strung through the button-holes on a piece of bobbin long enough to enable the articles to be easily divided for rubbing, starching, etc. By soaking dirty clothes in cold water, the stains are loosened, and the error of washing in too hot water is obviated.

All washing is better done by suds than by rubbing on soap; only the very soiled places require soap rubbing.

The best way to get good suds is to shred into an earthenware jar best yellow soap cut into very fine shavings, and to pour boiling water to the quantity required. One pound of soap is plenty for one gallon of water. Add to this quantity half a pound of best Scotch soda, and set the jar (covered) on a stove, or at the back of the kitchen range, till the soap is quite dissolved. If this be done on Saturday evening, the soap will be a smooth liquid fit to use on Monday morning.

The body linen is the first batch that requires "tubbing." If hand labor is used, every portion of the garment should be rubbed over, and afterward rinsed through clean suds. The things are then fit for the copper. The water in the copper should be cold when the clothes are put in, and should contain (if of moderately large size) about five ounces of soda and a pint and a half of soap-jelly of the above proportions. To prevent burning, the linen requires stirring about occasionally. It is also a good plan, to avoid burning, to have a piece of coarse basket-work laid at the bottom of the copper. Ten minutes after the water has come to boiling heat is long enough for the clothes to remain in the copper. They should then be taken out and thrown into the rinsing trough. The whiteness of linen depends fully as much upon good rinsing as upon hard rubbing. If it can be managed, the rinsing should be accomplished by setting the trough under a tap of running water. After rinsing, blueing is the next process. The best stone blue tied up in a bag of very stout flannel of several thicknesses is most suitable for plain linen. Only one article should be blued at a time, or, if small, as many as the washer can hold in her hand. If the clothes are allowed to drop to the bottom of the trough, the particles of blue are liable to settle in the folds of the linen and make streamy marks, very difficult to get out.

Bed and table linen do not usually require more than one tubbing with suds. If much soiled, the labor will, of course, be greater. The things should afterward be submitted to the same treatment as the body linen.

Woolens do not require soaking previous to washing. It is bad economy to wash such articles in suds used for other purposes. All flannels require special care; no soda should be used for them, nor soap rubbed on. If so, the flannels will surely turn yellow and shrink. The soap-jelly should be prepared as described, with the addition of a packet of Manby's washing crystal-powder instead of soda. Water for washing flannels should only be lukewarm, and woolens should never be rinsed in clear water, neither must they be wrung, but only squeezed from the suds.

In getting up dimity and *piques*, the failure is not generally in the washing, but in starching. A good-sized panful of starch should be used, in which three or four inches of composite or other candle has been melted whilst hot. The articles should be thoroughly squeezed from the starch and folded whilst wet between folds of old sheeting or table linen. They should then be passed beneath the rollers of a mangle, or through a wringing-machine. All lumps of starch are thus removed. Dimity requires no other finishing, except that when it is half dried on the lines it should be taken down and shaken, and pulled into the ribs formed

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in the stuff. Afterward it may be left on the lines till perfectly dry.

Piques should be ironed as lightly as possible, and the iron ought never to come into contact with the outside surface of the *piqué*. An old cambric handkerchief is the best thing to use under the iron.

The above observation applies to plain linen collars and cuffs. They need to be ironed, with a fine piece of muslin or cambric between, till dry enough to take the glaze from the iron. There is a little art also in folding plain collars to make them set well round the neck. In ironing collars the laundress should, when they are nearly finished, hold one end erect between the thumb and finger of the left hand, whilst she swiftly passes the iron backward and forward with the right till the collar seems disposed to curl. The collar should then be turned over the band in its right position, and worked by the fingers of the laundress till it may be rolled evenly round a small roller. Shirt collars should never be set aside flat. The above is the only plan to make them settle without crease round the neck.

Fine laces require nice management. The following will be found an excellent plan for getting up old point and similar lace. Cover a wine-bottle with a piece of fine flannel, which must be stitched smoothly over the bottle; then tack one edge of the lace with fine cotton round the bottle, and afterward the other edge, preserving the proper width of the lace as carefully as possible. When all the lace has been secured, cover the bottle with a fine piece of flannel, and begin to wash the lace by gently squeezing and rubbing the surface with clean suds made of soap-jelly. When the lace is thoroughly clean, rinse freely, by setting the bottle in a pan of cold water under a flowing tap. For starching, make the starch the thickness of an invalid's arrow-root; melt a small quantity of fine white wax and a little loaf-sugar in the starch. Plunge the bottle a few times into the starch, pressing the lace with the hands, and immediately afterward dip the bottle into cold water; then set the lace to dry in the sun, or keep filling the bottle with hot water till the lace is dried by evaporation; when nearly dry all through, remove the lace and put it out in some place where it will not be disturbed till perfectly dry.

Clear-starchers, having proceeded thus far, raise the pattern of the lace by rubbing ivory punches, rounded at the point, into the pattern of the lace. But many ladies will not allow their old lace to be thus treated, owing to the undue wear entailed. Besides, new lace does not wear this appearance when it leaves the pillow; and why should it be embossed afterward?

When the washing of large pieces of lace, such as shawls and mantles, is concerned, "popping" in the open air must be resorted to in order to give an appearance of lightness after starching. By popping the lace through the hands till nearly dry, all the gluey nature of the starch is removed. The lace should afterward be pinned out to dry in the shape it is required to assume. Before putting laces aside for any time, every particle of starch and soap should be rinsed out.

Muslins, if elaborately painted and of very fine quality, are fitter subjects for a dyer to clean than for a laundress to wash. Many of the colors now in vogue, frail as they may be in the hands of a washerwoman, are easily fixed by the mordants in use by dyers. No general rule can be given for washing such muslins successfully at home, each class of color requiring a different treatment. Chloride of lime is the laundress' favorite chemical. She sees no reason why it should not clean all things equally well. And so it does—removing the color as well as the dirt. Black and white mixtures, and black braid on white, require salt to be put freely in the rinsing water, and also in the starch. The things should not be removed from the salt and water till the lines are ready to receive them. Means should also be taken to keep the folds apart while drying, or they will stream in chocolate-colored stains.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Stock for Soup.—A good stock can be made with the following ingredients: Two pounds of the shin of beef, cut in slices and fried in a little butter, half a bullock's heel, the bones and trimmings of joints of meat and poultry, some onions fried a nice brown, but not burnt, a head of celery, a turnip, two carrots, a few cloves, a little mace, some whole pepper, a bunch of herbs, and six quarts of water. The stock-pot must be closely covered, and put by the side of the fire in the morning, and allowed to simmer until the evening, taking off all scum or fat which may rise to the surface. When thoroughly boiled, it should be passed through a colander, and then strained through a hair-sieve, when it will be fit for use, and will supply excellent soup to a family for three or four days. By sending it up with vermicelli one day, and macaroni another, with which grated cheese should be served, a change may be made. Spinach soup will also make a nice variety, and can be prepared as follows: The spinach must be boiled with a little salt, having been previously thoroughly well picked and washed in several waters; it should then be pressed through a sieve, and a small portion having been pounded in a mortar, and tied up in a muslin bag, should be squeezed into the tureen to give a good color to the soup. The spinach, after being passed through the sieve, must be put into the quantity of stock required, and boiled up just before turning it into the tureen for serving up. Another receipt, in which no meat-stock is required, and which is very economical: Peel and slice six large onions, six potatoes, three carrots, and four turnips, fry them in half a pound of butter, and pour on them four quarts of boiling water; toast a crust of bread as brown and hard as possible, not to burn it, and put it in; and also some celery, sweet herbs, white pepper, and salt. Let all these stew gently together for four hours, then strain it through a coarse cloth; have ready some carrot, celery, and turnip thinly sliced, add these to your liking, and stew them until tender in the soup. If approved, an anchovy and a spoonful of catchup may be added.

Coloring for Soups.—As soups often require coloring, you should prepare "browning" for that purpose as follows:—Take a couple of onions and bake them; remove the outer skin and put them into your soup; it will brown and give it a good flavor. The shells of green peas, dried in the oven brown, but not black, equally well answer to brown soup, and will keep the whole winter in a bag if hung up in a dry place. It will be found much better to use either of the above to brown soup in place of the caramel or brown sugar used by many cooks, for if too much is added it gives a sweet taste to the soup. These are apparently trifles, but most necessary to attend to.

Scotch Broth.—Set on the fire four ounces of pearl-barley, with three Scotch pints (or six quarts) of salt water; when it boils skim it, and add what quantity of salt beef or fresh brisket you choose, and a marrow-bone or a fowl, with two pounds of either lean beef or mutton, and a good quantity of leeks, cabbages, or savoys; or you may use turnips, onions, and grated carrots. Keep it boiling for at least four or five hours; but if a fowl be used, let it not be put in till just time enough to bring it to table when well done, for it must be served up separately.

Economical Veal Soup.—Boil a bit of veal that will make a fricassee, pie, or hash; when tender, take out the meat, and slip out the bones: put them back in the kettle, and boil gently two hours; then strain the liquor, and let it remain until the next day; when wanted, take off the fat, put the soup into a clean pot, add pepper, salt, an onion, half a teacupful of rice, a tablespoonful of flour mixed in water, dry bread, and potatoes.

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Monaco Soup.—Ingredients: Bread, sugar, salt, milk or cream, the yolk of egg. Cut some slices of bread, all of the same size and shape, if possible. Sprinkle them thickly with powdered sugar, and grill them until they are a slight brown. Put them in a soup-tureen with a little salt. Pour some boiling milk (or boiling cream) over them; the yolks of several eggs may be mixed with the milk. This soup is very good for invalids and young children.

FISH.

To Broil Fish.—When fish is broiled, the bars of the grid-iron should be rubbed over with a little butter. Then place your fish, skin side down, and do not turn it till nearly done through. Save all your butter till the fish is dished. In this way you save the juices of the fish too. Fish should be broiled slowly. When served, fish should not be laid over each other, if it can be avoided. The top ones will be made tender and moist by the steam, and will break to pieces.

Browned Cod's-Head.—Cod's-head, butter, flour, bread-crumbs. Boil the head, and take it up: take off the skin; set it before a brisk fire; dredge it with flour, and baste it with butter. When it begins to froth, sprinkle fine bread-crumbs over it, and continue basting it until it is well frothed, and of a fine brown, and serve it. Garnish with slices of lemon, and sauce to taste.

Crimped Cod is cut into slices, put into boiling water with salt, boiled very slowly for a quarter of an hour, served up, garnished with the boiled liver and parsley, and accompanied with oyster-sauce.

Fried Cod is not sufficiently used in this country. Slices two inches thick, done with eggs and crumbs, and fried a light brown, in plenty of fat, are delicious. We know of no fried fish more delicate.

Fish-Sauce.—Take half a pint of milk and cream together, two eggs, well beaten, salt, a little pepper, and the juice of half a lemon: put it over the fire, and stir it constantly until it begins to thicken.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Spiced Beef.—Procure a piece of thin flank of beef, about ten pounds in weight, which salt for about a week. When ready, split it open with a knife, and lay it out flat upon a dresser, having previously prepared six onions, chopped very fine, with about ten sprigs of parsley, and the leaves of ten sprigs of thyme, the same of marjoram, two ounces of mixed spice, (without cinnamon,) and half an ounce of black pepper. Mix all together, spread half upon the beef as it lies before you, then fold it over to its original shape, lay on the remainder of the preparation, roll it up tightly in a cloth, and boil. When done, take it up, remove the string, tie the cloth at each end, and put it upon a dish, with another dish over, upon which place a half hundredweight, leaving it until quite cold; then take the meat from the cloth, trim and glaze it lightly, and serve garnished with a few sprigs of fresh parsley.

Fowl-Cutlets.—Ingredients: One fowl, one egg, pinch of pepper and salt, tablespoonful of gravy. Mode: Cut up a fowl and bone it, form the legs, wings, breast, and merry-thought into six cutlets, flattening and giving them a good shape; take the meat from the remainder of the fowl and the liver, pound it in a mortar, with pepper, salt, and a spoonful of gravy, brush the cutlet over with an egg, spread the forcemeat over them, egg again, and cover with fried bread-crumbs, and fry them a light brown color; serve with lemon round, and gravy in a separate dish.

A Homely Mode of Warming Cold Meat.—Fry some slices of onion in butter, and when they begin to take color put in your slices of meat, pepper, salt, and a sprinkling of flour; keep on frying till the onions are thoroughly done and the meat warmed, then add a small quantity of stock, broth, or water, with a small quantity of vinegar, and serve. Minced parsley may be added to the above dish with advantage.

Fritadellas.—Put half a pound of crumb of bread to soak in a pint of cold water, half a pound of any kind of meat, roast or boiled, (or of fish,) with a little fat, chop it up like sausage-meat, then put the bread in a clean cloth, press it to extract all the water. Put into a stew-pan two ounces of butter, fry for two minutes, then add the bread, stir with a wooden spoon till rather dry, then add the meat, season well, stir till very hot, add two eggs, one at a time, well mix together, and pour on a dish to get cold; when cold, roll with the hand to the shape of a small egg, egg and bread-crumb, and fry in a quarter of a pound of lard or dripping, and fry a yellow color; serve very hot, either plainly or on mashed potatoes, or with sauce *piquante*.

Crumb-Pie.—Mince any cold meat very finely, season it to taste, and put it into a pie-dish; have some finely-grated bread-crumbs, with a little salt, pepper and nutmeg, and pour into the dish any nice gravy that may be at hand; then cover it over with a thick layer of the bread-crumbs, and put small pieces of butter over the top. Place it in the oven till quite hot; and should the bread-crumbs not be sufficiently brown, hold a salamander over them.

Roman Pie.—Boil a rabbit; cut all the meat as thin as possible. Boil two ounces of macaroni very tender; two ounces of Parmesan or common cheese, grated; a little onion, chopped fine; pepper and salt to taste; not quite half a pint of cream. Line a mould, sprinkled with vermicelli, with a good paste. Bake an hour, and serve it with or without brown sauce. Cold chicken or cold game may be used for this pie instead of a rabbit.

Sauce for Wild Duck.—A teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of essence of anchovies, a pinch of Cayenne pepper, a tablespoonful of good mushroom catchup, and a glass of ordinary claret. Mix the mustard and anchovy essence thoroughly in a sauce-pan, add the Cayenne, then the catchup, a few drops at a time, the claret last; warm up, and pour very hot over the duck, having previously sliced the breast.

SANITARY.

Beef-Tea for Infants.—Take one pound of the shin or any fleshy part of the beef, free it from fat, and mince it as fine as possible when raw. Place it in a strong earthenware jar, with a pint and a half a soft water, or water that has been boiled. Tie a paper over the top of the jar, and let the beef cook gently in the oven two to four hours. Of course, the strength will be in proportion to the time the beef cooks. Pour the beef-tea away from the shreds, but do not strain. No flavoring or vegetables should be used for infants. A small quantity of salt may be given. One pound of meat ought to make tea for from four to six meals, according to age. It is well sometimes to alternate with mutton or chicken-tea made in the same way. These meat extracts can always be produced rapidly by using less water, and stirring on the fire for half an hour. "Mater" is advised to superintend the making of the beef-tea, and the cleanliness of the jar herself occasionally.

Remedy for Diarrhea.—Take one teaspoonful of salt, the same of good vinegar, and a tablespoonful of water; mix and drink. It acts like a charm on the system, and even one dose will generally cure obstinate cases of diarrhea, or the first stages of cholera. If the first does not bring complete relief, repeat the dose, as it is quite harmless. The patient should keep perfectly quiet, a reclining posture being the best. In severe cases, soak the feet thoroughly in very warm water, chafing them well. Flannel, wet with pretty warm vinegar and salt, (especially in warm weather,) and placed around the loins, wrapping warm flannel over it, is an excellent aid to recovery. Any and everybody can apply these remedies without a physician, running no risk, and will be astonished at the beneficial result. They should be universally known.

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Egg-Nog Good for Consumptives.—One egg broken into two saucers; into the yolk beat light four teaspoonfuls of sugar; then add two tablespoonfuls of the best Bourbon whisky or brandy, beating all the while; then add the white of the egg beaten to a stiff froth. This will fill a tumbler, and is superior to that made with cream.

A Strengthening Drink.—Beat the yolk of a fresh egg with a little sugar, add a very little brandy, beat the white to a strong froth, and stir into the yolk; fill it up with milk, and grate in a little nutmeg.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED CREPE OVER LAVENDER-COLORED SILK.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with three flounces of crepe, headed by a puffing of the same; the upper-skirt of crepe, is puffed lengthwise, and trimmed with black lace and rosettes of crepe. The waist is cut very low, and very much in a point, both front and back, and is trimmed with black lace. Under-body and sleeves of white muslin and lace.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN OVER CHERRY-COLORED SILK.—The bottom of the skirt is bound with a band of cherry-colored satin. The low waist is cut in battlements, and bound with cherry satin; this body is closely attached to the tucker of fine embroidery, which makes it fit closely to the neck. Sash, with wide ends, of cherry-colored satin.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF GREEN AND BLUE PLAID POPLIN.—The bottom of the skirt is scalloped, as well as the deep flounce. Coat of black velvet, trimmed with lace; it is open just below the waist, but is gathered up in the back, and trimmed with two very large bows of black silk.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK CRIMSON CASHMERE.—The skirt is plain; the basque is also plain, and like the skirt, is trimmed with a band of fur.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF OLIVE-COLORED CLOTH.—The very deep basque is looped up short at the sides, and that, as well as the skirt, is trimmed with five rows of military braid and bands of chinchilla. Diadem hat of black velvet, trimmed with crimson velvet.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN.—The under-skirt is plain, with a pointed trimming of black velvet; the waist and sleeves are also plain. The upper-dress is short in front and looped up very much at the back, where it is confined by a large rosette of black velvet. The wide falls at the side, which cover the sleeves, are trimmed like the skirt, to correspond with the under-dress.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF CASHMERE OF A BROWNISH-YELLOW TINT.—The under-dress is trimmed with a deep ruffle, which is ornamented by a wide band of dark-brown velvet. The upper-skirt is also trimmed with a narrow ruffle, headed by a puffing, and ornamented with brown velvet; it is looped up at the back by two deep puffs of cashmere and three sash-ends of brown velvet trimmed with fringe. A small, square apron front, and brown velvet belt and bow.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give in our wood-cuts a black spotted net Watteau, confined at the waist by a cherry-colored band, and ornamented down the back by three butterfly bows of cherry-colored ribbon. A large bow and ends loop up the skirt at the back.

We also give a basque of black cloth trimmed with fringe. It has three deep capes looped up in the back by a bow of black silk, and the lower cape and ends of the bow are edged with fringe, like the basque.

In addition to these we give white bodies, capes, a new style collar, cut quite low and pointed in the neck; a small pelerine of pink satin, quilted and edged with swan's-down, to throw over the neck if a draught is to be avoided, and the dress long; some new and pretty bonnets, and the latest styles of dressing the hair. The long braids, looped up at the sides, is the very newest style of dressing the hair: the crimped fall of hair is for a young girl, it is put on the head with an elastic, which is covered by tying a ribbon over it, the hair is allowed to float loose.

LARGE orders are said to have been lately given by the principal houses in Paris to the great manufacturers of Lyons for highly-wrought silk goods, brocades, satin damasks, and even *brocatelles*, for dresses, of Oriental patterns, and for cloths of gold and silver, for state occasions. All this, however, does not decide anything as to the style of making dresses, but it is an indication from high quarters, which should be attended to in the preparation of the new fashions, which are already occupying the attention of those most concerned in them. It is probable that this change in taste for materials will introduce important alterations in the shape of dresses, and that the Watteau style will ere long almost disappear. Many *artistes* are even now employed in copying the best pictures of Largilliere and Mme. Lebrun, in order to furnish models for the dress-making houses who give the *ton* to fashion.

In the meantime, the toilets are mostly of simple materials; but if the gold and silver-worked tissues, and rich silken stuffs are employed, there must necessarily be a change, and a very great one, in the style of making dresses, and in the fall of the drapery. Flounces are universal, and for the under-skirt of a short dress they are usually twelve inches deep; fringes are also prevalent. Puffs are, perhaps, a trifle less voluminous than formerly; still, there is no evidence of any inclination to relinquish them, as the natural contour of the female figure, in these degenerate days, is evidently not to the taste of Parisian modistes. But too great profusion of puffings, quillings, or plaitings, should be avoided; and the lady of taste will be careful to select such, and such only, as shall unite grace with simplicity. It is the combination of the pretty and simple of the more elaborate and rich garnitures that secures the right to the title of real elegance. The large *paniers* at the back are very ungraceful. One can get over the difficulty, though still remaining in the fashion, by wearing upon a single skirt a very wide sash, with a large bow with loops. This is elegant, and shows off a small waist. In all cases it must be well understood that the dress must be fully gathered at the back. We are very fond of the fullness and the flowing draperies of modern fashions: what we do not like is that thick, short puff, the too frequent appendage of the toilets of the day.

Light water-proof cloths in shot colors, such as violet and black, or brown and gold, are much in demand. Costumes in this material should be quite plain, with a simple hem at the bottom of the skirt, which is short, and raised behind. Paletot sacque, with revers of taffetas, and plaited sash of taffetas, or the material of the dress. A small crinoline, of the same material as the dress, will be found very serviceable to put on in wet weather, as it serves to sustain the skirt, and preserve the ankles from the damp. This costume is completed by a small brown or black straw hat, trimmed with a velvet of the same color, and long gauze veil. Water-proof boots, sewn with thread of the color of the dress.

TRAVELING-DRESSES are still made of Scotch plaid, serge, Chinese cloth, or drab beige. The skirts are often made of a deeper shade than the rest of the costume, and trimmed with fringe.

WHITE SILK, trimmed with maroon-colored or rich brown velvet bows, is very beautiful. A deep flounce around the bottom of the dress studded with these, as well as the paniers looped up with the same, makes a very effective trimming. Blue, pink, or green silk, can be trimmed with black velvet in the same manner. A new shade of green called the "peach," and a shade of red, like the wild plum, are the two newest colors.

ALL MANTLES, be they mantelets or casaques, are worn this year with waistbands. For casaques this is easy to imagine.

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For mantelets, whether they be round or square, they are fastened in the middle of the back to a round waistband, placed underneath, and at the place where they are fastened, one places on the outside a large bunch of loops, either of ribbon, or of the same material as the mantle. Young ladies pass the lappets of their mantelet under the sash in front, and elderly ladies let them fall loose.

For Circulars, one also fastens the waistband at the back, as we have just explained for the mantles, but on the outside, then one makes a slit quite close to the arm, on each side, one passes the waistband through it so as to make it come underneath, then one cuts fresh slits a little in front of the arms, one passes the band through it again, and fastens it in front; that part of the mantle which is not fastened down under the waistband on each side, simulates wide flowing sleeves; one may also omit the last slits and leave the front part of the circular to fall loose.

Besides the tight-fitting paletot and the mantelet, some mantles are made very full and ample. The most elegant model of this style is the Metternich, a large circular fitted at the back with a waistband; this waistband, placed upon the mantle, is passed on either side through a slit at the back of the arms, then again passed through other slits in front of the arms, and fastened in front upon the circular. A large bow, with loops and fringed ends, is placed at the waist, in the middle of the back. The sides of the circular, which are not fastened down by the waistband, form ample flowing sleeves. This model is very graceful; we have seen it in handsome *faille*, trimmed with a ruche of the same material unraveled round the edge to form a narrow fringe, and a rich fringe of knotted silk round the bottom.

These fringes, unraveled from the material, are extremely fashionable at present; they are the latest novelty in the way of trimming. Knotted fringes are likewise in great favor for silk mantles.

As for fancy cloaks for the country, they are uniformly white this fall. Red has had its day; it is no longer considered *distingue;* it is white, trimmed with black, which quite predominates for jackets, circulars, and other models for demi-toilet.

Small *vareuses* of white cloth or cashmere, entirely braided with black, or, better still, embroidered with black silk, are useful and comfortable to complete a somewhat too light toilet, of an evening, when the breeze freshens.

The Fanchon Bonnet is almost out of date; that is, the *fanchon* proper, for the back of bonnets retain the old shape; but all have diadem fronts, with a good deal of trimming just over the forehead, raised very high.

Fancy Jewelry is now worn more than the more elegant and more expensive styles. Necklaces, consisting of three rows of agate, (striped like a ribbon,) of lapis, of malachite, of rock crystal, and of white cornelian, are all in high favor. Enameled ornaments are also vastly popular; these represent butterflies and flowers, and are exceedingly pretty. Enamels of bright colors, reminding you of Byzantine ornaments, by reason of their excessive brilliancy, are likewise very fashionable. Lockets are worn larger than ever; those made of filigree gold, of enamel, and of crystal, with the initials in the center, are very fashionable. The most appropriate fans for morning and afternoon use are those made of buff cambric, or plain *gros grain* to match the dress, mounted in mother-of-pearl.

A Very Useful Item in Dress, which, though not altogether novel, has been by no means very generally adopted hitherto, is a kind of very shallow habit-shirt, perhaps four inches deep, on which collars and ruffs are now made; they do not fill up the dress in the way the old shape used to do, and yet they serve to keep the collar in its place, without tacking it to the dress. Linen collars and cuffs are gradually giving place to the ruffles, or, at all events, to frills of lace, which are tacked on to the sleeve of the dress. A very pretty set we saw was made of plaits of linen, not quite half an inch wide, between each of which was a strip of lace insertion, the same width, the whole edged with Valenciennes lace; they can be easily made, and are most effective.

Boots have, in a great measure, given place to very high shoes, with tall, tapering heels, of course, and large rosettes of black or colored ribbon, pierced in the center with bright gilt, or steel buckles, or some brooch-shaped ornament. Attempts are being made to introduce shoes with sandals, entwined with endless complications half way up the leg, somewhat after the fashion that obtained at the epoch of the French Directory, when, however, stockings were dispensed with, and the naked flesh was displayed.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Dress for a Little Boy.—The jacket and trousers are of the Knickerbocker style, and are of dark-gray cloth; gray felt hat.

Fig. II.—Dress of Dark-Blue Poplin, for a Girl of Fourteen.—The under-skirt is of blue poplin, with a deep ruffle; the upper-skirt is made with a Watteau falling from the shoulder, and is of the same material and color as the under-skirt, and is trimmed with a narrow ruffle; the body of the skirt has a square yoke. Gray felt hat, trimmed with blue flowers.

Fig. III.—Dress for a Young Girl.—The under-dress is of brown and white striped worsted, and is made plain; the upper-dress is of brown cashmere, gathered up at the gores with brown gimp, and is made with a low, peasant waist. Brown straw hat, with a small, white aigrette.

Fig. IV.—A Young Girl's Dress of Gray Merino.—The dress, as well as the upper-skirt, is trimmed with gray plaid silk, cut bias. Gray hat, with bright flowers.

Fig. V.—A White Alpaca Dress for a Young Girl.—The under and upper-skirts are trimmed with ruffles of alpaca, headed by a quilling of golden brown silk. There is a large bow at the back of the silk without ends. Bretelles on the body to correspond with the trimming on the skirt. White hat, with brown gauze veil.

Fig. VI.—Suit of Gray Cashmere for a Little Boy.—The trousers are made very short and loose; the jacket is rather full, and belted in at the waist. Both jacket and trousers are trimmed with black braid.

Fig. VII.—Dress of Dark-Blue and White Striped Poplin, for a Young Lady.—The upper-skirt is of blue silk, trimmed with broad, white guipure lace and deep blue fringe. The body, sleeves, and sash, are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. The hair is arranged in the very latest style, having long braids.

Fig. VIII.—A Little Girl's Dress of White Pique, trimmed with heavy English embroidery, and a deep ruffle at the bottom. Mauve silk sash; the long hair is crimped and let fall loose, and confined behind with a black velvet bow.

General Remarks.—We also give several other styles of dresses for children; first, then, is a dress of blue poplin, made with a tunic cut in points, edged with ruffles of blue silk, and confined by blue bows. The cape is cut up in the back. There is also a coat of gray cloth, fastening diagonally, and trimmed with black velvet and pearl buttons. Then a walking-dress of buff-colored mohair, trimmed with two gathered flounces round the bottom of the skirt. Metternich mantle of the same material, edged with a flounce to match.

Also a dress of brown holland. The under-skirt is trimmed with a flounce of brown and white striped linen. Upper-skirt forming an apron in front and panier behind. Bodice with braces, crossed in front and fastened on each side, appear to loop up the second skirt, which is edged, like the braces, with a striped pleated flounce.

And a hat of white felt, trimmed with a pleating of silk divided by black velvet, and a tuft of feathers in front.

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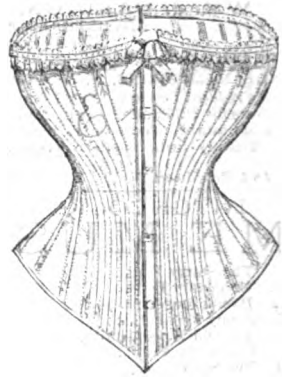

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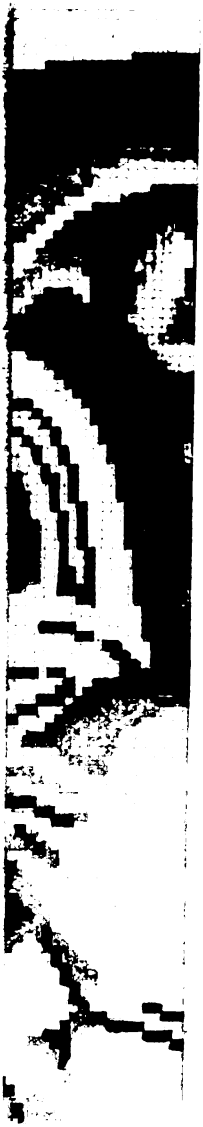

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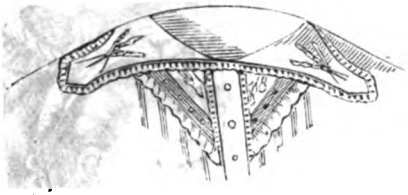

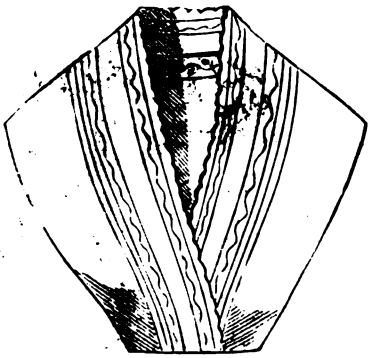

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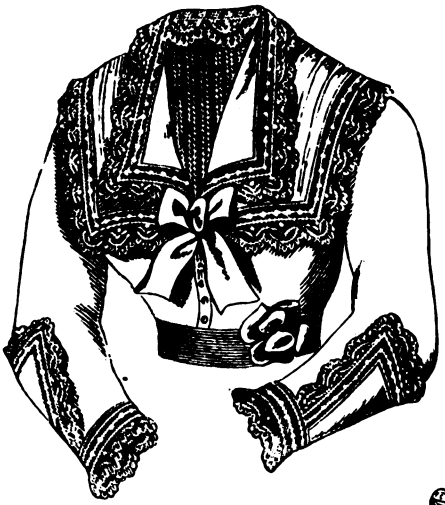

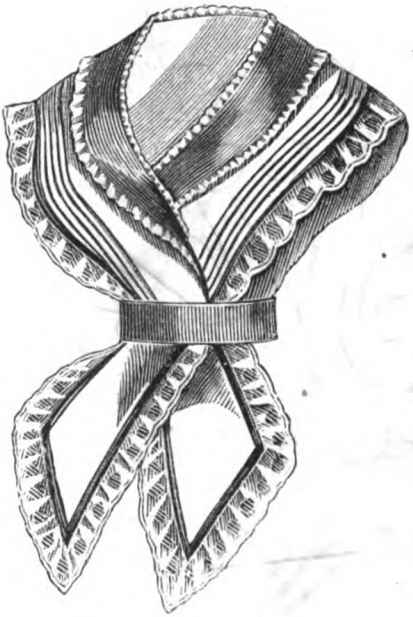

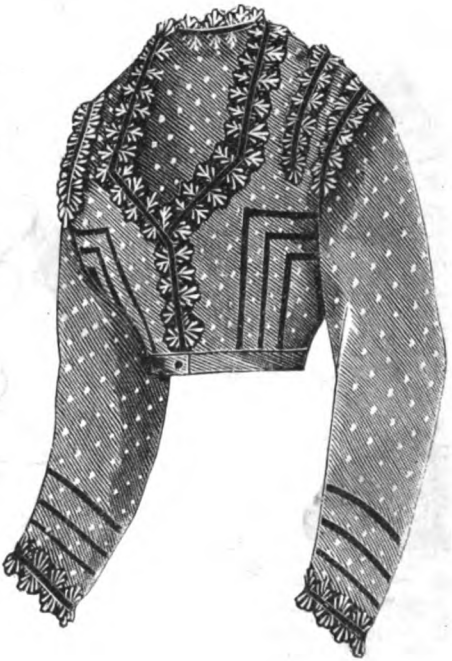

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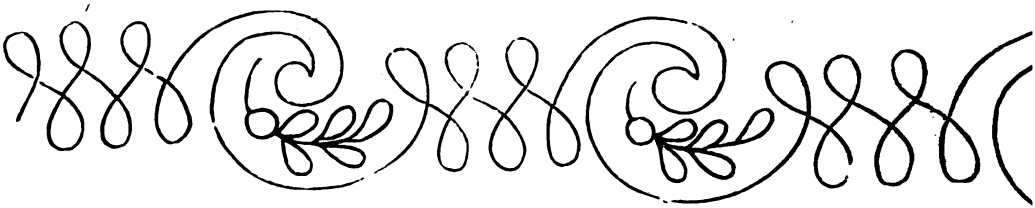

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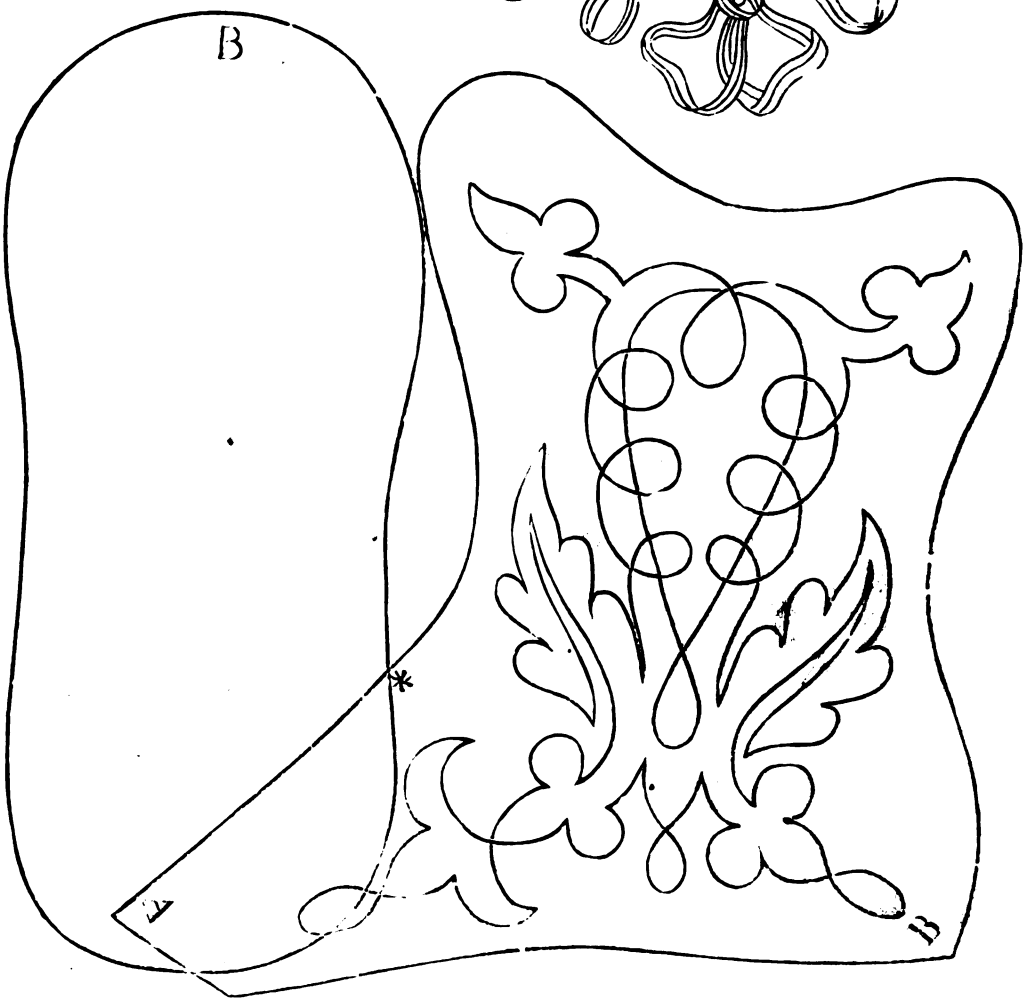

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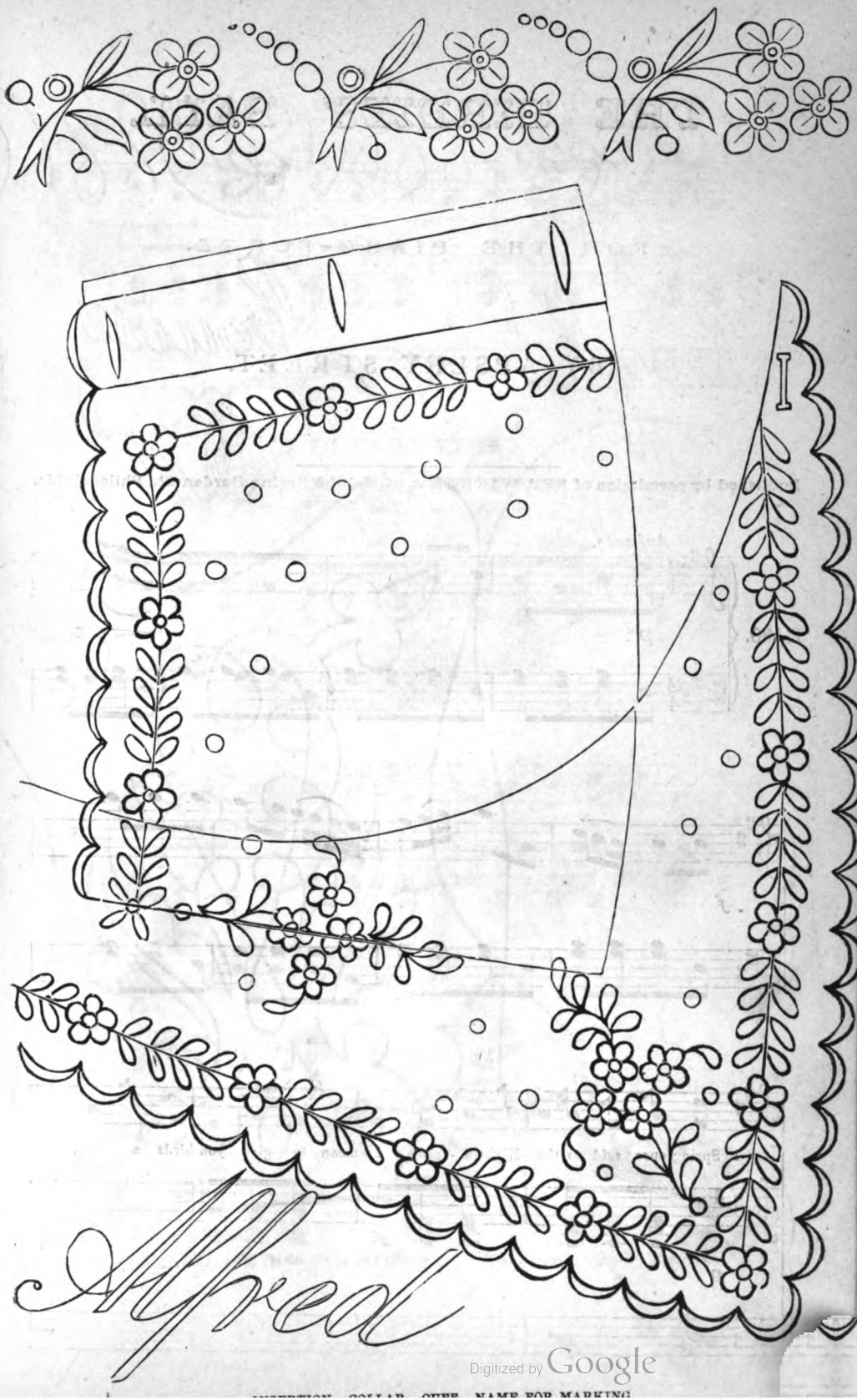

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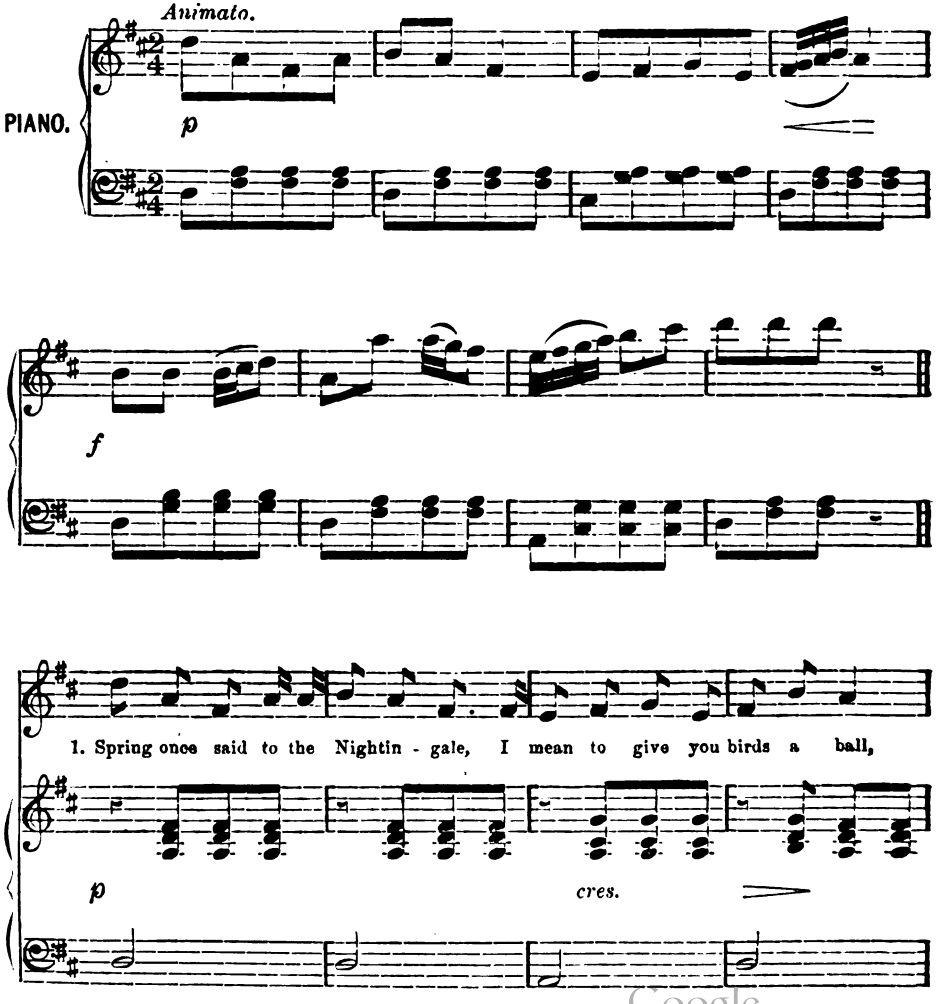

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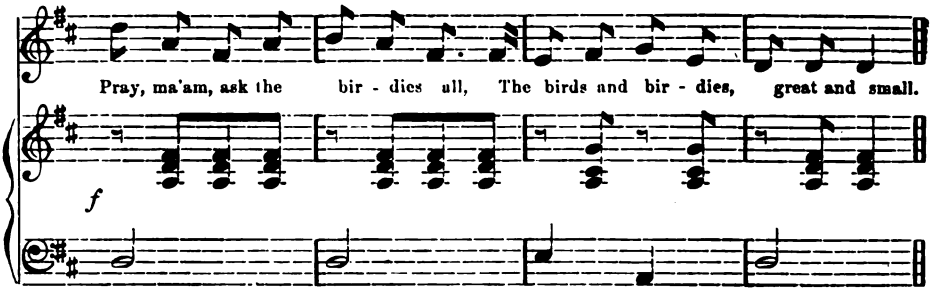

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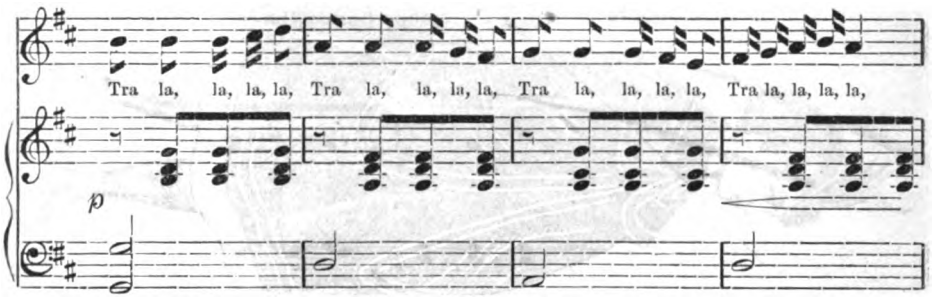

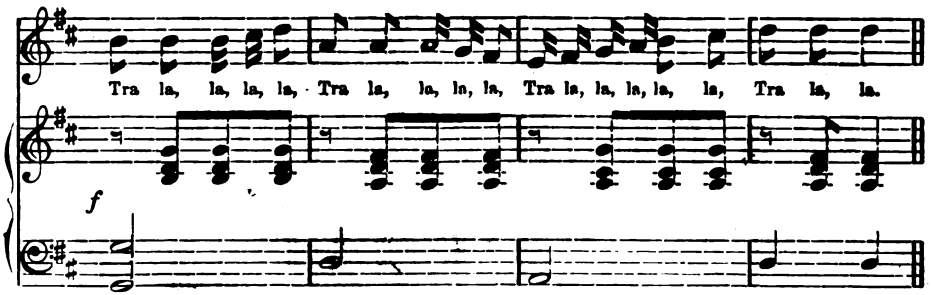

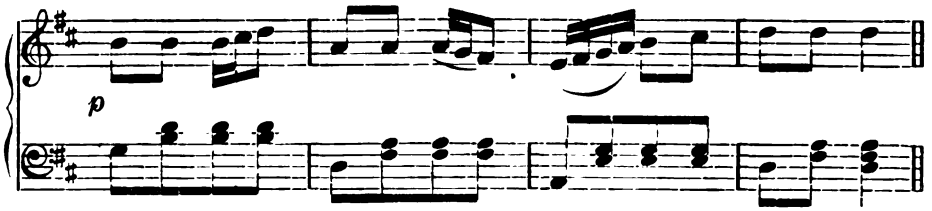

2 Soon they came, from bush and tree,
Singing sweet their songs of glee,
Each one fresh from its cosy nest;
Each one dress'd in its Sunday best.

3 The Wren and Cuckoo danced for life,
The Raven waltz'd with the Yellow-bird's wife;
The awkward Owl and the bashful Jay
Wish'd each other a very good day.

4 A Woodpecker came from his hole in the tree,
And brought his bill to the company
For the cherries ripe and the berries red;
'Twas a very long bill, so the birdies said.

5 They danced all day till the sun was low;
Till the mother-birds prepared to go,
When one and all, both great and small,
Flew home to their nests from the Birdies' ball.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVI. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1869. No. 6.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE OLD YEAR. 1870.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

IT was the last night of the old year, but Shafton Castle was no longer, as in happier days, blazing with light and ringing with merriment, for the heir to all this state and wealth was absent, and had been absent for years, and no one knew whether he was alive or dead.

Two women stood within a lofty, uncasemented Gothic window, in that part of the castle which had been in ruins since the civil wars, and which overlooked the ancient church and its grave-yard. One was young and beautiful, but with a certain sadness in her face, as if she had already experienced sorrow, and had almost bidden farewell to hope. The other was middle-aged, but appeared older even than her years; she often coughed, and with a deep, hollow cough, as if seriously ill.

"Oh! if we could only hear from Percy," the latter said. "If we even knew that he was alive—that we might hope to see him sometime——"

"God's will be done," murmured the other, in a low voice, full of suppressed emotion. Then, as the gale whirled the snow in at the window, from the great fir-tree in front, she added, wrapping her companion's cloak tighter about the feeble figure, "but do come in, dear Lady Shafton. Indeed, indeed, you are not fit to be here."

A hale, hearty man was hardly fit to be there. It had been snowing fiercely all day, but had now cleared off, and the wind was rising fast, getting keener and wilder every minute. The old oak, that, leafless as it was, half hid the ancient church-tower from sight, writhed in the gale, with a moan like some lost spirit in torment. The moon waded heavily through the driving clouds. At times, the wind would come in such puffs, as it whirled around the corner of the castle, as almost to take the two women from their feet. At times, as when the younger woman spoke now, gusts of snow were driven in upon them.

"I cannot—I cannot," said the elder lady. "What? Have light and warmth when my poor Percy lies cold and still, like the dead there below?"

To understand our story we must go back for more than three years, to a morning in March, when the whole household, at the castle, was in commotion. The great Shafton topaz, a gem said to have been brought from the far East, when the Shaftons were Crusaders, and which had been worn as a talisman by every Shafton since, had suddenly disappeared. "Who had stolen it?" was the question each asked of the other with blanched face, and to which no one could reply. At last Lady Alice Stanhope sought Lady Shafton's chamber.

"Have you had no suspicions yet?" she said.

Lady Shafton looked up and answered, "No. Percy has just been here, and says that he has no clue to its loss whatever. When his dear father died it was put away, as is the custom, for Percy's majority; but yesterday, when you made a point of his going to the ball with you, and asked him, as a favor, to wear the ring, he desired me to have it ready for him. So I took it out of my jewel-casket and laid it on the toilet-table ready for him. When he came for it, it was gone, as you know. There was no time to search for it then; but to-day every nook and corner of the castle has been examined."

"Was no one in your room?"

"No one. That is, no one except Elsie."

"Ah! Elsie."

There was not much in the words, but the tone made Lady Shafton look earnestly at her companion. Lady Alice had a high-bred figure and face, with golden hair, and blue eyes, and many persons thought her a beauty. But others said she was cold and haughty, and that cruelty lurked in her steely eyes. This morning those eyes wore their hardest and most relentless look.

"What do you mean?" said Lady Shafton.

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"Elsie guilty of taking the ring? Impossible! Why, I have known her from a child—I have trusted her in everything—she loves me as a daughter——"

"Too much as a daughter," was the answer, with a sneer. "Are your eyes still blind, my dear Lady Shafton? Elsie Leigh aspires to be your successor."

"You do not mean—it cannot be! Why, it has always been understood that you were to marry Percy yourself—the estates join, you know——" stammered the bewildered mother.

"That I was to be the future Countess of Shafton was well understood," answered the younger lady, coolly playing with the tassel of her morning-dress. "But, only yesterday, I surprised my young lord and your poor cousin and companion," the contemptuous tone of these last words is indescribable, "in the garden, billing and cooing like a milk-maid and her swain. I was behind one of the big box-trees, and came on them by accident, nor could I escape without betraying myself, so I was forced to hear, and even see a little. Well, to be short, he was pressing her to accept a ring, and promising that no other one should ever be his wife. He told her that he had to go away to-day, on his travels, but that when he was of age he would come back, and marry her in defiance of everybody: I suppose he meant you and me, and the will of his father, the late earl."

Lady Shafton sprung to her feet, white with rage. She was a passionate woman, intensely proud of her son's lineage.

"The upstart—the viper," she cried. "I will order her, this very minute, to leave the house. How does she dare, the daughter of a common clergyman, even though a cousin of our house—"

She broke down, choked by rage. The Lady Alice laid her hand on the elder woman's arm.

"A moment, my dear Lady Shafton. Let us avoid scandal, at least such as may affect your noble house. This girl, this Elsie, must be dismissed, but not on such a plea. Turn her off, but do it for stealing the topaz."

"The topaz?"

"Yes! Don't you see? She was the only person in the room beside yourself. If she is base enough to entrap your son, she is base enough for the other. She knows the legend of the ring; that the title and wealth always go with its possessor, and that, if the ring is lost, so will they be; and she probably thinks, the silly fool, that by taking the ring she will secure Percy and become Countess of Shafton. To me it is perfectly clear. But say not a word of the scene yesterday. Let no one suspect that Percy has fallen a victim to her wiles. Have her in and charge her with the theft; and then turn her off before all the servants. Percy is away and cannot interfere, and in a few months he will forget her."

It is astonishing what power a cold, crafty person, like Lady Alice, has over passionate natures like Lady Shafton. The latter was a mere tool in the hands of the younger woman.

But Elsie, when summoned, made a brave fight for her good name. She came in, fresh and buoyant, in all the splendor of her sweet beauty, and though her cheek paled, at first, at the accusation, she soon rallied.

"Steal the topaz!" she exclaimed. "Lady Shafton, you cannot think it. You know you took the ring out of its box, and laid it on the toilet-table yourself. You held it up for me to see, and I came and looked on it; but I did not touch it: I never have touched it in my life."

But all her protestations were useless. In vain she pointed out that the toilet-table stood by the window, and that the casement was open, because the day had been warm.

"Some one may have entered by that way," she said. But Lady Shafton answered that the window was thirty feet from the ground, and that no tree stood near, by which a thief might have climbed up. In short, even those who were Elsie's friends, and her sweet ways had made many in that household, were forced to admit that the case against her looked black enough. As for Lady Shafton, she had no doubts. So a carriage was ordered out, and Elsie was driven to the nearest station, penniless and disgraced.

Percy came up from London, the next day, on a last visit to the castle. He found a blotted, hurried note from Elsie, returning the few little gifts he had made to her, and saying that she had gone away and would never see him again. A stormy interview followed between him and his mother. Lady Shafton said, truly, that she did not know where Elsie had gone. "The girl bought her ticket for London," she told her son, "and said to the groom she would go from that place to her real destination. She knows she is guilty, and means to hide her shame."

"Mother," said Percy, "I will not, even from you, hear such words about Elsie. God will yet make her innocence clear. But never, so long as you and I live, will I put foot on this threshold again, till you have acknowledged to Elsie that you wronged her." And with these words he rushed away, leaving Lady Shafton in a swoon.

He rushed away, and hurried to London, determined to discover Elsie's retreat. But his

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efforts were in vain. After months of painful suspense, he gave up the search in despair, and went abroad; and the next heard of him was that he was serving in the India mutiny, and had been last seen at the siege of Delhi. Then he was missed, and it was believed he was dead.

Meantime, at Shafton Castle, there was grief and mourning. Lady Shafton still believed in Elsie's guilt, but she mourned her son's desertion, and she would not be comforted. The Lady Alice had returned home. The mischief worked by her had been greater than she intended; but she did not regret it: the accusation had not been hatched merely for revenge; it was one she firmly believed to be true; and so, indeed, did everybody, until more than two years after Percy's disappearance.

It was while the Lady Alice was on a visit to Shafton Castle, that she was sitting with Lady Shafton in the western porch, one summer day. They were not far from the oriel-window, which looked out from the dressing-room of the mistress of the castle. A thunder-storm had come up suddenly, and the ladies, somewhat alarmed by the rapid peals, had risen to go in, when a bolt struck right in front of them, blasting and splitting a giant oak on the lawn. The vast fabric fell directly toward them, and as it fell, a raven's nest, that had stood for years in its topmost branches, was shot forward almost to their feet. The startled rooks flew off in every direction. But Lady Shafton, who had, at first, sprung back in wild terror, suddenly darted forward, for there, rolling toward her, over the hard road below, was the lost topaz ring.

"Oh! my son, my son!" she cried. "Oh, Elsie! See, Lady Alice, we were both mistaken. The rooks must have carried it off through my open window. God forgive you and me!"

From that day, the search for Elsie was renewed, and went on simultaneously with inquiries for Percy. At last, Elsie's hiding-place was discovered, and thither Lady Shafton went herself by the next train. The poor child was living, as a nursery governess, in a remote corner of Cornwall, and little expected to see Lady Shafton, when called so unexpectedly from her young charges. The sincere repentance, but more than all the failing health and hopeless grief of her old mistress, moved Elsie to such a degree, that she could not refuse to accompany Lady Shafton home. In that burst of passionate grief, as she fell on the mother's heart, all was forgotten and forgiven. From that day the two had never been parted, but lived together as mother and daughter. "If ever Percy comes back," Lady Shafton would say, as she leaned, weeping, on Elsie's shoulders, "you will be my daughter, in name, as well as in reality. Oh! to think you have forgiven me."

Lady Alice was no longer seen at Shafton Castle. She was still unmarried, and probably would always remain so. Though compelled to admit that Elsie was innocent, she nevertheless hated her rival as only such natures can hate. Lady Shafton had no desire to see Lady Alice. She traced her son's absence, now that she knew all, to Lady Alice's interposition; and the proud heiress had become as distasteful to her as Elsie had been before.

Meantime no word came from Percy. Letters had been written by his mother to every possible point where he could be looked for, and agents were dispatched to India to search for information; but all to no purpose. A year had nearly passed since Elsie had returned to Shafton Castle. The broken-hearted mother, accusing herself of her boy's death, was going slowly, but surely, down to the grave. Elsie, herself, had given up all hope, but, with the unselfishness of her nature, thought only of Lady Shafton's sorrow. To-night, the last of the old year, the poor mother was utterly prostrated. In vain Elsie sought to distract her grief. Lady Shafton went from room to room, wringing her hands, and talking of the boyhood of Percy, and especially of the Christmas and New-Year's festivities, which had always been kept up in his honor. "Never, never again shall I see him!" she cried, weeping. At last, she could not contain herself in the inhabited parts of the castle, but insisted on going to the ruined window overlooking the grave-yard, where we left her and Elsie. Poor Elsie! her own heart was well-nigh breaking: sad memories were at work with her also; but she put her own troubles out of sight, and devoted herself only to her companion.

"Do not ask me," said Lady Shafton, continuing the conversation. "If I could die here, I might be happy. Would that the New-Year might find me still and cold, like Percy."

"Hush! What is that?" cried Elsie, suddenly. "Surely I heard a gate-latch clicking. Yes! somebody is coming into the grave-yard, as if from the rectory behind the church. Can it be—can it—— Oh! dear Lady Shafton, don't you know——"

Slowly and feebly, leaning on a stick, with a slouched hat and a heavy cloak, more like an old man tottering on the brink of the grave than a youth just arriving at mature years, the person she pointed at came on. The wind blew

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his garments about him, and he had to pick his way carefully among the graves; but there was something in the bearing of the form, something in the mere step itself, that made Elsie's pulse beat quick and fast.

It was a path by which no one, except the old rector, ever approached the castle, for it led to a private postern, at the angle where the ruined part of the edifice joined on to the portion which was still inhabited. But the person approaching was not the rector, as Lady Shafton also saw, even with her dim sight.

"It is Percy, is it not?" she gasped, breathlessly, clinging to Elsie's arm. "Percy! Percy! Oh! my son——"

Her voice rose high and piercing, in a wild scream, and the stranger, looking up, saw the two figures for a moment in the moonlight; but only for a moment, for Lady Shafton had sunk down in a swoon, and Elsie was bending over her.

What more have we to tell? For it was Percy, as the reader has discovered, and who was soon at his mother's side. Half an hour later he was sitting, with Elsie's hand in his, narrating the story of his return to Lady Shafton, who lay on a sofa, in the warm, bright drawing-room, holding his other hand between both of hers. He told how he had been captured at Delhi; how he had been nursed by one of the rebel Sepoys, whom, in former times, he had favored; and how, months afterward, assisted by the same hand, he had made his escape, and reached the British lines in safety. He told how, on arriving at Calcutta, invalided, he had found the letters dispatched for him, and how he had taken the next steamer and landed at Southampton only the night before. It was a tale interrupted many times by breathless inquiries from his mother, and by anxious, loving looks from Elsie.

"I thought to send our old friend, the rector, on ahead, to break the news," he said, "but he had been summoned to the bedside of a dying parishioner, and so I came alone: not as quickly as I would have come, in former days, for my wounded leg is still painful and weak: but when I recognized you, dear mother, and Elsie here beside you, I believe I almost ran. Thank God! I find you both alive!"

Bronzed and bearded as he was, grown manlier and older-looking, the two women hardly recognized him, when he came down to breakfast the next morning. Elsie, blooming with joy and love, seemed, he thought, lovelier than ever, as she greeted him.

Lady Shafton joined their hands, as she entered, saying, "God bless you, my children, and make all your lives as happy as this New-Year's day! I shall not die now; I shall live, I feel, for many a long year; but, if you would show that you both forgive me, let this dear child become, soon, my daughter in name as she is already my daughter in heart."

Her wish was carried out.

A quiet, sweet-faced bride, with shy, brown eyes, Elsie herself, looking more beautiful than ever, was married, within a fortnight, at the old church, by the old rector himself. A more fitting countess, everybody said, had never entered Shafton Castle as its mistress. The Lady Alice, however, it was noticed, did not appear at the wedding, but went suddenly to Italy, to stay for some years, it was said.

With the advent of its mistress, and with the ring restored to its rightful owner, the old castle flowered out into a second bloom, richer and more royal than the best of its by-gone splendors. Ever after, too, in memory of its lord's return, high festival was always kept on the LAST NIGHT OF THE OLD YEAR.

RED LEAVES.

BY ROBERT HANNAY.

THE year is on the wane,
Red leaves are scant on the trees,
The fields are vacant of grain,
A chill is over the seas.
There are solemn memories
Haunting the heart and brain;
List to the wind on the roof, the plash of the dreary rain.

The year is wearing away,
There's a crystal over the rills:
Dead are the lilies of May,
The purple heath of the hills.
The little maiden chills,
Amid shadows long and gray;
List to the rain on the roof, the breeze on the window-sills.

Young was she and fair,
With health in her sweet eyes;
We have sore need of prayer,
For beauty sickens and dies.
'Twas a sorrowful season of sighs,
When we missed the gleam of her hair;
List to the wind on the roof, the rush of rain from the skies.

The year will soon be dead,
Desolate are the leas;
The swallows long have fled
To Summer climes and seas.
Pitiless blows the breeze,
Pitiless are the skies;
Did love forsake the world when death closed those fond eyes?

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ANNETTE LYLE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S COLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

ANNETTE LYLE walked up the broad flight of steps that led to Mr. Samuel Johnson's handsome mansion at Riverview, and pulled the silver knob of the door-bell with so tremulous a hand that the faint vibration of the wire gained no attention, at first, in the servants' hall below.

While she waited at the door, the sound of gay voices attracted her, floating across the lawn, from the side of the house. She looked around. Where the velvet turf was rolled smoothest in that direction; where the shade fell softest from the tall elms and maples, a party of ladies and gentlemen were playing croquet.

The steel hoops that gleamed like silver, the gayly-colored balls and mallets, the gayer toilets, the bright faces, the fun, the frolic, the animation of the players riveted Annette's attention like a spectacle from fairy-land. She rang again and again, but still no servant came. At last the game was concluded, and one of the ladies, the winner, looked up.

She was a remarkably pretty girl, in whose blonde hair, dressed high and curled, a scarlet bow fluttered, *a la Pompadour*, matching the trimmings of her Paris dress. Flitting backward and forward without rest or cessation, laughing, quarreling, jesting, chattering, indulging in a dozen outside flirtations, and paying little heed to the game itself till the moment of action arrived, it was easy to see that her success, at the last, was owing chiefly to her partner.

He seemed to think so, too, as he stood leaning on his mallet, laughing quietly at the jokes and compliments of the rest. He was a tall, fair young man, with keen blue eyes and blonde whiskers; well-shaped, and with much easy grace of manner—the son, or rather the stepson, of the house—for his mother, a handsome widow, had married the rich Mr. Johnson while he was a boy at college, and it was fancied he would be the heir, as he was the partner and favorite of that magnate.

Mrs. Dean was a lady of aristocratic tastes and connections—her plebeian husband had none; she filled his house, therefore, with her own friends, and arranged it according to her own fancies. When her son came home from his university and law studies abroad, he found it a beautifully ordered palace, on which as much wealth had been spent by the reluctant Mr. Johnson in ornamenting, as by his predecessors in building it.

Charles Dean, who knew nothing of the process of these reforms, beheld the result with satisfaction. His fine taste was gratified by the surroundings of his mother's beautiful home, his pride in her was increased by seeing her grace and magnificence as mistress of the mansion. But he had accepted nothing from Mr. Johnson, till a junior partnership in the firm gave him a right in his house. But when he took upon himself the drudgery, that always falls to the youngest of a professional firm, he no longer hesitated to live at his mother's. Meanwhile the house was filled by that mother with pretty cousins of high estate, among whom it was very pleasant to spend his leisure hours; and it was one of these, Violetta Villars by name, very proud of her alliterative title and Parisian education, who claimed his attention now.

"Some one is wanting up there," she cried, touching his shoulder and pointing to Annette. "It must be Myra Jones arrived very late—we will go and see."

She went, Mr. Dean followed slowly. A little nearer, her woman's eye resting on the cheap, black dress and dusty boots of the stranger, Violetta fell back; and Charles Dean, relieved from the fear of meeting his antipathy, Miss Jones, went forward more briskly to do the honors of his mother's house.

"Are the servants out, or has no one attended to you?" he inquired, in a tone and manner naturally courteous and gentle. "Pray, come in and rest," he added, leading the way without ceremony, "and I will tell my mother you are here."

"It does not matter," she stammered, flushing painfully under this unaccustomed politeness, and confusedly accepting the chair he offered. "I am the plain seamstress," looking at him with her shy, beseeching eyes.

Charles Dean glanced curiously at the speaker. All her beautiful hair fell about her face. It was dark, luxuriant, short and curling; she wore it turned back over a comb, the ringleted

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ends just touching her long, white, slender neck, which was encircled with a narrow, linen collar and little pin. Her dress was of cheap, black alpaca, but its folds fell with natural grace about her slight form; the dusty boots Violetta had remarked were small and exquisitely shaped; so were the lady-like hands—the fingers marked by toil with the needle—from which she had removed the neat gloves. His lawyer's eye, noting these details, he said to himself, "Poor thing! she can't be more than nineteen, is orphaned and friendless, and must have been delicately bred. Yet here she is, earning her living by needlework!"

He noticed, too, that she was not abashed by the elegance of his mother's parlor. She occupied her place with quiet submission, but did not seem uneasy in it, and was only shy and frightened when he addressed her. The books, the pictures, the piano standing near, seemed her natural surroundings; she cast upon them the grateful, appreciative glance of long friendship. He observed the patient sweetness of her delicate face; the long lashes, and rare color of her eyes; the sad expression of her soft, unsmiling lips; the little, quick characteristic movement, like a bird shaking out its ruffled plumage, by which she seemed to order and compose her dress and mien in a moment into its settled place.

Already she had forgotten him, and her eyes had strayed to the enchanting scene without, where the croquet players still lingered. Those eyes were thoughtful even to sadness, but there was not the faintest shade of envy in their clear brown lids. "Oh! to be one of those bright, young creatures," she thought; "to have so fair a face, so fine a fortune, to wear such beautiful dresses, to reign in such a happy home as this, to be so loved, so cherished, adored, and protected!"

She came back to life with a deep sigh as the mistress of the house, in robes of heavy silk, rustled in.

Weeks passed, and Charles Dean had seen nothing more of the shy stranger he had ushered so romantically into the house. Probably she was at work, he thought, up in the lonely den at the top of the house, to which he sometimes saw solitary meals being carried on trays, as to a State prisoner. Charles Dean, a corner of whose heart those quiet eyes had strangely touched, thought how he should like to sweeten this "bread of dependence" with a little human kindness, or even to share the "crust" for the sake of looking in the "rare pale" face that had fascinated his fancy.

Thought is free, but his feet were fettered by etiquette, and so he never did penetrate to the lofty chamber where Annette Lyle sat and sewed—nor did Mr. Dean ever meet her in the grounds. Her natural shyness led her, when she went out for air and exercise, after her day's toil was over, into quite different ways from those the heir of the house would have chosen. She liked to wander away and sit down on the rocks by the river, a little stream whose waters flowed backward from the great waves of the sea, a few miles off, whose salt breath fanned her cheek and damped her hair.

In spite of the sedentary life she led, these walks, and the kindly atmosphere in which she lived, revived and benefited her. A tender pink dawned in the little face; her movements lost their slowness and languor; something of the elastic grace and life of the youth she had missed returned to her. Sewing in hot rooms, under tireless task-mistresses, she had grown quiet and dull, with the weariness of age upon her, its weight and burden. Now she bloomed sweet as a rose-bud in the fostering air; the very servants were kind to her. They liked the little stranger, and strove to show it; she was so young, so utterly lonely, so pretty, and so gentle. Even the Scotch gardener, so gruff and stern, praised her for a "bonnie bit lassie," and was glad to see her linger over his plants.

Mrs. Johnson was not slow in discovering what a treasure she had gained. She found those deft fingers, governed by an innate taste and skill, were apt to fashion far more than the simple uses to which at first she put them. From the plainer portions of the family wardrobe, the little seamstress passed to the intricate mysteries of dress-making and embroidery; and the lady of the house, well pleased, was able to save the expense and waste of the French *modiste*, who had long ruled over her toilet. Finally, the toilet itself was referred to Annette's taste and judgment, and at very liberal wages, and with no prospect of dismissal, she found herself installed in the duties of her novel position.

All the gay summer visitors had departed to fashionable resorts; and Mrs. Johnson would have followed them but for her husband's indisposition. The warm weather, or some other exciting cause, brought on an attack of gout, which kept him confined to his wife's room, and herself in close attendance on his person.

Unable to visit the scene of her seamstress' labors, she had the work brought down and performed near by; and thus the little dressmaker was a daily witness of the sick man's sufferings, and often the quiet ministrant to his

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wants. His stately, handsome wife had great regard for his wishes, and strove hard to fulfill them; but she lacked the light hand and quick perception of her paid dependent. Often as the girl sprung up to do some silent office of charity, otherwise neglected, she saw the sick man's eyes fixed upon her with a strange gaze of pity and interest, and heard real kindness in the brief words with which he thanked her.

It was in this way that she and Charles Dean at last met. Though much more confined to business than usual, in consequence of his stepfather's absence, he came down at regular intervals. He and his reports and memoranda were summoned, on such occasions, to the large chamber, in whose distant bay-window Annette sat at her work.

"We have received all the papers of Purcell & Du Page, assigned to us by the heirs of the late partners," the junior one day said, in explanation of the formidable bag of documents that accompanied him; "and I have brought down such of them as I fancied you would like to look over."

"Nothing of immediate interest, I suppose?"

"No, I fear most of them have been long neglected. Du Page's indolence, and Purcell's long absence and death abroad, with their great reputation, have accumulated a mass of cases, most of which have never been put in shape, and many more, I should fancy, had been abandoned by the clients in despair."

"And we are to sift this trash?"

"Much of the work is done, subject to your approval; but the remainder is worth examining. I should particularly like to call your attention to this suit, brought by Mary Lesley, or Lyle, against the heirs of the late Stephen P. Johnson, to recover her right of dower in his estate, and establish the claims of her child; alleging a secret marriage, which she offers testimony to prove."

"As what?"

"There is a marriage certificate, whether genuine or not I cannot say, as it was dated so long ago; and witnesses are offered who may have died in the interval, as no doubt the plaintiff has, or she would have pressed a claim involving so much property as is here indicated. Du Page has either been bribed by the opposite party, or has been criminally negligent in prosecuting this thing. It has slept, now, for seventeen years."

Mr. Johnson was lying back in his great chair, his stern features looking paler and more rigid than usual.

"You will see by these, sir," he continued, "the exact nature of the claim. The case, I confess, has greatly interested me. I cannot see why it has not been tried long since, for even in the event of the mother's death, the child succeeds to her rights."

"You had better let the case alone. The woman was no doubt an impostor, and feared the exposure of her illegal claims; and so dropped it."

His voice sounded forced and harsh, and made an unnatural echo in the quiet room. The little seamstress suddenly rose from her seat, and hastily left the room as he spoke. But not so hastily but that Dean could see the flood of burning crimson that deluged face, and neck, and brow, as she was obliged to pass him in going out.

"I should like to undertake the examination, nevertheless," said the young man, after this partial interruption; "that is, if you do not object."

"I do object," returned the other, thickly, and rising in his chair. "Your time, your trouble will be wasted in behalf of a person who is, I repeat, dead, or an impostor. Yes! dead, or an impostor, or she would have been heard of long ago."

"But she may not be an impostor," persisted the young man. "She may, indeed, be dead, but her child must now be grown up. He or she may be in such abject poverty as not to afford to press this suit. A rich inheritance, his or hers by right, may now actually be used to oppress or silence the true heir. Great God, sir! think of seventeen years of fraud and injustice on the one hand, and of want and pain on the other! The investigation may be difficult; the name of the husband is such a common one. Why, it was even your own father's——"

He ceased suddenly, for his mother was looking at him with warning and alarm. Mr. Johnson had sunk back in his chair. He was ghastly pale, and breathing with difficulty as he muttered indistinctly,

"My father died at sixty years—a respectable man. How dare you!"

With a strange feeling he dared not analyze, the young man obeyed a sign from his mother, and left the room. As he passed the great hall-window, he saw the little seamstress in the ground, with the air and manner of one in deep trouble. Her face was half hidden by her thick hair, but her little fingers worked nervously together. Actuated by a sudden impulse, he followed her.

"I am very sorry," he began vaguely, as he approached, respecting her grief as if it had

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been a queen's, and feeling a necessity for apology.

"It is what must be expected," she replied, turning toward him eyes blind with weeping. "I should have been prepared, but I could not bear it."

There was an enigma in her words and actions which Dean could not understand. He tried, by a few vague but kind words, to soothe her distress. She listened for a moment, then glanced up at him with an indescribable look, and rushed away.

He did not follow her again; but that look thrilled and haunted him. He moved away slowly in a delicious dream. The world grows wiser every day, but not the heart of two-and-twenty.

The little dress-maker found her tasks doubly hard for the next few days. The invalid, who, rendered feverish and irritable by advancing disease, seemed particularly harsh and hard with her. He would not dispense with her presence, notwithstanding his wife's hints; and he often questioned her as to her past life and antecedents. The girl, at such times, wrung her hands secretly, in helpless anguish.

Summer lapsed into autumn, and autumn was giving place to winter. All the gay butterflies of fashion were back from their summer haunts long ago, Mrs. Burlington amongst them, their chief and queen, who had recommended Annette to Mrs. Johnson, and who now came to inquire about her favorite.

"The girl is well-born, my dear," she explained to Mrs. Johnson, as they sat alone, "and has a history. Her mother was my intimate friend at school and abroad; an English officer's daughter, who eloped with a lieutenant in her father's regiment. The poor fellow sold his commission, and came to this country to seek his fortune, but died soon after landing, leaving her alone in poverty; and when next I heard of her, it was by finding this child in the Sisters' Asylum, where I had gone to inquire for an embroideress.

"It seems that my old school-mate, her mother, driven by sheer poverty, had applied for the situation of housekeeper, after her husband's death, in the household of a wealthy, elderly gentleman, with two single daughters. The old man fell in love with, and married her; but, influenced by his children, would have canceled the marriage. Discovering this, she indignantly left his house, and sought refuge in the Asylum where her child was born. There she died soon after. I have been told by those who knew her, that had she boldly asserted her daughter's rights and her own, she would have won her suit; but she was crushed, hopeless, and gave up without a struggle."

Mrs. Johnson listened to this story with a strangely contracted brow, and repeated it afterward to her husband, without comment or reservation. The sick man heard her in silence: the world was growing dimmer to his sight, but he still struggled to be true to the teachings he had obeyed all his life.

Again Charles Dean came down with his weekly report from the office; and this time there was a look of unusual care upon his face. Some anxiety pressed heavily upon him, which the senior partner did not share; nor would the latter recognize the hints and allusions by which the younger man strove to pave the way to an unwelcome subject.

"I have, in my leisure hours," he said, at last, very low and gently, "been occupied with the case in which I told you I felt so much interest."

The invalid made a movement of impatience.

"I find," he went on, "that the woman who strove to prosecute this claim, died very soon after taking the preliminary steps, in great seclusion and destitution: and that her child is a girl still living, and always conscious of the existence of the suit, but is without means to carry it on. This child is now an inmate of your house. Her father, and the husband of Mary Lyle, was the late Stephen P. Johnson. This property is, therefore, undoubtedly hers. And, since the death of your unmarried sisters she is their and your legal heir to the rest."

There was dead silence in the room. Mrs. Johnson, very pale, sat listening, but put in no disclaimer. Presently the sick man rose in his bed.

There were tears in his hard, gray eyes. "Charles," he said, "I love you. Ever since I married your mother, I have looked upon you as my son and heir. I acknowledge my father's marriage, and have provided for the girl: she has a sufficient legacy in my will. But if the property you claim as hers is given up, it will leave you nothing. Do not press so Quixotic a demand. I will never consent to impoverish you."

The young man bent and kissed the feverish, trembling hand. "Father," he said, "let us do justice. I should not prosper if I took the bread of the widow and the fatherless. Give it to the rightful owner, and let me work, as is my privilege; I cannot defraud a friendless and helpless girl."

But Mr. Johnson was firm, and opposition

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only increased his determination, while agitating him to a degree too great for his frail strength to bear. So, after further useless argument, his step-son relinquished the attempt, and sadly retired, unshaken in his resolve, but obliged to postpone the discussion of it.

In the hall he met the little seamstress. He bowed gravely, with a dignity and distance he had never used before.

Her sweet face flushed up at the change in his manner. His coming had been a ray of sunshine in her dull existence; and utterly ignorant of life and herself, she could not help showing how it had warmed and cheered her, and now how the sudden change in his manner pained her. But, preoccupied as he was, he did not notice this. He went on his way without further notice of her, depriving Annette of half her happiness. He had been so kind, and her life was so lonely, her tasks were so hard—what had she done to offend him? The tears came into her eyes as she thought of it all.

The white tempests of December came, and Mr. Johnson was dying. It was Christmas-eve, but there was no feasting or gayety in the house, usually so full of light and mirth at such a time. The little seamstress cowered over the grate in her own chamber, to which she had retreated, and with her head buried in her hands, strove to shut out the groans of mortal agony, heard even above the sighing of the wind, from the distant sick-room.

It was not the first sad Christmas she had known; but she had never felt so wholly forlorn, so utterly alone before. Her one friend, whose voice had been so gentle, whose eyes had been so true, was strangely changed and distant; the coming death seemed almost to have cast its fatal chill over them all.

When morning dawned, the sufferer lay at last released from pain, but feeble, and sinking fast. All the household were summoned to his pillow. Mrs. Johnson herself, with strange consideration, came for Annette, and led her thither.

The dying man turned his eyes upon them as they entered, and seemed, by a gesture, to desire them to come nearer. Charles Dean, who was bending above the bed, rose and came over to them.

"My father wishes to bid you farewell," he said to Annette.

The child put out a trembling hand.

"He desires to say," he went on, "that he acknowledges you as the daughter of his late father, and the heiress and rightful owner of this property; and he beseeches your pardon, if he has unjustly withheld it, and your prayers that he may die in charity with all men."

She fell on her knees and burst into tears. She tried to speak. It was only inarticulately, however, that she uttered the desired words. The sick man heard her voice, a smile passed over his face—he was dead.

Charles Dean led her from the room to another, where she sat alone and distressed, till, after awhile, the servants came to know her wishes. She was their young lady now, and the mistress of the mansion. How strange it all seemed!

The old housekeeper was most garrulous in explaining the restitution. It was a grand "Christmas gift," she said.

"A Christmas gift!" The words rang in the girl's shrinking ears through all the week that followed. She had her place among the chief mourners at the great funeral, for her relationship, and all the claims of her position were conceded at once. But she felt herself a usurper and an outcast through it all. Her Christmas gift was ruin to the man she held first and best on earth. It was the downfall of his mother's hopes and pride; it was destruction to the happiness of others dearer than herself. No wonder she pined and drooped beneath the burden of her new possessions; no wonder she would gladly have resigned them.

This was in her mind, when Charles Dean, after the funeral, asked an interview, to explain to her all that pertained to her new inheritance, and to take his own and his mother's leave.

The thought was horrible to her. She had never dreamed of such a change, but had hopefully thought of being able to return to them, by gradual means, all of which she had robbed them—of becoming at least their trusted friend and companion—of yielding her own claims, and so purchasing the right to enjoy the sweet shelter of their kindness and protection.

When she found how irresistible was the manly will opposed to hers, she went weeping and despairing to his mother. Mrs. Johnson would have been more than human to be able to conceal how much her abdication cost her. But she, also, was inexorable. She was too just and right-minded to desire to enjoy another's wealth.

That night the little heiress was gone.

In a very simple and touching letter she bade adieu to the place she had loved so well, and in which she had still been so forlorn and alone; to the people once so kind, yet now cruel to

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her. She returned to them, she wrote, that she had small pleasure in keeping, and was too unhappy to enjoy. A few days afterward a deed, properly signed and witnessed, was forwarded from the lawyers whom Charles Dean had recommended to her. With this deed came another letter explaining the firmness of her intentions. After that she disappeared as utterly as if no trace of her presence had ever existed.

But Mr. Dean and his mother were incapable of profiting by her generosity. All their efforts were now directed to finding and cherishing the sweet little creature who had suffered by their rigid justice, and sense of wrong. Now that she seemed irrevocably lost she was dearer to both, and rose in their estimation to the height her noble unselfishness deserved. But the one had keener regrets, more painful reminiscences, deeper cause for sorrow than the other—and his own heart, robbed and reproachful, condemned him day and night. Ever present to his memory was the girlish, gentle face as he had seen it, with the new light upon it that his kindness had kindled there; then sad, humble, disappointed, as it had grown in later days, beneath the strict constraint he fancied was his duty. Now, by a sudden return of sense or reason, he saw how he should have dealt with the love he felt, and the love he had won.

The great house at Riverview remained closed and desolate through all the varying seasons of another year. Storms and sunshines crept over it, fruits ripened and flowers bloomed in vain, while Charles Dean sought, far and wide, by letter, and advertisement, and personal search, for its little mistress. He spent all the time he could command, and all the means he could spare from a now narrow income, in this pursuit. At last, as the year had nearly drawn to its close, he found her.

When another Christmas-eve returned, Annette Lyle was no longer a helpless, friendless girl, but a rich and happy woman. She had received back her fortune to endow with it the man she loved, and who loved her beyond her utmost hope. Sorrow had strengthened, and suffering ennobled her sweet nature; it seemed to him that her new experiences had set her far above him; there was something almost pathetic in the tenderness of his reverence, the devotion of his love.

And in that love she said, beyond all changing fortune, was her best CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THE SONG OF LADIES' EYES.

BY D. K. A.

A SONG of ladies' eyes—
  Which bear the bell
From blue of Summer skies?
  I know thou can'st not tell.

Of mirth the hazel tells,
  Of pride the gray,
And love in brown revels;
  But still I say,

That blue alone of eyes
  Shall bear the bell;
Who this plain truth denies,
  Is beauty's infidel.

Indeed, it is no whim;
  A lover will divine,
Those eyes were blue that long ago
  Love-lighted mine.

Alas! alas! in vain
  I picture them anew;
And as I write I sigh again—
  Her eyes were blue.

INTO REST.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"LET me rest," she whispered softly,
  And we hushed our busy breath;
For we knew the rest she sighed for,
  Was the endless peace of death.

And we gatherd softly round her,
  In the twilight's holy calm;
And the whispers of the breezes
  Seemed the echo of a psalm.

Gently fell the moonbeams o'er her,
  With her white hands on her breast;
And her face grew strangely brilliant
  With the dawn of endless rest.

Fell her golden-fringed eyelids
  O'er her eyes, as though in sleep;
In the silence of the twilight,
  We could hear each other weep.

Once her white hands fluttered gently,
  As they lay upon her breast;
Then a quiet fell upon her,
  And we knew she was at rest.

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KATE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 350.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning the first thought in Kate's mind was the promise she had made Lily to go to her. She had fallen asleep toward daylight, and as nobody disturbed her, it was long after the breakfast hour when she woke.

She felt more of her old spirit and courage come back, and determined to have a definite understanding with her uncle—to a temperament like hers anything was preferable to suspense. She would tell him frankly that she had agreed to see Mrs. Marsden during the day; he could not be unreasonable enough to object. One thing she was determined on, she would not give up her friends without good cause, and she was certain there could be none. Somebody had been gossiping to her uncle—she would not be mean enough to listen to any reports.

The very fact that the Marsdens should have been in any way assailed made them show still fairer in her eyes; and she was the last person in the world to shrink from protecting those she cared for by any means in her power.

But when she got down stairs breakfast had been for some time over, and her uncle had gone out before his usual time. Mrs. Fairfield sat at the table with Kate, and poured out her coffee and pressed her to eat, and was sorry to see her so pale, and was as unpleasantly officious as one's friends are wont to be when one wishes to be let alone. At last she crowned her success by telling Kate that, in some way, she had mentioned the Marsdens, and that Mr. Wallingford had looked up from his paper.

"Just like this, my dear—you know his severe manner;" and the dear old lady squeezed her good-natured face into an expression so ludicrous, that at any other time Kate would have screamed.

"Never mind the look, Mrs. Fairfield—tell me what he said."

"He just muttered, 'Bad style of people; all wrong, all wrong.' Then louder, for me to hear, 'Kate must recollect she is only a child—all wrong.'"

Kate began to get angry; but it was of no use to vent her spleen on poor Mrs. Fairfield. She would go to Lily, that was the one thought clear in her mind. At any cost to herself she would prove herself true to her friendship.

She left the old lady in undisturbed possession of the morning room fire, and went off to dress, and order the carriage punctually at twelve. She was sufficiently well acquainted with Madam Lily's indolent habits to know that it was very doubtful if she found her out of bed before that hour.

When she reached the house, the servant said Mrs. Marsden was in, and showed her straight into a little room dignified by the name of library; and by the time she had seated herself, the door opened and Philip appeared.

As soon as she could reply to his eager salutations, she asked,

"Where is Lily?"

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Did you not get her note?"

"What note?" demanded Kate, impatiently. "I have had no note, or heard of one."

"Very strange," said Marsden. "She found that she had to go out, and so wrote to you."

"The servant said she was in," returned Kate.

"No," said Philip; "she came and said you wanted to speak to Mr. Marsden. I supposed there was something you wanted to tell me for Lily, that would not wait, your feminine secrets are always of such importance, and so came in at once, which must be excuse for my coat."

It was a very becoming one, as he knew well enough—a black velvet breakfast-coat, wonderfully braided with crimson, that made him as handsome and picturesque as a troubadour. He had been gambling and drinking all night, and excess only told just enough on his magnificent physical organization to make him handsomer than usual, giving him a becoming pallor, making darker circles under his eyes. He looked all soul and intellect, and everything that was fascinating.

"I am very sorry," Kate said, more annoyed at finding herself there than she could have given a good reason for. "Who took the note?"

"A boy who comes every morning to do all sorts of errands for us. I am sure he went, because I saw him start; perhaps the careless little rascal waited to go somewhere else first."

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A little error in time, that was all—the boy was being dispatched by Lily with the note at that moment; but it was wonderfully near the truth for either of the Marsdens to come.

"Very well," said Kate; "then I must go back. I suppose you will both be at Mrs. Gregory's this evening."

"Lily will. I may possibly have to go to New York to-night."

"Indeed! For long?" Kate asked, rising from her seat.

"Some days—a week, perhaps. So, please don't grudge me five minutes. I am sure there is nothing very dreadful in your sitting still, even if the lady of the house is not keeping guard—I believe that sort of prudishness went out with our grandmothers."

Like most girls of the present generation, there was nothing Kate detested more than being considered a prude—so she sat down again.

"I meant to come round and bid you good-by," he went on.

"You did not speak of going last night," she said.

"No. I received news this morning that decided me."

"Lily will be quite alone."

"Yes. I could have wished her to be with you. Indeed, I am not sure but I should have asked the favor, she is such a timid puss, if it had not been for last night."

"How do you mean?" asked Kate, not because she had failed to understand, but because it was easier to ask a question than to say anything else.

"I think you must know—you must have seen. It was quite evident that your uncle was displeased with her from some cause—perhaps with me."

"I have not seen him this morning," Kate said, evasively.

Marsden was silent for a little, then he said, hurriedly,

"Kate, you must feel that something menaces our friendship—you know what a grief that would be to Lily; but you don't know, you can't, what it would be to me."

"I am not in the habit of giving up my friends without good cause," Kate answered, loftily.

"I don't know what it is," Philip continued, "but I am certain your uncle has become prejudiced against us. I am quite aware that I have powerful enemies, and Lily is so dreadfully imprudent."

"As I told you, I don't know at all, for I have had no conversation with my uncle."

"But I am right."

"Yes, I am afraid so, from his manner and the few words he said as he bade me good-night."

Philip struck his hand against his forehead with a low exclamation of pain; then leaned his elbow on the table to support his head, and looked straight before him at a bust of Clytie, sufficiently elevated to give his eyes their most telling expression.

"Heaven knows my life has not been an easy one," he went on, in the studied monotone that was so effective. "I have borne a great deal that was very hard, but fate has never aimed a blow that went home so close as this."

Kate was greatly moved, and felt the tears so near her eyes that she dared not raise them.

"It may be all a mistake," she said, forcing herself to speak calmly. "I am sorry that I did not see my uncle this morning. At least, you know that I have the fullest confidence in both you and Lily—that you are the dearest friends I have on earth."

"God bless you for those words!" exclaimed Marsden, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm. "Whatever comes, I shall remember them."

"You speak as if some serious trouble menaced you," Kate said. "I hope it is only because you are out of spirits this morning."

"Yes, without doubt, that must be it," he answered, with a tragic laugh.

"If there is any annoyance or trouble hanging over you and Lily, you must know how grieved I am," Kate said.

"Yes, I believe that. I am past believing many things in this world—but I do believe that."

"I am sure neither you or she could doubt it."

"Not for an instant, my dear little sister. I should be a more wretched man even than I am if I could."

"And please, don't think me impertinent, but tell me if you have some business anxiety that makes you so sad."

"None of importance—nothing that I am thinking of now," he answered, with a deeper gloom in his voice, a more troubled shadow in his eyes.

Kate's next thought was that Lily had committed some greater imprudence than ordinary, and that either he was annoyed and jealous, or pained on her account, lest her conduct should expose her to the comments and animadversions of the world.

"If Lily has done anything to annoy you, she will be the first to grieve," she said. "You know how impulsive she is, how easily carried

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away by her high spirits; but she is good and true at heart."

"She—she has no heart!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "But what matters it? I was not thinking of her! I wish I was away from it all! I have three minds to break loose, to take myself off to some distant land and begin life over, and see if fate can't grant me, at least, a little of the happiness she so freely lavishes on other men."

"Go away—leave Lily?"

"Do you suppose Lily would grieve? Bah! She would be delighted to assume the *role* of the injured wife! Don't talk about her—I don't want to think."

"You must not speak in that way, Mr. Marsden," said Kate; "it is not right for you to talk so, or me to listen."

"Mr. Marsden!" he repeated; "it has come to that! You used to call me Philip—you used to say you regarded me as your brother."

"So I have, Philip; so I do," she cried, impulsively, too much touched by his apparent suffering to think of herself, or weigh her words. "You know there is nothing that could disturb my friendship for you. It pains me so much to see you so unhappy—I wish you would tell me the cause."

"Is it possible you do not know, that you do not suspect!" he exclaimed. "Can you be so blind, after all these weeks, after all that you have seen me suffer——"

His voice died in a sob. Kate sat staring, pale and frightened, but even yet not comprehending what he meant.

"Kate! Kate!" he groaned.

She actually believed that some great anxiety, which he had kept from her, was driving him temporarily insane. She did not dream of being afraid; she only thought of soothing and quieting his paroxysm of distress.

"Only try to be calm, Philip—brother!" She rose from her seat and laid her hand on his arm.

He broke away from the light clasp of her fingers, crying,

"Don't touch me! Don't touch me! Oh! this is too much—too much! I can bear no more!"

Kate shrunk back aghast at the pallor on his cheek, the fire in his eyes; the animal was so thorough an actor, and entered so completely into his part that, for the moment, it was earnest to himself.

Kate sunk into her chair again, almost wild with fear that he was going out of his senses, wondering if Lily would never come, afraid to leave him, conscious that she ought not to remain; loath to call one of the servants to see him in that state, and in the whirl and confusion in her brain involuntarily calling, in a pleading voice,

"Oh, Philip! Philip!"

As the words left her lips, he fell on his knees at her feet, and clasping her hands so tightly that she could not release them, exclaimed,

"I must speak—I will! I love you—I love you! Kate, Kate! have mercy! I am wild—mad!"

It was the first time in all her petted life that anything approaching insult, or rudeness even, had ever come near the girl. She started to her feet; he sprung up, still holding her hands, and repeating those insane words.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed. "Let my hands go. Oh, you coward!"

At that instant the door burst open, and in rushed Lily, careful to close the door behind her, and at sight of the tableau she gave a melodramatic shriek.

"Deceived! betrayed!" she moaned. "My husband! My friend! The girl I called sister—loved better than my own life! Oh, heaven! that I had been struck dead on the threshold before I saw a sight like this."

Marsden groaned, and covered his face with his hands. Between rage and fright Kate was pale as a ghost, and shaking from head to foot.

"Speak!" shrieked Lily. "Say something, one of you! Explain this, or be merciful and kill me where I stand! Kate, I command you to speak!"

"Let your husband explain, if he can!" exclaimed Kate; and amid all her terror and anger, she was conscious of a vague wonder that her voice should sound so cold and unmoved. "Perhaps, he may do so to your satisfaction. All I ask is to leave this house."

"Not yet—not yet!" cried Lily, springing between her and the door, and suddenly changing from the heart-broken wife to an infuriated Medea. "You don't leave this house yet! I know all—I heard enough! You called him Philip, dear Philip! He was on his knees before you—your hands in his—your face close to his lips! Oh, fiend! wretch! and I live—I live!"

"If you heard anything," returned Kate, struggling against the deathly faintness that was coming over her, "you know that your husband grossly insulted me."

"I know that he told you he loved you. A man does not do that unless a girl has given him encouragement! No, no, you can't deceive me."

"Silence, woman!" exclaimed Marsden, sud-

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denly assuming a Roman attitude. "No more of this!"

"I will not be silent!" retorted she. "Don't think you have a child to deal with! I will expose you both! I'll have a separation—a divorce! The whole world shall know what I have endured—shall see this girl for what she is."

All Kate thought of was to get out of the house before she was completely insane. She made another attempt to reach the door. Lily rushed to a table, snatched a dagger that lay there, and was accustomed to doing duty as a paper-cutter, and sprung toward her, uttering wild imprecations—calling on heaven to nerve her arm and give her strength to avenge her wrongs, and then deal death to herself, that she might die cursing both.

"Death! Death!" she howled, and made another dash at Kate, but Marsden caught her in his arms. She dropped the dagger, and with a prolonged moan in a minor key, she sunk back apparently insensible in his hold.

"Go—go!" cried Philip. "Escape while you can."

Kate needed no second bidding; she flew out of the room, down the hall. Never, in all her life, was there so welcome a sound to her ears as the closing of the outer-door behind her. How she got into the carriage, or gave the order to drive home, she never could tell; she only knew that she must live to get there. After that, no matter—there was nothing but death left for her.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE moment the house-door closed, Lily raised herself and stood up.

"You oughtn't to have let her go," said she. "My plan was to send for old Wallingford."

"Then what did you tumble into my arms for?" growled her husband.

"Never mind—I'm going to the house. It's Saturday, so there's no session—he's sure to be home. He's got to pay at least ten thousand to settle this; he'll do anything rather than have an *expose*."

"Say I've gone, left you penniless: that you will, at least, have moneyed satisfaction——"

"Bah! teach your grandmother!" interrupted Lily, irreverently. "Ring the bell for a carriage! I thought you never would come to the point, you were so long about it! You're good at theatricals, but it's the old-fashioned, slow sort. I go in for a rush myself."

Philip laughed, and as he rang the bell he called her a name that most women would have considered an unpleasant epithet; but he did it in an admiring tone, and Lily seemed to take it as a compliment, for she laughed, too, and pirouetted away to the mirror to arrange her hair, which had tumbled about her shoulders in the fervor of her histrionic efforts.

The carriage stopped before her home, and Kate darted out and got into the house. What she meant to do she could not have told—meet her uncle, tell him, was impossible. There was some vague idea in her mind of dying, or running away and hiding herself forever; for that there could be any release, any hope of extricating herself from this horrible strait she did not once dream; and to remain, to bear the exposure, the disgrace, was out of the question.

It all came up before her during that drive, which had seemed endless—her uncle's grief, the trial, the crowd, she forced before it; the horrible talk, the newspaper paragraphs going over the length and breadth of the land. No hope, no way out; if she could only die—fall dead then and there, and so end it.

She was in the house, and instinctively turned toward the little room where she was accustomed to sit during the day, certain to be untenanted.

She opened the door; as it closed she gave a groan, which was answered by a quick exclamation. She looked up, and found herself face to face with Harry Everett.

"Kate! Kate! In heaven's name, what is the matter?"

She was past speech now—the sight of him was the crowning blow. Her features worked fearfully—with one long, gasping breath she fell at his feet in horrible convulsions.

He raised her and placed her on a sofa, instinctively feeling that she had brought some dreadful catastrophe upon her head. Having sense enough not to call for assistance, and for all he was frightened, and only a man, retaining sufficient self-possession to get her bonnet off and sprinkle water in her face, and do his best to restore her.

Kate was perfectly conscious all the while, but she could not speak or open her eyes; the nervous spasm made such a sense of weight on her chest, such an oppression in her throat, that she believed herself suffocating. She hoped so, she was mentally praying that it might be death; and through it all she could hear Harry Everett's voice calling her by every tender epithet, assuring her of his love, only urging her to be calm, and to tell him everything.

The force of the paroxysm spent itself at last. She was shaking and icy cold still, but

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the oppression in her throat ceased, and she could speak.

She heard Harry say again,

"I love you, Kate, more than ever! Tell me everything; trust me—I shall only love you the more."

That was impossible, he could not. Even if he believed her innocent, he could not bear the exposure and disgrace to come near his name—no man could; but she would tell him, she could not endure her agony alone.

"Tell me, Kate—tell me!"

She covered her face, and told the whole story more clearly and connectedly than could have been expected.

"Now go," she said, "leave me to the fate I have brought on myself. What you warned me of has come; if I ever wronged you, surely you are avenged."

He had listened in perfect silence. As she spoke those words, she felt him lift her head upon his shoulder, felt his arms fold themselves close about her. He made no scene, wasted no breath in cursing the wretches; he only said, very quietly,

"This is your place, Kate, you are safe here. Don't shake and tremble so, you are in no danger; these people can't injure you."

"She will tell my uncle; she wants a divorce."

"Listen to me, Kate! This was all a plot to extort money; they have done it before, but they can't succeed now. A friend of Matthews told me what was going on, and I came back last night. I can force them both to be silent; they will only be too glad. I'll go to them at once, and within an hour bring you back assurances that everything is settled, and that they will never trouble you again."

She sat up looking in his face with incredulous wonder, unable to believe that the storm could pass and leave her unharmed.

Before he could speak again the door-bell rang; there were eager voices audible, then a quick step on the stairs.

"She has come," groaned Kate; "she will find my uncle."

"Hush! She is coming here; your uncle is in his library, he sent me here to wait for you. Let her come in; lie still and don't speak."

The door opened, and Lily came in, exclaiming,

"I know she is at home; I want to see Mr. Wallingford."

Everett stepped forward.

"Mr. Wallingford is engaged," said he; "Kate is ill. What do you wish, Mrs. Marsden?"

He closed the door behind her. She was so taken aback by his appearance that her theatrical powers quite deserted her for the moment, and she sunk submissively into the chair he placed for her. Only for a moment; she recovered herself, and began,

"There she lies! The destroyer of my peace! The wretch—the smiling-faced fiend! What am I doing here? Take her out of my sight! I want Mr. Wallingford. I will see him, I say."

"That will do," said Everett, coolly; "don't waste your talents on an unappreciative audience."

"I'll have my revenge! I'll make this girl as infamous as she deserves——"

"Don't you dare open your lips again!" interrupted Everett, sternly. "Look at this."

He drew a paper from his pocket, and held it before her eyes—she recognized it at once. Only the year before she and her husband had got a large sum of money from a young fellow under similar circumstances, where Marsden did the jealous, and it so happened that Harry had been able to get at all the proofs.

The actress stopped short—the words died in her throat with a low gurgle that was very real. Kate lay perfectly still, with her face buried in her shawl. Once more the door opened, this time to admit Mr. Wallingford.

"Who was calling me? What is the matter?" he asked; then seeing Kate, his voice changed to one of alarm. "Is she ill? Has she fainted?"

"She is better," Everett said; "Mrs. Marsden was frightened and called out."

Mr. Wallingford went up to Kate; the nervous convulsion returned, but she set her teeth hard together, and neither spoke or moaned.

"It is a nervous attack," her uncle said. "Ring the bell, Everett, and send some one for a doctor, and tell Mrs. Fairfield to come here—the poor child is completely worn out with all this party-going and dissipation."

Mrs. Marsden made an effort to speak; behind the Senator's back Everett shook the fatal paper at her, and she was cowed instantly.

"Lie still, Kate," her uncle said; "don't try to speak, you'll be better soon."

The servant came. Mrs. Fairfield arrived, armed with camphor, and salts, and brandy; and Everett coolly turned to the fair Lily.

"We had better go, Mrs. Marsden," he said, politely; "Miss Wallingford will be better with just her own family."

There was nothing else for it. Lily saw the paper in his hand; she just uttered a few commonplaces, and got out of the room, passed Everett in silence, and was glad to find herself in her carriage.

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She dared not go home yet and confront Philip, so she drove toward the Avenue. Everett watched her off, took time to go up stairs and see Kate, whisper in her ear a warning to be silent, that everything was settled, to expect to see him in the course of the day or evening; then he started for Marsden's house.

He met the Texan bound for the same destination, boiling with rage, and determined on having some sort of satisfaction. Everett knew him very well, and without entering into any explanation as to the cause, informed his friend that he was bent on the same errand.

They hailed a carriage and drove to the house. Marsden was anxiously expecting his wife's return; and when he heard the carriage stop, supposed that she had arrived, and went out into the hall and opened the door himself, as both servants chanced to be out.

Before he could make any effort to oppose them the men were in the passage. He was frightened, but too much accustomed to finding himself in unpleasant positions to show it.

"Hollo!" said he, with an attempt at jocularity. "Glad to see you both! Come into the dining-room and take a drink. I was just bound that way."

They followed him in.

"Never mind the decanters," said Everett. "You can't be such a fool as not to know what brought us."

"What did?" cried he, with an oath, seeing that the game was up, and turning like a rat in a corner.

"This," said Harry, slapping him in the face.

"Good!" pronounced the Texan.

Marsden sprung forward, drew a pistol, and Everett knocked him down.

"Good!" came the Texan's verdict again; and he picked up the revolver, and stepped into the hall, lest somebody should try to enter and interfere with the little amusement.

Everett had a stout, little bamboo cane in his hand, and he belabored the prostrate bully with it till he fairly shrieked for mercy.

The Texan stood aloof, and regarded the scene with tranquil satisfaction, and heard a pass-key turn in the door. It was Lily come back. She closed the door, heard the groans and curses, saw the Texan, and took in the scene at a glance.

She stood perfectly still, coolly untying her bonnet-strings; and the Texan, prepared to stop her if she attempted to rush forward, looked at her in silent wonder; for she began to smile, and finally to laugh silently, but with evident heartfelt enjoyment.

"I think that's enough for you!" exclaimed Everett, at last, as the bamboo broke over the prostrate man's shoulders. "Now, you rascal, make out from this before you are three days older, or I'll have you thoroughly exposed."

He walked out into the hall; Marsden lay still and groaned—and small wonder. Lily stood still till the two men reached her, then she held out her hand to Everett, and said, in a low voice,

"I forgive you everything for this! No man ever did any woman so great a favor as you have me."

Everett motioned the Texan to precede him out of the house, then he said to the woman,

"We will all be silent on condition that you leave Washington. But, remember, if you ever dare to mention Miss Wallingford's name; if the slightest breath of scandal touches her, it will be visited on you both."

"Let us alone, and we will her," said Lily, sullenly.

"All right! I will make that bargain with you; not because you deserve it, but because it is the easiest way to settle matters. Matthews could prosecute you for swindling; but if you will take yourselves off, I promise you that he shall not."

"Have your own way," replied she. "I ought to hate you, but I vow I can't. Just hear that brute groan; I never heard such sweet music."

Everett passed her in silence, the door closed—she was alone with her husband.

The Marsdens did leave the city; they left so many debts behind that, of course, the gossip, always rife about them, grew into absolute certainty. People talked for a week, then forgot them; and Everett heard that they had made off for Europe with such spoils as were left them.

That evening Everett went back to Kate. He found her up and dressed; she had been too anxious to see him to remain in bed.

Of course, he omitted the horsewhipping details, but he convinced her that she had nothing more to fear from the Marsdens. She was horribly humiliated; it was dreadful to suffer, for the first time, over the knowledge that people whom she had so loved and trusted could be so utterly treacherous and false.

Later, there was the lecture from her uncle, the knowledge that in her attempts to do the female politician, she had exposed herself to much comment and gossip; but she bore it all as well as she could; and in the tears of shame and remorse that she wept, a great deal of her arrogance and willfulness went out forever.

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Harry Everett did not do that meanest of all things for a man, under such circumstances, put her on her good behavior, and so arouse her obstinacy. He just said, like the straightforward, impulsive fellow that he was,

"I love you better than ever, my darling! Whoever has been to blame, I have been most so! Only just try me once more, and I promise not to be so overbearing and disagreeable."

Of course, that melted Kate completely; and she could not think herself half worthy of him, and for some time would not listen to any idea of making herself and him happy.

But the season came to an end, and Kate married Everett; and they spent a quiet but delightful summer at Harry's old country-place, where the people had idolized his father, and were ready to cast the mantle of reflected glory on him.

So the husband and wife met half way; Kate gave up ambitious dreams on her own account, and Harry developed a talent for politics, and allowed his old neighbors to run him for Congress, and was elected by a majority as tremendous as even Kate could have desired.

All these things happened several years ago; and at present the Everetts are as happy a couple as I know, and Kate is in a fair way to have her old dream of being a Senator's wife speedily realized.

LOOKING BEYOND.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

What is there in the Summer air to-night,
That minds me of a sweet day long o'er past?
What is there in this waning crimson light,
That brings old memories to me thick and fast?

Is it the scent of purple heliotrope,
That steals to me up from the garden-bed,
Or the white clover on the meadow slope,
Or the lush strawberries, glowing ripe and red?

Oh, life! Oh, death! Oh, mystic veil of sense!
That stretches 'tween this life and that to come!
Will that life be sufficient recompense
For what we suffer here in silence dumb?

Our deepest sorrows never can be told;
The ghastliest wounds we cover up from sight;
The griefs that make our youthful brows grow old,
Are those we hide in silence and in night.

I wonder if the dead have hope, or thought,
For us who sorrow on in mortal clay?
I wonder if their Heavenly lives have brought
Them so much joy, they never look away?

Away to earth, where those they loved are still
Breasting the stormy waves of adverse fate;
Looking with eyes, so mutely pitiful,
For the unfolding of the Golden Gate?

I am so weary, sometimes, it would be
Sweet as a mother's kiss upon my brow,
To know that those who've crossed the shoreless sea—
Those that I loved, have pity for me now.

To know that when I sorrow, they look down
With tender eyes from immortality;
To know that those who wear the fadeless crown
In Heaven's glory, still have care for me!

OUR ROBIN.

BY A. F. ADAMS.

When borne on airy pinions by,
The fleecy snow is flying;
And through the dark old mountain-pines
The Wintry winds are sighing;

When night with sable curtain hides
The sun's last glittering rays,
And our home-circle gathers round
The hearth-stone's cheering blaze;

We listen to the Storm-king's voice,
O'er lake and forest ringing;
And wonder in what distant land
Our Robin now is singing.

In pleasant Summers past and gone,
Now nearly half a score,
His home has been the maple-tree
That stands beside our door.

Each Summer-day his matin lay,
At early dawn, did waken
Sweet music 'mid the branches green,
Which now look so forsaken;

And we have burned, in early Spring,
To hail with joy his coming;
And ask in what fair, sunny clime
He has so long been roaming.

And though old Time, with ruthless hand,
Has touched our maple-tree;
Though withered branches now appear,
Where green ones used to be,

We hope and trust that it may stand,
With form so trim and sturdy,
And still afford, for many years,
A shelter for our birdie.

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OUR FORTUNE.

BY A. M. DANA.

THIS morning, as I was riding with my daughter, Vivia, through a poor neighborhood in the lower part of the city, on what—I need not be ashamed to own here—was an errand of charity, I pointed to the third-story windows of a dingy tenement-house, saying, "There, my dear, is the place where you were born."

Vivia did not sneer—I trust I have brought her up too well for that—but she shuddered under her ermine and Astrakan, turned her bright, young face away, and I knew by her expression that she tried to forget the unpleasant recollection in glowing anticipations of Mrs. Ashton's ball, which is to be this evening.

Ah, well! I could not blame her. For her this shambling old tenement held no tender memories or hallowed associations. Her outlook lies toward the future. But for myself—while our carriage rolled along the dirty street, among the ash-boxes and piles of garbage—I fell into a dreamy reverie, living over again some of the happiest days of my youth, while I gazed back almost lovingly upon the rickety old house where the first home-nest of my married life was built.

We were both poor, my husband and I. Harry was a struggling clerk, and I an underpaid teacher; but, oh! how thankful I often am for the sublime courage which made us dare to combine our freehold estates of poverty and love!

I have no patience with those who defer marriage until a fortune is made. True, they escape the toils and cares of poverty, but they also miss the high lessons of hope and faith that spring from them. The oft-quoted proverb, which I think must have been in Tennyson's mind when he wrote,

> "Oh! I see thee, old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
> With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart,"

namely, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window," always reminds me of a passage of Holy Writ, which is, however, entirely irrelevant to it. I mean, "The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling." Depend upon it, true, heaven-born love always nestles, cricket-like, upon the coldest hearth-stone. The hireling which fleeth through the window is at best but a weakly sentimentalism, bearing no more resemblance to true love than does base alloy to fine gold.

Therefore, should young Edwards, my husband's clerk, ask for Vivia's hand to-morrow, so I were sure that this vital requisite was not lacking, I would bid them God speed, and bestow my hearty blessing upon their union; for he has ability, he is thrifty, he will get on. Character is better than fortune!

But I was talking of my own early days. Sometimes I smile now when I remember the details of my humble *menage*. How proud I was of the simple rag-carpet, made by my own hands, which covered the floor of the room which was to us parlor, dining-room, and kitchen in one! What an intimate acquaintance my hands formed with plumbago, as I rubbed away at my cooking-stove with zeal worthy of Aladdin! And how I used to admire my table, when set out with a snowy cloth and dishes of plain white delf! Sevres and Majolica have given no keener enjoyment since.

Then my flowers. Yesterday, Roberts, our Scotch gardener, came to summon me to the conservatory to see my *Flor del Espiritu Santo*, which had bloomed at last. And it was, indeed, a glorious sight, that pure white dove hovering within the crimson petals; but I don't think it gave me quite as much pleasure as the box of mignonnette I raised on the window-ledge of the old tenement-house, or the row of fragrant geraniums on the sill within.

Of course, we had plenty of neighbors in those times; and though we have since formed many pleasant acquaintanceships with persons of a higher rank, we still continue to count among our warmest friends some with whom we mingled in daily intercourse in the old rookery.

Prominent among these are the Grobes, a German family, who lived just across the hall from us. I never met a truer lady than Madam Grobe. Shortly after we moved in, her children, seven, were taken with scarlet-fever, and I assisted in nursing them, thereby winning her sincerest gratitude. I have always thought that she overestimated my services, for it would have been strange, indeed, if I, a young, untrammeled woman, could not afford to lose a few night's sleep to aid a suffering neighbor. It is not among the poor that such selfishness is found.

Years ago our kind German friends moved to the great West, and Herr Grobe is now an

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honored member of the Legislature, as well as one of the largest cultivators in that distant State; but that their good-will was not ephemeral, is evinced by an occasional letter glowing with warm wishes and tender memories, not to speak of the barrels of apples and hazel-nuts which come in to our children every autumn.

Then there was poor Fanny Lynne, the seamstress, who lived a story higher, and who used to pant so as she came up the stairs. Poor thing! her unaided hand-to-hand struggle with poverty was so severe, that all thoughts, save of labor, seemed to be crushed out of her being, till at last the kind All-Father, who understands and pities these toiling Marthas, gently drew the work from her weary hands, and folding them in everlasting rest, took her to sit, like Mary, at his feet in the heavenly kingdom.

Besides these, there were Jones, the policeman, the widow Ray, and old Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield, an ancient couple, whose early days had been passed among the fresh pastures and budding orchards of a country homestead, with a number of others. For the old house, which had once been a princely mansion, was large, and sheltered many under its dilapidated roof.

In the back buildings was a colony of professional people, principally actors and musicians, whose noisy, Bohemian manners used to amuse me very much. But the person who interested me most, was an old gentleman who lived far up in the attic. I said gentleman, for though he might certainly have claimed the superlative of the word descriptive of us all, (shabby,) there was about him that nameless air of gentility, which, like the perfume of roses, is never wholly lost. Who he was, and how he lived, were alike unknown; for he evaded all companionship, and, indeed, was seldom seen, save at nightfall, when he sometimes passed up and down with a covered basket in his hand.

Often in the twilight, taking Vivia in my arms, and going out on the landing to look for my husband, I watched this odd creature flitting, shadow-like, through the gloaming till a strange, yearning pity for the lonely old man took possession of my heart. But nothing beyond a curt "good-evening" could my most cordial greeting ever elicit.

It was to chance at last that I owed my close acquaintance. It was one evening when Harry was rather late in returning, and I had left the door open to light him up the stairs, that my mysterious neighbor appeared upon the threshold, asking for a match, apologizing for the trouble by saying that he did not feel well enough to go out to buy any. I suppose it was the light that attracted him there, though it may have been my overtures of friendship; for I do not think a creature in the house, save my silly self, ever gave a thought to the unsocial attic lodger. He stood a moment looking into my humble room—humble, but bright as lamp and firelight, humming kettle, purring puss, and baby-laughter could make it; and if ever I saw hunger, bitter, heart-hunger, on a man's face, it was then.

"Will you not come in?" I said. But my words, kindly as I meant them to be, only seemed to startle him to a sense of his occupation; and, thanking me, he turned and hurried away with the desperate haste of a lost spirit fleeing from the gate of that Paradise it may never enter.

"Unpromising subject for a romance, Bess," said Harry, at supper, when I was telling him about it. But then he always had a habit of teazing me about my "unaccountable fancies." Subsequent events cured him of it.

Two days, three passed, without my seeing the old gentleman again, and I began to grow strangely uneasy. I remembered his having complained of illness, and imagination pictured him dying alone, and untended, in the dreary garret. By the fourth day my anxiety had become so intense that I resolved upon the bold course of going up to see him.

Wrapping baby in her little plaid shawl—for though spring had come in name, it was cold in the passages—I began my journey toward the sky, that is, up the stairs. But ere I had ascended the last flight a strange noise greeted me, growing louder and louder as I approached the old man's room, whence it evidently issued. It was that kind of sound which people speak of as making their blood run cold. I dare say the exeited state of my nerves was unfavorable to calm judgment, for to me it seemed that it could proceed from nothing human. Sharper and sharper it came. I stood irresolute, not knowing whether to advance or to beat a retreat. But a spice of reckless daring—which, had I been a man, would, doubtless, have made me a pioneer, or a freebooter—is inherent in my nature, and summoning up this courage of desperation, I ventured closer, and knocked boldly upon the door.

The rasping and scraping, or whatever it was, ceased instantly, and a voice within demaded,

"Who is there?"

"Mrs. Lawrence," I answered; then thinking that he might not know my name, I added, "The lady on the second floor, from whom you borrowed some matches the other evening."

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"Very well. I'll be there directly."

Then followed several minutes, wherein I could distinctly hear him crossing and recrossing the floor, lifting heavy articles and setting them down again; and when at last he opened the door, he was so evidently surprised, not to say displeased, at the interruption, that I grew painfully confused.

That he wished to hide his annoyance was, however, apparent from his greeting.

"You must excuse me, Mrs. Lawrence," he said, "for keeping you waiting so long. You were so kind as to invite me into your room the other evening; and I cannot do less than return the compliment, though my place is not very inviting."

There was an overstrained effort at politeness in his manner, that was far from placing me at my ease.

"Thank you," I stammered. "I did not intend to come in; I only came up to inquire if you were ill, having missed seeing you for several days."

"You are very kind, I'm sure," he replied, absently, as though but slowly comprehending the fact that any one could take so much trouble on his account. "But I have not been ill, that is, but slightly; only very busy."

But even as he spoke, as though in contradiction of his words, he grew giddy, and was forced to grasp the door-frame for support.

Setting baby down on the floor, I assisted him to cross the room to his bed, where he sunk down exhausted.

It was, as he had said, a poor room, containing nothing but a few articles of absolute necessity, no attempt at ornament, or even moderate comfort being visible. Directly in front of the single window stood a table, over which was thrown a checked cover, evidently with a view to concealing something hidden underneath. I felt morally certain that it had been placed there during the time that I was waiting at the door; and as I glanced at the curious shapes by which it was pushed up and bulged out in places, I shuddered, being equally well convinced that the horrible noise I had heard had proceeded thence.

I had, however, but a moment for inspection, for the old man reviving made light of his attack, said that he was subject to such turns, would be quite well presently, and begged that I should trouble myself no further. Seeing that my presence only irritated him, I withdrew. But when an hour later I ventured up with a cup of tea, he was still lying upon the bed; and even my imperfect knowledge of sickness taught me that he was in the grasp of fever. That was the commencement of a protracted illness. Vainly I besought him to let me send for a physician. He would not consent, nor was it necessary after the first few days, for the disease assumed that form which is so often brought on by overwork and excitement, and for which there are no better remedies than rest and care.

But how was he to have the latter? That was the question! When I asked if he had any friends to whom I could send, the bitter despair of his reply pained me beyond description.

"Not a soul upon God's earth who cares whether I live or die!" he said; and throwing his worn, old hands above his head, he looked at me with an expression of hopeless misery that I have never seen equaled.

Well, there was nothing else to be done. I must undertake it myself. The most I could do was but little; but I could not know of a fellow-creature being in such distress under the same roof with me without trying to mitigate his sufferings.

I used to go up several times a day with little comforts, and while there perform some of the many offices necessary in a sick-room; and though he always remonstrated against my attentions, and depreciated his need of them, I knew that my services would be missed if discontinued, and learned to wish for no sweeter reward than the glad smile which lighted the weary face on my entrance.

"Bess," said my husband, one evening, as I knelt before the grate, browning a piece of toast for my patient, "I don't half like your conduct toward that old coon up garret, and I wish you'd stop."

"Surely, Harry!" I exclaimed, letting the fork drop in astonishment, "surely, you don't begrudge that poor old creature a slice of bread now and then!"

"No!" thundered Harry, indignantly; "but what I do begrudge is, having you dancing attendance upon him as you do; for ought we know he may be a counterfeit, or worse. By your own admission there is something very mysterious about him; and next thing you'll find yourself in a scrape that may be hard to get out of——"

"Oh, Harry!" I interrupted, "it is long since I have thought of him otherwise than as a poor and lonely, but harmless old man. Come up with me and see him for yourself. I'm sure you will be of my opinion."

Harry grumbled a little about having a wife who would make him drag up three pair of stairs; but he is naturally kind-hearted, and by

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the time that I had my toast buttered and a cup of tea poured out, he was ready to accompany me upon my errand.

My customary tap was answered by a cheerful "Come in;" and we were advancing into the room, when, catching sight of Harry, the old man sprung up in the bed with unlooked-for energy, and throwing out his hands, as though to ward off danger, exclaimed,

"Go back! Go away!" then turning to me, "Make him go! Oh! in pity, make him go!"

"Hospitable old party, I must say!" muttered Harry, while I hurried forward to soothe the sick man.

"It's only my husband," I said. "He came up to see you."

"Oh! send him away! Send him away!" he continued to cry, the flush of excitement growing deeper upon his withered face; and seeing that there was no use in trying to remonstrate, I urged Harry to go down.

"It's the fever, you know," I whispered. "I ought to have prepared him for your coming;" and gently closing the door after him, I returned to the bedside to try, by cheerful sympathy, to undo the evil which I feared would result from my thoughtlessness.

Going down stairs a few minutes later, I found baby still asleep, and Harry pacing the floor in no enviable mood. He came forward as I entered, and placed his hands upon my shoulders.

"Now, Bessie," he said, gravely, "this thing has gone far enough. No honest man would have acted in that way—and I am now fully convinced of what I was only suspicious before, therefore, let this be the end of it. Understand me, Bessie, don't you go up there again."

I did go a few times, nevertheless. I don't hold up my disobedience as a precedent for others; but how could I forsake my old protege without a word? Especially when he apologized with tears in his eyes for his rudeness to my husband. But I did not transgress very often, for my patient, who was already mending, grew better fast; things resumed their former routine, and before autumn we had trouble of our own.

The great mercantile house, where Harry held the position of book-keeper, was broken up by the death of the head of the firm, and my husband was thereby thrown out of employment. At first this did not seem such a very heavy misfortune, for, with his good reputation and fine business abilities, Harry did not anticipate much difficulty in obtaining another situation. But those who remember the great financial depression of that fall and winter, will understand how fruitless were his best endeavors, and how our hearts grew gradually sicker and sicker under the blighting shadow of hope deferred.

It pains me even yet when I think of the evenings when he used to come home, foot-sore and worn with fatigue, from his useless journeyings in search of work. Unused as he was to much bodily exertion, this protracted exercise told upon his health; and though, on his return, he was never too tired to have a romp with Vivia, and merry words, with prophesies of better luck on the morrow, for me. I knew that this cheerfulness was only assumed for my sake, that grim despair was beginning to tug at his heart-strings.

It was a long, weary autumn to us. I had been raised in the country, and as imagination pictured the abundance there at that season—the ripened cornfields, where the great, yellow pumpkins lay like huge balls of gold, the mellow orchards, and the woods teeming with nuts—it seemed incredible that any of God's creatures should want. But, alas! it wast fast becoming so with us.

Meanwhile, the old attic-lodger pursued the even tenor of his way. Kind and polite when I chanced to meet him, but quiet and unobtrusive as ever. Of late I fancied that there had come to be a strange buoyancy in his step, and a light in his eye, such as we see in one who nears a longed-for goal; but I considered that it might be only in contrast to my own despondency. Occasionally he had slipped a quaintly-carved toy into Vivia's little hand when she happened to be out in the hall; but he seldom came to our room. It was, therefore, with some surprise that, hearing a knock one day, I opened the door and found him standing there, holding a miniature wind-mill with gayly painted sails in his hand.

"It's for baby," he said, depreciatingly, glancing at my face.

I tried to thank him, but my voice failed, for my heart was heavy within me. Things had been gradually growing worse with us, and only that morning Harry and I had decided that our humble rooms must soon be exchanged for yet plainer lodgings. It was not that I minded the change so much, for I knew that it was not the surroundings, but the hearts within, that made a home any place; but it was as the first step downward that I dreaded it.

I think the old man understood my condition at once, for he came in, and gently closing the door behind him, walked over to the window.

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He stood a moment picking nervously at some withered leaves on my geraniums, as one uncertain how to express himself; then he spoke abruptly,

"Mrs. Lawrence, Scripture does not tell us so, but don't you imagine that if the Good Samaritan ever got into trouble, he who fell among thieves was the first to offer him aid and sympathy? Well, as I stand in much the same relation to you, will you not tell me the cause of your distress, and let me, at least, try to mitigate it?"

This was the longest speech I had ever heard the old man make. He spoke awkwardly, hesitatingly, but there was no mistaking the genuine pity expressed in his words. I had been choking back the tears for weeks, but at this kind touch they burst forth like an imprisoned flood; and amidst my sobs I poured out a history of our troubles to one whom I instinctively felt was not only an interested listener, but a friend in adversity.

For awhile he allowed me to indulge my grief unchecked. Then leaving the geranium, and taking a seat near me, he told me something that dried my eyes and brought the long-banished smiles back to my face. But, as it was to be a secret for awhile, even from my husband, I will let the reader wait a little for an explanation.

The early weeks of December sped by without bringing any improvement in our affairs. I had begged that we should not move until after Christmas; and though the weekly rent was a heavy strain on Harry's slender savings, the morning preceding that great festival found us still in our old quarters.

"Harry," said I, as breakfast over, he began to prepare for another weary march, "I wish you'd leave me some money, I want to bake a Christmas-cake."

Harry opened his eyes wide in astonishment that I, who had been so rigidly economical, should wish to rush into such extravagance; but he evidently had not the heart to refuse me, for he took out his pocket-book at once—a very flaccid pocket-book it had become!

"There, Bess, that's the lot!" he said, smiling sadly, as he placed a ten-dollar note, a two, and some small change upon the table.

Poor fellow! I could scarcely refrain from throwing my arms around his neck, and revealing that which I most desired to keep a secret. However, I conquered my weakness, and said, calmly,

"Well, I'll take the two-dollar bill; I guess I can make that do."

Harry looked at me a moment, with an expression in which consideration for me, and thoughtful prudence, were strangely mingled; then, with some hesitation, he said,

"Do you think it is wise, Bess, to do this just now, when everything is so high, and nothing coming in? And the rent will be due in a few days, too."

"I don't care!" I interrupted, recklessly. "Christmas comes but once a year, and I am determined to have the cake."

My husband said no more; and as soon after his departure as I could get my breakfast-things cleared away, and the necessary materials procured, I began operations. Little Vivia, perched up in her dinner-chair at the table, was vastly interested in seeing the sugar, eggs, and flour, conglomerated into the smooth, yellow mass, (I wish she took as much interest in such work now;) and when later, the whites of the eggs, which I had reserved for icing, were beaten into snow-like foam, she screamed with delight. In a spoonful of this icing, which I saved for ornamentation, I mixed a pinch of cochineal, and the legend that I traced in rose-colored letters on the pure white crust, was the old, old Christmas-anthem, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

That evening, after baby had gone to sleep, and I had slipped a few sticks of candy, and a homemade dolly into her little stocking, I went across to help the Grobes dress their Christmas-tree.

Those who imagine that happy Christmas comes in its fullest enjoyment only to the rich, are vastly mistaken. True, my neighbors had no twenty-dollar walking-dolls, or automatic cars and steamboats, with which to decorate their festal-tree; but the loving cheerfulness with which they hung thereon their humble offerings of simple toys, gay candies, and rose-apples, was only equaled by the boisterous joy of the young recipients in the morning.

Returning in half an hour from this scene of contented gayety, my home looked dark by contrast. The fire had gone down, and my husband sat brooding sadly before the cheerless grate.

"Come, Hal," said I, slipping up behind him, catching his head and shaking it, "come, waken up, and drive away the blues! It's Christmas times! I want you to cut the cake! See, here it is," I continued, as, with considerable pride, I brought forth the crowning proof of my culinary skill. I had no holly to wreath it with, but my unfailing geraniums furnished a fragrant, and scarcely less beautiful substitute;

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and I was glad to see Harry rouse from his melancholy to smile at my effort at decoration.

He cut two golden wedges, and was just going to lay down the knife, when I stopped him.

"Cut another, Harry," I said. "There's a dear."

He glanced at me a little suspicious. "For baby? Maybe she won't waken to-night again. Besides, it ain't good for her."

"Not for baby," I answered, with a little quiver in my voice that I could not subdue, "for the poor old man up in the garret. Oh, Harry! we are poor, but we have each other. Think what it must be to be all alone, with no one to remind him of the holy season; no voice to wish him a 'Happy Christmas:'" and as I spoke, I pointed to the inscription within the wreath, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Harry did not need much persuasion. His is not a nature to bear malice; besides, the sharp winds of adversity which had blown around us lately, had, in a great measure, dispelled the clouds of prejudice and suspicion through which he formerly viewed our unsocial neighbor.

Leaving Vivia sleeping sweetly, we ascended the stairs, knocked, and were cordially welcomed by the old gentleman. It was quite a contrast to the last time we had gone there together. We had evidently been expected; and Harry noticing this, looked at me for explanation; but I strove to appear perfectly innocent and unconscious, though, in my confusion, I almost forgot to offer the plate of cake I held in my hand—the ostensible object of our visit.

After the usual compliments of the season had been exchanged, and when the conversation begun to grow genial and unconstrained, our host asked if he might relate a portion of his history, and we acquiescing, he began:

"I cannot remember the period when I was not a dreamer, nor, on the other hand, can I recollect a time when there was not method in my madness. From my earliest boyhood I have been possessed of a mania for invention—that insatiable craving which leads so many, I had almost said innocently, to ruin. It was this uncontrollable propensity that made me a careless scholar, a burden and mortification to my friends, and finally drove me forth a self-exiled wanderer on the earth. And yet, looking back now, I think I can say truly, that my wildest dreams were never unmingled with the hope of improving my kind—of aiding struggling humanity.

"I will not weary you by speaking of the early and unsettled portion of my career. It contained the usual chaotic mass of boyish schemes, and is as well forgotten. For the last fifteen years I have had one definite object before me, which I have steadily pursued amid such buoyant hopes and crushing defeats, anxious longing and grinding poverty, as those who have followed a similar ignis fatuus may know.

"At last," and here the old man's eyes flashed with the true fire of genius, "at last success has come; but, like all earthly success, it comes too late—too late, at least, to admit of my carrying it forward unaided, as I once hoped to do. My desire, therefore, is to obtain a young and active partner; and knowing, Mr. Lawrence, that you are at present unemployed, I have ventured to hope that I might find such in you. I may add, frankly, that it is less any knowledge I have of your character and ability, than my grateful friendship for your wife which prompts the proposal; and now, if you have no objection, will you look at my model?"

Slowly, almost reverently, as one approaches a shrine, he lifted the old checked cover, and there, in all its curious combination of polished wood and burnished metal, stood the finished dream of fifteen years.

"What was it?" did you say? I wish I might tell you—I would like to; but you know, ever since Americus Vespucius, instead of Columbus, gained the credit of finding this continent, there has been danger in talking loosely about discoveries; besides, Harry might not like it. Let it suffice to say, that it was not a humbug; that it was one of those great labor-saving blessings which, in these latter days, are always at hand to counterbalance the vials of wrath poured forth by the angel of the Apocalypse, and then imagine it to be whatever machine affords you the most comfort and delight. Perhaps it is its cheery, busy presence in your home that now gives you leisure to read my story.

It certainly seemed a very curious piece of mechanism, as we examined it there by candle-light. As the immortal Mr. Weller would have said, there were "Veals within veals;" and, altogether, it was far beyond my comprehension.

But Harry caught the idea at once, and, what was of more importance, recognized the availability; and, long after I had gone down stairs to baby, he sat discussing ways and means with his attic-neighbor.

There was another surprise for us all, which came out a day or two later; when the talk about the invention having given place to more desultory conversation, some of our kind old friend's remarks concerning his youth, led Harry to recognize him as the runaway uncle of whom his mother had often spoken. As her

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marriage took place after her brother's departure, our name had never suggested any relationship to the old man; and his astonishment at finding that he had been unwittingly aiding his nearest kin, was as great as ours in learning that for our renewed comfort and prosperity we were not indebted to a stranger.

As may be supposed, it made us all very happy to know that to the ties of business and sympathy was added that of consanguity, making a three-fold bond of union.

We did move after Christmas; but it was to a comfortable brick house on Vine street, which, when success and fortune became more assured, we exchanged for our present home on the Avenue.

It is, I suppose, almost unnecessary to say that our kind benefactor, or uncle Charley, as we now called him, accompanied us, or that it became one of the deepest studies of our lives to repay, in some measure, the debt of gratitude we owed him, by striving to obliterate, through home-cheer and fire-side joy, all remembrance of those long years of exile and loneliness.

And we succeeded; for though, as he realized, his day of active exertion was past, it was followed by the peaceful calm of old age; that tender twilight of the silver-haired, illumined by the morning-star of memory and Aurora-gleams of a coming glory.

Now, too, the absorbing, consuming passion of his life seemed to be quenched, or displayed itself only in the invention of toys for the children; especially after Charley, his namesake, arrived, and had reached an age when he could appreciate perfection in kites, and almost perpetual-motion in humming-tops.

As he grew older, and more feeble, he seemed to grow also daily more and more gentle. And, paradoxical as it may appear, though his heart ever beat true to the purest evangelical faith, he always cherished an idea of a glorified humanity; which, though not redeemed, was, at least, to be reclaimed and elevated by the genius of invention, and the progress of science.

This seeming contradiction became clear at last. He had been gradually failing, but his faculties were as bright, and his interest in public advance as keen as ever, when the end came. We were sitting in his room, and I thought that he was dropping to sleep, when Harry, who was reading the evening paper, knowing that the announcement for which he had longed would please him, read aloud the queen's message; the first telegram flashed over ocean wires the inscription on my cake, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Instantly the fire of enthusiasm gleamed in his sunken eye, as he exclaimed, "My God, I thank thee!" And taking up the eloquence of Isaiah, "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising!" Then folding his hands as one who is satisfied, this faithful servant, who had welcomed each achievement of science as a step toward the final triumph of his Master, with the glad flush of victory still on his cheek, passed on into the fuller joy of his Lord.

Years have passed away, but the name of uncle Charley is not forgotten in our home. Often, as Harry and I look around upon our children, growing up amid all the advantages of culture and refinement, we feel our hearts glowing with loving remembrance of him whom, besides a kind friend and tender relative, we must always regard as the founder of OUR FORTUNE.

UNDER THE HEMLOCKS.

BY ELLIS YETTE.

THE soft October sun looked down
On the sloping hills and the distant town;
And across the valley, and under the hill,
Lazily hummed the droning mill;
The trees were purple, and flame, and gold,
With a beauty gorgeous to behold;
And through the valley, gleaming bright,
The river wound in silvery light;
And softly, gently, the sunbeams crept
Under the hemlocks, where we met.

The air was still, not the faintest breeze
Stirred the depths of those hemlock trees;
The clear, slant sunbeams fell across
The softest beds of greenish moss;
And here and there, on the mottled green,
A gold or crimson leaf was seen,
Like a sweet word said, and then forgot,
Or a pure, but unremembered thought;
There, where the sunbeams softly crept,
Under the hemlocks, where we met.

The quiet brook that murmured by,
Flowed to the sea without a sigh;
The sweet bird singing overhead,
Might come again when frosts were dead;
But who can gather up again
A love that has been poured in vain?
Or bring again the golden rays
That crowned our hopes in other days?
Or feel the sunbeams then that crept
Under the hemlocks, where we met?

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PONTO'S FIRST LESSON.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"I'M ashamed of you, Ponto. That is A, I tell you. Mind your book, sir, and don't be looking around."

"Whatever is the child at? Come down from that, you Hetty, at once, and don't be fooling with the dog," cried the sharp voice of aunt Barbara, a maiden lady of forty, Hetty's nearest relative, and protector. "Now, where's your sewing? Is that all you've done, to-day? I'll teach you, my pretty Miss, to be wasting your time with a dog, in this way. Go right up stairs to bed. You'll get no supper, this night."

The scene, which this rigid disciplinarian of an aunt had thus broken in upon, was a very pretty one, nevertheless. In an old-fashioned arm-chair, close by the window that looked out on the village-green, sat a young girl, and a very lovely one, too, of eight or nine years of age. In her lap she held an open book, containing an illustrated alphabet, in large letters; and this alphabet she was pretending to teach to Ponto, her favorite dog. The dog, like all dogs, and like most children, was not very attentive, so the girl prettily chid him, and enforced her words, every now and then, by a box on the ears, though not a very hard one, we must confess.

The child jumped down, big tears welling into her eyes. She looked up, beseechingly, at her aunt, for a moment; but finding the stern face opposite to her immovable, the tears stopped, and something like a pout came to her lips; for little Hetty was not entirely perfect, and was disposed to resent what she thought injustice, if it be, indeed, wrong to resent it. But she went up stairs, without a word, and very soon had cried herself to sleep.

A stranger, passing by the house, had chanced to be a spectator of this scene. He was a young man of seventeen or eighteen years of age, a student from the academy in the neighboring town. "Poor thing!" he said, sympathizing with the child, "she has a hard lot before her, if that is her only relative. What beautiful golden hair! An imaginative child, or I fail to read her face aright," he added, with the mature wisdom of his years. "The old she-dragon there will never understand her." But in less than half an hour other subjects of interest arose, and with the light-heartedness of youth he had quite forgotten the little girl and her dog.

Seven years had passed. They had been years of slavery to Hetty. It was as the young student had said, her aunt never understood her. Not that Miss Barbara, or "Bab," as the neighbors called her, willfully persecuted the child; but she was of a hard, practical nature, while Hetty was full of imagination. The elder lady loved work for work's sake; Hetty liked play, and detested most work, especially sewing. As the child grew older, indeed, she learned more patience, and was comparatively submissive; but there came a day when Hetty was about fifteen, when a serious collision occurred.

Aunt Bab had been down to the melon-patch, and was returning with something rolled up in her apron. She went into the kitchen, deposited the ripe melon in a huge earthen dish, and walked slowly into the living-room.

"What's this?" she asked, sharply, picking up a cambric ruffle that Hetty had just thrown across the floor.

"It's my sewing," said Hetty, sullenly.

"Well, what does it mean? Did you put it there?"

"Yes, I did. It means that I don't want to do another stitch for you as long as I live."

"Highty-tighty! here's an independent Miss, can't earn her salt."

"I guess I earn my salt sweeping your old floors, drudging round—I guess I do," retorted Hetty, her eyes flashing: and she looked very pretty as she said it, wrong as it was.

"Sweeping? Yes, and I after you every step of the way. You don't know anything. Some girls of your age can keep house, wash, and cook; but you set up for a lady, don't you?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Hetty, with a grand disdain that deepened the crimson of her cheeks, "I never mean to be a drudge, you may depend on that. I intend to have a husband before I'm half as old as you are, and a rich one, too."

This was the fruits of bad training. Naturally the girl was gentle, loveable, and respectful. Aunt Bab had done much toward spoiling a fine nature.

"A pretty piece, you, to be talking of gettin' married," flamed the old spinster, "a chit of fourteen."

"Fifteen, if you please."

"Oh! I beg your ladyship's pardon—a mighty

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personage you are. Do you intend to be married before the year is out?"

"Perhaps I shall," responded Hetty, loftily.

"Well, Miss, before that auspicious event comes off, perhaps you'll condescend to finish this sewing."

"I don't feel like sewing; I wanted to go with with the girls this afternoon—I'd set my heart on it. If I'd done anything to deserve your treating me so—so—cruel," sobbed Hetty.

"Take this work and finish it before dark," said aunt Bab, her conscience making her voice harsh.

"I won't," cried Hetty, flatly; then grew frightened at her own temerity.

"That's your gratitude for all my kindness, is it? That's your thanks for my lavender silk that I got altered for you? Go to your room—march up stairs. Oh! what will you come to, Hetty Edwards! I should think you'd be afraid your mother 'd turn in her grave."

An allusion to her mother always broke down the strong will of poor Hetty. In a moment she was subdued, and walked humbly up stairs. But she was not prepared to hear the key turn in the lock on the outside.

Then her willful temper returned: she shook the door, and shouted out of the window; but the spinster walked calmly down the garden-path, quite sure that she had done her duty.

She leisurely put up a placard on the gate-post—"Board for a single gentleman."

After this she went over to widow Black's, to talk scandal, I am afraid.

Every summer that same old placard had secured the single gentleman, who, in spite of the ancient maiden's arts, insisted on going away single.

Hetty saw the last of the faded green calash, and stood at the window panting with rage.

"I'll swing down by the post," she said, opening the window upon a diminutive balcony. She dried her eyes, and tied her curls up in a bunch on the top of her head with a bit of twine.

"I'll see if I'm to be treated so for a whim. I don't believe that woman can be my mother's sister." Then she wrapped a pillow-case round one arm, and her apron round the other. She climbed over the low paling, worked with hands and feet till she had secured a hold on the corner pillar that supported it, and went down with a force that almost shook the breath out of her body.

"That was well done," cried a voice.

Hetty screamed and looked up in a fright. Before her stood a tall man, with laughing black eyes, plainly visible under large, green spectacles.

"I should say you were accustomed to that mode of traveling," the man remarked; but his smile was kind, for this queer apparition of a young girl had the most beautiful face he had ever seen.

"No, it's my first attempt," replied Hetty, demurely.

"For the novelty of the thing, I suppose."

"I couldn't get out any other way. Aunt Bab locked me up."

"Then I am to infer that aunt Bab and Miss, Miss——"

"Hetty," said the girl, promptly.

"Are not on the best of terms," said he, finishing his sentence.

"We get along well enough most times——" and here Hetty paused. Was it proper to talk thus freely to a stranger? He divined her thoughts.

"I saw a notice on your gate that a gentleman could get board here."

"Are you single?" asked Hetty, with such rustic simplicity that the man turned away, for a moment, to hide a smile.

"I am, fortunately," he said.

"You're just the one, then. Walk right in; aunt Bab will be so glad!" and forgetting all her wrongs, Hetty sprang into a low window and unbolted the door. It looked very cool and comfortable in that broad, country kitchen. The cupboard was open a little ways, and the china dishes, Miss Barbara's pride, glistened in snowy array. The bright melon was on a dish, looking cool and tempting; and a pile of white napkins stood near. It was ironing-day, the clothes-horse was filled with shining linen; the floor, newly scoured, looked fresh and spotless. If the whole thing had been arranged for special effect, aunt Bab could not have studied up a more interesting domestic picture. The pretty parlor was not less inviting. Roses stood on the center-table—cleanliness and fragrance were apparent everywhere.

If ever mortal was taken by surprise, certainly aunt Bab was on her return, for she saw a fine, tall gentleman sitting in the parlor, and Hetty coolly doing the honors, with her head tied up "like a wild Injun," she afterward remarked. At her aunt's approach, Hetty's wrongs occurred to her, and she marched out of the room like a queen in a tragedy.

The matter was quietly arranged. The gentleman's name was Barstow. He liked his room—references were exchanged; and when Miss Bab was left by herself, she cast one rapid

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glance in the little mirror. Her steel-gray eyes were luminous—at the prospect of gain, perhaps—and she whispered to herself, "How handsome he is—and just old enough!"

Mr. Barstow came, and to Hetty's delight brought a piano, which Miss Bab was very willing should be put in her parlor. He treated Hetty as if she had been his little daughter. Presently, to her aunt's astonishment, as well as her own, he was teaching the child to play, and he found in his pupil much enthusiasm, and some genius. Meantime, was not Hetty the happiest girl alive? She cared little for companions and out-door pleasures now; under the magic influence of the new boarder, she applied herself to study with a zest she never knew before. And more than that, she grew careful of her appearance; and at the end of April, some seven months after Mr. Barstow had come, people had, somehow, began to call her Miss Hetty. She was sixteen, and very tall of her age. Everybody but her aunt considered her beautiful—to her she was still only a little child.

One night Mr. Barstow received a letter, and after he had read it, he mused awhile, then said that business called him to the city; he should start on the next day.

"I shall leave my piano for Hetty to take care of," he said to Bab, who could not get over her youthful notions, and had been dressing, smiling, and talking at him ever since he had first made his appearance.

As for Hetty, the whole world grew suddenly dark to her; she turned pale, and her breath came short.

"It may be that, by August, my nephew will take the room I vacate, Miss Barbara," he said.

"I shall welcome him, sir, for your sake," said aunt Bab; and went out to look at her pies that were browning in the oven. Presently she came back; Hetty and Mr. Barstow were both absent; the latter had gone for a walk; and poor little Hetty was sobbing upon her pillow in her own room.

The next morning everybody was stirring early.

"I hope we shall see you back again," said Miss Barbara, as her boarder stood in the little hall, carpet-bag in hand.

"You will see my nephew, if not myself," he answered. "I can conscientiously recommend your housekeeping, Miss Barbara; you will be a treasure to him who becomes the fortunate possessor of your hand and heart. If I were not so old a man," he added, gallantly.

"Dear land!" cried Miss Bab, interrupting him, "I don't call a man old under eighty."

"I shall consider that a compliment, Miss Barbara. Now if this little girl will carry this small parcel to the gate for me;" and Hetty, her heart beating fast, and her eyes full of tears, took the package.

"Well, I never!" cried aunt Bab to herself, "if that girl ain't higher'n his shoulder; but then I s'pose she seems like a daughter to him. Dear me! to think he should say if he were not so old a man. I hope he sees that I am not fishing for a husband."

Hetty reached the gate a little before Mr. Barstow, and stood looking up the village street with a very queer feeling in her throat.

"I wonder if it will be a comfort to you, my child, to know how miserably I shall miss you," said Mr. Barstow.

"And I'm sure I shall miss the—the walks down to the point, and the piano-playing, and—and——"

"Me?" asked Mr. Barstow, softly, looking straight at the shoemaker's sign opposite.

"Yes, of course, you," said the girl, with a heroic attempt at a laugh, which sounded dismally like a sob at the end.

"Do you know that half reconciles me to going?" he murmured, with his old, tender smile. "But then I shall send that nephew to look after you a little. Good-by, there's the stage; keep up your practice; above all, don't forget me, little one."

He stooped a moment, touched her forehead with his lips, and hurried off, leaving her standing there, both grieved and glad.

She was roused by the sharp voice of aunt Bab.

"Well, now he's gone, I hope *I* shall get some attention. I'm half dead with hard work."

Hetty knew what she had to expect now. There was no kind Mr. Barstow to comfort her—no money coming in. It must be the old life of drudgery, with occasional pauses for practice, and very little time for herself.

"How impudent he spoke this morning," said aunt Bab, when they talked of him over their work. "I dare say he considers himself a young man; he's forty-six, if he's a year."

"No, indeed!" cried Hetty, aghast.

"Yes, I tell you, child; look at his wig."

"Wig!" Hetty's face was a study.

"Very cunningly done, my dear, but still a wig, which, with spectacles, insures him for forty-six. Just think of people talking about him and me bein' engaged! A man can't show any attention to a young woman but every tongue must be wagging. I'm independent of the world's opinion, however, thank my stars,

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and can stand it. If they think so, let 'em; more unlikely things have happened."

Hetty grew silent, and moped; her duties seemed dull and commonplace; even the beloved music had lost its charms. The little, quiet village had eyes, and noticed the change. Everybody said that "Miss Bab's Hetty was queer for a young girl. Her aunt must be looking out for her when her single gentlemen came to board, bringing their pianers, and leaving them." How happy they made themselves with the business of other people, while poor Hetty sauntered over her work, stood still, sometimes, and looked at nothing, for I dare not say how long; found all the dear old songs he used to love, and practiced them till the piano must have ached, if it had any feeling.

"Hetty, Mr. Barstow's nephew has come," said aunt Bab, one morning, some three months after that gentleman had gone.

Hetty had just dressed herself for a call—the child had never looked more beautiful. So aunt Bab thought in spite of herself, but she only said,

"Well, if I was you, I wouldn't turn so red for nothin'."

"Is he like his uncle?" queried Hetty.

"Well, yes; he's like, and he ain't like—to my mind he's a great deal finer looking, that's all."

Hetty met the stranger with a shy welcome. The excitement of seeing somebody who was related to her old friend, quickened her pulses, and brightened cheek and eye. How like his uncle he was, only younger! The tones, the very modulation of his voice, made her think of him. Presently she forgot that he was a stranger, and asked questions concerning Mr. Barstow. Whenever they met, she talked of him; she had practiced the music he left her: she had read the books he recommended; she had studied just as he had thought it best she should.

"Queer old gentleman, that uncle of mine," the nephew said, one day, tired, no doubt, of hearing his praises reiterated. "Did you know that he wore a wig?"

"Not till after he had gone," said Hetty. "Was he bald?"

"Well, yes, rather; just over a fever, you see, when he came here—ordered a wig and green spectacles. You've no idea how odd he looked without them."

"Did he?" Hetty asked, absently. Some way, she fancied there was nothing in the world so becoming as green spectacles. "I wonder if he thought I should learn all the lessons he set me, before he comes back?" she said, quietly, smiling to herself.

"I'm afraid you'll never see my uncle again," said the young man.

She grew pale—so very pale that he was startled.

"Is he ill? Have you heard bad news? Is he going away? He said he would come."

"No; but he is very much in love with a young lady of his acquaintance, and quite contented to remain where he is."

"And he—he will marry her, I suppose," said Hetty, in a faint voice.

"I think it likely he will marry her, if he can get her. She is a very sweet little person."

"Then you have seen her?"

"Often."

"She is—is beautiful, of course."

"She is, to him," replied the young fellow, regarding her with fascinated glances. He could not see how she trembled with the suddenness, the shock of her emotion. He had found some one to love, she thought, and would never, never come back—never think of her any more. It was cruel, agonizing, frightful! She did not know how she said it, but the words dropped from her trembling lips,

"He has found some one to love."

"Yes, he has found some one to love, as well as, in this short time, I have learned to love you, little Hetty."

Hetty started back, amazed.

"Oh! don't speak of it! You don't know how you hurt me," cried the girl, with quivering lips.

"But, Hetty, he sent me here on purpose; he told me I must love you; that the moment I saw your innocent face I should love you—and I do, Hetty—I——"

"Hush!" Hetty stood up, feeling that her childish days, her childish heart were gone, forever. "I am greatly obliged to Mr. Barstow," she said, "for all his kindness; for the interest he took in one so lonely. He has been good—the best friend I ever had; but even he has no right"—her voice faltered; "I mean it is very ungenerous in him." She stopped, struggling to command her feelings.

Still, amid her regrets, her passion of disappointment, she saw waving through her tears, the handsome face, so like, yet unlike, that other.

"Then you reject me?"

Hetty was silent; she had turned away, for the hot, heavy tears was dropping fast, and burned her cheeks.

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"And how goes our lesson, little one?" said a deep voice.

His very words, his very tone! Hetty turned round with a cry of mingled joy and terror. There stood Mr. Barstow, the uncle of his nephew, the uncle with his nephew—in fact, the two in one, with the dear old smile lurking in the corners of his dark eyes, the same jetty, curling locks that she had so often secretly admired.

"My darling! did you think I could forget you?" he cried, catching at her outstretched hands.

Hetty's eyes sparkled through her tears.

"But where is he—where is your nephew?"

He pulled the wig off.

For one little moment Hetty felt a keen disappointment—a pang, as if she had been trifled with; but the sight of the dearest eyes in the world, so full of honest love for her, soon banished all such impressions, and she could laugh at them.

Presently aunt Bab came in, all wonder at sight of the transformation—the wig depending from the hand of Mr. Barstow, the green spectacles on the floor.

"Well, I want to know what this means?" she cried, breathless. "Have you been practicing your wiles and arts upon two poor, unprotected females? Are you a play-actor, young man?"

"By no means, my dear madam, for I have been, for some time, terribly in earnest," replied Mr. Barstow. "I came out here sick, and tired of life, an old man at twenty-five. I neither wanted to be sought out, nor recognized by anybody. I remembered this village as a quiet, secluded one; for, years ago, when a boy, I went to the academy in the next town. As I passed up the street, my attention was attracted by your notice of a room to let. I thought I recognized the house, for once, going by, I saw Miss Hetty teaching her dog his letters;" Hetty started, for suddenly she remembered the day; "and when I knocked, and she let me in, I recognized her. My wig and spectacles disguised me sufficiently for all practical purposes. I saw your niece again, no longer a child, and yet one still, but beautiful and unaffected. I loved her as a child only, at first. Like a good, fatherly soul, I set out to win her heart in a good, fatherly way. But I love her differently now, and ask you to give her to me for a wife. As you know, I have the best of references; I am rich, and can give your niece a home which I am sure she will grace by her gentleness, beauty, and accomplishments."

"La!" cried aunt Bab, "you needn't make such a long speech, as I know of; the child can do as she pleases, for all I care—she always did, and I warn you that she always will. As long as your nigher her age than I thought, and can support her in idleness, I suppose, why take her, and welcome. I've did my duty by her, and my conscience is clear; whether hers is or not, I can't pretend to say. But still she's a young, silly thing, and don't know anything about housework."

"Now, aunt!" cried Hetty, with burning cheeks, "Mr. Barstow knows I can work, for he has seen me."

"Yes, yes, I dare say you set up for a better housekeeper than I am," responded aunt Bab, grimly; "girls know more than their grandmothers, now-a-days. You may have her, sir, though there wa'nt any need of going philandering the way you have, to git her, as I know of."

So, one sunny morning, some months subsequently, Hetty went off to New York, the bride of Mr. Barstow. Never has wife been happier than she is. But, sometimes, when her husband wishes to plague her, he will say,

"Now, Ponto, I'm ashamed of you. That is A., I tell you. Mind your book, and don't be looking around."

THERE IS REST ON THE MORROW.

BY MRS. ANNA M. LOWRY.

THOUGH vexed with the cares and the troubles of life;
Though crowned with its burden of sorrow;
Beneath all the tempest, the tumult, and strife,
My soul breathes, "there is rest on the morrow.

Though friends oft betray, and turn coldly away,
When proof of their love I would borrow;
Change follows our planet, but every day
My soul whispers, "rest on the morrow."

When Wrong rides triumphant across the broad land,
And Right only sighs in her sorrow;
The angel of Peace I see waving he wand,
And I know 'twill be well on the morrow.

When slow shall beat life-pulse, and eyes shall wax dim
And Hope's golden pinions I'll borrow,
I shall hear the sweet strain in an angelic hymn,
Weary soul, thou shalt rest on the morrow.

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MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 379.

CHAPTER XX.

THE Count De Mirabeau had just come in from an exciting debate at the club. This man seemed to have changed places with his foster-brother; for while one had, to a certain extent, cast off the coarseness which made him a favorite of the people, the man of noble birth had been striving to brutalize himself down to a level with the lowest strata of civilized life. Marie Antoinette's rejection of his advances had plunged him deeper and deeper into the abysses of popular favor. But there was a natural revolt in all this; Mirabeau would much rather have been the saviour of monarchy than a leader of the mob, and his very power as a demagogue sometimes filled him with disgust. That particular night he was in a restive frame of mind; by bringing out the very coarsest powers of his nature he had excited the crowd that day into the most clamorous homage—homage that never would have been given to the splendid genius and great powers that he knew himself to possess, unaided by the rudest and lowest passions. It is doubtful if ever his powerful intellect foresaw the terrible scenes that the eloquence of men like him was destined to fasten upon France. That night his better nature recoiled from the hideous work his genius was doing, and he flung himself down on a chair, weary and sickened by the clamorous homage of his followers.

Some one knocked at the door of his chamber while he was in this dissatisfied mood, and he called out roughly for the person to come in, thinking that, perhaps, it was some messenger from the printing-office.

A woman entered, elegantly dressed, and scattering a delicate perfume from her garments as she moved. She held a small mask before her face, such as ladies sometimes carried to protect their complexions from the sun; but when the door was closed, she dropped it, and moving softly across the room, bent over the chair on which Mirabeau was sitting.

He started up in surprise, stood a moment as if irresolute, and then broke forth,

"Madame Du Barry, and here!"

"So you did know me," she said, with a gleam of pride and thankfulness that he had so readily recognized her features.

"Know you?" answered the count, reaching forth his hand to grasp hers heartily, as if she had been a man. "When will the time come when Mirabeau can forget——"

The woman held up her finger.

"Ah, count! that was before the days of Verseilles, when you were the gayest young scapegrace about the court, and I one of the people. I wonder if either of us are the better for having changed places."

"I was just asking myself that question," said Mirabeau, gloomily. "After all, the greatness that springs out of a false position must even be unsatisfactory; but tell me of yourself, fair lady. It is years since I have known much of your good or evil fortune."

Du Barry shrugged her shoulders.

"The last few years in England—that cold, cruel country, where the sun never shines fairly out as it does in France. Is not that enough of misfortune? But I must not stay to talk of myself. Of course, I did not come here simply for the pleasure of seeing you. There is a man in whom you take interest—a person who calls himself Monsieur Jaque."

"My foster-brother, and as true-hearted a man as ever drew breath; but how did he come to attract your notice, my friend?"

"No matter, it is a long story; besides, it is not the man that I am so much interested in, but a young woman whom he loves."

"A young woman! You cannot mean Mademoiselle Gosner?"

"Yes, that is the young person, a fair girl, whose father I, in some sort, wronged in the days of my power, and to whom I wish to make atonement, and cannot—she rejects it; so, in the desperation of my good intent, I come to you. My belief is that these two persons love each other."

"Love each other! What, the girl?" cried Mirabeau, starting to his feet. "Does he not know that Mirabeau has honored her with his admiration?"

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Du Barry flung herself into the chair from which the count had risen, and burst into a fit of laughter.

"An excellent reason why no honest man should think of her for himself," she said, wiping away the quick tears of merriment that flashed down her painted cheeks. "Oh! but you are droll as ever, my friend."

"But the girl is beautiful!"

"So much the more reason that your foster-brother should be desperately in love with her, as he certainly is—that is what brings me here."

"But I tell you that he will not presume——"

"My dear friend, he has presumed; and what is more, the girl loves him!"

"What, after I had condescended to be pleased with her? Du Barry, you have ceased to be discriminating."

"Come, come, be pacified. She is only one, and Paris has so many; let the poor fellow have his love unmolested—I ask it of you."

"Now I remember," said the count, "it is weeks since I called; in fact, I neglected her after the first impression. Of course, it was my own fault, and, as you say, Mirabeau can afford to be magnanimous. Besides, I really think it is the fellow's first love. Nay, do not go off into another fit of laughter—such things do happen. Then again, I remember he asked my forbearance, and I almost promised it. Well, the best thing I can do for him is not to go near the demoiselle—that might unsettle things."

"If you would be so good," said the countess, with a droll look of humor in her eyes, "it was a part of the favor I was about to ask. This man is, I believe, poor—he possibly cannot afford to marry."

Mirabeau thought of the little estate, whose income had been so generously given up to his extravagance, and had the grace to hesitate in answering. Was the countess going to suggest that he should relinquish that income? Had that, indeed, been the truth, she might have found more difficulty than had accompanied his renunciation of the girl; but she promptly set his mind at rest.

"I take it for granted that he cannot afford to marry," she said, "and in this I want your help. Be my banker; let me leave money enough for their comfortable independence in your hands!"

"In my hands!" exclaimed Mirabeau, laughing. "My dear friend, you should know better. It would melt away while the priest was giving his blessing. If you have any sharp notary who will arrange it so that it may be a trust; in short, that will insure it to him, and save it from me, I should not mind undertaking the business—I dare say that can be done."

"But it must seem to come from you. They would not touch it else," said Du Barry.

"He will never believe it; but we can manage that; it can be done in my father's name. Now, fair dame, as your conscience is at rest, tell me——"

"Not yet—not yet! I have another thing to ask."

"Of the same kind? I warn you now, do not lead a reckless man too far. Money is a sad temptation, when one needs it so much."

Du Barry hesitated, the color came and went under her rouge. She had lost all decency years before; but there was something in what she wished to propose that taxed all her ingenuity. At last she spoke out,

"Mirabeau, you are the enemy of royalty."

"Well!"

"You hate the queen."

"And if I do?"

"This cannot be real, there is something personal under it all."

"What makes you think so?"

"You are the idol of a people you despise!"

"Go on."

"And might be the saviour of France; should be a close friend to the queen."

Mirabeau laughed again; but there was angry fire in his eyes, and a curve of scorn on his lips.

"How long is it since the Countess Du Barry became the advocate of Marie Antoinette?" he demanded.

"Ever since she was too generous for the persecution of a fallen enemy; ever since she has been cruelly unfortunate, and most unjustly reviled. Of all the people in France, I have most cause to love the woman for whose overthrow you are toiling."

"Nay, let me tell you a secret. You are a woman of sense, and can comprehend the situation—Marie Antoinette rejects the friendship of Mirabeau."

"Has it been offered her?"

"Twice, indirectly."

"But the time may come when that friendship will be implored. Then, Mirabeau, be generous, be noble, wheel your great power to the defence of the throne. Earn the queen's gratitude, force her to acknowledge the power of your genius, the grandeur of your magnanimity—promise this, my Mirabeau."

"When Marie Antoinette seeks my aid it will be time enough to promise."

"But if she does seek it—if she asks your

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influence with the people, your protection from her enemies—what will be your answer?"

"Perhaps, that it is too late."

"The time will come, and then you must remember Du Barry, who wishes to aid in this; who implores your permission to pay a vast debt of gratitude to the grandson of Louis the Fifteenth—to the daughter of Marie Therese, who was so pure and good herself that she never went out of her way to taunt or insult those who were less fortunate. To the clemency and forbearance of Louis, and his most persecuted queen, I am indebted for every franc that makes up my wealth; I ask nothing better than to employ it all in their service. When you are a friend of the monarchy, let me find the money which the cause will so much need. Thus you and I will unite in one holy cause, which shall redeem much evil that we may have done. You, with your eloquence, and I, with money, which justly belongs to the crown, may, perhaps, be so fortunate as to save the monarchy of France."

The woman spoke earnestly, sometimes with passionate warmth, that astonished the man she addressed. He knew that she was in earnest, that a grander element than could be found in his heart was speaking through her words. Perhaps he felt, through all its subtle indirection, that something like a bribe for his influence lay under all this real generosity; but Mirabeau was not a man to revolt at an idea, so long as it took no offensive clearness. On the contrary, he reflected that his own power would be wonderfully enhanced by wealth, let it come in what form it would.

"Have you spoken of this to the queen?" he inquired.

"How could I? She would reject it. No, there is but one way, and that I have pointed out. The time will come when this persecuted lady will seek the friendship of a man who controls the people of Paris, who knows how to excite or depress the passions of her enemies. When that day arrives, the money she would scorn now can be used in her behalf."

"God grant that the rabble does not get beyond all control before she comes to her senses," said the count, thoughtfully. "Ignorance and passion are hard things to manage; but if Mirabeau cannot control them—where is the human power that can?"

Du Barry laid her hand on his arm.

"Some day your old friend may ask that protection for herself," she said.

"It shall not be asked in vain," answered the count, holding the door for her to pass.

When Madame Du Barry reached her lodgings she found Zamara, who had just come in from Versailles. His clothes were muddy, his face heavy with disappointment.

"Madame, Zamara has failed; he could not get the ring; she never takes it from her finger," he said. Madame only answered,

"The fates are against us, Zamara."

CHAPTER XXI.

MADAME GOSNER and Marguerite were alone in their room, which had become more gloomy than ever since their disappointment. All the spare time these two women could obtain from their sorrow was given to the toil which earned their daily bread; and this evening they were working diligently at some embroidery which was wanted in haste for a court-dress. The very nature of her employment, perhaps, exasperated the poverty of the elder woman, whose hatred of the monarchs of France amounted almost to monomania. She went on sewing with sharp energy, taking her stitches with jerks, as if she picked them out with the point of a dagger. Her breath came heavily as she worked, and her lips were pressed together—but she had not spoken in an hour.

Marguerite was sewing also, but her thread came out with a more even pull, and the delicate surface of her work revealed no imperfect stitches. The dull, heavy gloom which lay upon her mother was not dark enough to kill all the girlhood in that young bosom; and more than once a faint smile flitted across her lips, as if the thoughts in her mind were not altogether melancholy. Remember, Marguerite had never seen her father, and the blow of his death was not so terrible to her as it had proved to the stricken woman.

At last the young girl looked up from the dull monotony of her work, and, pausing with her thread half-drawn, listened eagerly. She had heard a step on the stairs, though her mother had not—a step that made the heart leap in her innocent bosom, and a smile of loving expectation tremble on her lips.

At an earlier day she would have spoken when she heard that step on the stairs; but now she hid the knowledge away like a precious secret, which not even her mother might share.

Yes, it was surely Monsieur Jaque.. Madame Gosner heard it now, and suspended her work. Was it possible that he was coming with news! Even in her despair this poor woman was always expecting news, and holding her breath as a footstep passed her door.

It opened now, and Monsieur Jaque came in,

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pale, worn, and so weak from protracted excitement that he fell upon a chair, and wiped the heavy drops from his forehead before speaking a word. Madame Gosner looked at him earnestly. He understood the question in her eyes, and answered as if she had spoken.

"Yes, my friend, I have been to the Bastile. I have wandered through those infernal vaults, and seen such sights."

"Have you been in *that* cell?"

Madame Gosner's voice was sharp as the cry of an eagle. She had lost all control of herself.

"Yes, I have been there, and I have seen him—your husband——"

"Alive?"

"Alive! I held his hand—I spoke with him. He told me his name. It was he who cried out when your voice penetrated his dungeon. They have practiced a foul fraud on us—one that shall be answered by the thunders of those stones as we hurl down that accursed building. Madame Gosner stood up, and lifted her clasped hands on high.

"So help me God, I will never rest till this thing is done!"

She spoke like a woman inspired; her very statue seemed to rise higher; her chest expanded itself.

"Be it so. I have already sworn," said Monsieur Jaque; and the two went out together, leaving Marguerite alone upon her knees, where she had fallen.

All was changed now in the humble dwelling of Madame Gosner. No more work was done; scarcely was there food enough prepared to sustain the strength of that excited woman. Solemn duties lay before her—a gigantic task, which she would perform, or die. The people of France were to be aroused into keener vindictiveness—the women organized—the clubs spurred to swifter action. Stern and terrible had been the effect of Monsieur Jaque's intelligence on the woman who had refused to consider herself a widow. Her whole being rose up in bitter wrath against what she deemed a horrible fraud. So fixed and deep were her prejudices against the royal family, that she never, for a moment, doubted that the king himself, if not the queen, had sanctioned the wrong that had been done, rather than cast a new witness of royal cruelty among the people to bear testimony against them.

With these feelings, it is not strange that all the sweet sentiments of undisturbed womanhood was, for a time, swept out of her nature. No amazon born to war ever suffered or felt a deeper thirst for vengeance than possessed her. From that day her very face changed; all its fine features were set, and locked with the iron resolution that possessed her. In some way her husband should be set free, or fearfully avenged. Many a woman beside herself had equal wrongs and equal suffering to redress or avenge; but, lacking a leader and organization, this great force, this underlying principle, which was enough to stir the already excited passions of the lower order into anarchy at any moment, had as yet been allowed to exhaust itself in complaint and denunciation. Now it should be centralized and spread forth from an organized source.

Madame Gosner knew that she was eloquent, and felt within herself all the force of great individual strength; that which had been an idea before was a fixed resolve now. In order to liberate her husband, freedom must first be given to the French people. She could only reach his dungeon through the ruins of the Bastile.

That day a strange sight was witnessed in the market-places of Paris. A woman, clad like the commonest working-woman, but of commanding presence, was seen moving from stall to stall with the firm, energetic tread of an officer mustering recruits. At each stall she uttered words that burned and thrilled through the heart of the occupant like the blast of a trumpet, yet they were spoken in a low voice, and circulated through the market from lip to lip, drawing the women together in clusters, who told each other the story of this woman, and swore to avenge her.

Her low, stern utterance of wrongs that seemed without a parallel, was like a spark of living fire flung into their own smouldering passions.

That night a Jacobin club-house was crowded with eager women. From the market, the garrets, and the cellars of Paris, they gathered, crowding their husbands and sons aside that they might hear something of their own wrongs from the tongue of a terribly persecuted woman.

Gosner's wife stood among them like a prestess. Unlike the women around her, she was educated, eloquent, powerfully impassioned, but capable of deep reasoning. She had dwelt so long on the wrongs of France that her acute mind searched down to the very roots of all the grievances that disturbed her people, and laid them bare before the rude women, who seized upon them as hounds fasten upon game, routed from bush and covert by the huntsman.

For two hours she filled that Jacobin stronghold with such burning eloquence as never

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before had fired the hearts of those rude, impetuous women, not cruel then, but who afterward leaped into the fight, unsexed, fierce, wicked female tigers, who, having tasted blood, lost forever afterward all relish for the milk of human kindness. It was this awful element that the genius of Madame Gosner aroused in the heart of France; it was this which cast eternal shame upon one of the greatest nations of the earth; it was this which makes all true and refined women tremble when they are called upon to plunge into the arena of politics, or the strife of nations.

True, the women of France had, perhaps, more excuse for revolt than those of any other country. Misery, hardship, and injustice, drove them into a storm of politics with terrible violence. With a single leap they sprung out of absolute subjugation into a wild chaos of ideas. In riot, rapine, and bloodthirstiness, they shamed the coarsest men by their unbridled excesses. While violating all law, and trampling human rights under foot, they sang pæans to liberty, and inaugurated their terrible orgies with declarations of equal rights and eternal brotherhood. Such were the women who, claiming political equality with men, and superiority over monarchs, flung all the sweet attributes of the sex behind them in the turmoil of politics, and in a subsequent carnival of blood forgot that they had ever been wives and mothers.

How could it be otherwise? The woman who once flings aside all the beautiful entanglements of home, and assumes duties which never were intended for her; who gives free rein to the coarser passions, plunges into such fierce struggles as brutalize men, and still expect to return at any period to the gentle immunities of womanhood, knows little of the destiny she is carving for herself.

Imagine the women of France going home from a fierce debate at the clubs to caress their little ones, and teach them their prayers at night; could they touch the smiling mouths of innocent children with lips hot with smouldering hate, or curl their silken tresses over fingers wet with human blood? Could they, without an outrage to humanity, permit their little ones to kneel in holy prayer at the feet which had just been treading down saw-dust around the guillotine? After partaking of such scenes, could any woman ever expect to go back to her sweet motherhood in the shelter of home? No, no; the quiet life, the care of childhood, the love of strong men, are not for such women. Let them once forsake the shelter of domestic life, the blessedness of home, and half that is valuable in existence lies behind them. When they enter the turmoil of moral or physical war, return is impossible; a great gulf has been dug between them, and the blessedness of womanhood, which can never be repassed.

In her despair, Madame Gosner thought nothing of the great moral effect her action might produce. She had, for years, been urged forward by one grand womanly motive—the freedom of her husband. If this object had sometimes led her into strange positions, great love had always sanctified them. She had endured poverty, humiliation, sickness, with the strength of a martyr, and in all things had protected the delicacy of her child. Even in the depths of her sorrow she had found time to educate this girl and fill her mind with all the refinements which make womanhood beautiful. But now, in the madness of her despair, she forgot everything but her wrongs, and the agony of a slain hope. What was that miserable shadow of a home to her? What was there on the broad earth but misery and desolation for a woman so bereaved, and so cruelly dealt by? In her anguish she felt a yearning sympathy for the thousands and thousands of women who haunted the market-places and streets of Paris with an eternal craving for bread written on their half-famished faces; for the earth, as well as the people of the earth, had, for two successive years, been cruel to the poor; but of her very womanhood, this long-suffering matron ceased to be womanly. Was she insane? Had one idea preyed so heavily on her mind that it swept all other thoughts before it?

Be this as it may, from the hour of that terrible disappointment, Madame Gosner, the woman, was lost in the patriot. In gaining freedom for her husband, she took upon herself the gigantic task of giving liberty to France. This spirit animated her whole being; it inflamed her speeches, it aroused her in the dead of night, and filled her dreams with burning pictures of liberty. She had but two possessions left—her own talents and her daughter. In the depths of her soul she devoted both to her country. All hopes of individual happiness became a thing of the past to her.

With Monsieur Jaque the ideas of liberty, as they were given forth to the people, like an inspiration, from the tongue and pen of Mirabeau, had consolidated themselves into a passion; but, like Mirabeau, he still clung to the monarchy, and hoped to liberalize France by making its king the enemy of his own power. Brought up and educated as he had been, day by day, with his foster-brother,

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sharing the same lessons, caressed by the same motherly hand, he could not, all at once, yield up the traditions of a superior race to which, by implication and habit, he almost belonged. It was in vain that he took upon himself the habits of the people, that he lived in a garret, and gave up the income of a little property which he had inherited from his own parents, to swell the extravagance of his foster-brother. A neglected toilet, unwashed hands, and coarse clothing, were insufficient to brutalize this man into one of the monsters that a little while after this baptized themselves patriots.

Notwithstanding his moderation, and his wish to save the monarchy, and give freedom to the people at the same time, Monsieur Jaque went hand-in-hand with Madame Gosner, and threw himself into this fearful work with equal energy and unswerving determination. He, too, believed that a wicked deception had been practiced upon a long-suffering woman, and could find no way of accounting for it which did not implicate the King and Queen of France. Sometimes, when he thought of the honest, kind face of Louis the Sixteenth, of the simplicity of his words, the shy gentleness of his manner, this belief became almost an impossibility to him. Nor could he think of the queen, so earnest, so generous and beautiful, without recoiling in his heart and reason from the thought that she could have known and sanctioned an act so full of dishonor, or so bitterly unkind.

But the fact still remained, no matter where the blame lay. A terrible wrong had been done, a human life worse than sacrificed. More than this, out of that awful place one soul had made its cries of agony heard; but how many others lay in those vaults, unknown. Those awful walls, with their seven feet in thickness, were built thus massively, that the cries of human anguish might never penetrate them. What became of the hundreds on hundreds that had crossed that draw-bridge, never to be heard of again? Had they been carried out in the silence of midnight to unknown graves, or were they still chained to those reeking walls, and crouching in cells so far beneath the earth that they possessed all the horrors of a grave, without its peacefulness?

The fire spread. Mirabeau heard the story from his foster-brother, and thundered it through the clubs. It burned like a romance on his lips, and glowed out in words of fire on the pages of his journal. In less than three days all Paris was in a storm of indignation, and poured itself tumultuously into the streets. If human ingenuity could have imagined anything more terrible than the horrors of that man's fate, the passions of an ignorant people would have invented something more awful than the truth; but here the bitterest passion failed, and the simple fact was far more powerful than exaggeration ever could have been.

Monsieur Jaque told the story, and in his own stirring language described the scenes he had himself witnessed in the Bastile. Madame Gosner pleaded with a woman's pathos and a man's power for the husband who had been torn from her in his youth, and was now perishing in the cells of that hideous prison. All the terrible traditions of the Bastile were nothing to the actual story of this man, as it came from the lips of his wife. Through the work-shops, the markets, the quays, and the clubs, the fact of his incarceration, after a pardon had been granted, and his death proclaimed, spread like fire along a train of powder.

The reckless demagogues, who had been so long striving to fire the people with a spirit of revolt, saw in all this an element of revolution stronger than their eloquence, and seized upon it with sharp energy. The clubs arose at once, uniting in one grand effort; but it was in answer to a clamorous demand from the people, who, ready for revolt, called aloud for guides and leaders.

The time had come. One night the streets of Paris were darkened by crowds of silent, stern men, whose eager faces looked sinister in the lamplight, as they turned invariably toward the Place de Grove. The men moved swiftly on in comparative silence; but wherever they paused a warehouse was broken open, and everything of iron or steel it contained taken therefrom, though all other articles were scrupulously left untouched.

Women, too, came out from their domicils, and swelled the stream that poured into the Place de Grove. Each carried some burden—a loaf of bread, a bar of rusty iron, or a ponderous fire-shovel, from her own hearth-stone. Before midnight the Place de Grove, and the adjoining streets broke into a blaze. Anvils and forges in full blast seemed to start out of the very earth, lighting up all the grim outlines of the Hotel de Ville, and the great crowds of men and women that swarmed around it, with gleams of light thrown against deep, deep shadows, that made the whole scene terrible. To this was added the sharp ring of iron against the steel, the roll of wheels bringing in heavy loads of plunder, the crash of hammers thundering to each other, and the awful hum and swell of angry voices in suppression.

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Men worked that night like demons. Many who had thought themselves too feeble and famished for work, now wrangled with each other for a chance of toil at the forges. Pale, hungry faces grew stern as death in the lurid light of the fire; while demagogues from the clubs, and Bohemians of the press, passed in and out of the crowd with inflaming words, keeping the wild enthusiasm at a white heat.

Women crowded in, some laying their arms bare to the shoulders, unloading wagons like the men; others enforcing the fiery ardor of the demagogues with passionate appeals, and bitter taunts for those who stood aloof. The market-women, having broken up their stock for the next day, distributed stores of provisions to the workmen, and fed the hungry with their own hands. Some even seized upon the tools, and began to forge instruments of slaughter with the skill and energy of men; some mounted on piles of arms already forged, and harangued the men as they worked. Among these appeared Madame Gosner, whose presence was everywhere heralded with tumults of sympathy and applause.

"Not for my sake," she said, mounting a wagon in which rude metal had been brought to the forges, where she stood like some Roman matron in a victorious car, "not for my sake, nor for the redemption of one man do I urge you forward——"

Here the impassioned woman was interrupted by shouts from the women, and wilder demonstrations from the men, who paused in their work to listen, and snatch a mouthful of bread from the hands of such women as were giving food to the hungry, that no man's strength need fail till his work was done.

"Let no man stop his work that my voice may be heard," continued Madame Gosner. "God will give strength to my lungs, and you shall hear me, though ten thousand anvils rang out such glorious music as this at a single crash. In this sound I hear the downfall of that odious prison, where kings deal with their victims like incarnate demons, chaining them to walls like beasts of the fields—burying them alive in eternal darkness—rendering them up to worms and reptiles while yet alive. Citizens, this is not the work of one generation, but of many. Kings and Queens of France have, for generations, held that accursed rampart of stones as a monument of their greatness, dear to royalty as the throne itself. It is an awful contrast which makes the luxury of their palaces more perfect. Without misery for the people, courts and kings would never feel how much they are above us. In order to know how high they are, it is there eternal effort to debase us. We are the beasts of burden that drag forward their triumphal chariots; creatures to starve while they riot. By our labor they are fed; by our toil they are exalted, till pride becomes arrogance, and their very laws are made to protect them and degrade us.

"The wealth of a nation lies in its labor. Where has that gone which our forefathers created by the strength of their hands? Look for it in the enormous estates which cover France from border to shore. Has one of them descended to the laborers, whose toil wrested them from the wilderness? Who among you owns a rood of land? Not one. If to you belongs the sledges you wield, and the spades with which you dig, it is all they will give you out of a thousand years of hard toil, rendered with reckless generosity to these pampered lordlings. What are these creatures, after all, but things of our own creation? Their palaces, their estates, their jewels belong to us, and yet made the instruments of our debasement. It has taken a thousand years to consolidate the power that crushes us. But let us unite, and a single year shall tear it down.

"I have a husband in one of those hideous dungeons; for years and years they have buried him from my sight. When we parted, he took me in his arms, and promised, with many a farewell kiss, to return within the month. My hair was bright with the gloss of youth then—look at it now; yet I have not seen his face since then. But I do not plead for him alone; other women have husbands to lose—other women for ages on ages have been made widows, knowing their husbands living, but buried far from the light of day, as mine is. It is for them I plead and implore you to shatter those enormous walls, and let God's free sunshine in upon these suffering men. Every stone of those blackened towers is cemented with blood and saturated with groans. I ask you to sweep an awful plague spot from the bosom of France. Let us tear it away, stone by stone—uproot it, rock by rock; break through those rugged walls, and choke up the festering moat with their ruins. Citizens, the strong arms of your fathers built this prison, which your kings have turned into a place of torment that fiends would shrink from. Are your arms weaker than thers? What they built have you not the strength to pull down, or shall the women of France show you the way?"

A yell went up from that portion of the crowd which surrounded Gosner's wife, for there the women of Paris had assembled in the greatest

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numbers—a yell that rose fiercely, like the cry of wild beasts in a forest. From street to street, from alley to alley, that cry swept its way, arousing the people like a war-trumpet; from the Place de Grove, from the steps and very roof of the Hotel de Ville it gathered force, and rolled in thunder through the crowd,

"To the Bastile! To the Bastile!"

Each strong arm dropped from its work. The Place de Grove was emptied as if a mountain torrent had swept through it. That moment all Paris seemed to hurl itself on the Bastile.

Burning with rage, fierce, wild, terrible, the people swarmed around the grim, old fortress. The draw-bridge was up; the moat, deep, stagnant, torpid as a gorged anaconda, coiled around its base, sending up a fetid odor as that serpent does when suddenly aroused. Some small houses and shanties were crowded close to the moat. In an instant the roofs of these buildings were covered with human beings, who swarmed over them until the timbers crashed beneath their weight; but it was in vain. The moat was too broad and deep—no man was vigorous enough to leap it. For a minute the crowd was held at bay; then a plunge from the lowest roof—a struggle through the green waves; another plunge, a wild, ringing shout, and a figure was seen climbing up the timbers of the draw-bridge. Another followed, whom the people recognized as Monsieur Jaque, the foster-brother of Count Mirabeau, and rent the air with their shouts. Then came the sharp, ringing sound of axes, the rattle of chains, and a terrible crash of timbers—the draw-bridge had thundered down to its place. In an instant it groaned under the weight of human beings pressing over it, panting like wild beasts for a leap upon their prey.

Then an awful scene arose in the fortress. A man was seen hall-way up one of the towers, clinging to the ladder of massive ropes which coiled down its walls; but some one of the insurgents had gone up before, and with his hatchet hewed the ropes above him. One after another the strands gave way, till only a single rope was left. A blow of the hatchet upon this, and the rope began to uncoil, swifter and swifter, whirling the poor wretch with it, until the last strand tore apart, and he fell, with a crash, to the court below, and was so broken upon the stones that no one could have told the bruised face as that of Christopher, the head keeper.

But a more pitiful scene was going on in the governor's room, which a crowd of insurgents had entered, weapon in hand. The poor man was upon his knees, pleading for the mercy he had never given, pale, abject, trembling with terrible dread. There was no riot, no noise—those men were all too bitterly in earnest for that; the hatred in their white faces was terrible to look upon. One man held a key in his hand.

"Show us the cells," he said, sternly, "those which are deepest underground. Before we kill you, the prisoners must be set free."

The governor groveled to the earth, his limbs shook, his eyes stood out wildly from his head—snow itself was not whiter than his craven face.

"I cannot—I do not know where they all are. Christopher can tell."

His words were broken; his teeth knocked together; he clung to the legs of a table near him in mad terror, lest those fierce men should drag him away by force. They did tear his hold from the senseless wood. He was lifted from one man to another, flung to the earth, spurned across the stones—at last dragged over the draw-bridge and hurled into the howling masses of the crowd.

Before his tormentors had entered the Bastile again, a cry so keen, so awfully shrill, that it cut through all other noises like an arrow, made them halt and look back with a pang of compassion; but the next instant both the shriek and the feeling were gone, and the doors of the prison began to crash under their axes, while the maddened crowd rushed downward into the bowels of the earth, burning with passion, but awe-stricken and silent as an army of ghosts.

The first man who entered the lower corridors was Monsieur Jaque; he was followed by a woman with a face of marble, who carried a burning torch in her hand. Three times his axe circled around the head of Monsieur Jaque, and each time the iron-studded door resisted the blow. Another, and the mass of oak fell in with a crash, and a man, all trembling and white, with eyes gleaming through the long, silver hair that fell over them, stood up in the center of the cell, holding out both hands imploringly.

When the flame of the torch fell upon his face, he uttered a sharp cry, and shielded his sight with both hands.

Then a low voice, broken and sweet with infinite tenderness, thrilled the air of the dungeon.

"My husband! Oh, Henry! will you not look upon me?"

A slow shiver ran through the prisoner, the hands fell away from his face; he tried to speak, but had lost all power of distinct articulation. His eyes turned wistfully on the eager face bending toward him, but he shook his head and turned away.

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"Henry!"

Again the poor man was seized with a shivering fit. He put the long hair back from his eyes, looked in that troubled face, and motioned with his hand that the woman should speak again.

"My poor husband—my own, own Henry!"

He looked around, smiling, and nodded his head.

"That was my name!"

The words fell from his lips at intervals, as if he were counting them; but the sound pleased him, and he repeated over and over again,

"That was my name!"

"Ah, Henry! try to remember mine. Therese, your wife!"

"My wife! My wife! That was her name. My wife!"

He looked at the woman again shyly, and touched her with his finger. She was crying now, and seeing this, he took up a long tress of his hair and attempted to wipe the tears from her face; but his hand wandered wide of its intent, and fell upon her shoulder. She took it up tenderly and kissed it, sobbing as her tears fell thick and fast. Something in the touch of her hand, or the mournful look in her eyes, awoke that dormant soul. He clung close to her hand, his eyes looked steadily into hers, a soft tremor stole over the gentle whiteness of his face.

"My wife! My wife! Therese!"

"He knows me," she said, claiming sympathy from Jaque, who had taken the torch from her hand. "I think he knows me."

Jaque nodded his head. great tears were rolling down his cheek, and he held the torch unsteadily.

"My wife!" repeated the prisoner, with the plaintive wail of a child.

She bent toward him, a smile beamed on her face, one arm stole around his neck, and with a sob she pressed her lips upon his.

That instant all strength left him, and he fell into her arms, murmuring softly, "My wife! my wife! my wife!"

Some sweet link of affection had drawn that poor soul back to its old life.

* * * * * * *

Marguerite had been left alone all that night and day, for the riot at the Bastile had consumed so much time. She knew that some great event was going on; that the people had risen; that Monsieur Jaque and her mother was among the crowd, urging them to some deed of violence —but this was all. Neither of these persons wished her gentle heart to bear the agonies of suspense a true knowledge of their actions would bring upon her. In this they were mistakenly cruel. The very vagueness of her fears made them more intense. All day she sat listening to the noises in the street. Each sound gave her a pang at the heart. Not knowing the thing she had most to fear, she apprehended everything.

At last a step sounded on the stairs. She held her breath and listened. Yes, it was his step, at this moment the dearest to her on earth. He came in weary and staggering from overexertion; his hair was full of dust, his hands black from the rough stones he had torn from their place. All his garments were rent; she would not have known him but for the brilliancy of his eyes, and the glorious expression of his face.

Monsieur Jaque came up to Marguerite and held out both hands.

"Marguerite, my beloved, I come to give back your promise. I must not earn your love, it shall be a gift of the heart, or nothing."

She was surprised, and a little hurt; perhaps she had guessed at the tumult in the streets, and was disappointed.

"Then you despair. My poor, poor father!"

"No, Marguerite, I do not despair. Your father is this moment a free man. The people are even now tearing down the Bastile; but I will not give the father freedom, that his daughter may be a slave."

Marguerite started up one moment, her clasped hands were lifted to heaven, then she reached them forth, crying out,

"A slave! Your slave! My father free! my mother happy, and I yours forever and ever! Thank God! Thank God!"

Monsieur Jaque clasped her hands, his eyes looked into hers; he opened his arms and gathered her close to his heart.

"Is it true? Can it be true? Is this love, or only gratitude? In mercy, tell me!"

She wound her arms around his neck; she laid her cheek to his, and, in the sweetest voice that ever stirred a man's heart, whispered,

"Does this seem like love, or only gratitude?"

"My darling! Oh, my God! make me thankful! But, hark! they are coming! Do not tremble, the angels are not more harmless than this good man."

But she clung to him nervously, the tremor of a great expectation shook her frame; her eyes grew bright as she turned them on the door.

The footsteps which came up those stairs were slow and uncertain; but at last they reached the threshold, the door opened, and

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she saw an old man, with the most benign and gentle face that human eyes ever looked upon, supported by her mother. She left the arm of Monsieur Jaque and moved timidly toward that angel-faced man, who held back his hair with both hands, that he might look upon her. She sunk to her knees at his feet, for great suffering had made him sacred to her. A single holy word trembled on her lips.

"Father!"

A look of touching bewilderment came over that gentle face; the prisoner looked from the beautiful girl at his feet to the face of the mother.

"This is Therese," he said, reproachfully.

"This is your child," said madame, keeping back her tears. "She was a little thing when you went away."

"A—yes—I remember! So small—so small! But this one—— Oh, me! how strange! how strange!"

"Father, will you not speak one word to me?"

"One word? There was something I used to do;" he seemed troubled with thought a moment, then bent down and laid his hand on her head, "God—God bless them!"

He turned his pleased face upon his wife.

"These words are with me. I kept them close—here, here!"

"Kept them for us," said the wife; "for me and your child."

"Both—both!" he muttered, in a dreamy, bewildered way. "Now rest, rest!"

He was very feeble and weary; in mounting those flights of stairs he had sat down more than once. Now he seemed troubled for breath. His wife led him toward a low couch, but he had forgotten its use, and, turning from it, lay down in a corner of the room, with his face to the wall, and closing his eyes against the light, seemed to be asleep.

* * * * * *

It had taken but few hours to storm the Bastile; but, though the people swarmed in and about it like bees, tearing down its walls and leveling it to the earth, it took many days to choke up that moat, and fill the cavernous hollows in which so many human beings had suffered and perished. Before the terrible structure was razed to the ground, a wedding-party entered one of the humble churches in the neighborhood. In passing, one of the party turned to look at the cloud of dust which constantly hovered over the rents and fissures torn, day by day, in those ponderous walls; could it be that this poor man looked back upon the place of his torture with anything like regret? It is impossible to say, but his face was sad as he walked into the church, and a look of strange bewilderment still hung about him. Even the marriage-service, which gave his only child to as brave and true a man as ever breathed, seemed a mystery to him. When she knelt for his blessing, he lifted one hand to the light, and burst into tears.

"It is gone! It is gone!" he said. "The Talisman, which gives happiness to me and mine, but misery to all others! Alas! until that is found, I can give no real blessing to my child, but know full surely that it will bring sorrow and death to any hand that wears it!"

THE END.

IN GOD'S KEEPING.

BY N. F. CARTER

The sun went down one golden day
  On fields of clover bloom,
And called our loved one from his play,
  With twilight's deepening gloom.

He knelt beside us at the hour
  Of evening song and prayer;
The sunshine of our garden-bower,
  The jewel of our care.

Invoking sweetest dreams of bliss,
  And God's kind care to keep;
We gave him then our good-night kiss,
  And laid him down to sleep.

In silence rolled the hours away,
  With shadows overhung,
Till to the world the new-born day
  Its morning banners flung.

No voice made answer to our call,
  Nor sound of little feet
Tripping so lightly through the hall,
  The welcome smile to greet.

Does weariness so call for rest,
  He needs must sleep so long?
Or is he filled with dreams so blest,
  So charmed with blissful song?

We found him in his wonted place,
  Hands clasped, as if for prayer;
The play of sunshine on his face,
  A smile of glory there.

His was a sweeter morning kiss
  Than we could give at best;
God's own welcome unto bliss,
  And everlasting rest.

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THE GHOST OF LEMON LANE.

BY MAY CARLETON.

THE house was haunted! You would not have thought so, perhaps, at first sight, for a prettier little cottage, nestling amongst sweet-briar and cinnamon roses, snowy white, with preternaturally green doors and blinds, and sparkling little lattice-windows, you could not wish to see. It stood within Squire Lemon's grounds, down at the remote end of Squire Lemon's long garden, and, of course, Squire Lemon was its owner.

Yes, the cottage in Lemon Lane was haunted. Half a dozen years ago, the squire's gardener, who lived there, had come home in the small hours in a raging state of drink, and had killed his wife; and next morning, in a fit of impotent penitence, cut his own throat. They buried the tragic gardener and his wife out of sight, and the cottage in Lemon Lane was "to let." But untold gold could not have induced the good people in that little town to pitch their tent amongst the golden willows and cinnamon roses. Whether it was the gardener, or whether it was his wife, or whether it were both, nobody could tell for certain; but the house was pronounced to be haunted.

Squire Lemon stood at his study-window, looking frowningly aslant a long vista of sunshine, and yellow willows, and flaming red roses, down at the offending cottage, gleaming like a toy-house of ivory amidst the bright green gloom. Not all the sparkling morning sunlight, not all that brilliant garden picture, could efface one of those ugly, wicked little wrinkles from the smoke-dried face of grim Squire Lemon.

"It's a hundred and fifty dollars a year clean out of my pocket," mused the squire, scowling at the haunted house. "Six years that cottage has been vacant, and six times one hundred and fifty is nine hundred dollars. Nine hundred dollars out of a man's pocket, because a drunken brute comes home and kills his wife, and cuts his throat for his own amusement."

The squire broke off with a very sour face, for fluttering in and out amongst the trees came a girlish figure, slender and graceful as became its owner's eighteen years. Very slowly and spiritlessly she walked, and very, very pale was the pretty face, upon which the jubilant summer sun shone.

"And there's another bother," burst out the choleric squire, regarding angrily his only child and heiress. "I've fed her, and clothed her, and bought her a piano, and everything her heart could desire—and what sort of a return does she make me? Why she goes and falls in love with a dandified, empty-headed, city counter-jumper! And she wants me to let her marry him, and spend my money for me! No, Miss Eleanor Lemon!"

At this moment a servant came up, and said,

"A lady, sir, at the door, asking to see you."

"A lady! Who is she? What does she want?"

"I don't know her, sir. It's about the haunt—the cottage down the lane, I think."

The squire opened his eyes. Was it a tenant at last?

"The cottage, eh? Show her in at once, Sam—at once!"

Squire Lemon seated himself in his chair of authority, and the next moment Sam reappeared, ushering in the lady. A lady, tall and majestic, who moved with slow, stately dignity; who was robed in deepest, deepest mourning—crape and bombazine, trailing grandly, gloomily, after her; a widow's cap encircling a pale, handsome face gleaming behind a long, crape veil.

"I heard at the hotel, Mr. Lemon," the lady said, in a melodious monotone, sinking into the proffered chair, "that you had a desirable cottage to rent. Now I am in search of a small house; I am a widow, and live quite alone, and I have called to know your terms."

The squire gave a little gasp: he was so much taken by surprise.

"The terms are nothing; the cottage is very cheap," he said, as soon as he could speak. "Eight lovely little rooms, ma'am, and only one hundred and fifty dollars a year; beautiful surroundings, as you may see, in the way of garden-grounds; and water and gas on the premises. It's a dead bargain."

The lady arose and surveyed the white cottage with a critical eye.

"It's a pretty place," she said, "a very pretty place. But it has its drawback, Squire Lemon," turning to him with a charming smile. "I know all about the ghost!"

"Confound the ghost! I beg your pardon, ma'am, but the people are such—well, fools! The only ghosts are the wind, and the rats, and the trees, and the moonlight, and their imagi-

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nations! You try the house, marm, and if the ghost bothers you, why I'll ask no rent. There! I can't say fairer?"

"No. It's a bargain, Mr. Lemon."

The lady held out one daintily-kidded hand, with a second charming smile.

"It is partly furnished, is it not? Will you show it to me now, that I may know what I want? I wish to enter at once. My name," with a third electric smile full at the squire, "is Mrs. Seaton, and my husband has been dead for seven months. He was a merchant in Boston."

"How uncommonly good-looking she is!" thought the elderly squire, getting a little fluttered under this masked battery of brilliant smiles; "I wish she would put up her veil and let's have a better look at her. I'm very glad the cottage is going to be rented, and remarkably glad we're going to have such a real nice tenant! She'll be company for Nelly, too—keep her from moping her addled wits out among the trees and flowers."

Side by side, Squire Lemon and his fair tenant sauntered down the leafy lane that led from the house to the cottage. Mrs. Seaton talked vivaciously, and in a way that showed her heart had not been altogether broken by the decease of the late lamented Mr. Seaton.

Eleanor Lemon, sitting among pansies and daisies under the waving willows, idling over Tennyson, looked up in some surprise at her father, and the stately lady in widow's weeds. Mrs. Seaton glanced her bright eyes that way too.

"Your daughter, I presume, Squire Lemon? I heard you had an only daughter. Such a very, very pretty girl! She's exceedingly like you!"

"What a delightful woman this is!" thought the squire. "'Pon my word, it's a pleasure to hear her talk!"

"Has she been ill?" the widow said; "she looks sadly pale."

"Well, ma'am," said Squire Lemon, in an outburst of confidence, "I'll tell you how it is! She's been, and set her heart on some chap down to Boston—a drygoods clerk, without money in his pocket, or, I suppose, brains in his head—one George Lyon, if ever you heard the name. I let her go, last Christmas, to spend the holidays with her aunt—and what does she do but come back engaged! But I'll take the nonsense out of her. She's kinder pining, you see, ma'am, as young folks will in these cases, and she's took to poetry and turning pale. By-and-by, Mrs. Seaton, I'll get you to talk to her, and reason her out of her nonsense. Here's the house, ma'am—walk right in."

The squire and the widow explored the house, and the widow was delighted.

"I'll have a piano in that corner," she said, "and this shall be my sleeping-room. I won't have a servant for two reasons—the first, I prefer to do my own work; the second, no one would live in the haunted house. I'll move in this very evening."

Mrs. Seaton was a woman of delightful energy and promptitude. Before the sun set, everything needful was disposed within the cottage, and Mrs. Seaton herself came with the dusk. And all Lemonville knew that the haunted house had a tenant, and great was the wondering thereat.

Early next forenoon, the squire called politely upon his new tenant. He entered the parlor, where a delicious half-light reigned, where a piano stood, and flowers bloomed, and where the widow, still in trailing sables and jet ornaments, received him. She was handsome, very handsome, in a large and grand sort of way, and was not an inch under five feet ten—Squire Lemon's style precisely.

"I always did like your big, and buxom, and bouncing sort of women," thought the squire, sitting complacently under the light of sparkling eyes and sunny smile, "and I always shall. If ever I marry again," surveying the magnificent Cleopatra before him, "I should like a woman like this Mrs. Seaton."

Mrs. Seaton might have been a witch, so artfully did she wile away the time. She talked to the squire, she played for him, she sang for him, she laughed and jested, and derided the ghost, and made herself altogether so bewitching, that the squire found it was one o'clock, and his dinner-time, before he thought half an hour was gone.

"Come again," Mrs. Seaton said, as he rose to go, "it would be a charity to my loneliness. And send your pretty, pale daughter, please."

The squire went home all in a delightful tingle and glow. On the way he met his pale, pensive Eleanor.

"Nelly," he said, with unusual gentleness, "you look dull, child. Go and call on Mrs. Seaton at the cottage. She's a delightful person, and will cheer you up directly."

"Yes, papa," Eleanor said, listlessly. She didn't care much for Mrs. Seaton, and she rather preferred moping herself to death, since she was never more to see her darling George; but her aimless feet turned of themselves down the lane in the direction of the cottage. The tall, handsome widow stood in the vine-wreathed doorway, among the climbing roses, like a picture in a frame.

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"Nelly!" she said.

Eleanor Lemon gave a cry—one, no more, and stood stock still, staring.

"Nelly," the widow repeated, "don't you know me? Come in! Come in!"

Eleanor advanced, her face flushing and paling, her eyes ready to start out of her head. Mrs. Seaton drew her into the cottage and shut the door.

Squire Lemon's daughter returned to the house, an hour or so later, with a face as radiant as the summer sunshine itself. The squire was at the study-window, gazing absently at the little white cottage.

"Well, Nelly," he said, without looking at her, "and how do you like Mrs. Seaton?"

"I think she's splendid, papa!" responded Eleanor, with a warmth that was genuine. "She's lovely! I could stay there forever and listen to her!"

"She's a very fine woman—a very fine woman," said the squire, his eyes twinkling "Take her for your model, Nelly, and grow bright and cheerful. I think I'll step down and see if the kitchen don't want some fixing."

Which he did accordingly, whilst Miss Eleanor lay back and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, until the tears stood in her eyes.

"Poor, dear papa!" she said. "Oh! what fun it is; and what will he say when he finds it out!"

A week passed. The ghost of Lemon Lane was on its good behavior, and never once disturbed the repose of the sprightly young widow. She laughed and she sang, and might have exorcised a whole brigade of ghosts with the radiance of her smiling face. So Squire Lemon thought, and so Squire Lemon said one day, when under the intoxicating influence of bright badinage, brighter glances, and brightest smiles, he lost his head, and fairly blurted out his admiration, like a school-boy, who is under the influence of "early love."

"I didn't intend to speak so soon," said the squire, mopping his flushed face, "but I think I'm bewitched when I'm with you, Mrs. Seaton. I'm dead in love, and that's the long and short of it; and if you'll love me, say so, and I'll make you Mrs. Lemon right off the reel!"

Mrs. Seaton was standing beside him. She sunk now upon a chair, and buried her face in her handkerchief, whilst her stately form quivered with internal emotion.

"Oh, come now!" said the squire, shifting uneasily from one leg to the other, like an agitated gander, "don't you take on, you know! You're young and handsome, but then you're a widow, which would be a drawback to some men; and I'm elderly and rich, and you shall live in clover for the rest of your life. Do say yes—I'm dreadfully in earnest about this here!"

"It is so sudden, so unexpected!" faltered the widow. "Oh, dear, Mr. Lemon! I don't know what to say!"

"All right!" cried the squire; "that's as good as yes any day! We'll have a wedding in a week!"

"But your daughter?" murmured the widow, "she may object."

"I should like to catch her at it!" retorted the wooer, "that's all! Object! What business is it of hers! She ll be bridemaid, if you say so; and we'll take her with us on a little wedding-trip to New York; and we'll go to the theatres, and to the Central Park, and if that doesn't put George Lyon out of her head, I don't know what will! It's a bargain, isn't it?"

"Yes; it was a bargain. Mrs. Seaton placed her hand in his, and murmured an inaudible something, and the compact was sealed.

"Send your daughter to me," faltered the widow. "I shall not be completely happy, until I hear from her own lips that she can love me."

"All right!" said the squire, boyishly. "She's safe to do that, I reckon. I'll send her straight along."

He sauntered up to the house, actually whistling, for the first time in a round decade of years. "It's sharp work," he said to himself; "short, sharp, and decisive! Only a week! But then I never did approve of long courtships. I wonder what Nelly'll say?"

Nelly said very little. She heard the news with folded hands and quiet face.

"Very well, papa," she replied, briefly. "I hope you'll be happy."

"You'll go and see Mrs. Seaton, my dear," said her father, entreatingly. "She's so fond of you, you know."

"No fonder of me than I am of her," Eleanor said, a little irrepressible smile dimpling her rosy mouth. "I'll go, of course."

Lemonville got a second shock, almost worse than the first, when it heard its squire was going to be married.

"And to a widow, who lives in a haunted house," cried the scandalized town, "and whom nobody knows anything about. It's plain to be seen she just settled down there on purpose; it's like the artfulness of widows. The squire's old enough to know better. But then an old fool's the worst of all fools!"

But the course of true love never did run smooth, as you have heard before; and Squire

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Lemon's love, just as everything was going right, suddenly turned and went all wrong. And the ghost did the mischief at last.

The day after the day on which he had proposed, the squire walked down, in a state of blissful beatitude, to call upon his fascinator; and, to his unutterable consternation, he found her huddled all in a heap in a corner of the parlor, with a wild and horrified face.

"Go! go! go!" shrieked Mrs. Seaton, deliriously. "Oh! for pity's sake, never come near me again!"

The squire stood aghast.

"Oh! don't come in! Don't look at me! Don't speak to me!" wildly adjured the widow. "Only let me fly from this dreadful place, never to return!"

"Good Lord!" gasped the squire, "what in thunder's the matter?"

"The ghost! the ghost!" exclaimed the widow, frantically. "Oh, Squire Lemon! I saw the ghost last night, and it spoke to me. Oh, Squire Lemon! it spoke to me!" shrieked Mrs. Seaton.

"And what the deuce did it say?" gasped the squire, in utter consternation.

"It spoke of you! Oh, Squire Lemon! it was awful! All in white, and its throat cut, and streaming blood. I don't know how it is, I am not mad!"

"I don't think you're far from it," said the squire. "What did it say of me?"

"It said you were a cruel tyrant; that you were breaking the heart of your only child—that a man who would tyrannize over an only daughter would tyrannize over his wife! And it's true! I will obey its warning! All is at an end between us!"

"You're sure you saw the ghost?" said the squire, at last, rather staggered.

"Sure as sure!"

"And it spoke them words?"

"It spoke those words."

"And you won't marry me unless—unless I let Nelly marry the drygoods man?"

"Exactly, Squire Lemon."

"Well, then, look here now! I'd a good deal rather lose Nelly than lose you; so, supposing I promise to let her heave herself away, you'll stick to your bargain?"

"On this condition, Squire Lemon, that you let your daughter marry the man of her choice first. I dare not otherwise. Once let me see her married, and I will be your wife, whenever you wish it."

"It's a go!" cried Squire Lemon. "I'll telegraph to the city this very hour, and marry the two young noodles out of hand!"

"Dearest Peter," murmured the widow, in melting tones, "how good you are! I shall be the happiest of women when your wife. I will have to go to Boston to purchase my wedding-dress. The young man will be here by Saturday night, I dare say—why not let the wedding take place the ensuing Monday? I will return home Monday evening; let them be safely married and out of the way before I return."

Squire Lemon listened, as to the voice of Destiny, and promised. What would he not have promised, with that lovely hand on his shoulder, that musical voice in his ear.

Mrs. Seaton departed for the city; and the following evening Mr. George Lyon, a handsome, dashing young fellow, with, the squire thought, an oddly familiar look in his face, arrived. He had no words to thank the father of his Eleanor, who, thinking perpetually of his absent widow, cut him short, and told him to go and palaver to Nelly, he didn't want any of it.

Monday came—the wedding day. Early in the morning, Squire Lemon drove his daughter and two bridemaids, all impromptu, to the church, and duly gave her away to be married to the blissful Mr. George Lyon. The squire was in very bad temper on that auspicious morning, for no news had arrived from Mrs. Seaton.

The bridal-party drove from the church home, where breakfast awaited them; where a surprise awaited Squire Lemon, too, in the shape of a cockade note, which read:

"Come to the cottage in half an hour. I will be true. GEORGEY SEATON."

Sunshine flooded the soul of the squire. He drank his son-in-law's health, and shook him cordially by the hand, and kissed Nelly, and blessed her, and made himself generally delightful, and then set out for the cottage.

Just as he was leaving the house, a delay occurred; the clergyman took him by the button-hole, and solicited a contribution for a new sounding-board. Ten precious minutes were thus wasted; then the squire broke away.

Stately and handsome as ever, in the parlor of the haunted house, stood Mrs. Seaton, still in her traveling-dress, a long, tweed cloak. She had a look in her face the squire had never seen there before, however. She waved him back, before he could speak.

"Wait one moment, Squire Lemon! I have been playing you a practical joke—a pardonable one, I hope, and all because I loved your daughter so desperately. There is but brief time to explain, since I start with my bride in fifteen minutes. Behold!"

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Good heavens! Had the widow gone mad! She took off her bonnet and veil, unfastened her cloak, unhooked her crinoline and skirts, and stepped out—wonder of wonders! the bridegroom, George Lyon!

Squire Lemon gave one gasping cry, no more—he was too far gone. He sat staring like a man who has taken leave of his senses.

"It was I all the time," said Mr. Lyon, struggling with a laugh. "I was the widow—George Seaton Lyon. I never saw a ghost, and I never expect to. Try to pardon me, Squire Lemon, when I am gone. All's fair in love, you know."

Mr. and Mrs. Lyon went off to Boston; and people wondered why, after being so very cordial at the wedding-breakfast, the squire refused to speak to his daughter, or her husband, for ever so long after. But he came round in time, as these flinty-parents mostly do, and forgave them handsomely, and brought them back to Lemonville, to live happy forever after.

As for the stately widow Seaton, nothing was ever seen of her since; and the popular belief in Lemonville is, that that house is certainly haunted, and that the crafty, plotting widow was scared away by the GHOST OF LEMON LANE.

KNICKERBOCKER SUIT FOR BOY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

WE give here an engraving of a pretty Knickerbocker Suit for a boy, with a diagram on the next page, so that the suit can be made at home. The material should be good, thick woolen cloth. The suit is in six pieces, as will be seen by referring to the diagram: viz.,

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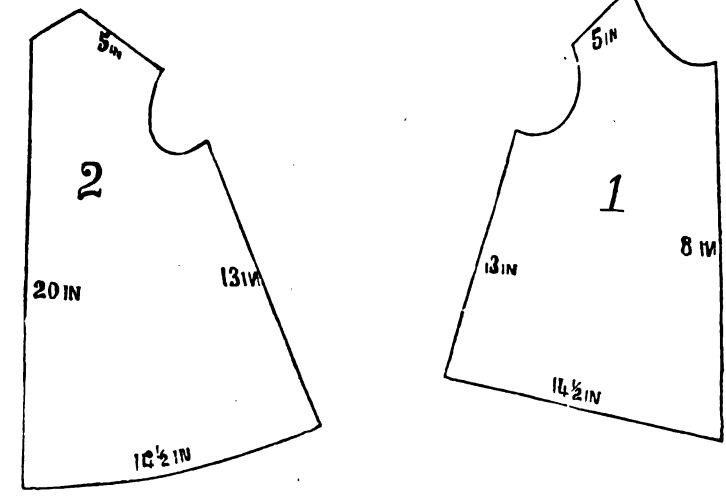

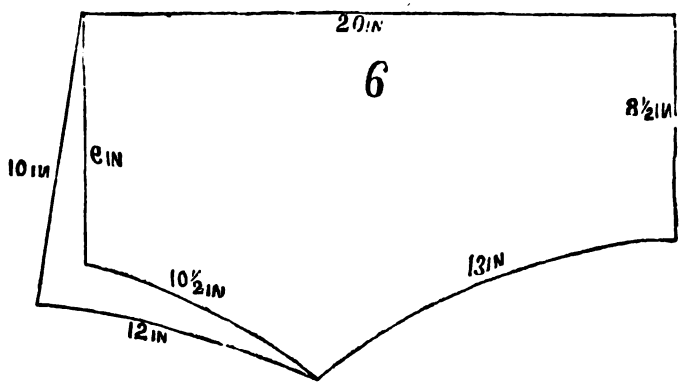

FIG. 1. FRONT OF TUNIC.
FIG. 2. HALF OF BACK.
FIG. 3. SLEEVE.
FIG. 4. HALF OF COLLAR.
FIG. 5. HALF OF CUFF.
FIG. 6. KNICKERBOCKER.

For autumn this suit looks beautiful in velvet or velveteen; but for winter use, cloth.

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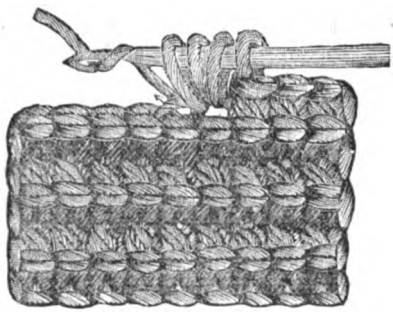
MUFF CROCHETED IN IMITATION OF FUR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE following articles crocheted in imitation fur are recommended for the warm winter toilets of young girls, as they are not expensive.

Detail No. 1*a*, gives the stitch in which the muff is crocheted. With a fine bone-hook, No. 12, bell gauge, and the gray wool, single Berlin, (of which you require 6 ounces,) make a chain of 78 stitches.

1st row: DC (double crochet,) at the end 1 ch. 2nd row: 1 dc in the first dc, taking up the back of the loop, which is done throughout the work, take up the back of the 2nd loop, draw the wool through, pass the wool round the needle, take up the same loop again, making 3 loops on the needle in this one stitch, draw the wool through these 3, then through the 2 on the needle; take up the whole of this row in this manner. 3rd row: Plain dc worked from the

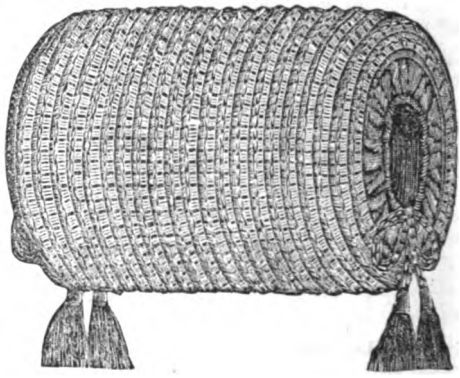


NO. 1*a*. DETAIL OF NO. 1.

back of the loop as before. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd row. Work a piece wide enough for your muff, then make it up; for this you require blue silk in the piece, two pair of black tassels, some blue ribbon to run in the runner, and a sheet of wadding. Lay your wadding the size of the piece of crochet you have worked, cover it on both sides with silk, then sew together; make a slot at each outer edge, sew up the piece of crochet, place it over the silk, run the edges of the crochet to the extreme edge of the slot, then pass your ribbon in; add the tassels by the join.

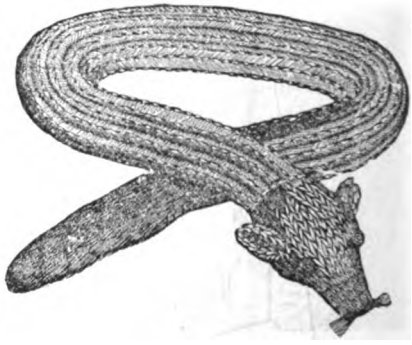
NO. 2. THE BOA.

This is also crocheted in the same stitch as the muff. You require five steel knitting-needles, No. 12, for the head as it is knitted, 2 jet buttons for the eyes. For the length of the body make a chain of 117 stitches. Commence with



NO. 1. MUFF (CROTCHETED IN IMITATION OF FUR.)

a row of double crochet, then a row of pattern, always working a ch stitch at the end of each row. Work about 8 inches of this crochet for the width of the body. Sew it together, and stuff it with wadding covered with silk. The tail is worked separately, and is crocheted in looped crochet. Make a ch of 20. 1st row: Dc. 2nd row: Take up the back of the loop, pass the wool three times round a mesh one inch and a quarter wide, or your 2 fingers of the left hand,



NO. 2. BOA TO MATCH NO. 1.

put the needle under these loops, loop the wool over, then take up the st again, draw through, and draw through the 2 on the needle; work the row in this manner. Work these 2 rows until you have ten rows of loops; then work 2 more rows, decreasing one stitch on each side row, cut the loops in the middle and comb them with a fine comb. Sew the tail together, then to the body.

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The head is knitted. Cast on 10 stitches on each of the 4 needles; knit a round. Then 3 rounds knit plain. 4th round: Knit 17. You now commence the increase for the forehead. In the 18th st work 2 st thus: knit 1, then purl 1; work the 19th st in the same manner; 20 st, knit plain; the 21st and 22nd st like the 18th and 19th; the rest knit plain. 5th round: Knit plain. 6th round: Increase like the 4th round in the 2 st on both sides the 22nd st. 7th round: Plain. 8th round: Increase like the 4th round on both sides the 24th st; rest plain. 6 plain rounds. 14th round: Knit 7, knit 2 together; Knit 1, knit 2 together; knit plain until the 12 last; then knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together. 15th round: Plain. 16th round: Knit 5, knit 2 together 3 times; knit plain until the last 11, when knit 2 together 3 times; knit 5. 17th round: Like 14th. 18th round and 3 next rounds plain. 21st round: Knit 5, knit 2 together twice, knit plain until the last 9, then knit 2 together twice, knit 5. 22nd round: Plain. 23rd round: Knit 7, join the black, knit 2 together in black until the last 7, which knit plain in gray. Knit 8 rounds plain, knitting the black stitches with black, and the gray with gray; cast off. Wad the head to the shape, stitch on the buttons for the eyes, add some shreds of black wool for whiskers, then stitch on the ears, the directions for knitting which follow.

The Ears.—Cast 12 st on 1 needle with gray wool. Knit back. 2nd row: Purl. 3rd row: Knit 2 together, knit 8, knit 2 together. 4th row: Purl 2 together, purl all but the 2 last, which purl together. Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows until you have only one stitch left, then cast off, and sew to the head.

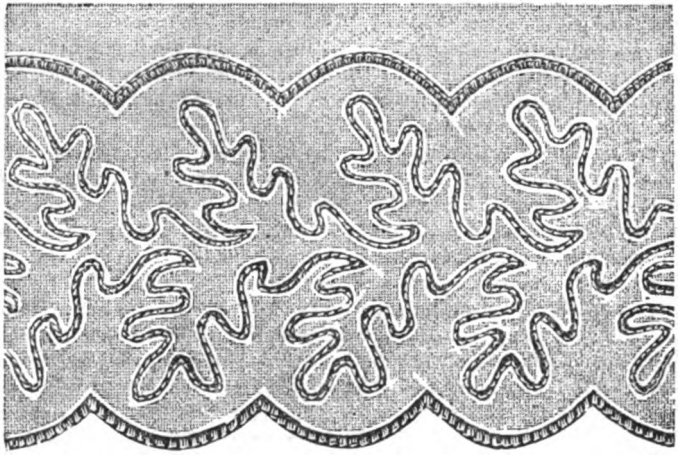
NO. 3. CUFFS TO MATCH MUFF NO. 1.

NO. 3. THE CUFFS.

You work the cuffs in the same manner as the body of the animal and the muff. Make a chain of 30 stitches. This is for the height of the cuff. Work as the muff, until you have enough to pass over the hand. Make a lining of white quilted silk over wadding; sew neatly to the edges of the crochet, make a runner at the top of the cuff, in which you draw through a ribbon, to tie it to the shape of the hand.

TRIMMING IN CORAL PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This trimming is worked in chain-stitch with silk, cotton, or Andalusian wool. The edge is in button-hole stitch. A neat and pretty trimming.

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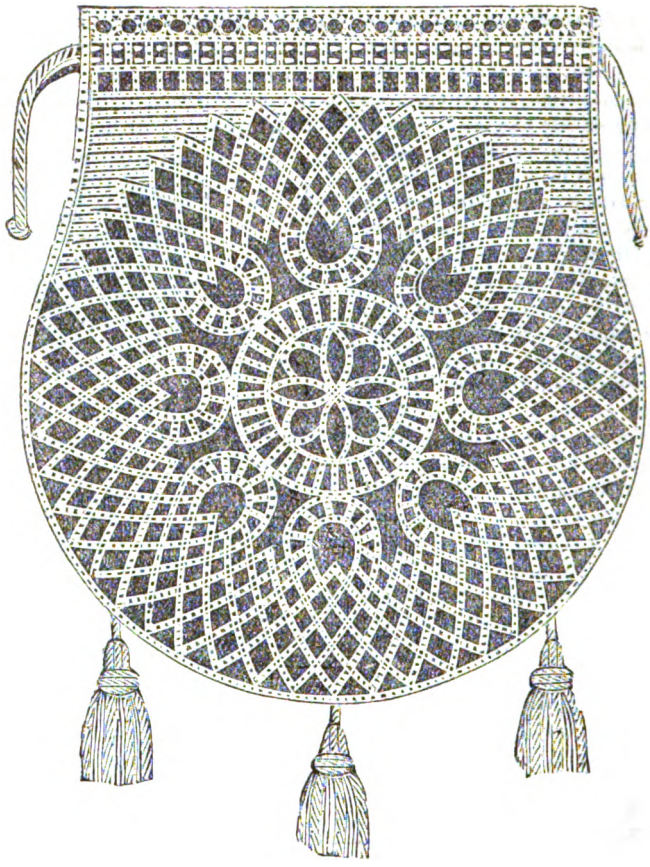
TOBACCO-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS bag is crocheted with fine purse silk and a steel needle, No. 18, bell gauge.

You commence in the center.

Terms—Ch., chain; DC., double crochet or plain crochet; L., long crochet, or the thread once round the needle before taking up the stitch named; S., single crochet.

Make a chain of 5, unite, work 1 l in the 1st ch, 9 ch, 1 l in 1st chain again; * 7 ch, 1 l in next chain on foundation, 9 ch, 1 l in same stitch as last; repeat until you have 8 loops or leaves; for the last work 7 ch, 1 s on 1st long in the round.

2nd round: Work 3 s on the 1st 3 of 9 ch, 2 dc in next chain, * 7 ch, 1 dc on center ch of next loop; repeat, join at the end with one single.

3rd round: 1 l on 1st ch, * 2 ch, miss 1, 1 l on 2nd ch of 3rd round; repeat.

4th round: Single crochet; fasten off.

You now work the 8 half circles joining the center of the bag. They are worked separately, and joined to the center in the last row of their formation.

1st half circle: Make a chain of 20, 1 l on the 15th, * 3 ch, miss 1; 1 l on 2nd ch of foundation, or the 13th ch; repeat 3 times, then work 3 s on the row of single in the center-piece (see engraving;) 1 l on chain again, missing 1 from last long; * 3 ch, miss 1, 1 l three times, and fasten off. Work 8 half circles, joining them to the round at equal distances; when the last is finished do not cut off the thread, but turn, and work the first round of the bag as follows, keeping the right side of the work upward:

1st round: * 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd of 5 ch. 2 ch, 1 s on 1st ch of foundation in 8th circle; 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd. 5 ch, take the needle out and insert

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it in the 3rd of the 5 ch; draw the 5th loop through, so forming a picot the reverse way. 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd; 2 ch, take up the 15 ch of foundation chain to first half circle, 5 ch; 1 in s 3rd 2 ch, 1 s on 1st l in half circle; 5 ch, 1 s on 3rd, 5 ch, take up the 3rd loop for a reverse picot; 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd; 2 ch, 1 s on last long of next circle; repeat all round the work. At the end work in s to the top of the 1st picot.

2nd round: 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd, 2 ch, 1 s on next picot, 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd, 2 ch, 1 s on 2nd picot from the last taken up. This leaves the 3rd picot made in the 1st round to fall inside the work. * 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd, 2 ch, 1 s on next picot; repeat from * once more; then repeat, missing a picot. Repeat from the same place all round; at the end of round work in single crochet to the top of the 1st picot of this round.

3rd round: * 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd, 2 ch, 1 s in next picot; repeat.

4th and 5th rounds: Like the 3rd.

6th and 7th rounds: 7 ch, 1 s in 5th, 4 ch, 1 s on next picot; fasten off.

Work two sides exactly alike. Before joining them together tack the upper half of each side to a piece of paper, in order to make the points fall in their right places, then fill up each side of the rounds with Russian or ribbed crochet. This is plain crochet, only worked from the back of the loop. When you come to the points take the needle out and draw through the point the last stitch in the row, then work back again. When this crochet is completed, join the two sides together by a row of chain-stitch. Work at the top of the bag:

1st: A row of dc all round.

2nd row: 1 l * 1 ch, miss 1. 1 l.

3rd row: Like the 2nd, taking the chain up of last row for the l stitches.

4th row: * 3 ch, miss 1, 1 dc. Repeat.

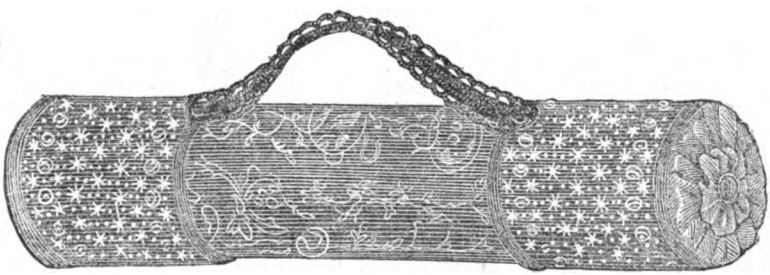
5th row: 3 ch, 1 dc on 2nd ch of last round. Repeat.

6th row: Dc and fasten off.

Add a fine silk cord to draw the bag up, which must be lined through with strong silk, and three tassels. See engraving.

MUSIC-ROLL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



MATERIALS.—Gray perforated leather, one yard of green sarcenet ribbon half an inch broad, one yard of gray ribbon one inch and a quarter broad, green flosselle silk, Venitian shells, gold beads, half a yard of black elastic, two small enamel, and two large wooden buttons, cardboard, etc.

Our model consists of two equal parts formed into a round, furnished with a top, and joined by a band of elastic worked over with crochet.

For the ground of each of these parts, cut a piece of cardboard four inches high and eight inches wide, gummed together.

The top is of gray sarcenet ribbon gummed on to the outer edge of the round. The ribbon is laid in folds and turned round a quarter of an inch over the outer edge, ornamented in the middle with a wooden button worked over in crochet with green silk. The outside consists of perforated leather, ornamented with little Venitian shells and gold beads, and bound on both sides with green sarcenet ribbon. For the crochet band, which is buttoned on on one side, begin from the middle with green silk, and work a chain of six inches and three-quarters long, and crochet double round it over an elastic at the last row at the end, leaving a space of one inch for a button-hole. For the last row crochet little scallops of one double and five chain, passing over always two double of the preceding row.

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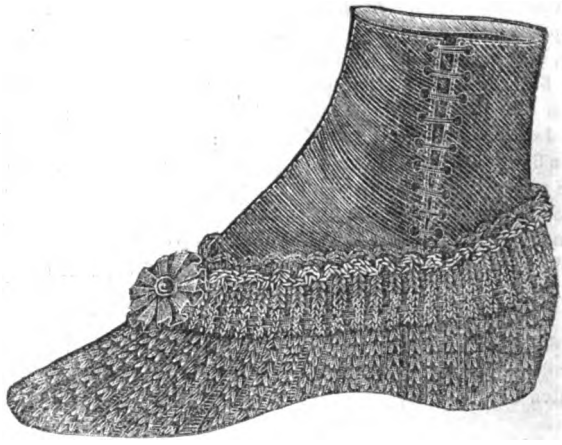
KNITTED OVERSHOE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

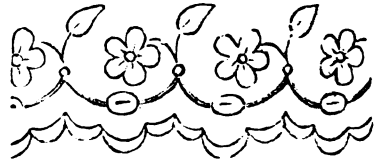


MATERIALS.—An ounce and a quarter of four-thread fleecy scarlet, quarter of an ounce of four-thread fleecy white, one yard of elastic, two yards of ribbon, for rosette, two buttons, for center of rosettes, one pair of bone pins, No. 13, (bell gauge.)

Cast on fifty-six stitches, and knit as for a stocking edge, two plain, two purled, alternately. After knitting twelve rows with the ground color, work fifteen rows with the other color, in the middle of which a line of holes is formed by alternately putting the thread round the needle and knitting two together. After knitting ninety-six rows with the ground color, repeat the line of holes, and the twelve first rows, then cast off loosely. To this cast-off edge and first row of the knitting, add a ruche-like trimming in one or two shades; for this work, with a thick crochet-hook in the edge stitches of the knitting, in tricot, as follows:—Forward, simply collecting the stitches upon the needle; returning, work always four chain without taking up any stitch, and then at the fifth take a stitch from the needle. In conclu-

sion, sew the knitting together at the cross sides, to form a straight bag, ornamented round the upper edge with stripes and ruche, (see small cut.) Draw an elastic through the holes, and put a ribbon rosette upon one of the seams in the front. This completes the shoe.

NAME FOR MARKING. EDGING.



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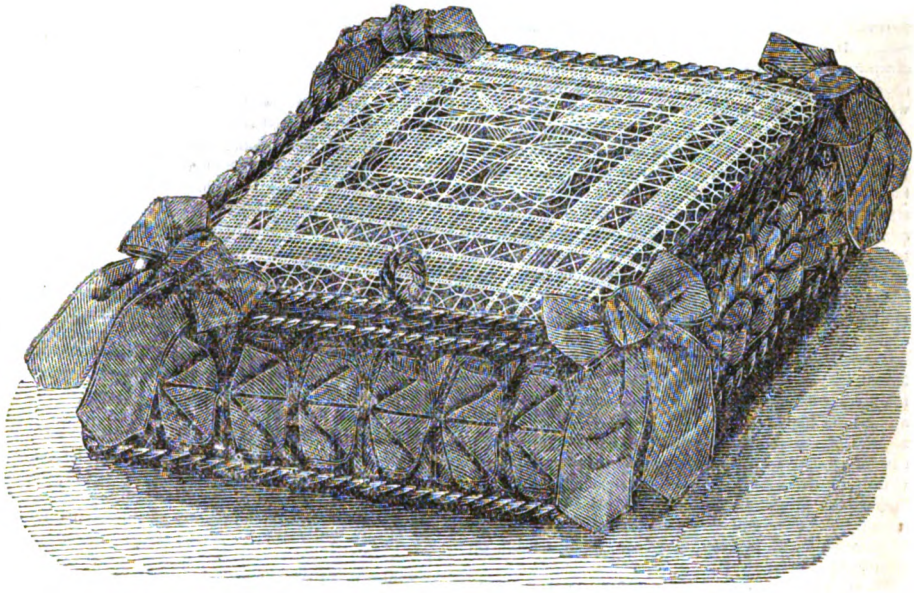
CASKET PIN-CUSHION.

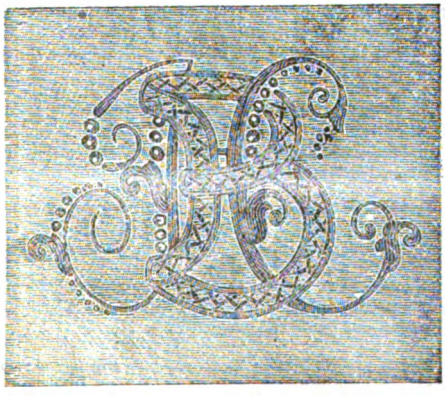
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

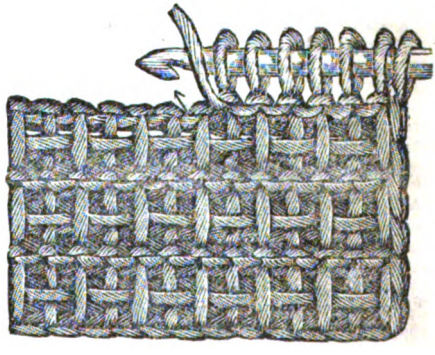


MATERIALS.—Colored satin, satin ribbon to match, one inch broad, silk cord and chenille cord, fine and coarse cotton.

A square box of thin wood, or thick pasteboard, is required. The lining is of quilted satin, thinly wadded and scented with violet. The outer covering is also of satin. The sides are ornamented with a leaf ruche of folded satin ribbon one inch wide. The bottom is thinly stuffed with wadding, and the cover is stuffed for a pin-cushion. The lace covering is of coarse linen, with the threads pulled out, and the lace stitches worked in, or it may be made of squares of Cluny. Add the bows and cord, and the casket is complete. A pretty and neat affair.

MONOGRAM. NEW STITCH IN CROCHET





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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1870!—We call attention to our Prospectus, for next year, to be found on the last page of the cover. It is now admitted, everywhere, that "Peterson" is *cheaper and better* than any periodical of its kind. Our enormous edition, surpassing that of any monthly in the world, enables us to distance all competitors.

Our fashion department, particularly, excels that of any cotemporary. Most of the other monthlies give only colored wood-cuts, or lithographs, for their principal plate; we, on the contrary, give elegant and costly steel engravings. Our styles, moreover, are the very latest, and are *received in advance* from Paris. Our correspondents abroad have access to all the freshest novelties, so that our fair subscribers are never misled by false intelligence. The mammoth colored fashion-plates in "Peterson," in short, are not only the most tasteful and beautiful issued in the United States, but also the most reliable.

Our original stories, tales and novelets, have been acknowledged, for years, *to excel those of any cotemporary*. In 1870 the literary department will be more brilliant than ever, as a glance at the Prospectus will show. We never had such a series of novelets before: and the shorter stories will be equally attractive. The best of our contributors, moreover, write exclusively for us: no other magazine has Mrs. Ann Stephens, or Frank Lee Benedict, or the author of "The Second Life," or several others. Every new writer of ability is engaged, so as to keep "Peterson" always fresh, and always ahead of its rivals.

Now is the time to canvass for clubs! Anybody, with a little exertion, can get up a club, and so become entitled to the premiums. *Be the first in the field!* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

THE TITLE-PAGE, in this number, is engraved from an original design, by E. L. Henry, one of the most famous of our younger American artists. He painted the celebrated picture, "Westover, on the James River," now in the possession of the Century Club of New York; "The Drawing-Room at Levens," "The Monastery at Lugano, Lake Maggiore," "A Rainy Day at Piacenza," and other first-class pictures As a delineator of architectural effects, Mr. Henry is without a rival in the United States. Of his genius as a landscape painter our subscribers can judge for themselves from the picture we have had engraved. Few artists infuse so much feeling—may we add true poety?—into their productions.

"THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE," is the title of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' novelet for next year, and it is even more powerfully written than "Marie Antoinette's Talisman." Some of the characters, which figure in the latter, will reappear in the former, and our subscribers for 1869, we are sure, will be only too glad to renew their subscriptions, in order to follow the fortunes of these personages, in whom they are already so much interested.

A LADY SHOULD always take the right arm of a gentleman, when walking with him. In this way she will avoid being pushed, or annoyed by persons passing. Always go to the right of a person you meet.

"MORE FOR THE MONEY," says the Louisville (Ill.) Ledger, "and of *a better quality of its kind*, is given in 'Peterson's Magazine,' than in any one published. In its peculiar field it defies competition."

AMERICAN WOMEN ARE NOT EXTRAVAGANT, according to Bryant, the poet. In his newspaper, "The New York Evening Post," he says that the value of silk and the manufactures of silk imported into the United States for the year ending June 30th, 1869, was $22,334,654. He adds:—"Now, in this State of New York, in 1865, there were 1,467,636 women and girls over ten years of age. The sum of $22,334,654, the total value of imported silks, divided among these women and girls, of our State alone, would give only fifteen dollars and twenty-two cents worth of all the silk goods imported into the United States to each. This is the value of two gallons of fine brandy 'imported from France,' but, in fact, oftenest made at home."

The truth is that American women, as a class, are not only not extravagant, but are the best of economists. In each of our great cities there are a few "fine ladies," we admit, who spend money beyond their means. But ninety-nine hundredths of the sex will make more devoted sacrifices for their husbands and children than any other women in the world. "They bow," says Mr. Bryant, "with dignity and grace to the loss of property, and bear up with resolution and fortitude under adverse circumstances. There never has been exhibited in the world's history more and nobler heroism or greater self-sacrifice, than by the women of the United States. Go up and down Broadway, through all the streets, visit our other cities and large towns, and where you find one place fitted up for women to trade and buy in, you will find ten saloons, restaurants, grog-shops, or segar-stores, where men pay large sums, in the aggregate, for things which profit neither 'body, mind, nor estate,' but weaken the one, enervate the other, and waste the last." To all of which we cordially subscribe!

THE NEW STYLE OF WEARING THE HAIR, of which we have already given several engravings, is in plaits down the back of the head and far on the neck. But we do not think it as becoming as the style it is supplanting. The quantity of hair required is enormous, and as few ladies have enough, false hair must be largely used. Moreover, the style of putting it on is bad: it looks as if plastered on to the top of the head; the whole fashion is false and in bad taste. It is our duty to state, honestly, what the fashions are; but it is also our duty to frankly discuss them. We do not like the fashion, and do not believe it will "take;" it looks well only on ladies with very long necks.

THE CHAIR-SEAT, OTTOMAN-SEAT, ETC., which we give, printed in colors, in the front of the number, needs no detailed description. Get a piece of canvas, and fill it in, following the colors of the pattern. The design is in the best style of Louis the Fifteenth.

SAYS THE Uhrichsville (O.) Chronicle, "Peterson's Magazine is justly entitled to the name which it has obtained, '*the best and cheapest of the lady's books.*' It is replete with the very choicest of reading matter, fashion-plates," etc., etc.

REMIT EARLY, for the January number will be ready by the first of December, and those who send soonest will get the earliest and best impressions of its superb engravings.

SUBSCRIBERS in the same club will be sent to different post-offices, if desired. Additions to clubs may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club.

NEVER SAY AN ANGRY WORD, for you will be sure to repent it, sooner or later.

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A New Premium Engraving, as will be seen from our Prospectus, is offered, by us, to persons getting up clubs for 1870. The subject, "Our Father, Who Art In Heaven," represents a child at prayer, at its mother's knee. The picture is large-sized for framing, (20 inches by 16;) is executed in the best manner; and will, we think, be more generally liked than even "The Star of Bethlehem." Every person getting up a club for "Peterson" will be entitled to a copy of this really exquisite work of art. A very little exertion will enable you to procure three subscribers and earn this beautiful picture. With a little more exertion you can get five subscribers, which secures for you an extra copy of the Magazine in addition to the engraving. Or, a larger club, at lower rates per copy, and, therefore, easier got, will be remunerated in the same way. If, however, persons getting up clubs prefer it, we will send either of our old premium engravings, instead of the new one, viz., "The Star of Bethlehem," "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "Bunyan in Jail," or "Bunyan on Trial." This is a choice which no other magazine offers. If you get clubs enough you can earn all the engravings.

The Newest Importations of French dresses, look, many of them, as if made for the stage. Catharine de Medici might have walked out of a picture-frame and stood before us, so correct an imitation have we seen of the dress of her times—the ruff, head-dress, and all. The costumes of Queen Elizabeth, and Marie Stuart, are also worn, but a good deal modified by the requirements of this nineteenth century All these costumes require an entirely different style collar from those usually worn; and quantities of lace are now fashionable, quilted around the neck, reaching down the front of the waist, etc.

Points are to be worn to the waists of dresses, both before and at the back, though they do not entirely take the place of sashes, which will continue popular, especially for slim figures. But points are newer, and so becoming to most figures, that we are glad to see them in fashion again. Small basque-skirts to bodies of dresses, of various shapes and styles, are also popular. Skirts are made fuller at the top of the side breadths, also, when there is no second skirt, or tunic.

We Will Send for 1870, as we did for 1869, three copies of "Peterson," for $4.50, if no premium is asked.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mental Philosophy; Embracing the three departments of the Intellect, Sensibilities, and Will. By Thomas C. Upham, D. D. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers—The author of this work is professor of mental and moral philosophy in Bowdoin College. He is already favorably known to the public as an able and conscientious writer. His present work, as he says in his preface, is essentially Eclectic in its character, and does not belong exclusively to any of the great philosophical schools It is based on a similar work, originally written many years ago, and which passed through several editions. Condensed in some respects, but enlarged in others, it is a decided improvement on its predecessor. We really consider it one of the very best works of its kind.

David Elginbrod. By G. MacDonald. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—The principal character in this work is a Scotch peasant, who is graphically delineated, and is one of Nature's noblemen. Mr. MacDonald is at the head of the second rate English novelists.

Veronique By Florence Marryatt. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Loring.—This is very well written, and really deserves success. A cheap edition.

Novels of George Eliot. With Illustrations. 5 vols., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here a very cheap, yet neat, edition of the novels of Mrs. Lewes, better known under her assumed signature of George Eliot. "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Felix Holt," "Romola," and "Silas Marner," comprise the series. We consider this lady, by all odds, not only the best novelest of her sex, but also the best cotemporary novelist, male or female, alive. She is one of the few story-tellers of our time who will become classic. Her novels may be considered standard ones, and, therefore, should be placed in every library.

The Complete Works of Caroline Lee Hentz. 12 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Few American novelists were so popular, ten or fifteen years ago, as Caroline Lee Hentz. Nor do we think that her popularity is diminished. In a certain circle of readers she has a permanent interest. Her novels are all love-stories, in the most romantic sense; and even at our age, and we have long been out of our 'teens, we like a love-story. The house of T. B. Peterson & Brothers designs issuing this series, in semi-monthly volumes, beginning on the first of November.

Woman: Her Rights, Wrongs, Privileges, and Responsibilities. By L. P. Brockett, M. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Hartford: L. Stebbins.—This book professes to discuss the whole question of woman, including the suffrage, etc., etc. It is as good as most attempts of the kind, but we are free to say that, as yet, we have seen no work that goes to the heart of the question, or that is, in any sense, exhaustive. The problem is a deeper one than even John Stuart Mill seems to realize.

Man in Genesis and Geology. By J. P. Thompson, D. D., LL.D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: S. R. Wells.—This is an attempt, and a completely triumphant one, to test the Biblical account of man's creation, by the scientific theories of his origin and antiquity. The author is one of the ablest clergymen of our time, who brings to the aid of revealed religion a logical and well-balanced intellect, putting to shame the crude skepticism of the half-informed, conceited minds of the popular materialism of the day.

Lake Shore Series. By Oliver Optic. 4 vols., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A series of books that boys will find very interesting. Their titles, "Lightning Express," "Switch Off," "On Time," and "Through by Daylight," indicate their character.

In Silk Attire. By William Black. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel by the author of that popular story, "Love and Marriage." The description of the deer-hunt, in the Black Forest, is very graphic. On the whole, the story is one of unusual merit.

A Philosophy of Heaven, Earth, and the Millennium. By J. A. Spurlock. 1 vol., 16 mo. St. Louis: W. J. Gilbert.—The author of this book claims that it is a correct key to the motions of the heavenly bodies, and that his theory will become the basis of all true astronomy.

The Initials. By the Baroness Tauthphœus. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of one of the very best novels of the day, which will bear to be read again and again. It ought to be on every center-table.

Under Lock and Key. By T. W. Speight. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: Turner Brothers & Co.—A very remarkable story, in the style of Wilkie Collins, but hardly, perhaps, to be called an imitation.

Hester Strong's Life-Work. By Mrs. S. A. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A well-written story, with an excellent moral. It would make a good Christmas gift.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—The newspaper editors continue to speak of "Peterson's Magazine" as altogether *the best and cheapest of its kind.* Says the Nashville (Ill.) People's Press:—"The engravings are by the best artists, and the fashions are the latest, but the most interesting feature is, the reading matter, *in which Peterson surpasses all other magazines of its class.*" The Boston (Mass.) Journal says:—"Ladies, who are not subscribers, will do well to begin taking this long-established Magazine." "Worth ten times the subscription price," says the Youngstown (O.) Register. "Certainly the leading Magazine of its kind," says the Jackson (Mich.) Citizen:—"No lady of taste and refinement," says the Liberty, (Va.) Sentinel, "should be without a copy. It is *very cheap* at two dollars a year." The Gloversville (N. Y.) Standard says:—"The literary matter of 'Peterson' is invariably excellent." "Decidedly the best fashion Magazine," says the Lyons (N. Y.) Democratic Press. "*Far superior,*" says the Scottsville (Va.) Register, "to others whose subscriptions are doubly as high." The Holmesburg (Pa.) Gazette says:—"Its fashion plates are always superb, and its price wonderfully cheap." Says the Louisville (Ill.) Ledger:—"Peterson *has a fame so world-wide* that it is useless for us to speak at length on its merits." The Elizabeth (N. J.) Monitor says:—"The *fashion-plates of Peterson cannot be equaled.*" The East Douglas (Mass.) Herald says:—"We emphatically reiterate the statement, made by the Press everywhere, that Peterson's is *the best Magazine for the money* that we know of. Every lady ought to take it." Says the Croydon (Ind.) Democrat:—"The mammoth-colored fashion-plates are worth double the money." "*Its unrivaled circulation,*" says the Evansville (Wis.) Citizen, "proves it to be the most popular of the ladies' magazines." "Really the Magazine," says the Mechanic Falls (Me.) Herald, "*for the lovers of good, interesting stories.*" We could quote hundreds of similar notices if we had room.

TWO ELEPHANTS A WEEK.—The Mason & Hamlin Organ Company may be said to consume two elephants a week, though very thin slips of ivory are used for the coverings to Piano and Organ keys; and a single tusk will furnish enough to cover the keys of thirty to forty Cabinet Organs. The demand for the Organs made by this Company is now so large, that about four of the largest tusks must be cut up each week to supply them; therefore, two large elephants must be slaughtered each week, or more than one hundred a year, that this one factory may be supplied with ivory. This is, of course, a much larger amount than is required by any other instrument-makers in the country, or, perhaps, in the world; but there are many makers of Pianos and Organs, and a number of elephants must fall every day to supply them all.

WHEELER & WILSON.—Mrs. J. W. D. Patten, of Washington, D. C., writes:—"Thinking it due your labors in behalf of easing woman's work, I herewith state that in the year 1854, I purchased one of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machines, being at that day most fully informed of their excellence over all others. This Machine has been in almost uninterrupted use ever since, (a period of nearly fifteen years,) on many totally different materials such as my own boots, my boy's clothing, needle-books, besides the usual heavy and light goods worn by ladies and children. It has never been repaired, and does not need it yet. I have often blessed the day on which I first entered your fine establishment as a purchaser."

SANITARY.

COMMON SENSE FOR NURSES.—In a good nurse, a light foot and very gentle movements are indispensable requisites; the most watchful cannot atone for the absence of such qualities; it is only such who have suffered from illness themselves that can tell all the miseries of a heavy foot, or quick or hasty movements in a sick-room. All bustle or noise should be carefully avoided; the rustling sound of folding or unfolding a newspaper, or even turning hastily the leaves of a book, is painful to a sick person; loud speaking is generally refrained from, but whispering is often indulged in, and, to the sick ear, nothing is more fatiguing than the indistinct buzzing sound of words which cannot be understood. By attention and forethought, almost every noise which is hurtful in a sick-room can be avoided. If you have creaking shoes, let them immediately be changed for light slippers. If the door has a rusty lock, or creaking hinges, let them be oiled. Avoid the noise of throwing small coal upon the fire (which often rattles down upon the hearth,) by lifting small pieces of coal with the tongs; or have an old glove to hand, and lift them with your hand; or have the coal placed in sugar-bags, which can be placed on the fire without the slightest noise; and, when the fire requires to be poked, use a bit of wood, so as to avoid all clatter of poker and tongs against the grate. Keep in mind, that at all times the absence of noise and bustle is desirable, but to the sick, whose nerves are in a proportionally weak state with the rest of the body, it is of the very greatest importance. Have a table covered with a nice clean napkin, so that no noise is made in putting down a glass or spoon, and to avoid as much as possible going out and in of the room, have a tray covered in the same way, and filled with all you are likely to require, such as a few cups, glasses, spoons, etc. A pitcher of fresh water should also be in the room, and, if in cold weather, it is better to have a small kettle by the fire than to have to send to the kitchen every time warm water is required. The greatest possible cleanliness should be observed in the sick-room; a nauseous draught may be made infinitely more so to the patient by being presented in a smeared, sticky glass. When it is necessary to taste anything before giving it to a sick person, take a clean spoon, which you should immediately put aside to be washed, but never put your lips to the cup or glass. In giving anything to the sick, spread a napkin, for the moment, on the upper-sheet, that no drop, should it fall, may give an untidy look to the bed. The washing and arranging the necessary things should not be done in the patient's sight. Never leave the room without thinking of all you can take away and bring back at the same time, that your opening and shutting the door may be as little frequent as possible.

If the patient is too weak to be able to leave the bed, the linen may be changed by rolling the under-sheet up at both sides, toward the middle, and putting the clean one, with one half rolled up, in its place; the patient can then gently be lifted up over these rolls to where the clean half of the sheet has been spread; the two rolls of the original sheet should be removed, and the other half of the clean one unrolled on the opposite side of the bed to where the patient has been placed. To change the upper-sheet, a person should stand on each side of the bed, and, holding each a corner of the top of the sheet, let them insert it at the bottom of the bed, and then pull it gently up; the other sheet can be removed by being pulled down in the same manner. The bed-linen should be hung before a fire for some hours, and thoroughly aired, before it is put upon the bed, and when it is necessary that, in changing the linen of the patient, it should be put on warm, hold the collar of the night-gown to the fire. When thoroughly warmed, turn that part in, warm the next part, and fold it in the same manner, and continue warming and folding till the whole is one close roll, which should be instantly carried to the bed of the patient. It is not sufficient to hold a night-gown before a fire and then carry it unfolded across the room to be cooled by the outer air before it reaches the sick-bed. Linen should be changed even oftener in sickness than in health, and no clothing worn during the day should be continued to be

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worn during the night. Every article should be hung up, so as to be completely aired before morning. In the same manner, what has been used during the night should be left off in the day. When the patient is able to sit up long enough to have it done, the bed-clothes should be regularly carried out, and aired before an open window in another room, and the bed left uncovered, and the mattrass turned. Where the patient is so weak as generally to be confined to bed, considerable relief may be experienced by being raised in bed by means of a bed-chair, for much support is required by the back when in an upright position. Where there is no bed-chair, a small foot-stool, put behind the bolster, doubled, and the pillows, is a tolerably good substitute. It adds greatly to the comfort of this position to have something for the feet to rest against—something solid, which will not change its place when pushed against. Where there is a foot-board, it is easy to place some such article on the bed; and even where this is not the case, it can be managed by a strong brace of linen being first fastened across the foot of the bed. By attention to this manner of raising the patient, the stress is taken off the spine, without which there can be no relief in the change of position. A light shawl or mantle should be at hand, to be thrown over the shoulders of the sick person when sitting up in bed, and while lying down, the air of the sick-room may be often changed by throwing a shawl over the bed, or even drawing it over the face if necessary, while the window is opened for a few minutes. It is often refreshing to a sick person to have a few drops of vinegar sprinkled about the room, and to have their temples and hands sponged with vinegar and luke-warm water; even such small changes as these are generally an expressible relief to the sick, if administered gently, without haste or bustle.

Preparations should be begun in good time for laying a patient quiet for the night, as they may be made feverish by not having perfect quietness in the room at an early hour. A small table should be set by the bedside, on which fresh toast-and-water, and any medicine to be taken during the night, should be placed within reach of the patient; or, if they are so ill as to require any one to watch by them, let the person seat herself, not too near the bed, but still within reach of perceiving the slightest sign, or hearing the gentlest whisper; and let her be careful so to shade the light, which it is necessary to have in the sick-room, so that no ray, either from candle or rushlight, may fall upon the eyes of the patient, or on any part of the bed.

The necessary medicine, or toast-and-water, when required, should be given to the sick without entering into anything like conversation, or asking needless questions, which, by awakening them completely, may break their rest for the remainder of the night. Young nurses in particular often err, from over anxiety to make themselves useful, and the idea that they must forever be doing something for the patient; they are constantly urging them to take a little nourishment, or to change their position, or to allow their pillow to be beat up, while they are only anxious to be left in peace, and to rest their weary head in the position in which they themselves have placed it.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Venison-Steaks.—Cut them from the neck; season them with pepper and salt. When the gridiron has been well heated over a bed of bright coals, grease the bars, and lay the steaks upon it. Broil them well, turning them once, and taking care to save as much of the gravy as possible. Serve them up with some currant-jelly laid on each steak.

Raised Pie.—Make a raised crust as for a pork-pie; take a fine, young rabbit, disjoint it, and cut the meat from the bones; season it highly; add to it half a pound of fat bacon, the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, cut into slices, and sufficient tomato-sauce to make it of an agreeable color. Pack the meat pretty tightly, and bake in a very gentle oven for an hour and a half. This is usually eaten cold; but a *vol a vent* may be made with paste baked round a buttered mould, and when done, removed from the mould, and filled with a rich ragout of rabbit, which is eaten hot.

Brisket of Beef Stuffed.—A piece weighing eight pounds requires about five or six hours to boil. Make a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, sweet herbs, a little mace, and one onion, chopped fine and mixed with an egg. Put the dressing between the fat and the lean of the beef, and sew it up tight; flour the cloth, pin the beef up very tight in it, and boil it five or six hours. When it is done, take the cloth off, and press it until it is cold. This is to be cut in thin slices and eaten cold.

Spiced Tripe.—Take fresh tripe, cut it up in pieces four or five inches square; take an earthen jar, put in a layer of tripe, then sprinkle a few cloves, allspice and peppers (whole) over it; then another layer of tripe, then spice, and so on till the jar is full; take good vinegar, scald it, pour over it, filling the jar full; cover it up and stand it away in a cool place for a few days, until it tastes of the spice, then serve it up cold for supper, or any other meal. It is an excellent relish.

Minced Mutton.—This is a very useful preparation of cold mutton, and will be found excellent for a change. Cut slices off a cold roasted leg of mutton, and mince them very fine; brown some flour in butter, and moisten it with some gravy; salt and pepper to taste, and let it simmer about ten or fifteen minutes, to take off the raw state of the flour; add another lot of butter and some parsley, chopped fine, then add the minced meat, and let it simmer slowly, but not boil, or the meat will be hard.

Pork-Steak Broiled.—The tenderloin is the best for steak, but any lean, white meat is good. Broil slowly, after splitting it, so as to allow it to cook through without drying or burning. When ready to turn over, dip the cooked side in a nice gravy of butter, pepper and salt, which should be prepared on a plate, and kept hot without boiling. It must be well done. It requires slow broiling. It will take at least twenty minutes to broil a pork-steak.

Steamed Fowls.—Fowls are better steamed than boiled, especially when there is no veal stock on hand to boil them in. When steamed, the juices should be saved by placing a pan under the strainer to catch all the drips. Drawn-butter, plain or seasoned with parsley or celery, is the most common sauce used for boiled fowls. Liver-sauce is good; but when oysters can be had, oyster-sauce is to be preferred above all others.

Rabbit and Oyster-Pie.—Cut up a nice fat rabbit, well season it with white pepper, grated lemon-peel, and finely-shred parsley. Take three dozen fresh oysters, beard them, but save their liquor; add them to your rabbit. Put a crust round the edge of your dish, fill in your rabbit and oysters, with also a few slices of fresh butter, cover with a good crust, and bake for little better than an hour.

Beef and Sauer-Kraut—German Receipt.—Put about eight pounds of beef into cold water. When it comes to a boil, let it boil very fast for eight or ten minutes, not longer. Take it out and lay it in a stew-pan, cover it completely over with sauer-kraut, and pour in a pint of thin gravy. Stew it four hours, and serve with the gravy in a tureen or deep dish.

Cooking a Calf's Head.—Soak the half head in cold water for a couple of hours; then put it into cold water and bring it to the boil. Simmer for another hour and a half, skimming carefully. Serve with parsley and butter, and ham or bacon.

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Sausages.—The proper seasoning is salt, pepper, sage, summer savory, or thyme; they should be one-third fat, the remainder lean, finely-chopped, and the seasonings well mixed and proportioned, so that one herb may not predominate over the others. If skins are used, they cannot be prepared with too much care; but they are about as well made into cakes; spread the cakes on a clean, white wood board, and keep them in a dry, cool place; fry them long and gently.

DESSERTS.

Rich Plum-Pudding without Flour (time, five hours.)—One pound and a half of grated bread, one pound and a half of raisins, one pound and a half of currants, one pound of beef-suet, peel of one large lemon, three ounces of almonds, a little nutmeg or mixed spice, sugar to taste, three-quarters of a pound of candied orange, lemon, and citron, eight or nine eggs, half a pint of milk, two wineglasses of brandy. Stone the raisins, wash and pick the currants, chop the suet very fine, and mix with them a pound and a half of grated bread; add the candied peel cut into shreds, the almonds blanched and minced, and the mixed spice and sugar to taste. When all are thoroughly blended, stir it well together with eight or nine well-beaten eggs, two glasses of brandy, and half a pint of milk, tie in a cloth, and boil it for five hours, or five hours and a half, or divide it into equal parts, and boil it in moulds or basins for half the time.

Raised Pies.—Take seven pounds of flour; then take one pound of mutton-suet, clarified down, put it into a sauce-pan, with one pint and a half of water, and set it over the fire till it boils; make a hole in the middle of the flour, and pour in the liquor boiling hot; then mix in the flour with a spoon till you can bear to put your hand in; mix it till it becomes a nice smooth piece of dough, cover with a cloth, and raise the pies with as much of it as will make the size you want; when filled and nicely closed, wash with egg, and lay on the ornaments. Your oven must be brisk, if for small pies; but if for large ones, a more steady heat will be the best.

Farm-House Syllabub.—Fill a china or earthenware bowl of any size nearly half full of cider, (if sour it is of no consequence,) sweeten to the taste with coarse brown sugar, grate nutmeg and cinnamon to taste; then send the bowl out to the cow to be milked on till quite full of froth. A better syllabub for company is made of port-wine and cider mixed, (or port-wine only,) sweetened with white sugar, and spiced to taste. They are generally served quite cold, and will even keep till the next day, though not so well. The bowl is generally placed on the table, and the syllabub served with a punch-ladle into coffee-cups placed all round the bowl.

Cottage Plum-Pudding (time, five hours.)—A pound and a half of flour, four or five eggs, a pinch of salt, a little nutmeg, one pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, sugar to taste, and a little milk. Make a thick batter with five well-beaten eggs, a pound and a half of flour, and a sufficient quantity of milk. Then add the currants, washed and picked, the raisins stoned, a little nutmeg, and sugar to taste. Mix all well together, and boil it in a basin or floured cloth for quite five hours. The peel of a lemon, grated, and a few pieces of citron, cut thin, may be added.

Apple-Pudding.—Pare four or five large, tart apples, grate them fine; then make the following custard, into which stir the grated apple: Flour, four tablespoonfuls; one pint of milk, five eggs, and a little grated orange-peel. After you have these ingredients well mixed, pour them into your pudding-dish, and bake about one hour and a quarter.

Rice and Milk.—To every quart of good milk allow two ounces of rice; wash it well in several waters; put it with the milk into a closely-covered sauce-pan, and set it over a slow fire; when it boils, take it off; let it stand till it is cold, and simmer it about an hour and a quarter before sending it to table, and serve it in a tureen.

Very Rich Pudding.—Line a deep pie-dish with puff-paste, having first buttered it thoroughly; place on this a layer of jam, then a layer of custard, then jam, then custard, until the dish is nearly full, leaving the custard layer at the top. Slice the minced peel and cut it into diamonds, and arrange on the top. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven; let the pudding cool, beat up the whites of the eggs that were used for the custard into a stiff whip, with a little powdered sugar; pile the whip on as high as possible, and serve.

Lemon Plummery.—Squeeze four lemons into a basin, throwing in the rinds, but not the seeds; add half a pint of water, half a pound of loaf-sugar, and cover close for an hour; take out the lemon-rinds and again cover, and let it stand all night. Then strain through a cloth, and add one ounce of isinglass, and put it in a sauce-pan, with six eggs, well beaten; set over the fire, and keep stirring one way till it is as thick as cream. When milk-warm, put into moulds previously dipped in cold water.

Lemon Mince-Meat.—One large lemon, three large apples, four ounces of beef-suet, half a pound of currants, four ounces of white sugar, one ounce of candied orange and citron. Chop up the apples and beef-suet, mix them with the currants and sugar, then squeeze the juice from a large lemon into a cup. Boil the lemon thus squeezed till tender enough to beat to a mash, add it to the mince-meat. Pour over it the juice of the lemon, and add the citron, chopped fine.

Egg Mince-Meat.—Six hard-boiled eggs, shred very fine, double the quantity of beef-suet, chopped very small, one pound of currants, washed and dried, the peel of one large or two small lemons, minced up, six tablespoonfuls of sweet wine, a little mace, nutmeg, and salt, with sugar to your taste, add a quarter of a pound of candied orange and citron, cut into thin slices. Mix all well together, and press it into a jar for use.

Bread-Pudding.—An economical bread-pudding for the kitchen may be made in the following way: Soak the pieces of bread, crust, and toast, in a bowl of boiling water, and when they are perfectly soft, press as much of the water out as possible, put in a small piece of beef-dripping or butter, a little grated lemon-peel and sugar to taste, one egg, and beat the whole up with a spoon till quite smooth. Put it in a dish and bake it.

CAKES.

Artificial Yeast.—Place a quart of good, strong yeast in a vessel, and cover it up warm until it has well worked and has a good head on it, then stir in sufficient maize meal or wheat meal to make it into a stiff dough, and flatten this out with the hands into cakes the size of the top of a tumbler, or less. Lay these on a nice dry board or sieve and dry in the sun, or over a fire-place, turning them every day until quite dry. If dried in the sun, they must be brought in every night, otherwise the damp will injure them. When dry, pack away in tins in a dry place, as the slightest moisture injures them. For use, mix one of these cakes in about a pint of warm water, and with it make a batter in the center of your dish of flour, or set a sponge overnight, and proceed in the morning as usual with your yeast-bread. One cake will raise twelve pounds of flour.

Italian Bread.—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, one pound two ounces of flour, twelve eggs, half a pound of citron and lemon-peel. Mix as for pound-cake. If the mixture begins to curdle, which it is most likely to do from the quantity of eggs, add a little of the flour. When the eggs are all used, and it is light, stir in the remainder of the flour lightly. Bake it in long, narrow tins, either papered or buttered; first put in a layer of the mixture, and cover it with the peel cut in large, thin slices; proceed in this way until it is three parts full, and bake it in a moderate oven.

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Soda-Cakes.—One pound of raisins, quarter of a pound of moist sugar, one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, to be rubbed into the flour, quarter of a pound of candied peel, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in half a pint of new milk, (which must be lukewarm,) and one egg; to be put into the oven immediately. Another soda, seed, or currant-cake: Break down six ounces of fresh butter into one pound of fine, dry flour, and work it into small crumbs; mix with these half a pound of sifted sugar, and pour to them first a quarter of a pint of boiling milk, and next three whisked eggs; add some lemon-rind, and eight ounces of currants, or from one to two ounces of caraway-seeds, ground; beat well together, and strew in a very small teaspoonful of good carbonate of soda which has been well mixed with a little white sugar; beat all lightly for three minutes, put it into a buttered mould, and bake from an hour to an hour and a quarter. Or, take a quart of flour, and mix well with a cup of milk; add one pound of raw sugar, four ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Mix all together thoroughly, bake for about two hours in a hot oven (not too hot) in a well-buttered tin.

Excellent Breakfast-Cakes.—A teaspoonful of baking-powder mixed dry, with about three-quarters of a pound of flour, a piece of lard the size of a large walnut, as much cold milk as will moisten the above, which is to be mixed with a spoon or knife very lightly and very quickly; roll out to half an inch in thickness, cut into cakes with the top of a dredging-box, and put them immediately on a hot griddle over the fire. They take only a few minutes to bake, and should be served immediately they are done. Mixed in the same way an excellent cake can be made without the lard, forming it into one cake the size of a saucer a little thicker than the above. All to be baked on both sides.

Bun Loaf.—Rub half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, the same quantity of bicarbonate of soda, and one pound of flour, all together through a hair-sieve; work two ounces of butter into the flour, add two ounces of loaf-sugar, a quarter of a pound of currants, (when liked, a few caraway-seeds.) Mix all these ingredients well together, make a hole in the middle of the flour, and pour in half a pint of cold, new milk, mixed with one egg, which should be well beaten; mix quickly, put into a tin, and bake for an hour and a half.

Spice-Cake.—Two and a half pounds of flour, two pounds of currants, two pounds of butter, half a pound of moist sugar, half an ounce of pounded spice, four yolks and two whites of eggs, two glasses of brandy, a tablespoonful of yeast, and a little warm water. Rub the butter into th flour, mix all together, and put it before the fire to raise about half an hour. Then make it into cakes about half an inch thick, or a little more, and the size of a pudding plate. Bake them not too quickly.

Tea-Cakes.—The following receipt for tea-cakes produces light and very nice results: Half peck of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of lard, one pound of sugar, caraway-seeds, two fablespoonfuls of yeast, eight eggs, well beaten, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix well with a little warm milk, and let it stand to raise; bake in cakes. They will keep some time, and are best if eaten warm.

Lemon-Cake.—Beat six eggs, the yolks and whites separately, till in a solid froth, add to the yolks the grated rind of a lemon, six ounces of sugar: beat this well for seven or eight minutes, shake in with the left hand six ounces of dried flour, then add the whites of the eggs, and the juice of the lemon. When well beaten, pour into a cake-pan, and bake nearly an hour.

Washington Cake.—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, and the same of sugar, worked to a cream, five eggs, well beaten, nutmeg and cinnamon, one pound of sifted flour, one gill of wine, half a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in one gill of cream, one pound of currants or raisins. Bake in a moderately quick oven.

Lemon-Cheesecakes.—Boil the peel of two lemons in a pint of water till soft, beat them in a mortar, add the yolks of six eggs, quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, and half a pound of butter. Mix all together in a mortar, and add a few currants. Line patty-pans with paste, put in the mixture, and bake.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN.—The under-skirt is trimmed with one deep ruffle, headed by five narrow ones. The upper-skirt is open in front, looped up quite short at the sides, and trimmed with a deep fringe. Short, black velvet casaque, with very wide sleeves, trimmed with fringe. The casaque is cut square in front.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE ORGANDY.—The long skirt is trimmed with one deep flounce, headed by a puffing; this puffing has a narrow ruffle, and both it and the flounce are scalloped and edged with a straw braid. The upper-skirt is open at the back, and is looped quite high each side with poppies, wheat, white daisies, and other field flowers. The top-skirt is edged with straw, like the flounce; the berthe is trimmed with a fringe of straw and white silk.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS.—The petticoat is of poppy-colored silk, trimmed with five flounces of the same; on each flounce is a narrow fall of black guipure lace. Rich black silk overdress, open in front, made with a very long train, trimmed with a narrow ruffle, scalloped on each edge, with a fall of black guipure lace over it. The short, upper-skirt is a good deal puffed, and trimmed to correspond. The sleeves are half-tight, and the body has a trimming to simulate a square neck.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GREEN AND WHITE STRIPED SILK.—The skirt is long and plain. The waist is cut low and square on the bust, and high on the shoulders. Over it is worn a white tulle fichu, edged with wide lace, and is carelessly tied in front. Tight sleeves, trimmed with three bands of plain green silk.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF CLARET-COLORED CORDED SILK.—The petticoat is plain, and edged with two rows of narrow black velvet. The upper-dress and casaque are of black velvet, edged with narrow bands of fur. The dress is looped up at the back; the casaque is cut quite short at the back, and long, and pointed in front. The sleeves are long and pointed.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS OF TWO SHADES OF AMBER-COLORED SILK.—The skirt has a deep flounce set on in large, flat box-pleats. The upper trimming is made of the lighter shade, and is itself trimmed with the darker. A double tunic. Waist cut square in the neck.

FIGS. VII. AND VIII.—SKATING-DRESSES.—In the first, the skirt is of dark-blue habit-cloth, open at one side, and one side gathered into the other, trimmed with a band of blue velvet. The petticoat of Astrakan, trimmed with ermine tails. Coat, muff, and hat of the same. The other suit is made of plush, trimmed with a band of satin and chenille fringe. Muff and hat of the same.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, with six straight ruffles on the skirt, edged with black velvet. The basque is a little loose. The skirt is rounded, and trimmed with a silk ruffle. The front and sleeves have revers of velvet. Small velvet hat.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS OF GREEN AND BLUE PLAID CASHMERE, made with a second skirt, and two capes, and trimmed with a bias fold of the same, and with worsted fringe. Hat of velvet, with long ostrich feather.

IN ADDITION TO THESE, we give numerous engravings of new style Hats, Bonnets, Collars, Bodies, etc., etc., which, however, do not need a description.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Very many of the new goods are figured. Some silks have round, satin spots in them of the same color as the silk: others again are of different colors.

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Then again, stripes are very popular, as well as brocaded materials; but we still prefer the one colored plain silk to any other. If one does not possess a great variety of costumes, one very soon tires of figured materials; but the latter have the advantage of not showing soils as soon as the more quiet, plain article. Of course, plaids in high colors will always be popular for children, and they are also very useful; but for older persons, though, plaids are not so much employed. The woolen goods are, many of them, striped in darker shades of the same color, some of the stripes being diagonal, others straight, but scarcely any are crosswise. Mixed woolen goods are very popular for out-of-door wear; the style that long ago was called "pepper-and-salt," fine black and white, brown and white, etc., etc. The satin-faced serge, which looks very much like the old-fashioned lasting of which boots were made, comes in all colors, and is remarkably nice for out-of-door costumes. The colors now worn are much gayer and more striking than formerly; bright purples, rich dark greens, and blues, wine-colors of the warmest hues, are all employed, as well as our old favorites the drabs, fawns, grays, and browns. Black must always be very much worn, it is so unobtrusive, and with a change of ribbons at the neck, or flowers on the bonnet, a new effect may always be gained. A black silk, an empress cloth, a cashmere, a satin-faced serge, or even a merino, can always be made to look stylish.

With Regard to the Make of Dresses, only slight modifications have taken place. The short dress, or "costume," as it is called, is the only one ever seen on the street now, and for an ordinary house-dress it is a great deal worn. This style is much less elegant than the train-skirt, but certainly much more convenient; the train-dress is, however, universally worn of an evening, except by quite young ladies. It is most difficult to keep the short dress from looking vulgar and ridiculous, if the fashion is at all exaggerated; the habit of wearing very small hoops, (or none at all, as some do,) makes it somewhat risky to appear in the large panniers, which some persons exaggerate to a fearful degree. The well-dressed women will wear the under-skirt, not to end at the top of her boots, but as long as she can, so that it does not touch the ground; she will have it moderately trimmed; and she will wear the upper-skirt rather long, and looped up so as to form moderate-sized puffs at the back, or on the hips. No respectable French woman looks like a top, as so many American women do now.

Dresses for the House have the body cut open, rather low, *but narrow* in front, and almost quite high at the back and on the shoulders. This is a beautiful style, we think; and with a black velvet ribbon, with a pendant locket, is becoming to almost all persons. The coat-sleeve, so long popular, is still much worn; but is frequently replaced now by a sleeve tight to the elbow, and which is trimmed with ruffles; for a pretty arm this is a desirable change, and much less stiff and more dressy than the coat-sleeve. When the latter is worn, it is finished at the hand by a deep cuff, which turns up and relieves the sleeve of its formal look.

Flounces are still popular for house-dresses: one deep one, or many small ones, disposed on the dress, according to the fancy of the wearer. Sometimes they do not cross the front breadth, but run around the back, up each side, narrowing in width as they ascend the skirt; sometimes they are studded, or held back by bows of velvet ribbon. In fact, velvet ribbon forms a most popular and stylish trimming, especially for winter. Black, maroon, blue, green, or, in fact, any colored velvet which will contrast favorably with the dress, is elegant; of course, the waistband and sash must be of the same; the ends of the sash are short, but very wide. Black velvet can be worn with any colored dress, and the lighter the silk, the more effective is the dark sash.

Sacques or Mantles are of innumerable varieties. Some are confined closely to the figure, some are cut to fall in to it, and others are quite loose; but these latter are very short, not reaching much below the waist. One of the most elegant which we have seen is a wide velvet paletot, just reaching the waist, but not cut out to fit the figure, wide Hungarian sleeves, cut so as to discover the tight sleeves of the bodice beneath. The paletot forms two square ends in front, similar to the ends of a mantelet. The entire jacket is studded with jet. Some of these new paletots are of cloth, and trimmed with braid only, or with braid and fringe; others, less heavy, are of cashmere, and richly embroidered in gold; the gold embroidery is very popular, but should be only used for house wear, or some exceptionally dressy occasion. The make of these sacques is so complicated that it is quite impossible to describe all of them.

Bonnets, this winter, are marvels of style, or ugliness, just as it happens; the really stylish bonnets are of most peculiar shape: flat to the head, and then there rises, just back of this flat piece, a high, square coronet; the flat piece is edged with lace; and at one side of the coronet, is usually placed a beautiful rose, carnation, or any other flower which may be fancied. But after the coronet is got, the bonnet may be trimmed in a variety of ways; long, flowing plumes are very much worn, and are very graceful; these are put in on one side, and fall over the hair at the back. There are other very beautiful bonnets, with less exaggerated coronets—in fact, more in the Marie Stuart shape, coming more in a point; but the trimming is arranged to give them the highest effect. The ugliest articles for the head, which we have ever seen, are things which are neither bonnets nor hats; they are round, stand half a foot high, and are made of velvet, and are elaborately trimmed with feathers, flowers, and lace. We only mention this as one of the styles, but we are happy to say that it finds but few to patronize it.

Hats for Young Girls are also high, but droop in a point before and at the back, and are trimmed with velvet and long, floating plumes; these are stylish, and becoming to most faces. Other hats, not quite so high, are also popular, and are trimmed with stiffer feathers than the former.

The Hair has undergone quite a change during the autumn; the high chignons are no longer worn, but simple-looking braids are all the fashion. We say simple-looking, for they are not so in reality. The real "chatelain braid," such as was engraved for our November number, must be made of very long, even hair; but it may be braided over a "switch," or long "rats;" when this is done, it is easily put on the head, turned up at the sides, and fastened with pins; a small coronet-braid across the front is all that it needs to finish the head-dress. But this long hair is exceedingly expensive, and not becoming to every one, so the shorter hair is often used, braided over thick rats, and is as ready to pin on as the old-fashioned chignon. Still this latter plan is not as fashionable as the former—is not, in other words, regarded as so stylish.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Girl's Suit of White Cashmere; skirt plain; coat loose, edged with swansdown. Hat to match.

Fig. II.—Girl's Suit of Cashmere, with overdress of dark-blue, edged with fur. Hat of felt, with plume.

Fig. III.—Young Miss' Skirt of Silk, with overdress of blue velveteen, looped on the shoulders with bows and ends of ribbon. Hat of velveteen, with ostrich feather.

Fig. IV.—Young Miss' Suit of Black Velveteen, edged with satin. Leggins and hat of the same.

Fig. V.—Girl's Cashmere Suit, with squirrel-tippet. Hat with rolling brim.

Fig. VI.—Little Boy's Suit, made of cashmere, with heavy embroidery. Turban hat.

Fig. VII.—Girl's Cloth Suit.—Skirt plain. Cloak with wide sleeves, and hood; Persian trimming. Balmoral stockings.

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